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*Painting by Harvey Dunn*

Illustration for "Command"

"THIS PLACE STIFLES ME. I HATE IT"



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## THE BRITISH AND THE AMERICAN PRESS

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

THE only paper from which a man can really get the news of the world in a shape that he can understand is the newspaper of his own "home town." For me, unless I can have the *Montreal Gazette* at my breakfast, and the *Montreal Star* at my dinner, I don't really know what is happening. In the same way I have seen a man from the south of Scotland settle down to read the *Dumfries Chronicle* with a deep sigh of satisfaction; and a man from Burlington, Vermont, pick up the *Burlington Eagle* and study the foreign news in it as the only way of getting at what was really happening in France and Germany.

The reason is, I suppose, that there are different ways of serving up the news and we each get used to our own. Some people like the news fed to them gently; others like it thrown at them in a bomb-shell; some prefer it to be made as little of as possible, they want it minimized; others want the maximum.

This is where the greatest difference lies between the British newspapers and those of the United States and Canada. With us in America the great thing is to get the news and shout it at the reader; in England they get the news and then break it to him as gently as possible. Hence the big headings, the bold type,

and the double columns of the American paper, and the small headings and the general air of quiet and respectability of the English press.

It is quite beside the question to ask which is the better. Neither is; they are different things, that's all. The English paper is designed to be read quietly, propped up against the sugar bowl of a man eating a slow breakfast in a quiet corner of a club, or by a retired banker seated in a leather chair, nearly asleep, or by a country vicar sitting in a wicker chair under a pergola. The American paper is for reading by a man hanging on to the straps of a clattering subway express, by a man eating at a lunch counter, by a man standing on one leg, by a man getting a two-minute shave, or by a man about to have his teeth drawn by a dentist.

In other words, there is a difference of atmosphere. It is not merely in the type and the lettering; it is a difference in the way the news is treated and the kind of words that are used. In America we love such words as "gunmen" and "joy-ride" and "death cell"; in England they prefer "person of doubtful character" and "motor traveling at excessive speed" and "corridor No. 6." If a milk wagon collides in the street with a coal



cart, we write that a "life wagon" has struck a "death cart." We call a murderer a "thug" or a "gunman" or a "yeggman." In England they simply call him "the accused, who is a grocer's assistant in Houndsditch." That designation would knock any decent murder story to pieces.

Hence comes the great difference between the American "lead," or opening sentence of the article, and the English type. In the American paper the idea is that the reader is so busy that he must first be offered the news in one gulp. After that, if he likes it, he can go on and eat some more of it. So the opening sentence must give the whole thing. Thus, suppose that a leading member of the United States Congress has committed suicide. This is the way that the American reporter deals with it:

Seated in his room at the Grand Hotel, with his carpet slippers on his feet and his body wrapped in a blue dressing gown with pink insertions, after writing a letter of farewell to his wife, and emptying a bottle of Scotch whisky, in which he exonerated her from all culpability in his death, Congressman Ahasuerus P. Tigg was found by night-watchman Henry T. Smith, while making his rounds as usual, with four bullets in his stomach.

Now let us suppose that a leading member of the House of Commons in England had done the same thing. Here is the way it would be written up in a first-class London newspaper. The heading would be "Home and General Intelligence." That is inserted so as to keep the reader soothed and quiet, and is no doubt thought better than the American heading, "Bughouse Congressman Blows Out Brains in Hotel." After the heading, "Home and General Intelligence," the English paper runs the sub-heading, "Incident at the Grand Hotel." The reader still doesn't know what happened; he isn't meant to. Then the article begins like this:

The Grand Hotel, which is situated at the corner of Millbank and Victoria Streets, was the scene last night of a distressing incident.

"What is it?" thinks the reader.

The hotel itself, which is an old Georgian structure dating probably from about 1750, is a quiet establishment, its clientele mainly drawn from business men in the cattle-driving and distillery business from South Wales.

"What happened?" thinks the reader.

Its cuisine has long been famous for the excellence of its boiled shrimps.

"What happened?"

While the hotel itself is also known as the meeting place of the Surbiton Harmonic Society and other associations.

"What happened?"

Among the more permanent of the guests of the hotel has been numbered, during the present Parliamentary session, Mr. Llewellyn Ap Jones, M.P. for South Llanfynydd. Mr. Jones apparently came to his room last night at about 10 P.M., and put on his carpet slippers and his blue dressing gown. He then seems to have gone to the cupboard and taken from it a whisky bottle, which, however, proved to be empty. The unhappy gentleman then apparently went to bed. . . .

At that point the American reader probably stops reading—thinking that he has heard it all. The unhappy man found that the bottle was empty and went to bed—very natural; and the affair very properly called a "distressing incident," quite right. But the trained English reader would know that there was more to come and that the air of quiet was only assumed, and he would read on and on until at last the tragic interest heightened, the four shots were fired, with a good long pause after each for discussion of the path of the bullet through Mr. Ap Jones.

I am not saying that either the American way or the British way is the better. They are just two different ways—that's all. But the result is that anybody from the United States or Canada, reading the English papers, gets the impression that nothing is happening; and an English reader over with us gets the idea that the whole place is in a tumult.



When I was in London I used always, in glancing at the morning papers, to get a first impression that the whole world was almost asleep. There was, for example, a heading called "Indian Intelligence," which showed, on close examination, that two thousand Parsees had died of the blue plague, that a powder boat had blown up at Bombay, that some one had thrown a couple of bombs at one of the provincial governors, and that four thousand agitators had been sentenced to twenty years' hard labor each. But the whole thing was just called "Indian Intelligence." Similarly, there was a little item called, "Our Chinese Correspondent." That one explained, ten lines down, in very small type, that a hundred thousand Chinese had been drowned in a flood. And there was another little item labeled, "Foreign Gossip," under which was mentioned that the Pope was dead and that the President of Paraguay had been assassinated.

In short, I got the impression that I was living in an easy, drowsy world, as no doubt the editor meant me to. It was only when the Montreal *Star* arrived by post that I felt that the world was still revolving pretty rapidly on its axis and that there was still something doing.

As with the world news, so it is with the minor events of ordinary life—birth, death, marriage, accidents, crime. Let me give an illustration. Suppose that in a suburb of London a housemaid has endeavored to poison her employer's family by putting a drug in the coffee. Now, on our side of the water, we should write that little incident up in a way to give it life, and put headings over it that would capture the reader's attention in a minute. We should begin it thus:

PRETTY PARLOR MAID  
DEALS DEATH DRINK  
TO CLUBMAN'S FAMILY

The English reader would ask at once, how do we know that the parlor maid is

pretty? We don't. But our artistic sense tells us that she ought to be. Pretty parlor maids are the only ones we take any interest in; if an ugly parlor maid poisoned her employer's family we should hang her. Then, again, the English reader would say, how do we know that the man is a clubman? Have we ascertained this fact definitely, and, if so, of what club or clubs is he a member? Well, we don't know, except in so far as the thing is self-evident. Any man who has romance enough in his life to be poisoned by a pretty housemaid *ought* to be in a club. That's the place for him. In fact, with us the word clubman doesn't necessarily mean a man who belongs to a club; it is defined as a man who is arrested in a gambling den or fined for speeding a motor, or who shoots another person in a hotel corridor. Therefore this man must be a clubman. Having settled the heading, we go on with the text:

Brooding over love troubles, which she has hitherto refused to divulge under the most grilling fusillade of rapid-fire questions shot at her by the best brains of the New York police force, Miss Mary de Forrest, a handsome brunette, thirty-six inches round the hips, employed as a parlor maid in the residence of Mr. Spudd Bung, a well-known clubman, forty-two inches round the chest, was arrested yesterday by the flying squad of the emergency police after having, so it is alleged, put four ounces of alleged picrate of potash into the alleged coffee of her employer's family's alleged breakfast, at their residence on Hudson Heights, in the most fashionable quarter of the metropolis. Doctor Slink, the leading fashionable practitioner of the neighborhood, who was immediately summoned, said that, but for his own extraordinary dexterity and promptness, the death of the whole family, if not of the entire entourage, was a certainty. The magistrate in committing Miss de Forrest for trial, took occasion to enlarge upon her youth and attractive appearance; he castigated the moving pictures severely and said that he held them, together with the public-school system and the present method of doing the hair, directly responsible for the crimes of the kind alleged.



Now when you read this over you begin to feel that something *big* has happened. Here is a man like Doctor Slink, all quivering with promptness and dexterity. Here is an inserted picture, a photograph, a brick house in a row marked with a cross + and labeled, "The Bung Residence as It Appeared Immediately After the Alleged Outrage." It isn't, really; it is just a photograph that we use for this sort of thing and have grown to like. It is called, sometimes, "Residence of Senator Borah," or, "Scene of the Recent Spiritual Manifestations," or anything of the sort. As long as it is marked with a cross + the reader will look at it with interest.

In other words, we make something out of an occurrence like this. It doesn't matter if it all fades out afterward when it appears that Mary de Forrest merely put ground allspice into the coffee in mistake for powdered sugar and that the family didn't drink it, anyway. The reader has already turned to other mysteries. But contrast the pitifully tame way in which the same event is written up in England. Here it is:

#### *Suburban Item*

Yesterday, at the police court of Surbiton-on-Thames, Mary Forrester, a servant in the employ of Mr. S. Bung, was taken into custody on a charge of having put a noxious preparation, possibly poison, into the coffee of her employer's family. The young woman was remanded for a week.

Look at that. Mary Forrester a servant? How wide was she round the chest? It doesn't say. Mr. S. Bung? Of what club was he a member? None, apparently. Then who cares if he is poisoned? And "the young woman"! What a way to speak of a decent girl who never did any other harm than to poison a clubman! And the English magistrate? What a tame part he must have played! His name, indeed, doesn't occur at all; apparently he didn't enlarge on the girl's "good looks," or "comment on her attractive appearance," or anything. I don't suppose

that he even asked Mary Forrester out to lunch with him.

Notice also that, according to the English way of writing the thing up, as soon as the girl was remanded for a week the incident is closed. The English reporter doesn't apparently know enough to follow Miss de Forrest to her home (called "the De Forrest Residence" and marked with a cross, +). The American reporter would make certain to supplement what went above with further information of this fashion:

Miss de Forrest, when seen later at her own home by a representative of the *Eagle*, said that she regretted very much having been put to the necessity of poisoning Mr. Bung. She had, in the personal sense, nothing against Mr. Bung, and, apart from poisoning him, she had every respect for Mr. Bung. Miss de Forrest, who talks admirably on a variety of topics, expressed herself as warmly in favor of the League of Nations, and as a devotee of the short ballot and proportional representation.

Any American reader who studies the English press comes upon these wasted opportunities every day. There are, indeed, certain journals of a newer type which are doing their best to imitate us. But they don't really get it yet. They use type up to about two inches, and after that they get afraid.

I hope that, in describing the spirit of the English press, I do not seem to be writing with any personal bitterness. I admit that there might be a certain reason for such a bias. During my stay in England I was most anxious to appear as a contributor to some of the leading papers. This is, with the English, a thing that always adds prestige. To be able to call oneself a "contributor" to the *Times* or to *Punch* or the *Morning Post* or the *Spectator* is a high honor. I have met these "contributors" all over the British Empire. Some, I admit, look strange. An ancient wreck in the back bar of an Ontario tavern (*ancien régime*) has told me that he was a contributor to the *Times*; the janitor of



the building where I live admits that he is a contributor to *Punch*; a man arrested in Bristol for vagrancy while I was in England pleaded that he was a contributor to the *Spectator*. In fact, it is an honor that everybody seems to be able to get but me.

I had often tried, before I went to England, to contribute to the great English newspapers. I had never succeeded. But I hoped that while in England itself the very propinquity of the atmosphere—I mean the very contiguity of the surroundings—would render the attempt easier. I tried and I failed. My failure was all the more ignominious in that I had had very direct personal encouragement. "By all means," said the editor of the *London Times*, "do something for us while you are here. Best of all, do something in a political way; that's rather our special line." I had already received almost an identical encouragement from the *London Morning Post* and, in a more qualified way, from the *Manchester Guardian*. In short, success seemed easy.

I decided, therefore, to take some simple political event of the peculiar kind that always makes a stir in English politics and write it up for these English papers. To simplify matters, I thought it better to use one and the same incident and write it up in three different ways and get paid for it three times. All of those who write for the press will understand the motive at once. I waited, therefore, and watched the papers to see if anything relishing might happen to the Ahkoond of Swat or the Sandjak of Novi Bazar, or any other native potentate. Within a couple of days I got what I wanted in the following item, which I need hardly say is taken word for word from the press dispatches.

PERIM, VIA BOMBAY.—News comes by messenger that the Shriek of Kowfat, who has been living under the convention of 1898, has violated the *modus operandi*. He is said to have torn off his suspenders, dipped himself in oil, and proclaimed a *jehad*. The situation is critical.

Everybody who knows England knows that this is just the kind of news that the English love. On our side of the Atlantic we should be bothered by the fact that we did not know where Kowfat is, nor what was the convention of 1898. They are not. They just take it for granted that Kowfat is one of the many thousand places that they "own," somewhere in the outer darkness. They have so many Kowfats that they cannot keep track of them.

I knew, therefore, that everybody would be interested in any discussion of what was at once called "the Kowfat Crisis," and I wrote it up. I resisted the temptation to begin after the American fashion, "Shriek sheds suspenders," suiting the writing, as I thought, to the market I was writing for. I wrote up the incident for the *Morning Post* after the following fashion:

The news from Kowfat affords one more instance of a painful backdown on the part of the government. Our policy of spineless supineness is now reaping its inevitable reward. To us there is only one thing to be done. If the Shriek has torn off his suspenders he must be made to put them on again. We have always held that where the imperial prestige of this country is concerned there is no room for hesitation. In the present instance our prestige *is* at stake—the matter involves our reputation in the eyes of the surrounding natives, the Bantu Hottentots, the Negritos, the Dwarf Men of East Abyssinia, and the Dog Men of Darfur. What will they think of us? If we fail in this crisis their notion of us will fall 50 per cent. In our opinion this country cannot stand a 50-per-cent drop in the estimation of the Dog Men. The time is one that demands action. An ultimatum should be sent at once to the Shriek of Kowfat. If he has one already we should send him another. He should be made at once to put on his suspenders. The oil must be scraped off him, and he must be told plainly that if a pup like him tries to start a *jehad* he will have to deal with the British Navy. We call the Shriek a pup in no sense of belittling him as our imperial ally, but because we consider that the present is no time for half words and we do not regard pup as half a word. Events such as the

present, rocking the Empire to its base, make one long for the spacious days of a Salisbury or a Queen Elizabeth, or an Alfred the Great or a Julius Cæsar. We doubt whether the present Cabinet is in this class.

Not to lose any time in the coming and going of the mail—always a serious thought for the contributor to the press waiting for a check—I sent another editorial on the same topic to the *Manchester Guardian*. It ran as follows:

The action of the Shriek of Kowfat in proclaiming a *jehad* against us is one that amply justifies all that we have said editorially since Jeremy Bentham died. We have always held that the only way to deal with a Mohammedan potentate like the Shriek is to treat him like a Christian. The Khalifate of Kowfat at present buys its whole supply of cotton piece goods in our market and pays cash. The Shriek, who is a man of enlightenment, has consistently upheld the principles of free trade. Not only are our exports of cotton piece goods, bibles, rum, and beads constantly increasing, but they are more than offset by our importation from Kowfat of ivory, rubber, gold, and oil. In short, we have never seen the principles of free trade better illustrated. The Shriek, it is now reported, refuses to wear the braces presented to him by our envoy at the time of his coronation, five years ago. He is said to have thrown them into the mud. But we have no reason to suppose that this is meant as a blow at our prestige. It may be that after five years of use the little pulleys of the braces no longer work properly. We have ourselves, in our personal life, known instances of this, and can speak of the sense of irritation occasioned. Even we have thrown on the floor ours. And in any case, as we have often reminded our readers, what is prestige? If anyone wants to hit us, let him hit us right there. We regard a blow at our trade as far more deadly than a blow at our prestige.

The situation as we see it demands immediate reparation on our part. The principal grievance of the Shriek arises from the existence of our fort and garrison on the Kowfat River. Our proper policy is to knock down the fort, and either remove the garrison or give it to the Shriek. We are convinced that as soon as the Shriek realizes that we are prepared to treat him in the proper Christian

spirit, he will at once respond with true Mohammedan generosity.

We have further to remember that in what we do we are being observed by the neighboring tribes—the Negritos, the Dwarf Men, and the Dog Men of Darfur. These are not only shrewd observers, but substantial customers. The Dwarf Men at present buy all their cotton on the Manchester market, and the Dog Men depend on us for their soap.

The present crisis is one in which the nation needs statesmanship and a broad outlook upon the world. In the existing situation we need not the duplicity of a Machiavelli, but the commanding prescience of a Gladstone, or an Alfred the Great, or a Julius Cæsar. Luckily, we have exactly this type of man at the head of affairs.

After completing the above I set to work without delay on a similar exercise for the *London Times*. The special excellence of the *Times*, as everybody knows, is its fullness of information. For generations past the *Times* has commanded a peculiar minuteness of knowledge about all parts of the Empire. It is the proud boast of this great journal that to whatever far-away outlandish part of the Empire you may go, you will always find a correspondent of the *Times* looking for something to do. It is said that the present proprietor has laid it down as his maxim, "I don't want men who think; I want men who know." The arrangements for thinking are made separately.

Incidentally, I may say that I had personal opportunities, while I was in England, of realizing that the reputation of the *Times's* staff for the possession of information is well founded. Dining one night with some members of the staff, I happened to mention Saskatchewan. One of the editors at the other end of the table looked up at the mention of the name. "Saskatchewan," he said. "Ah yes; that's not far from Alberta, is it?" and then turned quietly to his food again. When I remind the reader that Saskatchewan is only half an inch from Alberta, he may judge of the nicety of the knowledge involved. Having all this in mind, I recast the editorial and sent it to the *London Times* as follows:



The news that the Sultan of Kowfat has thrown away his suspenders renders it of interest to indicate the exact spot where he has thrown them. (See map.) Kowfat, lying, as the reader knows, on the Kowfat River, occupies the hinterland between the back end of southwest Somaliland and the east—that is to say, the west—bank of Lake P'shu. It thus forms an enclave between the Dog Men of Darfur and the Negritos of T'chk. The inhabitants of Kowfat are a colored race, three-quarters negroid and more than three-quarters tabloid.

As a solution of the present difficulty, the first thing required, in our opinion, is to send out a boundary commission to delineate more exactly still just where Kowfat is. After that an ethnographical survey might be completed.

It was a matter not only of concern, but of surprise, to me that not one of the three contributions recited above was accepted by the English press. The *Morning Post* complained that my editorial was not firm enough in tone; the *Guardian*, that it was not humane enough; the *Times*, that I had left out the latitude and longitude, always expected by their readers.

I thought it not worth while to bother to revise the articles as I had meantime conceived the idea that the same material might be used in the most delightful, amusing way as the basis of a poem for *Punch*. Everybody knows the kind of verses that are contributed to *Punch* by Sir Owen Seaman and Mr. Charles Graves and men of that sort. And everybody has been struck, as I have, by the extraordinary easiness of the performance. All that one needs is to get some odd little incident, such as the revolt of the Sultan of Kowfat, make up an amusing title, and then string the verses together in such a way as to make rhymes with all the odd words that come into the narrative. In fact, the thing is ease itself.

I therefore saw a glorious chance with the Sultan of Kowfat. Indeed, I fairly chuckled to myself when I thought what amusing rhymes could be made with "negritos," "modus operandi," and

"Dog Men of Darfur." I can scarcely imagine anything more excruciatingly funny than the rhymes which can be made with them. And as for the title, bringing in the word Kowfat or some play upon it, the thing is perfectly obvious. The idea amused me so much that I set to work at the poem at once. I am sorry to say that I failed to complete it; not that I couldn't have done so, given time; I am quite certain that if I had had about two years I could have done it. The main structure of the poem, however, is here, and I give it for what it is worth. Even as it is it strikes me as extraordinarily good. Here it is:

(Title)

..... Kowfat.

*Stanza One.*

.....  
 ..... modus operandi;  
 .....  
 ..... negritos;  
 ..... P'shu.

*Stanza Two*

.....  
 ..... Khalifate  
 ..... Dog Men of Darfur  
 ..... T'chk.

Excellent little thing, isn't it? All it needs is the rhymes. As far as it goes it has just exactly the ease and the sweep required. And if some one will tell me how Owen Seaman and those people get the rest of the ease and the sweep I'll be glad to put it in.

One further experiment of the same sort I made with the English press in another direction and met again with failure. If there is one paper in the world for which I have respect and—if I may say it—an affection, it is the *London Spectator*. I suppose that I am only one of thousands and thousands of people who feel this way. Why, under the circumstances, the *Spectator* failed to publish my letter I cannot say. I wanted no money for it; I only wanted

the honor of seeing it inserted beside the letter written from the Rectory, Hops, Hants, or the Shrubbery, Potts, Shrops—I mean from one of those places where the readers of the *Spectator* live. I thought, too, that my letter had just the right touch. However, they wouldn't take it; something wrong with it somewhere, I suppose. This is it:

To the Editor,

The *Spectator*,

London, England.

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondence of last week contained such interesting information in regard to the appearance of the first cowslip in Kensington Common that I trust that I may, without fatiguing your readers to the point of saturation, narrate a somewhat similar, and I think, sir, an equally interesting experience of my own. While passing through Lambeth Gardens yesterday, toward the hour of dusk, I observed a crow with one leg sitting beside the duck pond and apparently lost in thought. There was no doubt that the bird was of the species *Pulex hibiscus*, an order which is becoming singularly rare in the vicinity of the metropolis. Indeed, so far as I am aware, the species has not been seen in London since 1680. I may say that on recognizing the bird I drew as near as I could, keeping myself behind the shrubbery, but the *Pulex hibiscus*, which apparently caught a brief glimpse of my face, uttered a cry of distress and flew away.

I am, sir,

Believe me,

Yours, sir,

O. Y. BOTHERWITHT

(Ret'd major, Burmese army).

Distressed by these repeated failures, I sank back to a lower level of English literary work, the puzzle department. For some reason or other, the English delight in puzzles. It is, I think, a part of the peculiar schoolboy pedantry which is the reverse side of their literary genius. I speak with a certain bitterness because, in puzzle work, I met with no success whatever. My solutions were never acknowledged, never paid for; in fact, they were ignored. But I append two or three of them here, with apologies to the editors of the *Strand*

and other papers who should have had the honor of publishing them first.

#### PUZZLE I

Can you fold a square piece of paper in such a way that with a single fold it forms a pentagon?

*My Solution.*—Yes, if I knew what a pentagon was.

#### PUZZLE II

A and B agree to hold a walking match across an open meadow, each seeking the shortest line. A, walking from corner to corner, may be said to diangulate the hypotenuse of the meadow. B, allowing for a slight rise in the ground, walks on an obese tabloid. Which wins?

*My Solution.*—Frankly, I don't know.

#### PUZZLE III

(With apologies to the *Strand*)

A rope is passed over a pulley. It has a weight at one end and a monkey at the other. There is the same length of rope on either side, and equilibrium is maintained. The rope weighs four ounces per foot. The age of the monkey and the age of the monkey's mother together total four years. The weight of the monkey is as many pounds as the monkey's mother is years old. The monkey's mother was twice as old as the monkey was when the monkey's mother was half as old as the monkey will be when the monkey is three times as old as the monkey's mother was when the monkey's mother was three times as old as the monkey. The weight of the rope and the weight at the end was half as much again as the difference in weight between the weight of the weight and the weight of the monkey. Now, what was the length of the rope?

*My Answer.*—I should think it would have to be a rope of a fairly good length.

In only one department of English journalism have I met with a decided measure of success—I refer to the juvenile competition department. This is a line of thing to which the English are especially addicted. As a really educated nation for whom good literature begins in the home, they encourage in every way literary competitions among the young readers of their journals. At least half a dozen of the well-known London



periodicals carry on this work. The prizes run all the way from one shilling to half a guinea, and the competitions are generally open to all children from three to six years of age. It was here that I saw my open opportunity and seized it. I swept in prize after prize. As "Little Agatha" I got four shillings for the best description of autumn in two lines, and one shilling for guessing

correctly the missing letters in Br-stol, Sh-field, and H-ll. A lot of the competitors fell down on H-ll. I got six shillings for giving the dates of the Norman Conquest, A.D. 1492, and the Crimean War of 1870. In short, the thing was easy. I might say that to enter these competitions one has to have a certificate of age from a member of the clergy. But I know a lot of them.

## VAGABOND DAYS

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

**L**O, I have done awhile with haste,  
With weary windings up and down;  
Freed from all gyves, I range the waste  
Far from the turmoil of the town.

More than may be revealed in words  
I joy in what I hear and see;  
I know the fellowship of birds,  
And I am kinsman to the bee.

As fancy moves, I pause or pass;  
My tarrying is long or brief;  
I join the wind song to the grass,  
The lyric laughter of the leaf.

A swaying fern my thought beguiles—  
A ripple, as it cools the cress;  
A simple flower upon me smiles  
And I am wrapt in happiness.

I have so yearned for artless things,  
Have been so long unreconciled,  
The tiniest gnat with gauzy wings  
Transports me as it would a child.

Withdrawn from stress, apart from strife,  
To loving nature I respond,  
And drain the deepest draughts of life,  
A vagrant and a vagabond!

# THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

## *THE VENGEANCE OF THE STATUE*

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

IT was on the sunny veranda of a seaside hotel, overlooking a pattern of flower beds and a strip of blue sea, that Horne Fisher and Harold March had their final explanation, which might be called an explosion.

Harold March, now famous as one of the first political writers of his time, had come to the little table and sat down at it with a subdued excitement smoldering in his somewhat cloudy and dreamy blue eyes. In the newspapers which he tossed from him on to the table there was enough to explain some, if not all, of his emotion. Public affairs in every department had reached a crisis. The Government which had stood so long that men were used to it, as they are used to a hereditary despotism, had begun to be accused of blunders and even of financial abuses. Some said that the experiment of attempting to establish a peasantry in the west of England, on the lines of an early fancy of Horne Fisher's, had resulted in nothing but dangerous quarrels with more industrial neighbors. There had been particular complaints of the ill-treatment of harmless foreigners, chiefly Asiatics, who happened to be employed in the new scientific works constructed on the coast. Indeed, the new Power which had arisen in Siberia, backed by Japan and other powerful allies, was inclined to take the matter up in the interests of its exiled subjects, and there had been wild talk about ambassadors and ultimatums. But something much more serious, in its personal interests for March himself, seemed to fill his meeting with his friend with a mixture of embarrassment and indignation.

Perhaps it increased his annoyance

that there was a certain unusual liveliness about the usually languid figure of Fisher. The ordinary image of him in March's mind was that of a pallid and bald-browed gentleman, who seemed to be prematurely old as well as prematurely bald. He was remembered as a man who expressed the opinions of a pessimist in the language of a lounge. Even now March could not be certain whether the change was merely a sort of masquerade of sunshine, or that effect of clear colors and clean-cut outlines that is always visible on the parade of a marine resort, relieved against the blue dado of the sea. But Fisher had a flower in his buttonhole, and his friend could have sworn he carried his cane with something almost like the swagger of a fighter. With such clouds gathering over England, the pessimist seemed to be the only man who carried his own sunshine.

"Look here," said Harold March, abruptly, "you've been no end of a friend to me, and I never was so proud of a friendship before; but there's something I must get off my chest. The more I found out, the less I understood how you could stand it. And I tell you I'm going to stand it no longer."

Horne Fisher gazed across at him gravely and attentively, but rather as if he were a long way off.

"You know I always liked you," said Fisher, quietly, "but I also respect you, which is not always the same thing. You may possibly guess that I like a good many people I don't respect. Perhaps it is my tragedy, perhaps it is my fault. But you are very different, and I promise you this: that I will never try to keep you as somebody to





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.*

HE SAW THE DETECTIVE PEERING AT SOMETHING ON THE GROUND



be liked, at the price of your not being respected."

"I know you are magnanimous," said March, after a silence, "and yet you tolerate and perpetuate everything that is mean." Then after another silence he added: "Do you remember when we first met, when you were fishing in that brook in the affair of the target? And do you remember you said that, after all, it might do no harm if I could blow the whole tangle of this society to hell with dynamite?"

"Yes, and what of that?" asked Fisher.

"Only that I'm going to blow it to hell with dynamite," said Harold March, "and I think it right to give you fair warning. For a long time I didn't believe things were as bad as you said they were. But I never felt as if I could have bottled up what you knew, supposing you really knew it. Well, the long and the short of it is that I've got a conscience; and now, at last, I've also got a chance. I've been put in charge of a big independent paper, with a free hand, and we're going to open a cannonade on corruption."

"That will be—Attwood, I suppose," said Fisher, reflectively. "Timber merchant. Knows a lot about China."

"He knows a lot about England," said March, doggedly, "and, now I know it, too, we're not going to hush it up any longer. The people of this country have a right to know how they're ruled—or, rather, ruined. The Chancellor *is* in the pocket of the money lenders and has to do as he is told; otherwise he's bankrupt, and a bad sort of bankruptcy, too, with nothing but cards and actresses behind it. The Prime Minister *was* in the petrol-contract business; and deep in it, too. The Foreign Minister is a wreck of drink and drugs. When you say that plainly about a man who may send thousands of Englishmen to die for nothing, you're called personal. If a poor engine driver gets drunk and sends thirty or forty people to death, nobody complains

of the exposure being personal. The engine driver is not a person."

"I quite agree with you," said Fisher, calmly. "You are perfectly right."

"If you agree with us, why the devil don't you act with us?" demanded his friend. "If you think it's right, why don't you do what's right? It's awful to think of a man of your abilities simply blocking the road to reform."

"We have often talked about that," replied Fisher, with the same composure. "The Prime Minister is my father's friend. The Foreign Minister married my sister. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is my first cousin. I mention the genealogy in some detail just now for a particular reason. The truth is I have a curious kind of cheerfulness at the moment. It isn't altogether the sun and the sea air. I am enjoying an emotion that is entirely new to me; a happy sensation I never remember having had before."

"What the devil do you mean?"

"I am feeling proud of my family," said Horne Fisher.

Harold March stared at him with round blue eyes, and seemed too much mystified even to ask a question. Fisher leaned back in his chair in his lazy fashion, and smiled as he continued.

"Look here, my dear fellow. Let me ask a question in turn. You imply that I have always known these things about my unfortunate kinsmen. So I have. Do you suppose that Attwood hasn't always known them? Do you suppose he hasn't always known you as an honest man, who would say these things when he got a chance? Why does Attwood unmuzzle you like a dog at this moment, after all these years? I know why he does; I know a good many things, far too many things. And therefore, as I have the honor to remark, I am proud of my family at last."

"But why?" repeated March, rather feebly.

"I am proud of the Chancellor because he gambled, and the Foreign Min-



ister because he drank, and the Prime Minister because he took a commission on a contract," said Fisher, firmly. "I am proud of them because they did these things, and can be denounced for them, and know they can be denounced for them, and *are standing firm for all that*. I take off my hat to them because they are defying blackmail, and refusing to smash their country to save themselves. I salute them as if they were going to die on the battlefield."

After a pause he continued: "And it will be a battlefield, too, and not a metaphorical one. We have yielded to foreign financiers so long that now it is war or ruin. Even the people, even the country people, are beginning to suspect that they are being ruined. That is the meaning of the regrettable incidents in the newspapers."

"The meaning of the outrages on Orientals?" asked March.

"The meaning of the outrages on Orientals," replied Fisher, "is that the financiers have introduced Chinese labor into this country with the deliberate intention of reducing workmen and peasants to starvation. Our unhappy politicians have made concession after concession; and now they are asking concessions which amount to our ordering a massacre of our own poor. If we do not fight now we shall never fight again. They will have put England in an economic position of starving in a week. But we are going to fight now; I shouldn't wonder if there were an ultimatum in a week and an invasion in a fortnight. All the past corruption and cowardice is hampering us, of course; the West Country is pretty stormy and doubtful even in a military sense; and the Irish regiments there, that are supposed to support us by the new treaty, are pretty well in mutiny; for of course this infernal coolie capitalism is being pushed in Ireland, too. But it's to stop now; and if the Government message of reassurance gets through to them in time, they may turn up, after all, by the time the enemy lands.

For my poor old gang is going to stand to its guns at last. Of course it's only natural that when they have been whitewashed for half a century as paragons, their sins should come back on them at the very moment when they are behaving like men for the first time in their lives. Well, I tell you, March, I know them inside out; and I know they are behaving like heroes. Every man of them ought to have a statue, and on the pedestal words like those of the noblest ruffian of the Revolution: '*Que mon nom soit flétri; que la France soit libre.*'"

"Good God!" cried March, "shall we never get to the bottom of your mines and countermines?"

After a silence Fisher answered in a lower voice, looking his friend in the eyes.

"Did you think there was nothing but evil at the bottom of them?" he asked, gently. "Did you think I had found nothing but filth in the deep seas into which fate has thrown me? Believe me, you never know the best about men till you know the worst about them. It does not dispose of their strange human souls to know that they were exhibited to the world as impossibly impeccable waxworks, who never looked after a woman or knew the meaning of a bribe. Even in a palace, life can be lived well; and even in a parliament, life can be lived with occasional efforts to live it well. I tell you it is as true of these rich fools and rascals as it is true of every poor footpad and pickpocket; that only God knows how good they have tried to be. God alone knows what the conscience can survive, or how a man who has lost his honor will still try to save his soul."

There was another silence, and March sat staring at the table and Fisher at the sea. Then Fisher suddenly sprang to his feet and caught up his hat and stick with all his new alertness and even pugnacity.

"Look here, old fellow," he cried, "let us make a bargain. Before you



open your campaign for Attwood come down and stay with us for one week, to hear what we're really doing. I mean with the Faithful Few, formerly known as the Old Gang, occasionally to be described as the Low Lot. There are really only five of us that are quite fixed and organizing the national defense; and we're living like a garrison in a sort of broken-down hotel in Kent. Come and see what we're really doing and what there is to be done, and do us justice. And after that, with unalterable love and affection for you, publish and be damned."

Thus it came about that in the last week before war, when events moved most rapidly, Harold March found himself one of a sort of small house party of the people he was proposing to denounce. They were living simply enough, for people with their tastes, in an old brown-brick inn faced with ivy and surrounded by rather dismal gardens. At the back of the building the garden ran up very steeply to a road along the ridge above; and a zigzag path scaled the slope in sharp angles, turning to and fro amid evergreens so somber that they might rather be called everblack. Here and there up the slope were statues having all the cold monstrosity of such minor ornaments of the eighteenth century; and a whole row of them ran as on a terrace along the last bank at the bottom, opposite the back door. This detail fixed itself first in March's mind merely because it figured in the first conversation he had with one of the Cabinet Ministers.

The Cabinet Ministers were rather older than he had expected to find them. The Prime Minister no longer looked like a boy, though he still looked a little like a baby. But it was one of those old and venerable babies, and the baby had soft gray hair. Everything about him was soft, to his speech and his way of walking; but over and above that his chief function seemed to be sleep. People left alone with him

got so used to his eyes being closed that they were almost startled when they realized in the stillness that the eyes were wide open and even watching. One thing at least would always make the old gentleman open his eyes. The one thing he really cared for in this world was his hobby of armor and weapons, especially Eastern weapons, and he would talk for hours about Damascus blades and Arab swordsmanship. Lord James Herries, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was a short, dark, sturdy man with a very sallow face and a very sullen manner, which contrasted with the gorgeous flower in his buttonhole and his festive trick of being always slightly overdressed. It was something of a euphemism to call him a well-known man about town. There was perhaps more mystery in the question of how a man who lived for pleasure seemed to get so little pleasure out of it. Sir David Archer, the Foreign Secretary, was the only one of them who was a self-made man, and the only one of them who looked like an aristocrat. He was tall and thin and very handsome, with a grizzled beard; his gray hair was very curly, and even rose in front in two rebellious ringlets that seemed to the fanciful to tremble like the antennæ of some giant insect, or to stir sympathetically with the restless tufted eyebrows over his rather haggard eyes. For the Foreign Secretary made no secret of his somewhat nervous condition, whatever might be the cause of it.

"Do you know that mood when one could scream because a mat is crooked?" he said to March, as they walked up and down in the back garden below the line of dingy statues. "Women get into it when they've worked too hard; and I've been working pretty hard lately, of course. It drives me mad when Herries will wear his hat a little crooked—habit of looking like a gay dog. Sometime I swear I'll knock it off. That statue of Britannia over there isn't quite straight; it sticks forward a bit,



*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.*

HE FELL AGAINST THE STATUE, HANGING ON TO THE IRON RAIL



as if the lady were going to topple over. The damned thing is that it doesn't topple over and be done with it. See, it's clamped with an iron prop. Don't be surprised if I get up in the middle of the night to hike it down."

They paced the path for a few moments in silence and then he continued. "It's odd those little things seem specially big when there are bigger things to worry about. We'd better go in and do some work."

Horne Fisher evidently allowed for all the neurotic possibilities of Archer and the dissipated habits of Herries, and, whatever his faith in their present firmness, did not unduly tax their time and attention, even in the case of the Prime Minister. He had got the consent of the latter finally to the committing of the important documents, with the orders to the Western armies, to the care of a less conspicuous and more solid person—an uncle of his named Horne Hewitt, a rather colorless country squire who had been a good soldier and was the military adviser of the committee. He was charged with expediting the Government pledge, along with the concerted military plans, to the half-mutinous command in the west; and the still more urgent task of seeing that it did not fall into the hands of the enemy, who might appear at any moment from the east. Over and above this military official, the only other person present was a police official, a certain Doctor Prince, originally a police surgeon and now a distinguished detective, sent to be a bodyguard to the group. He was a square-faced man with big spectacles and a grimace that expressed the intention of keeping his mouth shut. Nobody else shared their captivity except the hotel proprietor, a crusty Kentish man with a crabapple face, one or two of his servants, and another servant privately attached to Lord James Herries. He was a young Scotchman named Campbell, who looked much more distinguished than his bilious-looking master, having chestnut hair and a long

saturnine face with large but fine features. He was probably the one really efficient person in the house.

After about four days of the informal council, March had come to feel a sort of grotesque sublimity about these dubious figures, defiant in the twilight of danger, as if they were hunchbacks and cripples left alone to defend a town. All were working hard; and he himself looked up from writing a page of memoranda in a private room to see Horne Fisher standing in the doorway, accoutered as if for travel. He fancied that Fisher looked a little pale; and after a moment that gentleman shut the door behind him and said, quietly:

"Well, the worst has happened, or nearly the worst."

"The enemy has landed," cried March, and sprang erect out of his chair.

"Oh, I knew the enemy would land," said Fisher, with composure. "Yes, he's landed; but that's not the worst that could happen. The worst is that there's a leak of some sort, even from this fortress of ours. It's been a bit of a shock to me, I can tell you; though I suppose it's illogical. After all, I was full of admiration at finding three honest men in politics. I ought not to be full of astonishment if I find only two."

He ruminated a moment and then said, in such a fashion that March could hardly tell if he were changing the subject or no:

"It's hard at first to believe that a fellow like Herries, who had pickled himself in vice like vinegar, can have any scruple left. But about that I've noticed a curious thing. Patriotism is not the first virtue. Patriotism rots into Prussianism when you pretend it is the first virtue. But patriotism is sometimes the last virtue. A man will swindle or seduce who will not sell his country. But who knows?"

"But what is to be done?" cried March, indignantly.

"My uncle has the papers safe enough," replied Fisher, "and is send-

ing them west to-night; but somebody is trying to get at them from outside, I fear with the assistance of somebody inside. All I can do at present is to try to head off the man outside; and I must get away now and do it. I shall be back in about twenty-four hours. While I'm away I want you to keep an eye on these people and find out what you can. *Au revoir.*" He vanished down the stairs; and from the window March could see him mount a motor cycle and trail away toward the neighboring town.

On the following morning March was sitting in the window seat of the old inn parlor, which was oak-paneled and ordinarily rather dark; but on that occasion it was full of the white light of a curiously clear morning—the moon had shone brilliantly for the last two or three nights. He was himself somewhat in shadow in the corner of the window seat; and Lord James Herries, coming in hastily from the garden behind, did not see him. Lord James clutched the back of a chair, as if to steady himself, and, sitting down abruptly at the table, littered with the last meal, poured himself out a tumbler of brandy and drank it. He sat with his back to March, but his yellow face appeared in a round mirror beyond and the tinge of it was like that of some horrible malady. As March moved he started violently and faced round.

"My God!" he cried, "have you seen what's outside?"

"Outside?" repeated the other, glancing over his shoulder at the garden.

"Oh, go and look for yourself!" cried Herries, in a sort of fury. "Hewitt's murdered and his papers stolen, that's all."

He turned his back again and sat down with a thud; his square shoulders were shaking. Harold March darted out of the doorway into the back garden with its steep slope of statues.

The first thing he saw was Doctor Prince, the detective, peering through his spectacles at something on the ground;

the second was the thing he was peering at. Even after the sensational news he had heard inside, the sight was something of a sensation.

The monstrous stone image of Britannia was lying prone and face downward on the garden path; and there stuck out at random from underneath it, like the legs of a smashed fly, an arm clad in a white shirt sleeve and a leg clad in a khaki trouser, and hair of the unmistakable sandy gray that belonged to Horne Fisher's unfortunate uncle. There were pools of blood and the limbs were quite stiff in death.

"Couldn't this have been an accident?" said March, finding words at last.

"Look for yourself, I say," repeated the harsh voice of Herries, who had followed him with restless movements out of the door. "The papers are gone, I tell you. The fellow tore the coat off the corpse and cut the papers out of the inner pocket. There's the coat over there on the bank, with the great slash in it."

"But wait a minute," said the detective, Prince, quietly. "In that case there seems to be something of a mystery. A murderer might somehow have managed to throw the statue down on him, as he seems to have done. But I bet he couldn't easily have lifted it up again. I've tried; and I'm sure it would want three men at least. Yet we must suppose, on that theory, that the murderer first knocked him down as he walked past, using the statue as a stone club, then lifted it up again, took him out and deprived him of his coat, then put him back again in the posture of death and neatly replaced the statue. I tell you it's physically impossible. And how else could he have unclothed a man covered with that stone monument? It's worse than the conjurer's trick, when a man shuffles a coat off with his wrists tied."

"Could he have thrown down the statue after he'd stripped the corpse?" asked March.



"And why?" asked Prince, sharply. "If he'd killed his man and got his papers, he'd be away like the wind. He wouldn't potter about in a garden, excavating the pedestals of statues. Besides—Hullo! Who's that up there?"

High on the ridge above them, drawn in dark thin lines against the sky, was a figure looking so long and lean as to be almost spidery. The dark silhouette of the head showed two small tufts like horns; and they could almost have sworn that the horns moved.

"Archer!" shouted Herries, with sudden passion, and called to him with curses to come down. The figure drew back at the first cry, with an agitated movement so abrupt as almost to be called an antic. The next moment the man seemed to reconsider and collect himself, and began to come down the zigzag garden path, but with obvious reluctance, his feet falling in slower and slower rhythm. Through March's mind was throbbing the phrases that this man himself had used, about going mad in the middle of the night and wrecking the stone figure. Just so, he could fancy, the maniac who had done such a thing might climb the crest of the hill, in that feverish dancing fashion, and look down on the wreck he had made. But the wreck he had made here was not only a wreck of stone.

When the man emerged at last on to the garden path, with the full light on his face and figure, he was walking slowly indeed, but easily, and with no appearance of fear.

"This is a terrible thing," he said. "I saw it from above; I was taking a stroll along the ridge."

"Do you mean that you saw the murder?" demanded March, "or the accident? I mean, did you see the statue fall?"

"No," said Archer, "I mean I saw the statue fallen."

Prince seemed to be paying but little attention; his eye was riveted on an object lying on the path a yard or two from the corpse. It seemed to be a

rusty iron bar bent crooked at one end.

"One thing I don't understand," he said, "is all this blood. The poor fellow's skull isn't smashed; most likely his neck is broken; but blood seems to have spouted as if all his arteries were severed. I was wondering if some other instrument . . . that iron thing, for instance; but I don't see that even that is sharp enough. I suppose nobody knows what it is."

"I know what it is," said Archer, in his deep but somewhat shaky voice. "I've seen it in my nightmares. It was the iron clamp or prop on the pedestal, stuck on to keep the wretched image upright when it began to wobble, I suppose. Anyhow, it was always stuck in the stonework there; and I suppose it came out when the thing collapsed."

Doctor Prince nodded, but he continued to look down at the pools of blood and the bar of iron.

"I'm certain there's something more underneath all this," he said at last. "Perhaps something more underneath the statue. I have a huge sort of hunch that there is. We are four men now and between us we can lift that great tombstone there."

They all bent their strength to the business; there was a silence save for heavy breathing; and then, after an instant of the tottering and staggering of eight legs, the great carven column of rock was rolled away and the body lying in its shirt and trousers was fully revealed. The spectacles of Doctor Prince seemed almost to enlarge with a restrained radiance like great eyes; for other things were revealed also. One was that the unfortunate Hewitt had a deep gash across the jugular, which the triumphant doctor instantly identified as having been made with a sharp steel edge like a razor. The other was that immediately under the bank lay littered three shining scraps of steel, each nearly a foot long, one pointed and another fitted into a gorgeously jeweled hilt or handle. It was evi-

dently a sort of long Oriental knife, long enough to be called a sword, but with a curious wavy edge; and there was a touch or two of blood on the point.

"I should have expected more blood, though hardly on the point," observed Doctor Prince, thoughtfully, "but this is certainly the instrument. The slash was certainly made with a weapon shaped like this, and probably the slashing of the pocket as well. I suppose the brute threw in the statue, by way of giving him a public funeral."

March did not answer; he was mesmerized by the strange stones that glittered on the strange sword hilt; and their possible significance was broadening upon him like a dreadful dawn. It was a curious Asiatic weapon. He knew what name was connected in his memory with curious Asiatic weapons. Lord James spoke his secret thought for him, and yet it startled him like an irrelevance.

"Where is the Prime Minister?" Herries had cried, suddenly, and somehow like the bark of a dog at some discovery.

Doctor Prince turned on him his goggles and his grim face; and it was grimmer than ever.

"I cannot find him anywhere," he said. "I looked for him at once, as soon as I found the papers were gone. That servant of yours, Campbell, made a most efficient search, but there are no traces."

There was a long silence, at the end of which Herries uttered another cry, but upon an entirely new note.

"Well, you needn't look for him any longer," he said, "for here he comes, along with your friend Fisher. They look as if they'd been for a little walking tour."

The two figures approaching up the path were indeed those of Fisher, splashed with the mire of travel and carrying a scratch like that of a bramble across one side of his bald forehead, and of the great and gray-haired states-

man who looked like a baby and was interested in Eastern swords and swordsmanship. But, beyond this bodily recognition, March could make neither head nor tail of their presence or demeanor, which seemed to give a final touch of nonsense to the whole nightmare. The more closely he watched them, as they stood listening to the revelations of the detective, the more puzzled he was by their attitude. Fisher seemed grieved by the death of his uncle, but hardly shocked at it; the older man seemed almost openly thinking about something else, and neither had anything to suggest about a further pursuit of the fugitive spy and murderer, in spite of the prodigious importance of the documents he had stolen. When the detective had gone off to busy himself with that department of the business, to telephone and write his report, when Herries had gone back, probably to the brandy bottle, and the Prime Minister had blandly sauntered away toward a comfortable armchair in another part of the garden, Horne Fisher spoke directly to Harold March.

"My friend," he said, "I want you to come with me at once; there is no one else I can trust so much as that. The journey will take us most of the day, and the chief business cannot be done till nightfall. So we can talk things over thoroughly on the way. But I want you to be with me; for I rather think it is my hour."

March and Fisher both had motor bicycles; and the first half of their day's journey consisted in coasting eastward amid the unconvivial noise of those uncomfortable engines. But when they came out beyond Canterbury into the flats of eastern Kent, Fisher stopped at a pleasant little public house beside a sleepy stream; and they sat down to eat and to drink and to speak almost for the first time. It was a brilliant afternoon, birds were singing in the wood behind, and the sun shone full on their ale bench and table; but the face of Fisher in the strong sun-



light had a gravity never seen on it before.

"Before we go any farther," he said, "there is something you ought to know. You and I have seen some mysterious things and got to the bottom of them before now; and it's only right that you should get to the bottom of this one. But in dealing with the death of my uncle I must begin at the other end from where our old detective yarns began. I will give you the steps of deduction presently, if you want to listen to them; but I did not reach the truth of this by steps of deduction. I will first of all tell you the truth itself, because I knew the truth from the first. The other cases I approached from the outside, but in this case I was inside. I myself was the very core and center of everything."

Something in the speaker's pendent eyelids and grave gray eyes suddenly shook March to his foundations, and he cried, distractedly, "I don't understand!" as men do when they fear that they do understand. There was no sound for a space but the happy chatter of the birds, and then Horne Fisher said, calmly:

"It was I who killed my uncle. If you particularly want more, it was I who stole the state papers from him."

"Fisher!" cried his friend, in a strangled voice.

"Let me tell you the whole thing before we part," continued the other, "and let me put it, for the sake of clearness, as we used to put our old problems. Now there are two things that are puzzling people about that problem, aren't there? The first is how the murderer managed to slip off the dead man's coat, when he was already pinned to the ground with that stone incubus. The other, which is much smaller and less puzzling, is the fact of the sword that cut his throat being slightly stained at the point, instead of a good deal more stained at the edge. Well, I can dispose of the first question easily. Horne Hewitt took off his own coat be-

fore he was killed. I might say he took off his coat to be killed."

"Do you call that an explanation?" exclaimed March. "The words seem more meaningless than the facts."

"Well, let us go on to the other facts," continued Fisher, equably. "The reason that particular sword is not stained at the edge with Hewitt's blood is that it was not used to kill Hewitt."

"But the doctor," protested March, "declared distinctly that the wound was made by that particular sword."

"I beg your pardon," replied Fisher. "He did not declare that it was made by that particular sword. He declared it was made by a sword of that particular pattern."

"But it was quite a queer and exceptional pattern," argued March; "surely it is far too fantastic a coincidence to imagine—"

"It was a fantastic coincidence," reflected Horne Fisher. "It's extraordinary what coincidences do sometimes occur. By the oddest chance in the world, by one chance in a million, it so happened that another sword of exactly the same shape was in the same garden at the same time. It may be partly explained by the fact that I brought them both into the garden myself. . . . Come, my dear fellow; surely you can see now what it means. Put those two things together: there were two duplicate swords and he took off his coat for himself. It may assist your speculations to recall the fact that I am not exactly an assassin."

"A duel!" exclaimed March, recovering himself. "Of course I ought to have thought of that. But who was the spy who stole the papers?"

"My uncle was the spy who stole the papers," replied Fisher, "or who tried to steal the papers when I stopped him—in the only way I could. The papers, that should have gone west to reassure our friends and give them the plans for repelling the invasion, would in a few hours have been in the hands of the invader. What could I do? To have



denounced one of our friends at this moment would have been to play into the hands of your friend Attwood and all the party of panic and slavery. Besides, it may be that a man over forty has a subconscious desire to die as he has lived, and that I wanted, in a sense, to carry my secrets to the grave. Perhaps a hobby hardens with age; and my hobby has been silence. Perhaps I feel that I have killed my mother's brother, but I have saved my mother's name. Anyhow, I chose a time when I knew you were all asleep and he was walking alone in the garden. I saw all the stone statues standing in the moonlight; and I myself was like one of those stone statues walking. In a voice that was not my own I told him of his treason and demanded the papers, and when he refused I forced him to take one of the two swords. The swords were among some specimens sent down here for the Prime Minister's inspection; he is a collector, you know; they were the only equal weapons I could find. To cut an ugly tale short, we fought there on the path in front of the Britannia statue; he was a man of great strength, but I had somewhat the advantage in skill. His sword grazed my forehead almost at the moment when mine sank into the joint in his neck. He fell against the statue, like Cæsar against Pompey's, hanging on to the iron rail; his sword was already broken. When I saw the blood from that deadly wound, everything else went from me; I dropped my sword and ran as if to lift him up. As I bent toward him something happened too quick for me to follow. I do not know whether the iron bar was rotted with rust and came away in his hand, or whether he rent it out of the rock with his apelike strength; but the thing was in his hand, and with his dying energies he swung it over my head as I knelt there unarmed beside him. I looked up wildly to avoid the blow, and saw above us the great bulk of Britannia leaning outward like the figurehead of a ship. The next instant

I saw it was leaning an inch or two more than usual, and all the skies with their outstanding stars seemed to be leaning with it. For the third second it was as if the skies fell; and in the fourth I was standing in the quiet garden, looking down on that flat ruin of stone and bone at which you were looking down to-day. He had plucked out the last prop that held up the British goddess, and she had fallen, and crushed the traitor in her fall. I turned and darted for the coat which I knew to contain the package, ripped it up with my sword, and raced away up the garden path to where my motor bike was waiting on the road above. I had every reason for haste; but I fled without looking back at the statue and the body; and I think the thing I fled from was the sight of that appalling allegory.

"Then I did the rest of what I had to do. All through the night and into the daybreak and the daylight I went humming through the villages and markets of South England like a traveling bullet, till I came to the headquarters in the West where the trouble was. I was just in time. I was able to placard the place, so to speak, with the news that the Government had not betrayed them and that they would find supports if they pushed eastward against the enemy. There's no time to tell you all that happened; but I tell you it was the day of my life. A triumph like a torchlight procession, with torchlights that might have been firebrands. The mutinies simmered down; the men of Somerset and the western counties came pouring in to the market places—the men who died with Arthur and stood firm with Alfred. The Irish regiments rallied to them, after a scene like a riot, and marched eastward out of the town, singing Fenian songs. There was all that is not understood, about the dark laughter of that people, in the delight with which, even when marching with the English to the defense of England, they shouted at the top of their voices, 'High upon the gallows tree stood the



noble-hearted three . . . . With England's cruel cord about them cast.' However, the chorus was 'God save Ireland,' and we could all have sung that just then, in one sense or another.

"But there was another side to my mission. I carried the plans of the defense; and to a great extent, luckily, the plans of the invasion also. I won't worry you with strategies; but we knew where the enemy had pushed forward the great battery that covered all his movements; and though our friends from the West could hardly arrive in time to intercept the main movement, they might get within long artillery range of the battery and shell it, if they only knew exactly where it was. They could hardly tell that unless somebody round about here sent up some sort of signal. But, somehow, I rather fancy that somebody will."

With that he got up from the table, and they remounted their machines and went eastward into the advancing twilight of evening. The levels of the landscape were repeated in flat strips of floating cloud and the last colors of day clung to the circle of the horizon. Receding farther and farther behind them was the semicircle of the last hills; and it was quite suddenly that they saw afar off the dim line of the sea. It was not a strip of bright blue as they had seen it from the sunny veranda, but of a sinister and smoky violet, a tint that seemed ominous and dark. Here Horne Fisher dismounted once more.

"We must walk the rest of the way," he said, "and the last bit of all I must walk alone."

He bent down and began to unstrap something from his bicycle. It was something that had puzzled his companion all the way in spite of what held him to more interesting riddles; it appeared to be several lengths of pole strapped together and wrapped up in paper. Fisher took it under his arm and began to pick his way across the turf. The ground was growing more

tumbled and irregular and he was walking toward a mass of thickets and small woods; night grew darker every moment. "We must not talk any more," said Fisher. "I shall whisper to you when you are to halt. Don't try to follow me then, for it will only spoil the show; one man can barely crawl safely to the spot, and two would certainly be caught."

"I would follow you anywhere," replied March, "but I would halt, too, if that is better."

"I know you would," said his friend, in a low voice. "Perhaps you're the only man I ever quite trusted in this world."

A few paces farther on they came to the end of a great ridge or mound looking monstrous against the dim sky, and Fisher stopped with a gesture. He caught his companion's hand and wrung it with a violent tenderness, and then darted forward into the darkness. March could faintly see his figure crawling along under the shadow of the ridge, then he lost sight of it, and then he saw it again standing on another mound two hundred yards away. Beside him stood a singular erection made apparently of two rods. He bent over it and there was the flare of a light; all March's schoolboy memories woke in him and he knew what it was. It was the stand of a rocket. The confused, incongruous memories still possessed him up to the very moment of a fierce but familiar sound; and an instant after the rocket left its perch and went up into endless space like a starry arrow aimed at the stars. March thought suddenly of the signs of the last days and knew he was looking at the apocalyptic meteor of something like a Day of Judgment.

Far up in the infinite heavens the rocket stooped and sprang into scarlet stars. For a moment the whole landscape out to the sea and back to the crescent of the wooded hills was like a lake of ruby light, of a red strangely rich and glorious, as if the world were steeped in wine rather than blood, or

the earth were an earthly paradise, over which paused forever the sanguine moment of morning.

"God save England!" cried Fisher, with a tongue like the peal of a trumpet. "And now it is for God to save."

As darkness sank again over land and sea there came another sound; far away in the passes of the hills behind them the guns spoke like the baying of great hounds. Something that was not a rocket, that came not hissing, but screaming, went over Harold March's head and expanded beyond the mound into light and deafening din, staggering the brain with unbearable brutalities of noise. Another came, and then another, and the world was full of uproar and volcanic vapor and chaotic

light. The artillery of the West Country and the Irish had located the great enemy battery and were pounding it to pieces.

In the mad excitement of that moment March peered through the storm, looking again for the long lean figure that stood beside the stand of the rocket. Then another flash lit up the whole ridge. The figure was not there.

Before the fires of the rocket had faded from the sky, long before the first gun had sounded from the distant hills, a splutter of rifle fire had flashed and flickered all around from the hidden trenches of the enemy. Something lay in the shadow at the foot of the ridge, as stiff as the stick of the fallen rocket; and the man who knew too much knew what is worth knowing.

## THE CARETAKER

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

SILENCE has drifted deep in these old rooms  
 Whose closets hold  
 The woven gold  
 And glooms  
 Of rich brocade,  
 And lace and feathers laid  
 Softly away—  
 The memories of a day  
 When life went dressed so gay  
 And hope wore plumes.

It is so strange to still find there  
 The things they used to wear  
 And *them* no more at all—  
 Never a ghostly footstep in the hall,  
 Never a shadow on the stair!  
 It seems as if they still would care  
 A little for some silken dress  
 That clothed a far blue happiness,  
 Or the soft lace that veiled some old despair.



## AMERICA'S BILLION-DOLLAR INDUSTRY

BY CHARLES PIERCE BURTON

THE story of the good-roads movement in the United States reads like romance. Ten years ago there were a few excellent graveled and macadam roads in favored sections of the country, but practically none of concrete or brick except in the East, and there was no organized sentiment in favor of good roads or proper appreciation of their economic value.

A decade has passed. Like a rolling snowball, the good-roads movement, still in its infancy, has grown, until to-day it is estimated there are a billion and a half dollars available for road construction in the United States, of which a billion dollars probably will be expended during 1922. Road building has become the greatest construction industry in the country. The Townsend highway bill, which recently became a law, makes \$150,000,000 available for road building during the next few months, providing employment for 275,000 men. Federal-aid roads completed and to be built as a result of the federal appropriation, if placed end to end, would more than reach around the earth.

These are principal roads only, to be built in co-operation with the states, many of which have issued road bonds for fifty and sixty million dollars. Hardly a county is without its road bonds. A single county in Texas (Dallas) has authorized such bonds to the extent of \$6,000,000. Countless townships have their own funds to be expended on local roads. Great transcontinental "trails" have been laid out across the country, from east to west and from north to south, which are being put in shape for year-round traffic, according to organized programs. In the meantime "Detour," written on countless signs

across the continent, has become a synonym of progress, although exasperating on account of the temporary inconvenience it occasions.

First of all, what is meant by federal-aid roads? For a number of years the national government has been aiding states in the construction of certain selected roads. The Townsend highway bill appropriates \$75,000,000 for such road construction, allotted to the various states in accordance with certain government requirements. To obtain its allotted share of this fund, the state must maintain a highway department and build the roads with the approval of government engineers, and, except where there are public lands, must expend approximately a like amount of its own funds. Roads so built are called federal-aid roads. The federal appropriation of \$75,000,000, therefore, makes immediately available for road construction \$150,000,000, a great part of which will be expended for hard-surfaced roads.

Federal-aid roads are limited to a certain percentage of the total mileage of the state—roads supposed to be of federal importance, such as interstate highways. In addition to federal-aid roads, most states are building state systems of primary roads, to be the main arteries of the state, the object being to connect practically all important cities and towns in the state by good highways. In most states also there are systems of secondary roads, built by counties; in some cases, as in Arkansas, by districts. These roads are supposed to be of first importance to the several counties, supplementing the primary highways of the state. Finally, there are tertiary roads, built and maintained by



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#### SHEPARD'S DELL, COLUMBIA RIVER HIGHWAY

the townships. These constitute by far the largest mileage. A large percentage of them are merely graded roads of unsurfaced earth, and so will remain for years to come, although some wealthy townships are building hard roads. The system is much like that which prevails in France.

The federal government requires the several states to maintain federal-aid roads after they have been built. This is leading inevitably to a general adoption by the states of the patrol system of maintenance, which has been brought to great perfection in France. The patrol system is intensified maintenance. A section of from five to ten miles is

allotted to one man, who constantly watches for defects and repairs a break at once, instead of waiting for the entire road to go to pieces before doing anything, which, until recently, was the American plan. Eternal vigilance is the price of other things besides liberty.

The federal government has been assisting road construction in still another way. Enormous amounts of war equipment and supplies have been turned over to the states, which have organized departments and shops for salvage and repair. Sometimes lists of equipment and material have been furnished in advance, for selection; often



the stuff has been dumped on the states, apparently as the best way of getting rid of it. To look a gift horse in the mouth is not considered good form, but it must be confessed that frequently the state can find no use whatever for the good things showered upon it.

Consider again the enormous quantities of material which will be used this year in surfacing the roads, and the number of men who will find employment in its preparation and transportation. Figures make dry reading and averages are sometimes deceiving, as in the case of the man with two beautiful daughters. One was very bowlegged, and the other decidedly knockkneed, but they averaged all right, as the father pointed out. A few figures, however, will be necessary to give us some idea of what a billion dollars of road construction means.

Probably 60 per cent of the billion dollars, \$600,000,000, will be used for the construction of hard-surfaced roads—gravel and the higher types. Concrete roads eighteen feet wide will cost about \$30,000 a mile; gravel roads, from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a mile, according to their width—an average of about \$20,000 a mile. Our \$600,000,000, therefore, will build 30,000 miles of hard-surfaced roads, enough to reach around the earth and from New York to San Francisco and back again.

To surface the roads of various types will take an average of 3,000 cubic yards of material to the mile, about 90,000,000 cubic yards altogether. All this material will have to be hauled an average of two miles from pit or railroad to the job. Something like half of it will be shipped in by rail (45,000,000 cubic yards) in cars containing approximately 30 cubic yards each, 1,500,000 cars, 40 feet long from bumper to bumper, forming a railroad train more than 11,000 miles—It makes one's head ache.

The stone or macadam road, which was such a favorite until recently, is not new to our civilization. We are told that explorers in Egypt, endeavoring to find out how the ancient Egyptians were able to build the Pyramids, were astounded at the remains of roads discovered: "These roads were constructed originally very much as our roads are built to-day," says Doctor Fisher of the University of Pennsylvania. "The right-of-way was leveled; the large stones were packed in. On top of these were placed layers of stones gradually diminishing in size until the finely ground stone of the surfacing was placed. This was wetted and pounded, probably by hand, until the top presented a smooth surface."

Over such a road from an alabaster quarry at El Amara to the Nile, a distance of eleven miles, thence by water



CROWN POINT AND VISTA HOUSE ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER HIGHWAY



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MULTNOMAH FALLS, ABOVE THE COLUMBIA RIVER HIGHWAY

to Memphis, two hundred miles, and by road again, huge blocks of quarried stone were transported, pulled on sleds by man power, it is thought, over the pavements, wet to make them slippery. These roads were of a type which we have come to call water-bound macadam. It has taken us five thousand years to improve on those old Egyptian roads.

Modern paved roads which are superseding macadam are built of concrete, or with brick or bituminous surfacing on a concrete base. In the most expensive types the concrete is reinforced with steel. The tendency of state engineering departments, moreover, is to build

them much as modern railroads are built—with low grades, few curves, and without grade crossings. Indeed, there is a close analogy between railroad and highway developments. The railroad, in pioneer days, like the highway, followed the line of least resistance—around or over hills instead of through them. Within the past twenty years, to secure greater economy of operation, railroads have spent millions in cutting out curves and grades, which modern earth-moving machinery has made possible. More and more will road building take the same course. In the reconstruction of the Miller Trunk Highway leading from Duluth, Minnesota, into





THE CLIFF DRIVE, NEAR KANSAS CITY, BEFORE CONSTRUCTION BEGAN

the Mesaba Iron Range, now being paved with concrete, 4,800 degrees of angle have been cut out in sixty miles. This is an extreme case, practicable only in an undeveloped country, but it illustrates the tendency.

Concrete road construction is an industry in itself, and a comparatively new one. Few who experience the joys of motoring over such a surface know, except in a very general way, how such pavements are produced. To understand their construction we first must know something of the nature of concrete.

When mixed with water, Portland cement hardens into something resembling stone, and particles of stone and sand which have been coated with this mixture become fixed in a solid mass. In the manufacture of road concrete grains of sand and pieces of crushed stone, or gravel, in desired proportions, are thoroughly coated with a paste made of cement and water, and the plastic mass thus formed is spread upon the roadbed, where it hardens. To coat

the sand and stone with the cement paste, a machine with a revolving drum has been devised, called a mixer. It is something like a gigantic ice-cream freezer. Into this mixer sand, stone, and cement are thrown in right proportions, a stream of water is turned in, and the "batch" is stirred and revolved for a period of usually one minute. At the end of that time the mixture has become plastic concrete, whereupon it is ejected upon the road, there to be shaped and left to harden.

Until recently it has been the practice to charge the mixer from piles of materials distributed along the subgrade, handling the materials in wheelbarrows—so many loads of stone, so many loads of sand, and so many bags of cement, in each batch. This method is still used where labor is cheap or other local conditions make it desirable. The need for greater production, for an unrutted subgrade, and for lower costs is driving the larger road-building contractors to the mechanical handling of paving material.





THE CLIFF DRIVE, NEAR KANSAS CITY, AFTER COMPLETION

The modern method is this: Cars of material which have been shipped in are unloaded into bins by machinery, at a convenient siding. Small industrial trains, operating on a track of 24-inch gauge and carrying batch boxes, are loaded by gravity under these bins with measured portions of sand and stone. The load is completed by the addition of the required amount of cement. Hauled by a gasoline locomotive, the train speeds off to the mixer, two miles, three miles, sometimes four miles away, track having been laid along the shoulder of the road. When the job is reached each box is lifted by crane and swung over to the mixer, where the batch is discharged by gravity through bottom-drop doors. Another method, which some highway departments will not permit, is to install a central mixing plant and transport the plastic concrete, usually in trucks, to the road which is being paved.

There are 206 concerns in the United States which make cement for road building, with an annual output of 125,-

000,000 barrels. Add to these 127 concerns which manufacture paving brick; 46 which make wooden paving blocks; 23, granite paving blocks; 380 dealers in crushed stone; 42 manufacturers of asphalt, and 340 firms which ship 23,000,000 tons of sand and gravel each year—and some idea may be gained of the meaning of the comprehensive term, "road-building industry." The annual production of these concerns amounts to more than \$450,000,000. In addition to these, are the manufacturers of grading, road-building, and transportation equipment, employing many thousands of men. Eighty thousand federal, state, county, town, and city highway officials are now identified with this great industry, not to mention the engineers and contractors.

Government tests show that the "pull" required to move a gross load of one ton over a level road is as follows: Loose sand road, 315 pounds; average dry earth road, 150 pounds; firm earth or sand-clay road, 105 pounds; average gravel road, 80 pounds; first-class gravel



or macadam road, 55 pounds. As there are still more than two million miles of earth roads in the United States, the figures are startling.

Our public roads of varying types, good, bad, and indifferent, constitute the primary means of transportation of all agricultural products and for much of the production of mines, factories, and forests. More than 350,000,000 tons, it has been estimated, are handled over the roads of the United States each year, at a prevailing cost at the time the figures were made, of twenty-three cents a ton per mile, the average haul being eight miles. This brings the annual cost of hauling up to the approximate total of \$650,000,000. The cost of hauling over hard-surfaced roads, we are told, ought not to exceed thirteen cents a ton mile. These figures being correct, city and town people who buy farm products thus pay, as part of the expense of distribution, an excess cost amounting to ten cents per ton mile.

Five two-ton trucks carrying full loads were driven over various types of road some time ago, to determine the mileage per gallon of gasoline. If America has gone road-crazy, as some claim, these tests seem to show method in her madness. The mileage per gallon of gasoline on earth roads was 5.78; fair gravel, 7.19; good gravel, 9.39; fair bituminous macadam, 9.48; fair brick, 9.88; good brick, 11.44; concrete, 11.78.

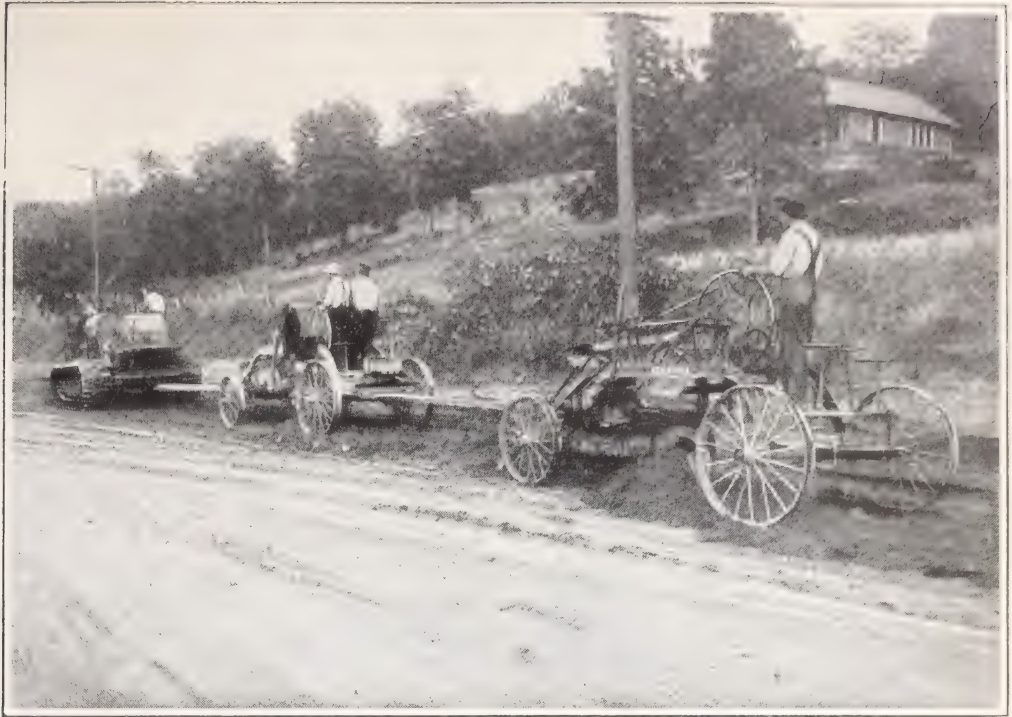
It is impossible to consider this era of road construction apart from the development of the automobile. Each has reacted on the other; together they form an interesting phase in our social and economic progress. They have eliminated time and distance to a remarkable degree. They have brought the farm close to the city.

The great "trails" which have been laid out across the country from north to south and east to west will have other economic values, but they are being developed primarily to attract automobile tourists, and already are attracting them in countless thousands. The road-

building activities of the various states are often planned with tourists in view. California's superb roads are among that state's chief assets. Michigan, with a myriad of small and beautiful lakes difficult of access because of sandy roads, is building a splendid system of graveled and concrete highways which will make the state a great playground for the Middle West. The same is true of Minnesota. North Carolina, with her unsurpassed Blue Ridge Mountains and delightful climate, is spending millions for good roads in the expectation that the tide of travel will turn that way. Ten million dollars will be spent by the State Highway Commission alone this year. Florida, already a winter playground, is making it possible to traverse her almost impassable sands on hard roads, down the east coast, up the west coast, in various directions through the interior, and even is building a great highway through the historic Everglades.

An English engineer has criticized mildly the narrowness of concrete roads in the United States, 18 feet being the standard width, whereas the exigencies of safe traffic, he says, call for pavements 30 feet wide. He is right, of course, but insistence on 30-foot pavements in this country would arrest our road-building movement in its infancy. Taxpayers would refuse to authorize the necessary bond issues, were the cost nearly doubled. The crying need in America is length of good roads, not breadth.

There are, in round numbers, 2,500,000 miles of public roads in the United States. Earth roads comprise about 89½ per cent of this mileage; sand-clay roads, 2 per cent; gravel, less than 5 per cent. At the time these statistics were gathered by the government, some five years ago, there were only 110,000 miles of all other types of road combined, constituting about 4 per cent of the total. Of this mileage a few great highways stand out conspicuous because of their scenic beauty, great cost, or the engineering difficulties involved in their



GRADING THE "CATERPILLAR TRAIL" NEAR PEORIA, ILLINOIS

construction. Of these the marvelous Columbia River Highway in Oregon is easily supreme.

Travelers tell us that nowhere in Europe is the Columbia River Highway surpassed, not excepting the famous Axenstrasse at Lake Lucerne, Switzerland. This picturesque American highway, with its perfect pavement, skirts the Oregon side of the Columbia River Gorge, bridging chasms, tunneling cliffs, up hill and down, and with such engineering skill of construction that nowhere does the grade exceed 5 per cent. From Latourelle to Crown Point, two miles, the rise is continuous and totals 600 feet. From Portland to Chanticleer, twenty-two miles, the rise is 875 feet. A 5-per-cent grade, therefore, is something of an achievement. In one place it was necessary to build eight-tenths of a mile of road in crossing forty acres of ground, accomplishing a drop of 204 feet within that limited area, without exceeding a 5-per-cent grade. At this point the road parallels itself five times. Yet there is a tangent between every two

curves, the shortest of which is 30 feet long, and the curves themselves have radii of 100 feet. It is possible to motor over "The Loops," as this portion of the highway is called, at a speed of forty miles an hour, assuming that the authorities do not catch one at it.

At Crown Point the road circles a rock on a 110-foot radius, rounding 225 degrees of the circle. This rock is 725 feet high, higher than the Woolworth Building in New York, and drops sheer to the river. From this point of the highway it is possible to see thirty-five miles up and down the picturesque stream. One of the features of this highway beautiful is a series of concrete bridges, each of special design, no two alike. The bridge over Shepard's Dell is a single arch, 170 feet from pier to pier, 281 feet from the brook below to the arch. At Moffet Creek is the largest three-hinged flat-arch bridge in the world. The arch rises only 17 feet in its reach of 170 feet. An interesting light is thrown on the expansive qualities of concrete by the



fact that the center of this bridge is four inches higher on the hottest days than it is on the coldest.

Shepard's Dell was owned by a man named Shepard, who, although poor in a financial way, refused to sell the spot which his wife had loved, but gave it to the county as a perpetual memorial to her. This dell is only one of many picturesque scenes along the highway, where cascades ceaselessly tumble in wondrous beauty from the top of a cliff towering above. In all, twenty-two waterfalls can be seen from the road between Crown Point and Hood River. The largest of these, Multnomah Falls, has a sheer drop of 620 feet and a second drop of 120 feet. One tunnel, at Mitchell's Point, 385 feet long, is provided with five windows, each approximately thirty feet square, cut through solid rock. It is the only tunnel in the world with five windows, the famous tunnel of the Axenstrasse in Switzerland having but three.

In the construction of this remarkable highway the names of four men stand out prominent. Samuel Hill is said to have conceived and promoted the idea. Samuel C. Lancaster, a Portland engineer, was placed in charge of the work

when Multnomah County undertook the monumental task. Fortunately, Mr. Lancaster was an artist as well as an engineer, and at every point of the work he has been mindful of the scenic effect. He never could have realized his dream, however, had it not been for John B. Yeon and Simon Benson, two public-spirited citizens of Portland who had acquired great wealth by way of the lumber camp.

In order to get results, the County Board gave Yeon the official title of roadmaster, and for two years this man of wealth gave practically his whole time to the work of building this highway. He not only worked without pay, but actually put a good-sized fortune of his own into the enterprise. Yeon started his friend Benson, who was chairman of the State Highway Board, out after right of way. Benson made short work of the matter. He had a very simple plan, which is here commended to men of wealth in other states. Whenever he found an obdurate farmer who would not give right of way across his property, Benson bought the needed land with his own money and made the county a present of it.

Whenever Lancaster, the artist-engi-



THE TAMiami TRAIL THROUGH THE EVERGLADES OF FLORIDA

neer, yearned for something outside the appropriation in order to put a finishing touch on a bit of scenic effect—as, for example, an artistic concrete footbridge spanning the chasm between the two drops of Multnomah Falls—he would take either Benson or Yeon, as it happened, out over the highway and casually remark that such an improvement would look fine.

“How much would it cost?” invariably would come the response.

“Oh, maybe five thousand dollars.”

“Put it in and send the bills to me.”

Good men, those, to have in a county! May their tribe increase!

However, this extraordinary highway was not blasted out of solid rock at enormous expense solely for picturesque effects or the attraction of tourists. There is only one other instance in the world where a great river cuts a mountain range at right angles and practically at sea level. The other instance is the Congo in Africa. The tide affects the Columbia 140 miles back from the sea. Columbia River Highway is not only the highway beautiful, but the sole outlet of an inland empire. The river drains 350,000 square miles, and Portland is the port of entry.

America has many scenic highways of which we can feel proud. Cody Trail, leading into Yellowstone Park from the east, is justly famed for its beauty. Mohawk Trail, which climbs the Hoosac Mountain range in northwestern Massachusetts, is deservedly popular. Ohio is building a great highway along the west shore of Ohio River which eventually will reach from Marietta to East Liverpool. Its cost will average \$125,000 a mile and reach \$200,000 in places. Those who travel the pavement will look up and down that famous stream and across to the beautiful and rugged hills of West Virginia, on the opposite shore. There are many others, existing or in prospect, but for years to come Columbia River Highway will stand as the high-water mark in American scenic road construction.

In this connection Florida's Tamiami Trail, already mentioned, is worthy of more extended discussion, not because of its beauty, but because of the difficulties attending its construction and the romantic interest which attaches to the Everglades of Florida and their fast-disappearing Seminole Indians. J. B. McCrary of Atlanta, president of the engineering corporation which is building the Tamiami Trail, and a friend who accompanied him, are said to be the only white men who ever crossed the Everglades in a straight line. This feat they accomplished in preparation for road construction.

The Tamiami Trail, named for the cities of Tampa and Miami, is more astonishing than it sounds. Can you visualize it? A stone road laid more than fifty miles through the Everglades of history and romance; twenty-six miles without a curve, and throughout the twenty-six miles not a human habitation! A road traversing uncharted regions of swamp and morass, where hideous alligators burrow in slime; where countless mosquitoes swarm, armed with augers, gimlets, and other murderous instruments; where dense growths of sawgrass stand head high, so tough of fiber and sharp of edge that it will tear ordinary clothing to tatters, not to mention the flesh beneath!

It sounds impossible, but such is the Tamiami Trail, which eventually will carry tourists through the Everglades, across from the Dixie Highway on the east coast, to connect with an excellent road leading to Tampa, going from coast to coast in 150 miles, whereas at present it takes 800 miles of travel. This is said to be the largest road project, considering the difficulties, ever undertaken in the Southern states.

The work consists of dredging a drainage canal straight through the Everglades and throwing up the underlying rock into a paralleling roadbed, twenty-five feet wide from berm to berm. Where there are only eighteen inches or less of muck above the rock, the muck is not



separated from the stone; but where the overburden exceeds eighteen inches it must be taken out before rock for the road is excavated. At first there was not much muck to be disposed of, but as the work progressed toward the interior the deposit grew deeper and deeper until it became necessary to take out seven feet of fertility before getting at the rock at all.

From start to finish through the Everglades there will not be a single bridge except one small wooden structure above an Indian water trail through which Seminoles have pushed their dugouts for countless centuries. This bridge was not in the plans until one morning when the dredging crew were startled to find a band of excited savages waiting for them. The Indians were not after scalps, however. They demanded a bridge across their prehistoric waterway, and they got it. The untutored red man was unable to visualize the white man's canal. Already, however, the old water trail has been abandoned, and the Indians use the straight canal as far as it has been completed.

Figures and description convey little idea of the enormity of this road-building industry which has sprung up within the last decade. Statements that \$800,000,000 was expended in road construction during 1921, and that a round billion will be expended during 1922, roll off our post-war intellects like water from a duck's back, and when we attempt to express this great thing in terms of social and economic efficiency the mind becomes utterly bewildered.

We know in a general way that ancient Egypt could not have achieved the Pyramids and her greatness but for her good roads. We know that Rome was "mistress of the world" largely because of her good roads. We know that France was able to check that first devastating onrush of Germany because of her superb roads. And, knowing these things, there may come to us some faint glimmerings of what the next ten years will bring to the United States in the way of military protection, economic progress, and greater national solidarity which will come from the increasing travel of the people.

## SONNET

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

YOURS is a gentler voice than I have known  
 From any other throat this side of death;  
 The fluttering of your hands—a captured breath  
 Of kindness, incarnate for their own.  
 Within your eyes a brooding tenderness  
 Makes manifest the bounty of your heart;  
 Your smile, a dawning miracle apart,  
 Enchants the senses like a slow caress.

These things I know; yet in them all I fail  
 To trace the riddle's answer that I seek:  
 Your voice, your hands, the smile that curves your cheek,  
 Your eyes—to aid me are of no avail.  
 Elsewhere the answer lies that I would find—  
 Why you are shallow, flippant, and unkind.

# COMMAND

## A NOVEL

BY WILLIAM McFEE

Author of *Casuals of the Sea*, *Captain Macedoine's Daughter*, etc.

### V

MR. SPOKESLY, in a state of considerable astonishment, sat by a balconied upper window and tried to get his recent experiences into some sort of focus. That last remark of Mr. Dainopoulos, that he had married an Englishwoman himself, had dislocated his guest's faculties, so that Mr. Spokesly was unable to note clearly by what means he had arrived at his present position, a balconied window on his right and in front of him a woman lying on a sofa—a woman whose brown hair, extraordinarily long and fine, was a glossy pile pressed into the pillow, and whose thin hand he had just relinquished.

"Well," he said, as Mr. Dainopoulos came forward with a lamp, his swart and damaged features giving him the air of a ferocious genie about to perform some nefarious experiment—"well, I must say I'm surprised."

Mrs. Dainopoulos continued to gaze straight out into the darkness over the Gulf.

"Of course," agreed her husband, seating himself and reaching for a large brier pipe. "Of course. And I'll bet you'd be still more surprised if you only knew. Eh, Alice?" He screwed up one eye and looked prodigiously sly at his wife with the other, his palms slowly rubbing up some tobacco. Mrs. Dainopoulos did not remove her eyes from the darkness beyond the shore. She only murmured.

"Never mind that now, Boris."

"But it ain't anything to be ashamed of, you know," he returned, earnestly, packing his pipe in a way that made Mr. Spokesly want to snatch it from him and do it properly.

"I know, but it wouldn't interest Mr. Spokesly, I'm quite certain," she muttered, and she suddenly looked at their visitor and smiled. It reassured that gentleman, as it was intended to do, that he was in no way responsible for this minute difference of viewpoint between husband and wife. Mr. Spokesly smiled too.

"Don't mind me," he remarked, lighting a cigarette and offering the match to Mr. Dainopoulos. After sucking valiantly for a while and achieving a small red glow in one corner of the bowl, the latter rose.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said at length, and looked at his pipe, which was already out. "I'll go in and see Malleotis for a while. He'll be back by now. And you two can have a little talk."

"Well, don't be all night. You know, when you and Mr. Malleotis get talking business . . ."

The woman on the couch paused, regarding her husband as he bent his head over her. Mr. Dainopoulos suddenly put his pipe in his pocket and put his hands on either side of the pillow. Mr. Spokesly could see nothing save the man's broad, humped shoulders. There was a moment of silence. Mr. Spokesly, very much embarrassed, looked out of the window. When he turned his head again Mr. Dainopoulos



was putting on a large tweed cap and walking out of the door.

"I suppose," Mr. Spokesly remarked, and fixed his eyes upon the extremely decorative Scotch traveling rug which covered the woman's limbs—"I suppose he doesn't go off every evening and leave you here." He spoke jocosely.

Mrs. Dainopoulos looked out into the darkness. There was a faint color in her cheeks, as though the sudden revelation of the passion she could evoke had filled her with exquisite shame. Or perhaps pride. Her clear, delicate English face, the mouth barely closed, the short, straight nose slightly raised, the brown hair spread in a slight disorder upon the pillow, were surely indicating pride. Some inkling of this possibility came to Mr. Spokesly, and he sat regarding her, while he waited for her to speak, and wondering how a woman like her had come to marry one of these here dagoes. Peculiar creatures, women, Mr. Spokesly thought—knowing nothing whatever about them, it may be mentioned. And when Mrs. Dainopoulos turned to look at him, soon after she began to speak, the prevailing fancy at the back of his mind was: "She thinks I don't know anything about the ladies! Fancy that!"

"His business takes him out a good deal," she said, in a low voice, "but he wouldn't go if he could help it. To-night is unusual."

"The pleasure is mine," said Mr. Spokesly.

"Not altogether." She smiled and her speech became perceptibly more racy and rapid. "Don't flatter yourself. Mr. Dainopoulos was thinking of me."

"I dare say he does a good deal of that."

The woman on the sofa laced her fingers lightly and regarded her guest afresh.

"You are saucy," she murmured, with a faint smile.

Mr. Spokesly smiled more broadly. He was saucy, but he was certainly at home now with his companion. There

was in her last speech, in the accent and inflection, something incommunicably indigenous, something no alien ever has or ever will compass.

"No need to ask what part of England you come from," he ventured.

"No?" she queried. "There seems nothing you don't know."

"Oh, excuse me, Mrs. Dainopoulos, that ain't fair. I can't sit here and twiddle my thumbs all the evening, can I? *That* wouldn't be giving you any pleasure as far as I'm aware. The boss didn't reckon I was going to play a mandolin or sing, did he?"

"Well, since you're so clever, what's the answer?"

"Not so very many miles from Charing Cross," he hazarded.

"Wonderful!" she said, laying her head back and smiling. Mr. Spokesly admired the pretty throat. "You ought to be in the Secret Service. Perhaps you are," she added.

"Of course," he agreed. "They've sent me out to see where all the nice London girls have got to. But am I right?"

She nodded. "Haverstock Hill."

"No! Do you know Mafeking Road? When I was a kid we lived at sixty-eight."

"Yes, I know it. Don't you live round there now?"

"No, not now. We live down Twickenham way now."

And Mr. Spokesly began to tell his own recent history, touching lightly upon the pathos of Eastern exile, the journey home to join up, and his conviction that, after all, he would be a fool to go soldiering while the ships had to be kept running. And he added as a kind of immaterial postscript:

"And then, of course, while I was at home I got engaged."

Mrs. Dainopoulos stared at him and broke into a brief titter behind a handkerchief.

"*That's* a nice way to give out the information," she remarked. "Anybody'd think getting engaged was like

buying a railway ticket or sending a postal order. Is she nice?"

"Well," said Mr. Spokesly, "I think so."

"Very enthusiastic!" commented the lady, with considerable spirit. "Dark or fair?"

"Well," he repeated, "I should say dark, myself."

"You don't intend to take any chances," Mrs. Dainopoulos retorted. "Haven't you a photo to show me?"

Mr. Spokesly felt his pockets, took out a wallet containing a number of unconvincing documents, some postage stamps and five-piaster notes.

"Matter of fact," he said, "I don't seem to have one with me. I got one on the ship, though," he went on. "Bring it ashore to-morrow."

"Sure you didn't tear it up by mistake or send it away in the laundry?" she demanded, watching him intently.

"Oh, all right. Go on with the sarcasm," he protested, but enjoying it very much, none the less. "Mr. Dainopoulos, you'll be telling me he's got your hair in a locket, I suppose."

Mr. Spokesly stopped abruptly. He saw an expression of extraordinary radiance on the girl's face as she lay there, her thin, pale fingers holding the handkerchief by the corner. It suddenly occurred to Mr. Spokesly that this woman was loved. For the first time in his life he became aware of a woman's private emotional existence. He achieved a dim comprehension of the novel fact that a woman might have her own views of these great matters. He did not phrase it quite like this. He only sat looking at the girl on the sofa and remarking to himself that women were peculiar.

"Wouldn't you do that?" she demanded. The light in her eyes diminished to a steady warm regard.

"Who? Me?" he ejaculated. "Can't say as I see myself, I admit. Not in my line. Not in any Englishman's line, I don't think. And speaking for myself, Mrs. Dainopoulos, I reckon I'm past that sort of thing, you know. Can't

teach an old dog new tricks, can you? I look at it this way. So long as there's enough to keep the pot boiling, it's easy enough to fall in love with anybody, you see, and when you're married—soon get used to it. Ada and me we're *sensible*."

"You've got it all arranged, then," said Mrs. Dainopoulos, smiling faintly and looking out into the darkness once more.

"What's the use o' bein' anything else?" inquired Mr. Spokesly, resuming something of the perfect officer pose, hard bitten, practical, and matter-of-fact. "All that business o' dyin' o' love, you know, I reckon 's so much moonshine. All right in a novel, o' course, but not in real life. *You* don't reckon there's anything in it—really, I mean?" he asked, doubtfully.

"I think everything's in it," she sighed. "I think it must be horrible, being married, without it. Haven't you felt you couldn't do without her? That you'd die if you didn't get her; work and do somebody else in the eye for her? Haven't you?"

"That lets me out," he said, soberly, lighting a fresh cigarette. "I'm not guilty."

There was a brief silence. Mr. Spokesly was puzzled. He could not fit this experience in with one of the two cardinal points in an Englishman's creed, the belief that no English girl can really love a foreigner. The other, of course, is that no foreign girl is really virtuous.

"That's a nice thing to say!" she retorted, trembling a little with her emotions. "If that's the new way they have at home—"

"Oh, I don't know—" he began, and he looked at her. "I'm afraid you're getting all upset. I'm sorry, really. I didn't think you'd have been so serious about it. As if it mattered to you!"

"I'm thinking of *her*," she said, with a little hysterical sob. "You mustn't—"

Mr. Spokesly was in a quandary again. If he put Ada's adoration in its true perspective, he would not think



very highly of himself. He took no real pleasure in speaking of himself as a promised man even to a married woman. Yet how was he to get this particular married woman in delicate health and extremely robust emotions to see him as a human being and not a monster of cold-blooded caution? And there was another problem. What of this new and astonishing revelation—new and astonishing to him, at any rate—that love, to a woman, is not a mere decoction of bliss administered by a powerful and benevolent male, but a highly complicated universe of subjective illusions in which the lover is only dimly seen, a necessary but disturbing phantom of gross and agonizing ineptitudes?

"You're right in a way," he muttered. "She thinks I'm—well, she thinks I'm brave to go to sea in war time!" The extreme incongruity of such a hallucination made him giggle.

"She would! You are!" said the woman on the couch, almost irritably. "What do you want to laugh for? Don't you see what you miss?" she added, in illogical annoyance.

"That the way you feel about Mr. Dainopoulos?" Mr. Spokesly asked.

The woman turned her face so that the lamplight illumined only her coiled hair, and for a moment she did not reply. Then she said, her face still in the shadow:

"You'd only laugh if I told you."

"No," declared Mr. Spokesly. "Honest, I won't. Laugh at myself—yes. But you—that's different."

"But you don't believe in love at first sight, I can see very well."

"I only said I hadn't anything like that happen to me," he replied, slowly, pondering. "But I s'pose it has to be something like that in a case like yours."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, you being English, you see, and Mr. Dainopoulos a foreigner."

"As an excuse, I suppose? Father made the same remark, but I never thanked him."

Mr. Spokesly looked at her soberly.

Her eyes were bright and resolute, and the lamplight threw into salience the curve of her jaw and chin. A fugitive thought flitted about his mind for a moment and vanished again—whether her father was inconsolable at his daughter's departure.

"You got married at home, then?"

"Yes, after Mr. Dainopoulos saved my life."

"Did he?"

"Of course. That's how we met. Didn't you ever hear of the *Queen Mab* accident? It was in the papers."

"Can't say as I did. I was out East so long, you see. Wait a bit, though." Mr. Spokesly pondered. "I fancy I remember reading something about it in the home papers; an excursion steamer in collision with a cargo boat, wasn't it?"

The girl nodded. "Down the river. I was in it. My sister—she was drowned."

"I see. And Mr. Dainopoulos he was with you and—"

"No. I'd never seen him then. You see, we were all standing by the paddle box when the other ship cut into us, my sister Gladys and two boys we'd been keeping company with. It was something awful—everybody screaming and the boat going up in the air. I mean the other end was going down. At last we couldn't stand, so we sat on the paddle-box. Then all of a sudden the boat slid over to one side and we went in."

Mr. Spokesly made a sound expressive of intense sympathy and interest.

"And next thing I knew was that somebody was holding me up, and he said, 'Don't move! don't move!' But I couldn't! Something must have hit me when I fell in. I didn't know where then—the water was awfully cold. And then a boat came and they lifted me in. And then he swam off again to find the others. I don't faint, as a rule, but I did then. There were so many, and the screams—oh, shocking!"

"But the worst was when we got on land again. It was near Woolwich and they turned a chapel or something into

a hospital for us. And all the relations of the people on the *Queen Mab* came down. And Mr. Dainopoulos, who'd taken his landlady's daughter for the excursion, was sitting there in a blanket when the landlady and her husband came in. They hadn't found her. You know bodies don't come up, sometimes, especially when a ship turns over. And they caught hold of him, calling out: 'Where is our girl? What have you done with our girl?'"

"Was he engaged to her?" asked Mr. Spokesly.

"Just the same as I was with Georgie Litwell, who was drowned. Keeping company."

"And what happened then?"

"Why, we fell in love! That's what I was going to tell you so long as you promised not to laugh. He was in a wholesale tobacco merchant's in Mark Lane then, and he took lodgings near us at Haverstock Hill. Those other people behaved as though he'd held their daughter's head under. Really, they did. How could he help it? He saved six besides me. It wasn't his fault the boat sank."

"No, of course not. I see now."

"And then, you know, mother made a fuss because he was foreign. Mother's a Berkshire woman, and she said she'd never thought she'd live to see a child of hers marry a man from goodness knows where. She didn't half go on, I can tell you. And father had his own way of making me perfectly happy. He'd ask me, how many in the harem already? And I couldn't do a thing, lying on my back, helpless. And at last, with the doctor saying I needed a sea voyage to get my strength back, I thinks to myself, I'll take one; and with the accident insurance I had had the sense to carry ever since I'd started going to business, and what Boris had in the bank, we went. Or came, rather. We've been here ever since, and nobody's heard either of us regret it, either."

And as she lay there, looking out into

the darkness of the Gulf with shining, resolute eyes, it was plain that this romantic destiny of hers was a treasured possession. It dominated her life. She had found in it the indispensable inspiration for happiness, an ethical yet potent anodyne for the forfeiture of many homely joys. It was for her the equivalent of a social triumph or acceptance among peeresses of the realm. It is to be suspected that she had ever in her mind a vision of the wonder and awe she had evoked in the souls of the suburban girls among whom she had spent her life, and that this vision supported her and formed the base of a magnificent edifice. And it was an integral part of this edifice that love should be a romantic affair, a flame, noted by all and fed by the adoration of a husband who was harsh to the world, but to her a monster of infatuated fidelity.

Something of this impinged upon Mr. Spokesly's consciousness, and he regarded her for a moment with profound respect.

"I should say," he muttered, returning to his cigarette, "you haven't done so badly for yourself."

She gave him an extraordinarily quick look, like a flash of sheet lightning from a calm sky, which left him puzzled. He was not aware, at that time, that no woman will ever admit she has bettered herself by marrying a given man. She must retain forever that shining figure of him she might have loved, a sort of domestic knight-errant in golden armor, who keeps occasional vigils at her side while the weary actuality slumbers in gross oblivion. Mrs. Dainopoulos knew that Mr. Spokesly saw nothing of this. She knew him for what he was, a being entirely incapable of compassing the secrets of a woman's heart. She knew he imagined that love was all, that women were at the mercy of their love for men, and that chivalrous ideas, rusted and clumsily manipulated, were still to be found in his mind. And she saw the fragility and delicate thinness of his love affair with Ada Rivers. Any-



thing could break it, anything could destroy it, she reflected. Those fancies. . . . Of course he said he was engaged; but an engagement, as Mrs. Dianopoulos knew, having lived in a London suburb, was nothing. Yes, anything might make him forget Ada. And as she repeated the word "anything" to herself in a kind of ecstasy, Mrs. Dainopoulos turned her head quickly and listened. There was a sound of some one being admitted.

"So you've met your fate, anyway," she observed to Mr. Spokesly, yet still listening to the distant sound.

"Yes," he said, with a smile, "I reckon you can cross me off as caught."

Mrs. Dainopoulos held up her hand. She was still listening with her head slightly inclined, her eyes fixed upon Mr. Spokesly, as though absently pondering the perilous chances of his emotional existence. Cross him off as caught! She smiled again in that lambent, heat-lightning way of hers. A woman who spends her life in a reclining seclusion becomes very much of a clairvoyant, an electric condenser of emotions. Mr. Spokesly was agreeably flattered by the intent interest of his companion's gaze. Quite a nice little tête-à-tête he'd had. He would write to Ada and tell her. Or would he? Did he want Ada to know anything about this visit to a mysterious house in Macedonia, a house so clandestine and bizarre he could scarcely convince himself that it was the abode of virtue? Did he? Ada was a long way off, in beleaguered England.

He suddenly wondered what Ada had to do with this at all. With an ease that rather disturbed him he told himself that you could never tell what might happen nowadays. No use worrying about the future. Why, he might never get home! He dropped the ash from his cigarette into the tray on the table. Some one was coming with a quick, decisive step up the stairs. He smiled at Mrs. Dainopoulos, not quite sure while she was holding up her hand. She was

thinking "cross him off as caught," and smiling, when the some one arrived at the door and knocked.

"Why didn't you get married before you left England?" she asked, quickly, and added, in louder tone, "Come in!"

In sharp contrast to the rapid movements without, the door opened with extreme cautiousness, and at first nothing could be seen save the hand on the knob. Mr. Spokesly had been thrown into some disorder of mind by that last question. Why hadn't he, anyway? It was something he had never decided. Why had they not done what thousands had done in England, which was simply to marry on the spot and sail a week, or perhaps a few days, later? Why had he not taken the hazards of war? He had more, far more, than many of those girls and boys at home. It was at this point, facing for the first time the unconscious evasions of life, that he found himself facing something else, a girl with a startled and indignant light in her eyes. He uncrossed his legs and began to rise as Mrs. Dainopoulos said: "Come in, Evanthis. It is all right."

She came in, letting the door swing to as she moved with a long, rapacious stride toward the sofa. It was obvious she was preoccupied with some affair of intense importance to herself. Once Mr. Spokesly's presence had been indicated, she became again absorbed in her errand. Her amber-colored eyes, under exquisitely distinct brows, were opaque with anger, and she held one hand out with the fingers dramatically clenched, as though about to release a thunderbolt of wrath. The gesture was as antique as it was involuntary. One heard drums muttering and the gathering of fierce Ægean winds as she came on and, leaning forward, flung out both hands in a passionate revelation of sorrow.

Mr. Spokesly sat down again, embarrassed and fascinated. He could not take his eyes from her. She was something new in his experience; a woman with passion and the power to express it. Such women are almost nonexistent

in England, where sentiment is regarded as legal tender for passion. He regarded her with a kind of stupefaction, as though he had never set his eyes on a woman before. One might say with approximate truth that he had not. In trepidation he realized, as he sat there watching the movements of this girl, that he would not know what to do with a woman like that. He sat and listened.

"Gone?" said Mrs. Dainopoulos.

"Yes, they are all gone. The French sent soldiers. And they would not let me speak to him."

"But where will they go?"

The girl, whose eyes were bent upon the carpet at her feet, shrugged her shoulders violently.

"Who knows that? To Sofia, or to Constantinople. Oh, I would have gone, too. These pigs, pigs, pigs of French! Not a word! And he is gone!" She dragged a chair from the table and sat down suddenly, thrusting her chin over her arm and staring at the floor.

"Gone!" she repeated.

"Don't do that, dear. It is very bad for you when you get in such rages!" Mrs. Dainopoulos spoke in a soft, cool tone, like a recumbent sibyl whose knowledge of rage and sorrow was vast. The girl's foot swung to and fro more and more rapidly, the red Turkish slipper slapping the floor. "You will hear from him after a little."

"Ah, if they let him write. But these French! With their beards and hats like cooking pots! They see everything. Of course he will write, but that is no good. He cannot send anything."

An expression of disappointment crossed the other woman's face as she patted the girl's shoulder.

"Wait a little," she said. "You can't tell yet."

"I would have given a thousand drachma to have got to the train," said the girl, moodily. "And I would give a million to get to Constantinople. This place stifles me. I hate it . . . hate it."

She stood up suddenly, raising her hands to her magnificent coil of dark hair and revealing the poise and vigor of her body. "Ah!" she moaned, bending over her friend and caressing her. "I am a bad girl, forgetting how ill you are. Evanthia is a bad, bad girl, with her troubles—and you have a visitor—" She turned her head for a moment, and Mr. Spokesly was caught unawares in the brilliance of a dazzling, yet enigmatic, glance from the amber eyes.

"A friend of my husband's," said Mrs. Dainopoulos. "He is English, you know, like me. From London. We have been talking of London."

"Ah yes!" The lingering syllables were a caress, yet there was no more comprehension in them than in the inarticulate sounds of an animal. The girl bent her dark head over the blond masses on the pillow. "Forgive your bad girl, Alice."

"Oh, all right," said Mrs. Dainopoulos emerging with an embarrassed English smile. "Only you must be good now and go back to bed. There's Boris coming in."

"I am going!" said the girl and started. And then she remembered Mr. Spokesly sitting there in dumb stupefaction, his gaze following her, and she turned to make him a bow with a strange, charming gesture of an outflung hand toward him. The next moment she dragged the door open and passed out.

He looked up to see Mrs. Dainopoulos regarding him thoughtfully, and he made a sudden step forward in life as he realized the ineffectiveness of any words in his vocabulary to express his emotions at that moment. He made no attempt to corrupt the moment, however, which was perhaps another step forward. He sat silent, looking at the glowing end of his cigarette, endeavoring to recapture the facile equilibrium of mind which had been his as he followed Mr. Dainopoulos through the gateway an hour or so before. But that was impossible, for it was gone, though he did



not know it, forever. He was trying to remember the name Mrs. Dainopoulos had called her. Evanthia! And once at the beginning, Miss Solaris. Something like that. Evanthia Solaris.

He said to himself that it was a pretty name, and was conscious at the same time of the inadequacy of such a word. There was something beyond prettiness in it; something of a spring morning in the Cyclades, when the other islands come up out of the mist like hummocks of amethyst and the cicadas shrill in the long grass under the almond trees. There was in it an adumbration of youth beyond his experience, a hint of the pulsing and bizarre vitality of alien races, a vitality fretted into white wrath by her will and her desire, as the serene breath of the morning is suddenly lashed into a tempest by the howling fury of an Ægean white squall. She was gone, yet the room was still charged with her magnetic presence, so that Mr. Dainopoulos came in quietly, put down his tweed cap, and seated himself beside his wife, and Mr. Spokesly scarcely noticed his arrival.

"I'll have to be getting back," he remarked, rising once more.

Mr. Dainopoulos went to the door and spoke in a low, harsh tone into the darkness.

"I'll get you a boat," he said. "There's no boats allowed after dark, but I have a friend on the French pier. He'll put you on board. Another night you must come and eat supper. I have had plenty business to-night. I have to go out again later, too. You understand what I tell my wife? Well, the consuls have had to go home. The German and Austrian and Bulgar consuls went away to-night. I do a good business, you understand, with all these people, and I got to go and see a friend of mine about it. So—will you have coffee? I'll get you a boat first, and you can come to-morrow night, eh?"

Mr. Spokesly's mind, as he drank the strong coffee and the tiny glass of cognac, was in a state of unusual exaltation.

Never before had he faced an immediate future so fraught with glittering yet unrecognizable possibilities. Mr. Dainopoulos might be a rascal, yet he possessed the power to call up familiar spirits. As he sat there leaning toward the table, his hand abstractedly on the bottle of cognac, thinking deeply of his multifarious concerns, his dexterous dealings in and out among men who slew one another daily, he resembled some saturnine yet benevolent magician about to release a formidable genie who would fill the room with fuliginous vapor. Mr. Spokesly felt his scalp twitching with anticipation. He stepped across to say good-by to Mrs. Dainopoulos.

"I never expected this," he said, simply. "I've had a very pleasant time."

"Come to supper to-morrow," she said, smiling. "Always glad to see anybody from the old country."

"Sorry your lady friend couldn't stay," he muttered. "Like to see more of her. Well . . . I'll say good night."

He smiled as he went down the staircase behind the preoccupied Mr. Dainopoulos. He smiled because he could see, by virtue of his exalted mood, that the smug phrases which had always been adequate for his emotions sounded foolish and feeble. Like to see more of her! Did he? It made him dizzy to think of it, though, for all that. It made the simple business of returning to that house an adventure of the soul. Nor did the phrase "lady friend" describe her. He was comfortably vague as to the actual constituents of a lady. A lady was perhaps described as a woman with whom it was impossible to be wholly at ease. Yes, he whispered to himself, but for a different reason. He felt defeated in his attempts to stabilize his impressions. He had no comparisons. It was like comparing a bottle of wine with a bottle of milk. Even Ada . . . He moved so abruptly as he followed close on the heels of Mr. Dainopoulos that the latter looked at

him in inquiry and thought a remark was necessary.

"We can fix our little business any time before you go away," he murmured.

But Mr. Spokesly was not thinking of the little business just then. He found himself suddenly confronting the conviction in his mind that his Ada had been little more than a shining reflector of his own image. Ada in beleaguered England seemed very far away, and her personality lost whatever distinction and magnetism it may have had while he was with her. He saw with perfect clarity a new truth beyond that first one—that Mrs. Dainopoulos had been aware of all this while she had plied her gentle, smiling questions. Had she meant anything then? How could one plumb the mind of a woman? There was something almost sinister in the notion that she had known all along how he was situated, how he felt, and let him sit there while a girl like an indignant enchantress came in and worked some sort of spell upon him. He began to wonder if the girl was real; whether he had not dreamed she was there. He was aghast at the insensibility of Mr. Dainopoulos, who was leading the way across the street, his head bent and his damaged features set in a meditative scowl. In what way could one account for it? A woman like that! A woman already with a power over himself that frightened him. Ada! He thought of Ada almost as a refuge from this new emotion assaulting his heart. There was safety with Ada. He knew, within reasonable limits, the range of which she was capable, the tone and timbre of her soul.

Here, he comprehended with surprising readiness, he would be called on to do something more than talk conventionally of love. It was all very well, he could see, to jog along from year to year, having a little fun here and there, and getting engaged and even married; but it was no more than the normal function of a human organism. Beyond that he could see something

ruthless, powerful, and destructive. He experienced an extraordinary feeling of elation as he walked beside Mr. Dainopoulos toward the street car. He was perplexed because he would have liked to tell Ada the cause of this elation. He had a fugitive but marvelously clear view of Ada's position in the matter. She was away in the future, in a distant and calm region to which he had not yet gained admission. There was something he had to go through before he could get Ada. And while they jangled slowly along the quay, and Mr. Dainopoulos mumbled in his ear the difficulties imposed upon himself by the departure of the consuls, Mr. Spokesly caught a glimpse of what men mean by fate. Though he knew it not, the departure of the consuls was an event of prime importance to himself. It was an event destined to precipitate the grand adventure of his life. Something he had to go through. He stared out at the shaded lights of the cafés and failed to notice that he no longer desired the tarnished joys of the seafaring boulevardier. Here was a new motive. The facile and ephemeral affairs of his life were forgotten in their sheer nothingness. He drew a deep breath, wondering what lay in store for him.

They left the car and passed through the gates of the dock, along roadways almost incredibly muddy, to where transports worked in the cautious twilight of blue electrics and picket boats moved up and down gently where they were made fast to the steps, their red and green side lights giving the quiet, stealthy hustle of the quays an air of brisk alertness.

Mr. Spokesly pointed out the black bulk of the *Tanganyika*, and, as the launch slid along the grating, stepped up and reached his room. The night watchman said, "Chief steward he no back yet." Mr. Spokesly turned in. He switched out his light and lay for a while thinking with more precision and penetration than even the London School of Mnemonics would have ven-



tured to guarantee. He had some difficulty in identifying himself with the man who had gone ashore with Archie Bates that evening. And he slid away into the deep sleep of the healthy seafarer, with a novel notion forming at the back of his mind. Suppose he was ashore in Salonika, what would happen then? If by some turn of the wheel he found himself there? He might be sick, for instance, and go to the hospital and be left behind. There was no dream; but he saw it—a storm and great toil and anxiety, and in the midst of it a girl awaiting the outcome of his exertions with enigmatic amber eyes.

## VI

MR. DAINOPOULOS picked his way out of the incredible mire of the docks and crossed over to the cleaner side of the road which extended from Venizelos Street past the Custom House, and which was being extensively remodeled by the army of occupation. The hotel was in blank darkness. The squirming, writhing exfoliations which constituted the Berlin architect's conception of loveliness showed not a glint of light. One could not believe that the house had inhabitants, or that they were alive. Nevertheless, Mr. Dainopoulos halted before the massive double doors and rang the bell, a tall, high-shouldered shade demanding admission to a familiar vault. It was some time after he had relapsed into a motionless silence, and an observer might have imagined him to have forgotten his errand, when one of the leaves of the door opened a few inches, and he raised his head. At the sound of his voice the door opened a little more so that he could slide his body sideways through the aperture. Then the door closed behind him and the hotel resumed its appearance of a monstrous Renaissance tomb.

Inside, the night porter, a person in a slovenly undress of dirty shirt, riding breeches open like funnels at the knee, and Turkish slippers, yawned and mo-

tioned his visitor to a chair while he slowly ascended the stairs, which were lit by a single invisible lamp on the landing. Mr. Dainopoulos remained sunk in thought. It was, in a way, a perfectly honest and rational proposition he had to make, but he found himself involved in some doubt as to the way the person above, an Englishman, would take it. He knew something of the English, being married to one of that race, and he sometimes reflected upon the unexpected workings of their minds. They were oppressively practical and drove wonderful bargains; and then suddenly they would flare into inexplicable passion over something which he for the life of him could not comprehend. If this person upstairs did that, what would it be? Mr. Dainopoulos shook his head. He could not say. He would have to take a chance. He might be tolerated, or sworn at, or laughed at, or arrested, or thrown down the stairs. All these things happened to honest merchandisers, he was well aware.

The servant appeared on the landing, and Mr. Dainopoulos immediately went up. He was led along corridors that chilled the heart with their bare rectangular perspectives, and was halted at length before a door behind which the voices of men could be heard in conversation. And in reply to a knock a slightly querulous voice intoned "Come in, come in!" as though in infinite but weary patience with elementary intelligences. Mr. Dainopoulos stepped in.

Three men occupied the room. A naval lieutenant sat on the bed, smoking a cigarette, a young man who did not raise his eyes to glance at the intruder. The owner of the room was a major, who was seated at a small *escritoire* near the window, and whose belt and cap hung over a chair. He was a man of thirty, as clean as though he had been scoured and scraped in boiling water, the small absurd mustache as decorative as a nail brush, and a look of capable insolence in his blue-gray

eyes. A small safe at his side was open and he remained stooping over this as he looked up and saw Mr. Dainopoulos standing by the door. The other man was in civilian tweeds, astride of a chair, with his arms on the back, smoking a large curved calabash pipe. A clean-shaven circular-faced man of doubtful age, he was the only one of the three who regarded their visitor in a humane manner. He nodded slightly in response to the low bow made by Mr. Dainopoulos on his entry. When Mr. Dainopoulos remarked that he had called on a little matter of business, the major bent his head again and went on investigating the papers in the safe, as though Mr. Dainopoulos had suddenly evaporated.

"Well," he observed, at length, straightening up and laying some papers on his desk, "why do you call on a little matter of business in the middle of the night?" He brought his left arm up in a peculiar whirl to the level of his eyes and looked at his wrist watch. "Eleven-twenty," he added, in a tone of detached contempt, and shot a severe look at his visitor.

Mr. Dainopoulos remained standing by the door and maintained his attitude of calm urgency. He explained that the departure of the consuls had led him to remodel his arrangements. All three looked at him with attention when he made this statement. The naval lieutenant, whose work it was to examine and pass all neutral vessels, knew Mr. Dainopoulos very well. To his regret, he had never found that gentleman doing anything at all shady, but he had never abandoned his conviction that he would catch him some day. The civilian, who was a censor and decoder of neutral correspondence, was familiar with the Dainopoulos *dossier* in his office and had read with surprise the chatty letters to girls in London which came from the man's wife. He, however, was not in a position to reveal his knowledge, and looked at Mr. Dainopoulos with good-tempered curiosity. The major,

who knew his visitor better than either of the others, having purchased large quantities of stores from him at a handsome profit to the vender, looked as if he had been insulted when the consuls were mentioned. As well he might, since those astute gentlemen had done their best to keep all possible material out of his hands, had blandly checkmated the armies of occupation at every turn, even preaching a holy war against them among the owners of Turkish baths in the Via Egnatia.

Mr. Dainopoulos drew a small notebook from his pocket and began to enumerate the list of goods the sudden departure of the consuls had left on his hands. In the midst of it, the major nodded to a chair and said, "Sit down over here, please." There was something exasperating in the spectacle of this man with all the marks of clandestine knavery about him, merely offering bona fide goods for sale. He was a Greek in Greece, transacting business which, although he did not yet know it, was of vital importance to them, for a whole string of vessels bound for Salonika had been sunk inside of two days, from the Start to Karaburun. They were at a loss for a week or so, and a week or so in war is not to be ignored. Apart from their own needs in Macedonia, they had recently sent a few thousand men to an island in the Ægean to prepare a base, and the ships bearing their stores were unreported. Mr. Dainopoulos closed his notebook and took out a cigarette. He said he would need a week or ten days, some of it being on board a steamer on its way now from Alexandria.

"What steamer is that?"

"The *Kalkis*, four hundred tons," he replied. "I have had her a year now."

"What speed?"

"Oh, seven. Perhaps seven and a half. A very old ship. No good except for my business to the Islands."

"Don't know about that, my friend," muttered the major. "You may have



to give up your business to the Islands. We commandeer our own ships; I don't see how you are going to get out of it."

"That would suit me," said Mr. Dainopoulos promptly. "She costs me fifteen thousand francs a month insurance, and coal is four hundred francs a ton in Port Said. I make very little out of her."

This was scarcely the literal truth, though Mr. Dainopoulos might be pardoned for depreciating his profits at a moment when a purchaser appeared. As a matter of fact, he had made already out of that small ship about seven times her original purchase price and he had a neat scheme in hand which would make her a very good investment indeed.

"We have some business in the Islands, too, you see," the major remarked, abstractedly. "I think you had better come to my office, say about ten-thirty to-morrow. You know the place. Next to the Ottoman Bank, eh? G. O. S., Room Fourteen. Ask for Major Begg."

As he closed the door behind him Mr. Dainopoulos reflected that he would have time to lay the matter before a French colonel he knew, before reaching Room Fourteen. But he believed the best price was to be had from the British. He had found out that much in the course of his career—they did not haggle.

Mr. Dainopoulos hurried forward and soon left the region of hard arc lights behind. His house was not far from here. He wished to get home.

He knocked at the door in the wall which had so impressed Mr. Spokesly earlier in the evening, and was admitted, after a parley, by a middle-aged servant-woman.

"Madama gone to bed?" he asked, picking up a large cat that was rubbing herself against his leg, and putting her out into the garden.

"No, she's not gone to bed. She said she would wait for you to come home."

"All right. You can go to bed, then," he retorted.

The woman shot the bolts and picked up the cheap pink-glass lamp without answering. Mr. Dainopoulos made his way upstairs.

His wife was lying as before, her eyes closed and her hands clasped lightly over the tartan rug.

He bent over her.

"Back, Boris?" she murmured, chidingly.

"My business, darling. I had to see a man."

"Always business. I thought you'd never come."

"First I had to take that gentleman to the French pier, for a boat. And then I went to the Olympos Hotel. I think very good business."

"Don't talk about business now."

"But, my sweetheart, it is all for you. By and by you will see."

"See what, silly?" she asked, rumpling his hair.

"See what? You ask a funny question. I cannot tell you, not yet. But in my mind I see it."

And he did, too. He compared their present surroundings with that dream-villa by the blue sea. "Too soon yet to be sure we get there. I got a lot of business to finish up first. And we're all right here for a while. You're not lonesome, darling?"

"Oh no. You saw Evanthia here to-night?"

"Yes, I saw her, but she didn't tell me anything."

"He's gone away, with the consuls."

Mr. Dainopoulos gave a low whistle.

"I never thought about that. What'll she do now? That's bad for her, though."

"She wants to follow him, but I don't think she can. I believe she heard he'll go to Constantinople. She said she'd do anything to get there."

"Well, if she wants to go to Constantinople, she might be able to," he said, pondering. "I heard to-day a ship might be going down to the Islands."

There's always a chance. I'll see. But if she's got any sense she'll go back to her mother. That feller is good company, but he'll go back to Munich by and by."

"She doesn't love him, I know."

"Evanthia she don't love anybody except herself. I told you that."

"She loves me," said Alice.

"Well, p'raps she does, but you know what I mean."

"That gentleman this evening, Mr. Spokesly, he was interested in her."

"He's got a young lady in London," said Mr. Dainopoulos.

"Has he?" she murmured, absently. "Do you think he'll come to-morrow night?"

"Yes, I think so. I bet you're goin' to have Evanthia in, too."

"Well, perhaps he'll fall in love with her," she whispered, delightedly.

"What, and him with a young lady in London?"

"I don't think he's very fond of his young lady in London."

"Well, how do you know that? Women . . ."

"Never mind. It's easy to tell if a man is in love," she answered, watching him. He held her tightly for a moment.

"Not so easy to tell about a woman," he said into her hair. "Is it, my little wife, my little wife?"

"Why, don't you know yet?" she bantered, giving him the secret, fragrant, ambiguous smile.

"My little wife!" he repeated, in a tense whisper. And as he said it he felt in his heart he would never know.

## VII

It was evening and the *Tanganyika*, a tall, unwieldy bulk, for she had only a few hundred tons in her, was about to sail for Alexandria, carrying back, through an area infested with enemy submarines, some of the cargo already discharged and reloaded in the southern port.

Mr. Spokesly was thinking, in spite of the immediate distraction of heaving

up. It had been a week of extraordinary experiences for him. As he leaned over the rail and looked down into the waters of the Gulf, and noted the immense jellyfish, like fabled amethysts, moving gently forward to the faint rhythmic pulsing of their delicate fringes, he began to doubt afresh his identity with the rather banal person who had left England a couple of short months before. He was frankly astonished at his own spiritual resources. And yet in the present situation what did it all amount to? With its well-known but inexplicable rapidity, rumor had already gone round the ship hinting at a trip to the Persian Gulf. If that were so, Mr. Spokesly, by all the laws of probability, would never be in Salonika again. Yet he was quite confident that he would be in Salonika again. He had no clear notion of what he proposed to do when he reached Alexandria, but he was determined to manage it somehow. He had a feeling that he was matched against fate and that he would win. He did not yet comprehend the full significance of what he called fate. He was unaware that it is just when the gods appear to be striving against us that they need the most careful watching lest they lure us to destroy ourselves. He was preoccupied with the immediate past, which he did not suspect is the opiate the gods use when they are preparing our destinies. And while he was sure enough in his private mind that he would get back to Salonika somehow, the slow movement of the *Tanganyika* as she came up upon her anchor gave the episode an appearance of irrevocable completeness.

He was departing. Somewhere among those trees beyond the White Tower was Evanthia Solaris, who, with her amber eyes, her high-piled glossy black hair and swift menacing movements, would be no more than an alluring memory. Mr. Spokesly began to realize, with his new-found perception, that what he took to be confidence was only desire. He was imagin-



ing himself back there in Salonika, a man without ties or obligations. He saw an imaginary Spokesly seizing Evanthia and riding off into the night with her, riding into the interior, regardless of French sentries with their stolid faces and extremely long bayonets. As he recapitulated the actual conditions, he saw he had only been dreaming of going back there. He had drawn all the money he could and he owed Archie Bates a ten-pound note. Stowed away under his clothes in his cabin he had nearly an *oke*, which is about three pounds, of a dark-brown substance which Mr. Dainopoulos had mentioned was worth eighty pounds in Egypt if it were adroitly transferred to the gentleman who had expressed his willingness to do business with the friends of Mr. Bates. Here lay the beginnings of that desire, it seemed.

It is not so easy to be an outlaw as it appears, when one has been one of the respectable middle classes for so long. Mr. Spokesly knew that and had no such notion in his head. What he did meditate was some indirect retirement from the scene, when a pocketful of loose cash would enable him to effect a desirable maneuver in a dignified manner, and he would have no need to forfeit his own opinion of himself. Mr. Spokesly wanted money, he wanted a command, he even wanted romance, but he did not want to be wicked. Therein lay the essential difference between himself and Mr. Dainopoulos, who also desired respectability, but who had in reserve a native facility for swift and secret chicanery. Mr. Dainopoulos slipped in and out of the law as easily as a lizard through the slats of a railing. Mr. Spokesly could not do that, he discovered, to his own surprise and perhaps regret. Unknown to himself, the austere integrity of distant ancestors and the hard traditions of an ancient calling combined to limit his sphere of action.

When he had seen the anchor made fast and the compressors screwed tight, Mr. Spokesly went aft to get his tea.

He was to go on watch at eight. This was the captain's idea, he reflected. They were supposed to pick up a new third mate in Alexandria. In the meanwhile the captain was taking a watch. It was very unsatisfactory, but what was one to do? After all, what was he up to? The Old Man had been very quiet about the shore-going in Salonika. Hardly left the ship himself. Had that friend of his, a major from the front, living in the spare cabin. Whiskies and sodas going upstairs, too, the second steward had mentioned. Too big to notice what his own officers were doing, no doubt. If he knew what his chief officer was doing! By Jove! Mr. Spokesly was suddenly inflated, as he sat eating his tea, with extraordinary pride.

He had recalled the moment when he had walked into the concert hall of the White Tower Gardens with Evanthia Solaris. The proudest moment of his life. Every officer in the room had stared. Every woman had glared at the slim, svelte form with the white-velvet toque set off by a single spray of osprey. As well they might, since they had never seen her before. They had seen the toque, however, in Stein's Oriental Stores, and had wondered who had bought it. And as they had moved through the dense throng of little tables surrounded by officers and cocottes, amid a clamor of glasses and laughter and scraping chairs, with music on the distant stage, Mr. Spokesly experienced a new pleasure. They sat down and ordered beer. Upstairs a number of Russian officers, in their beautiful soft green uniforms, were holding a girl over the edge of a box and enjoying her screams. Someone threw a cream cake at the girl who was singing on the stage, and it burst on her bosom, and everyone shrieked with laughter. The girl went into a paroxysm of rage and snarled incomprehensibly at them before flinging out of sight. It was rich. Suddenly the Russian officers pushed the girl over the edge of the box and she dangled by her wrists. The audience howled as she



*Drawn by Harvey Dunn*

HE STRUCK OUT, AWAY FROM THE SHIP



kicked and screamed. The uproar became intolerable. Officers of all nations rose to their feet and bawled with excitement. One of them put a chair on a table and reached up until he could remove the dangling girl's shoe. It was filled with champagne and passed around. The girl was drawn up and disappeared into the box. The manager appeared on the stage to implore silence and order. Some one directed a soda siphon at him and he retired, drenched. Finally a large placard was displayed which informed the audience that "*à cause du tapage le spectacle est fini*," and the curtain descended.

They went out into the Gardens, Evanthia holding his arm and taking short, prinking little steps. Why had she wanted to go to such a place? He was obliged to admit she hardly seemed aware of the existence of the people around her. She had sat there sipping her beer, smiling divinely when she caught his eye, yet with an air of invincible abstraction, as though under some enchantment. Mr. Spokesly was puzzled, as he would always be puzzled about women. Even his robust estimate of his own qualifications as a male was not sufficient to explain the sudden mysterious change in Evanthia Solaris. Was she afraid, she who gave one the impression of being afraid of nothing? But Mr. Spokesly was not qualified to comprehend a woman's moods. His destiny, his function, precluded it. He never completely grasped the fact that women, being realists, see love as it really is, and are shocked back into a world of ideal emotions where they can experiment without imperiling their sense of daintiness and vestal dedication to a god. And Evanthia Solaris was experimenting now. Her liaison with the gay and debonair creature who had journeyed out of Salonika that night with the departing consuls had been an inspiration to her to speculate upon the ultimate possibilities of emotional development. Just now she was quiet, as a spinning top is quiet, her thoughts, her

conjectures, merely revolving at high speed. With the quickness of instinct she had admitted this friend of Mrs. Dainopoulos to a charming and delicate comradeship committing her to nothing. That he should love, of course, went without saying. She was debating, however, and revolving in her shrewd and capable brain, how to use him. And it gave her that air of diffident shyness blended with saucy courage which made him feel, now he was soberly eating his tea on board the *Tanganyika*, outward-bound, that she was a sorceress who had thrown an enchantment about him. And he wanted, impossible as he knew it to be, to go back there and resign himself again to the enchantment, closing his eyes and leaving the dénouement to chance.

No doubt the novelty of such a course appealed to him, for he came of a race whose history is one long war against enchantments and the poisonous fumes of chance. He went on stolidly eating his tea, substantial British provender, pickled pigs' feet, beet-and-onion salad, stewed prunes, damson jam, and tea as harsh as an east wind. He loitered over the second cup, while the second steward passed behind him with a napkin, eager for him to finish, for that gentleman intended to gorge, while Archie Bates was indisposed, on pigs' feet and pickled walnuts. Mr. Spokesly loitered because he knew, when he was once again in his own cabin, that he would be facing a problem which makes all men, except artists and scoundrels, uneasy. The problem was Ada. He did not want to think about Ada, a girl who was in an unassailable position as far as he was concerned. He wanted her to stay where she was, in beleaguered England, until he was ready to go back, until he had regained command of himself. He rose up suddenly and went along to his cabin. His idea was that Ada should wait for him, wait while he went through this extraordinary experience. His mind even went forward and planned the episode. He would get the money in

Alexandria, get out of the ship somehow, return to Salonika . . . and when the war was over he would of course return to England and find Ada waiting for him.

It was an admirable scheme and one more frequently carried out than Mr. Spokesly was aware. Yet he was secretly ashamed. He had also a vague, illogical notion that, after all, he was not contemplating any real infidelity to Ada, since he fully intended to return to her.

Mr. Spokesly's feet hurt him slightly. He went along to the pantry and ordered a bucket of hot water, and proceeded to go the rounds of the ship to see that all ports and doors were screened. His feet hurt him. And it seemed to him that his mind hurt him in very much the same way. He had become suspicious. He had lost faith, not in himself, but in the resources of ultra-modern advertising. He was beginning to wonder what Mr. Dainopoulos would say to the theory of Intensive Excogitation. Mr. Spokesly did not realize it, of course, but the mere fact that he was losing faith in the London School of Mnemonics was evidence of his progress in life. So much Evanthia Solaris had already done for him. She had induced in him a certain contempt and cantankerous suspicion of life.

Mr. Spokesly went back to his cabin and found Archie Bates sitting on the settee. Archie was in that mood which follows heavy drinking by the initiated. He was completely normal and master of himself. It was a grotesque feature of his convalescence, this austere assumption of efficiency. He was very much upset at the way the second steward had made a mess of things that afternoon. Just as soon as he took his eye off him things went wrong. It was most discouraging. And he would like to recommend him for promotion, too. By the way, had Mr. Spokesly heard the company was going to buy some ships? This was an example of the way Archie "heard" of things. No one could tell how he got hold of the most secret

information while stewed. Mr. Spokesly was not alert. He made no comment, not realizing how nearly that stray remark might touch him.

It was a fac', Archie hiccupped. Going to buy a lot of ships. So he'd heard. He paused, trying to recapture the thought. Yes, now no sooner does the Old Man order supper than the silly josser loses his head. Ring, ring, ring, the Old Man did. Now that he had recaptured it, the thought seemed less important than he had imagined. Mr. Spokesly, his friend, with whom he was going to do some nice little business, didn't seem in very good spirits. Archie bent his mind to the matter. It was just as well they weren't going back to Salonika, he remarked, reflectively.

"How do you know? And why just as well?" asked Mr. Spokesly, wishing Archie would go away.

"Didn't you know?" said Archie, wondering. "The Old Man said so. The second steward overheard something about it when he took a tray up when the N. T. O. was here this morning. We're going to Calcutta. Oh yes. And a good job, too."

"Why?" said Mr. Spokesly.

Mr. Bates winked, and smiled his cat grin. "Fact is, mister," he remarked, in a low tone, "I went a little farther than I intended. Nice little widow she is, and it simply wouldn't do for me to be seen round there any more. She gave me this as a keepsake." And Archie drew a ring with an enormous emerald set in pearls from his vest pocket. He put it on his little finger and turned it about.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Spokesly. "Gave you that? Why, it's worth a couple of hundred pounds!"

"Three hundred," corrected Archie. "Easy! Ah, my boy, you don't know what it is to have the ladies fancy you."

Mr. Spokesly looked at Archie Bates and wondered just how much of this was true. The value of the ring staggered him, as well it might, since Archie, who always pretended to be drunker



than he really was, had discovered it in the upholstery of an ottoman on which he was sprawled, his left hand closing over it and moving it softly into his pocket while the right arm had encircled the waist of the widow. And he had honestly forgotten it until after he had come aboard. He really had some difficulty in not believing himself that she had given it to him. He took it off and handed it to Mr. Spokesly, who looked puzzled.

"Keep it for me," Archie said. "I'm very careless. I might lose it. Give it to me in Alexandria."

"Oh, I'll do that, all right." Mr. Spokesly took it. "I'll put it away."

"You got it all right?" said Archie, meaning the dark-brown substance concealed among the clothes in Mr. Spokesly's drawers.

"Yes," said that gentleman, shortly.

"How much? . . . That all? Why, I got four *okes*. Not coming back here, you see. I'll keep half for Calcutta. You can get a thousand rupees an ounce there. Nearly—let's see—nearly five hundred pounds an *oke*. Think of it!"

Mr. Spokesly thought of it and wondered what sort of fight the London School of Mnemonics would put up against that sort of thing. Archie's kind of success was very hard to dismiss as pure luck. He scored every time. After the war Archie would be in a position to do as he had occasionally mentioned—buy a nice little public house and enjoy himself thoroughly.

"Well," he said, as the boy appeared with the bucket of hot water, "I go on at eight, Archie."

Archie got up, yawned and stretched.

"I feel a bit tired. I believe I'll have a sleep. Rather strenuous evenin' last night."

There it was again, thought Mr. Spokesly. Archie could lie on his settee all day, recovering from his cups, and now he could turn in and have a comfortable sleep. Mr. Spokesly removed his socks and lowered his feet into the generous warmth. That was better.

After all, a man had to depend on himself. Schools of mnemonics couldn't do much when there were people like Archie and Dainopoulos in the world. He remembered the ring, and took it out of the drawer to look at it. The heart of the emerald shot lambent flames at him like the cool green lights beneath a waterfall. He saw it on the slim, supple hand of Evanthia. A gust of strange feeling shook him suddenly. He became aware, with inexplicable poignancy, of the mystical correlation between jewels and love, as though precious stones were only the petrified passions of past days. And how could one reconcile the beauty of these things, and the fact that they seemed ever to be found in the possession of ignoble men? More than a year's salary and Archie could throw it to him to keep for him. And a woman had given it to him.

Mr. Spokesly was beginning to be a little uncertain of his own knowledge of women. They seemed incalculable. It seemed impossible to chart the course of any of them for any length of time. He winced as he wondered what Ada would say if she knew what he was up to. He had no need to wonder. He knew perfectly well that she would forgive and sympathize and let it be forgotten. That was the way with English girls. He realized with a great uplifting of the heart that this was part of the Englishman's goodly heritage. He thought of himself, coming home at last to Ada and how she would stroke his hair and murmur, "Silly old boy," and he would be at peace. Peace! In the meanwhile there was the war. It did not look so very good for the time being. He sighed. He would have to dry his feet and go up on the bridge. As he stood up to open a drawer to find a fresh pair of socks he slipped the ring into his trousers pocket and forgot it.

As he went out into the alleyway to go forward, the last faint streaks of light were vanishing from the sullen sky over the mountain of Thessaly and a heavy blanket of clouds had come up from the

eastward, so that night was ideally dark for running through these perilous waters. Ahead of the *Tanganyika* could be seen a faint light, carefully screened so that only an observer high up and astern of her could see it at all. This was the pilot light on the sloop, and Captain Meredith mentioned in a low voice the necessity of keeping it in view, as otherwise they might run each other down, it was so dark. There were two other transports behind, one on each quarter, who would also need watching. They had just received a general wireless call that a submarine course had been observed N. by N.N.E. from Skyros, which would bring her into their zone about one in the morning. Escort would signal change of course by a red light shown in three periods of two seconds each. And, the captain added, he himself would be lying on his settee just inside the door.

He vanished in the intense darkness and Mr. Spokesly found himself high up, alone in that darkness and in charge of the ship. She vibrated strongly, being almost in ballast, and rolled perhaps three degrees either way in a leisurely rhythm. Along her sides he could see a sheer bottle-green glow from forefoot to where it was lost in the white cascade churned up by the emerging propeller. Beyond this one could only catch a sort of rushing obscurity, for the sea was smooth and unbroken by the long, invisible swell.

Mr. Spokesly paced to and fro, watching the faint and occasionally vanishing light on the escort. He ran over in his mind the ship's company and ruminated on their various employments. The gunner would be asleep alongside of his gun; for of what use was it to stand by if one had no target? The crew were all asleep, save the helmsman and the two lookouts on the forecastle. The chief was, no doubt, seated in his cabin, smoking and thinking of his wife and children in Maryport. And there would be Archie asleep, without a care in the world. Mr. Spokesly's hand came in

contact with the ring in his pocket. He must not forget to stow it away safely when he went below again. It would look funny if he lost it.

The silence was broken suddenly by the rhythmic clatter of a shovel against iron—the call of the fireman to the coal passers for more coal. They shouldn't make that noise, Mr. Spokesly thought, with a frown. Though, come to that, the screw was making noise enough, anyhow. Every now and again, as the vibration of the vessel failed to synchronize, a low muttering rumble came up from the deck members, culminating in hoarse rattles of pipe guards and loose cowls, and running aft in a long booming whine. Mr. Spokesly strained his eyes to catch the pilot light again. Even with the binoculars he could not distinguish the sloop's hull. One comfort, they were not zigzagging. It would only increase the risk of collision a night like this. Another thought occurred to Mr. Spokesly as he looked away from the glasses for a moment. He felt, if he himself were in a submarine out there, he would be much more anxious to avoid a ship than to find her. The chances of being run down were too many.

He did not realize that the *Tanganyika*, from the sea level, was a solid black bulk, jangling and booming her way through the sea and leaving an immense pathway of phosphorescence behind her. He had no time to realize it. He had no time to adjust himself to any philosophical possibilities before it came with a crashing roar that left him, for an instant, unconscious. The deck and the bulwark below him heaved up and burst into crooked screaming flames as the beams and plates were torn asunder. He stood with his hands gripping the top of the dodger, staring hard into the murk, and then he comprehended. He flinched sideways as a horrible sound smote his ears—a whine rising to a muffled shriek as the loosened fall of the big boom tore through the blocks, and the boom itself, a fifty-foot



steel girder was coming down. As he reached the port-engine telegraph, tugging at it mechanically, the great mass struck the wheelhouse with a noise of rending wood, breaking glass, and a faint cry that ceased at once.

Mr. Spokesly stood for perhaps three seconds, holding the telegraph handle, and he heard a second explosion, a hollow concussion amidships that sent a great column of water into the air so that the *Tanganyika* seemed to have shipped a heavy sea. He could scarcely appreciate the importance of this. He turned with an effort toward the wheelhouse and captain's quarters. There was a sound of steam escaping somewhere down below. The boom had crushed through the bridge rails and lay across his path as he stepped over. And there was a dreadful silence up there. Men were running and calling, down below, but here was silence. The steering gear was demolished, and behind that . . . He felt sick. He took a step down the ladder and looked again, and this time he fell forward on his face. The ship had gone down by the stern.

"This won't do," he muttered, scrambling up. "Who's in command?" He blew his whistle. "Hi! Tong Pee!" he called to the helmsman. Tong Pee, crushed to a pulp under the binnacle, made no reply. He had never been a communicative person, Tong Pee, and now he had no choice. The sudden complete comprehension of what had happened behind Tong Pee sent Mr. Spokesly down the ladder in a panic. "This is no good," he said, anxiously, to himself. "No good at all." And he blew his whistle again in a rage.

But the men on the boat deck were in no mood to pay attention to whistles. The ship was going down. Her after-deck was under water, for the second torpedo had hit the engine room and all aft was flooded. The forward hold was tight and was keeping her bow up, so that she was gradually assuming a vertical position. And the men

on the boat deck were crying, "Wah! Wah!" and, "Hoi! Hoi!" and running past in a stream toward the boats. They came up staggering with piles of bedding, with corded boxes and crates full of white rats. They came up festooned with mandolins and canaries in cages, with English dictionaries and back numbers of the *Police Gazette*. They tore one another from the boats and stowed their treasures with long wailing cries of "Hoi! Hoi!" They slipped and slithered away aft in heaps and fought one another for invisible personal effects. One of them suddenly showed a flashlight in the darkness and the others leaped upon him to take it, and it ricocheted away into the scupper and went out. If one of them by infinite toil got into a boat, the others tore him away with howls, of anguish.

And the deck became steeper. The boats, already swung out, sagged away from the davits and fouled the falls. The sound of scuttering feet and frantic throats was lost in a number of extraordinary sounds from below, like skyscrapers collapsing into a waterfall, as the boilers carried away from their stools and crashed into the engines, which gave way also, and the whole mass, swirling in steam like the interior of a molten planet, plunged through the bulkheads into the empty holds. And then the boats began to fall clear and some of the struggling beings about them dropped away into the void.

Mr. Spokesly, hanging to the rail beneath the bridge, found himself sobbing as though his chest would burst. He took off his coat and threw it at the men who were twined in a knot by the nearest davit. The *Tanganyika* was now at a very steep angle. Mr. Spokesly took off his boots. It flashed through his mind that he was in command. "Oh," he thought, "I can't leave her!" And then the thought of the others, down there in their cabins, and the loneliness of it up here with these yellow maniacs, pierced his heart. "I must

go," he sobbed. And indeed he had to, for the *Tanganyika* was going down. He could hardly keep his balance. Hot steam was blowing up in great gray gusts from the fiddle-grating. He was near the water now. It might be too late. He jumped.

For a moment, as the chill of the water struck him—for he had been in a bath of sweat as he stood there sobbing—he thought he had been killed. He was a good swimmer, for they had made a point of it in his old training ship. He struck out, away, away from the ship as fast as he could. He realized more keenly now how dangerous it was to remain near. He turned over, treading water and shaking the moisture from his eyes. He was horrified to find how close he was. The ship's bows were towering over him and wavering to and fro. And as he turned to get farther out he felt himself raised up on a vast billow of smooth water that was rolling in over the *Tanganyika*. He was carried forward and whirled over and over. With something that was almost obstinacy he made up his mind to do the best for himself, kept his mouth shut for one thing, and avoided wearing himself out with useless efforts. And he suddenly brought up against something that nearly knocked the breath out of his body and scraped all the skin off his face. He spread his arms and gasped. He thought hard and quick. The bow! He held on. It was not going down, but up, he was sure. And then, to his surprise, for he really had no authentic belief that he would survive this unusual affair, he found himself out of the water, hugging a long iron ridge that trembled just awash.

He began to think again. The mass of metal to which he was clinging was vibrating as though from a series of

heavy submarine blows. Huge groans and sharp cracks communicated themselves to his body. He had no faith in the ship remaining long like this. In all probability the forward hatch would get stove in or the peak would fail and then, with the whole ship flooded, she would go down. Away off he heard a heavy detonation. There was a sparkle of red fire and a crack as the sloop fired a three-pounder into the darkness. He caught sight of a faint light which gave him her position. Boom! More depth charges. Very active now, he thought with unreasoning bitterness, now it was all over. He saw the blur of the sloop moving fast toward him. He threw his leg over the stem, sat up, and, putting two fingers of each hand in his mouth, blew a piercing whistle. The next moment he was almost blinded as a searchlight swept across the water and remained fixed upon him. It was appalling, that intense white glare showing up his frightful loneliness out there on the calm, heedless sea. The beam wavered and vanished. And at the same moment some premonition made Mr. Spokesly prepare to move off. The *Tanganyika* was going down. Deep bellows in her interior gave warning. He decided not to wait, and slipped into the water. And before he had reached the boat whose oars he heard working rapidly just ahead of him, there was a final swirl and hiccough on the water, and the *Tanganyika* was gone.

When he woke it was some twenty hours later—for the surgeon had bound up his face and put stitches into a number of lacerations in his body, and had given him cocaine to make him sleep—the sloop was anchoring down by the flour mills, and, looking out through his porthole, Mr. Spokesly could see the gardens of the White Tower.

(To be continued)



# THE JOURNAL OF A MUD HOUSE

## PART IV

BY ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

TESUQUE, August 5th.

I AM ridiculously glad to be in Tesuque again, though away only one night. And now here is Katharine Dudley stretched on the couch in her red and white clothes, her head on a pile of pillows, smoking a cigarette. She reads me snatches from Gauguin's *Journals*. Katharine has (among others) two qualities that I supremely value in human beings; a sense of leisure and a sense of creativity. They generally go together.

Katharine's passion for house decoration made her delightfully eager to judge of the result of my labors with a paint brush. While Tom and Melinda were toiling up the hill with the luggage she rushed into the *casa* and gazed about . . . jumped on a chair and tried grandmother's Persian shawl on the wall . . . put it back on the couch where I had spread it . . . pronounced everything perfect except the desk. That must (very decidedly and instantly; she hadn't even taken off her hat) be bright pink instead of black. The room needs pink. She's right.

We shall not, however, devote ourselves to decoration, except by the way. Katharine is going to make pastels of Mexican Tesuque, which she has long wanted to study, and I am going—I scarcely dare believe it—to write. All my time and productive energy have so far flowed into the house.

August 7th.

Painters certainly have the best of things in New Mexico. Far from being the type of artist who sets up an easel in the open and "paints from nature," Katharine is of the moderns; adapts nature to her own brilliant and indi-

vidual vision; uses her mind on it in a highly selective manner. Still, while I sit at my table and, with a formidable effort, escape from the enchantment of out of doors into the mental subsoil where ideas germinate, she mounts Buck and clatters off to the village to make thumbnail drawings from his back. When she does a pastel she pulls the pink desk to the terrace door on the foot-hills, or sits under the apple trees. By contrast, writing as an art seems all circumscribed and indirect.

In odd moments we have finished the dining room. The big Mexican cabinet (rather like a French peasant *armoire* in shape), with tin panels perforated in flower patterns in its ends, is now chrome green. Also the baseboard and the bench and the woodwork of the built-in cupboard, where our Indian dishes stand against a white background. The window frames and doors and chairs are dull pink, very close to the natural adobe which I have kept for walls and fireplace. During a sociable stop at the house of the round tower the other night we discovered a homemade and carved oval table of dark wood. With a bright rose damask tablecloth (dyed by Katharine) on top, and underneath an old, striped, rose-and-white Mexican blanket (picked up by me at Santo Domingo), it stands in front of the big window whose small-squared panes open toward the room. A row of Luciana's geraniums in tin cans adds the last native touch. All this and the glorious view beyond seen from the living room through such a crooked, low little doorway as never belonged in mortal house.



MEXICAN WOODCUTTERS COMING DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS

*August 8th.*

To-night, as we returned from a gallop in the twilight, Timoteo rose up beside the bridge (it was so dark that only his eyes and white teeth showed) with a big bunch of cosmos in his hand. He had been patiently waiting for us to offer "a present from my wife." We cantered up the arroyo at once to return thanks, and found a slim, dusky, deer-eyed creature standing among the tall flowers, as if she were just ready to flee into the hills. Mexican women, when they are not the bold, languishing type, have a sort of wild gentleness that makes a deep appeal.

*August 9th.*

Mass is said every three weeks in the little Catholic church hidden below us in the arroyo. This morning at eight the bell began to toll, and we hurriedly dressed and crossed the acequia, squeezed through Salomé's fence, and so on down through the charming lane bordered with wild cherry trees that separates his fields from ours. Salomé was hurrying along ahead in his pointed hat, with a collection of shambling sons—all wearing that dressed-up, self-con-

scious look which even Catholic men take on when headed for church. Mrs. Salomé in her shawl, with a big girl in red calico, was as natural as if going to market.

If only the Southwest could be ruled by a Roman Catholic potentate with an archaeological and æsthetic tradition! Every year one more old church, full of crucifixes and carved beams and strange dark saints—the sort of church that Americans cross the ocean to visit in Spain and Italy—is transformed into a neat little modern sanctuary with polished oak pews and commercial Madonnas all golden hair, pink cheeks, and blue robes. The priest tells me that in some places the people demand that "the Mexican" shall remain above the altar. Alas! not the Tesuque people. But the walls are at least pink and blue, and covered with tin candle sconces. I like sitting in the cool, beside my blackshawled neighbors, listening to a sermon on duty in the German Spanish of a Franciscan Father, and then emerging into hot sun, yellow sand, and jabbering village talk.

One imbibes a sort of easy insouciance



from this hot sun, this blue sky, this gentle native population. But behind one discovers, even on the religious side, something more tense, more sinister and superstitious. Tesuque has no Hermanos Penitentes. It is too near Santa Fe. But even in Tesuque we believe in spells and charms, and only thirty miles farther into the mountains I have seen men flagellating themselves on Good Friday morning, and dragging heavy crosses to the tune of a strange high flute note.

The tensions of altitude and climate, the majesty and terror of landscape, may seem to call out no æsthetic response in these simple people. Katharine and I ask ourselves whether a Mexican or an Indian sees, at all as we see, the marvels we look at from the Tesuque knoll. Even if he does not, their emotional effect has shaped the basis of his life. And Mexican superstition and folklore and Indian legend and tradition alike must draw much force from the sense of innate significance, the elusive, instinctive, terrible-wonderful thing that lurks in the natural background.

*August 13th.*

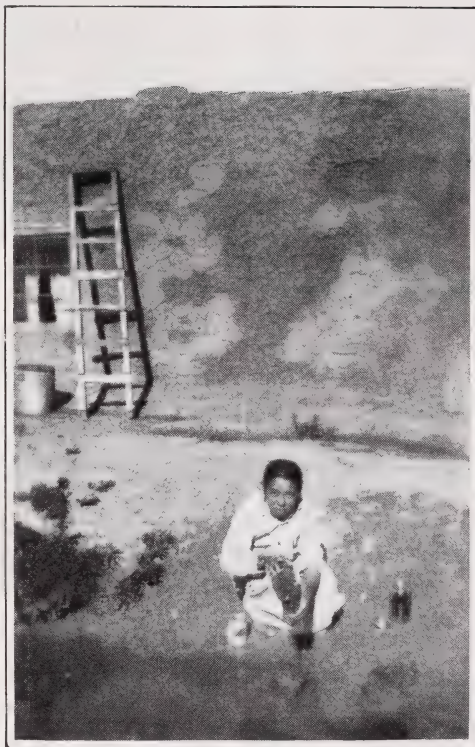
I am sitting against an apple tree on the uppermost of our three terraces, under a real grove of sunflowers. On the terrace below, branches hung with round, reddening apples form a pattern against the blue James Mountains. Tiny, white-throated birds dip and flutter about me.

In my ears a hot hum of locusts and the deep rush of Tesuque River, flooded with the water that is daily emptied from the heavens on to the mountains. The rainy season—usually only July—has its drawbacks. But Katharine and I have just managed to steal two incomparable days on horseback.

If only one could command, at will, the exquisite moments when, for no discernible reason, every hour is charged with a happy perfection and every impression has the heightened clarity of poetry! These last days were of that sort; they stand out for me as a sort of Theocritan idyl. Ciupodero in harvest time will always exist in memory just as we saw it—timeless as the mountain village of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

Yet we had started for a mere afternoon's excursion with a little lunch on our saddles. Our objective was the

nearest of the twisted, desert-bound cañons that run down like so many outspread fingers from the rocky peaks of the Sangre de Cristo into the broad fertility of the Rio Grande Valley. The rough track to Rio Medio leaves the highroad a mile or so below the Chavez store. We had to pause at the store for shelter from a whacking shower, and an air of tragic fatefulness still hung in the blackening-brightening sky when we decided to go on. Nothing keys up the color and contour of New Mexico like a



OUR NEIGHBOR, MRS. SALOMÉ

black sky. The long series of pink, desert ridges we climbed, the cloud-covered peaks on our right, the Grand-Cañonesque view on our left shot with wide streaks of sunlight, breathed an apocalyptic mystery. One train of burros laden with wood, attended by some smiling Mexicans; after that, no human sign for two hours. We were deciding we had missed our way when suddenly from a cedary-sandy whale-back we found ourselves looking down into a valley.

Narrow, deep and secret, like some rustic Sicilian vale. A thick line of green trees through its center suggested a stream. In fact, we could hear it rushing along, and smell, like a rich perfume, the alfalfa and corn and yellow wheat that grew level on either side to the cañon walls. The hand of man had done something very grateful to shape into gentleness and peace what the hand of God had created in violence. The little, flat-roofed adobes scattered here and there were a completely natural outgrowth of the red-brown soil. And the first human beings we discovered—two strange old witchlike crones, also

red-brown, framed in an oblong open window—were equally earthy. Their red-rimmed, bleary eyes looked out from some nether mystery of their own upon two extraordinary strangers. They thrust upon us green pea-pods straight from the vine—evidently a delicacy.

"Many thanks, señora. Is this Rio Medio?"

A negative shrug.

"What place?"

A shrug.

"How far to Rio Medio?"

"*Quien sabe?*"

So off we trotted, no wiser, through the heavy-scented ripeness and cool of the fields.

Our next encounter was with a dark-skinned young Corydon, emerging from a gate, holding by the hand a black-eyed pair of ragged children.

"What is this place, señor?"

"Ciupodero. . . . See the goats down there?" The white teeth flash. "They are threshing my wheat."

So they were, a circle of black and white goats turning and turning in the sun, while a lad cracked a whip at their heels—as if this were indeed a mountain



READY TO LEAVE SANTA CLARA PUEBLO FOR THE MOUNTAINS



valley in Sicily or Greece. Adelaida and Pino—we were told with a charming smile—were bound with their *padre* to oversee the operation.

"How far to Rio Medio?"

"Maybe a *milo* up the cañon."

"And the other way?"

"Nambé—maybe six *milos*, I donno. You go Nambé to-night?"

Katharine and I, having not even a toothbrush, looked at each other and said why not? By all means on to Nambé! We had only, said Corydon, to follow the "crick."

So Buck and Billy, none too pleased, again turned their heads toward the unknown. The creek is usually dry enough, we opined by the wagon tracks that curved through its edges. Finally we lost it and ourselves in a wild country all shaped in towers and battlements of yellow sand against mountains the color of the wine-dark Ægean.

"More color and form here," exclaimed Katharine, "in five minutes than in fifty years in the East! I want to make a drawing."

But she decided to do it on our return to-morrow. A bad decision. In New Mexico each *mañana* holds a new plan.

Katharine is a first-rate adventurer. It was she who found the junction of the Rio Medio and Nambé rivers and galloped ahead triumphantly into a great valley with the floor as flat as a table—broader, vaster, greener, more

remote from its mountain background than the Rio Medio Cañon, watered with a stronger river, scattered with farms rather more prosperous and civilized. We had emerged from Theocritus into a pastoral of Virgil.

"The pueblo? the *tienda*?" called Katharine.

"Ahead, ahead!" I still hear those soft voices responding from wheatfield, from wagon, from adobe doorways, as Buck and Billy flew on toward the sunset. We crossed the pueblo, a sad, dying little place with few Indian inhabitants. We crossed two arroyos with flowery Mexican dooryards, and at last reached the store, beside the flowery *placita*.

While I bought a few necessities, Katharine arranged for our night in an adjoining house, again straight out of the Georgics. It had a bare, clean-swept doorway where tobacco was spread out to dry, and

beds of bright dahlias, and a gate into a hayfield, and a table under a leafy arbor where we were soon eating fried eggs, and frijoles, and chili, and currant jelly, and little sweet cakes, served by a woman of classic feature with a white towel tied over her head. Meanwhile a dog named Paw-pee (puppy) looked on, and the flies—"very industrious," sighed Señora Martina Ortiz (in Spanish, of course)—"I wish they would get tired"—were waved



SANTIAGO'S CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILD



OUR CAMP IN SULPHUR SPRINGS CAÑON

away, and three laughing daughters flew about airing spotless homespun blankets and patchwork quilts. How they all adored one another, how they adored having unexpected guests, how amused they were that I wanted to buy an antique painted *santo* who stood on a shelf in the kitchen, a rough native statuette in an elaborate purple-and-brown cotton robe, with a pink-paper hollyhock in his girdle! We retired early to our comfortable beds in a great, cool room, sacred to visiting priests, as well as to family best clothes, under cheesecloth hangings, and family photographs. The family dolls hung on the walls like saints, but there were other saints, and pink flowers, and homespun rugs.

Before we dropped off we heard father and brother returning from the fields, and then saw through the window the united family group eating supper in the arbor, in a lamplit circle, discussing with eager gestures the peculiarities of their guests. The picture, softly irradiated by the yellow glow, hung, like some old Spanish painting of a peasant group, on the dark wall of night.

Next morning we arranged that the

*santo* (sold for seventy-five cents) should follow us by the mail carrier to Tesuque, and went on, with dahlias tied to our saddles, and fond farewells in our ears, in search of the ancient Indian shrine of Nambé Falls. How we lost our trail among great rocks and pines high in the mountains, and were rescued by a handsome young woodcutter, and had a glimpse of a tremendous rush of water, and found our way over the hills to the happy Rio Medio Valley again, and again saw goats and gossiping threshing groups; how we drank coffee in a friendly dooryard, bathed in an electric mountain brook, and returned home with a sense of high achievement—all this would take too many pages of my Journal to relate. But the moral of the tale is that the real way to see New Mexico is simply to go off on a horse, and then on and on, rejoicing that nobody knows or cares whether you ever come back, taking adventure and beauty and night's lodging as they come.

August 16th.

Katharine has gone and Nan Mitchell is due in a few minutes. Meanwhile I am wondering *what has become of the snake*. Shall I tell my guest that I saw



a horrid gray curl of something disappearing under the curtain of the larder? The doors and windows are screened. How could a snake get in? I must (I thought) have imagined it. To make sure, I cautiously lifted the curtain with a broom handle. Alas! There he was, coiled in a menacing attitude under the lowest shelf. I darted to the door and called Salomé; no sign of life at our neighbor's. So I decided to watch the curtain until somebody came. An hour passed—slowly. If ever the curtain stirred I pounded on the floor with the broom handle, and it was still again. Finally I heard Salomé's voice, and made a lightning dash to the door. He hurried over, hoe in hand, and dramatically I lifted the curtain.

No snake.

Salomé was darkly sympathetic. No doubt it was poisonous. Very dangerous. Probably hidden and would spring out later.

We looked under all the furniture, we shook the hangings.

All in vain. No snake.

*August 17th.*

My guest took the news of our lost gray visitor calmly, and Melinda has spent the morning filling up with adobe mud the few holes and crannies in wall or floor by which he must have entered—and again sneakingly departed.

*August 20th.*

We live with our eyes turned skyward this week, and welcome every sort of hopeful prophecy. The rains are really holding up a little and we are starting on Monday for the pack trip with Santiago, projected at our visit to Santa Clara last month. I have been trying to finish the house (the kitchen is calcimined an Italian stucco pink, and the last wood-work is painted) while Nan Mitchell, already in spirit on the high peaks, devotes herself to collecting everything two inexperienced ladies may need for six days' journeying with an old Indian philosopher.

*August 21st.*

We rode into Mrs. O'Bryan's ranch just now to say good-bye to our friend, who was spending Sunday afternoon among her tall hollyhocks with some of her innumerable Spanish cousins. I fancy this wise rancher thinks our expedition a little mad, but she carefully didn't say so. She merely spoke of rattlesnakes and insisted on our taking, from her generous stores, a remedy for the bite—along with a tarp tent, and salve for Billy's back. But one of her elder relatives looked at the blue Jemes peaks and then at the two who were planning to climb them, with a frankly ominous doubt.

*Later.*

Santiago has arrived from Santa Clara, a charming presence in a starched khaki suit, washed to an immaculate pale yellow, topped by a red bandanna, which makes his lined, smiling face very black, his canny setter eyes very bright, and his two braids, wound with beaver skins, very white. The very pink of Indian sages. We cannot possibly ask such an urbane old gentleman how he expects the miserable pony he bestrides to do twenty-five miles a day. And as for the pack horse, the "one pack animal" which he assured us would suffice, the stalwart creature his letters had conjured up proves to be a mere wraith of a patient pony. Two bedding rolls, a tent, a cooking kit, food for three people for six days, grain for four horses . . . I simply must not think of the pack horse's future. Instead, I must get the sage's supper while my friend hurries down to the Harshes' to borrow the rope that the sage failed to bring. The Harshes continue the finest of neighbors; they do more for us than we ever can repay.

"What do you suppose he is thinking about?" whispered Nan. "He just sits." That is exactly it. Sits in a chair in our living room, wrapped in a monumental peace which no white man

ever approaches. Is he thinking or just existing?

He was perfectly at ease at supper and pronounced it, with a grandfatherly smile for me, "*muy buena cena*." After that, with an old brown finger, he tried to trace our route on the table.

"One day the Puyé. Two day the cabins. Three day San Anton'." We must trust fate, for no idea can we get how long a "day" is in either hours or miles.

We felt a little delicate about suggesting an army cot in the kitchen, but Santiago took the problem out of our hands with perfect courtesy.

"I—me sleep in li'l house. Here my bed," holding up a sheepskin.

So to the storehouse under the knoll, full and more than full of saddles, grain, rakes, wood, he repaired, and we have just seen him stretched out there on his sheepskin, smoking a cigarette and meditating, like Diogenes, in the light of a lantern hung from the beam.

SANTA CLARA PUEBLO, August 22d.

Contrary to all expectations, we are spending our first night under the roof of Santiago's daughter at the pueblo. Nan Mitchell revolts at our inglorious fate. Considering that it is raining hard, I am glad to be lying in my sleeping bag in this funny little bare blue room. It seems perfectly clean. And its brown adobe dado, and tiny inner door into the unknown (not even big

enough for a child) enchant me. We are watched over by San Antonio, suspended in blue satin on the wall. Santiago has thoughtfully provided all necessities, even a glass pitcher of drinking water.

Too sleepy to do more than note the main events of the day. The first making of the pack was long and difficult.

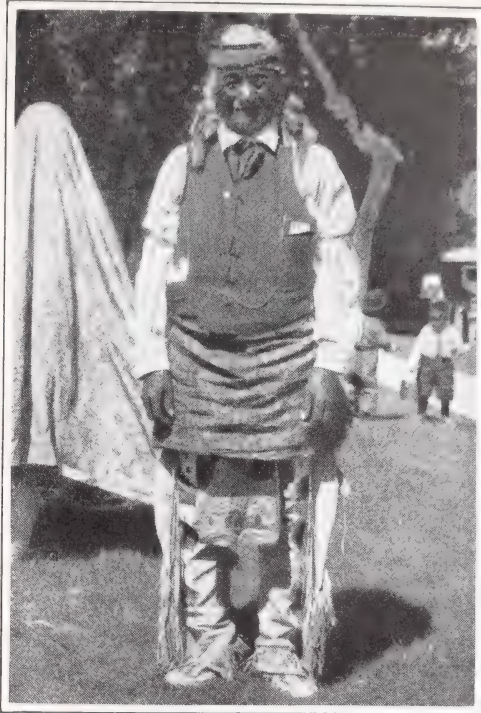
Every can of soup, every tin of sardines was eyed by our sage with a rather unsage-like gleam of appetite.

"Wetakehim," he would say, extending a swift brown hand and dropping the delicacy kerplunk into a canvas bag. Poor pack horse! The guide even suggested additional purchases at Española. Among others, a five-cent fishline.

"I—me get up when ladies sleep and catch li'l fish for breakfast." Santiago's real interest in this trip is clear. I know a

passionate fisherman when I see one.

Morning was well advanced when our guide got off on one starveling, driving the other under a tower of roped canvas from which we averted our eyes. But not until twelve-thirty did Buck and Billy start, bearing two riders already exhausted. And not till two-thirty did the whole party "meet up" and lunch briefly on alfalfa and sandwiches. Main impressions of the rest of the day: glorious stretches of yellow flowers; eerie power of Santiago to keep his animals abreast or ahead of us, though we frequently galloped and he never



Photograph by Wesley Bradfield, Santa Fe

SANTIAGO DRESSED UP



went beyond a short jog trot; cool beauty of shadow-filled cañons, and bird songs and farms buried in green trees as we approached Española in a thunder shower; cross meal of two friends at the hotel; dark, rainy ride to the pueblo

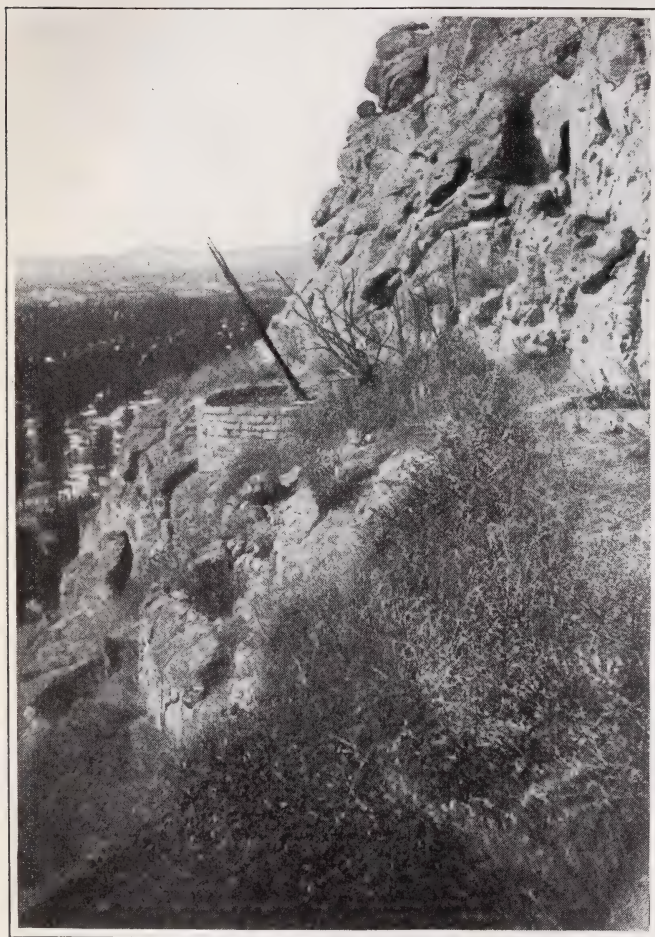
On the pine a faded cloth notice urging trespassers not to cut timber or otherwise poach on Indian land, signed Robert Valentine. Robert Valentine, assistant to Leupp, under Roosevelt, was himself a very constructive Indian Commissioner under Taft. He died, still young, some years ago. There are friends of his and mine who would be greatly touched to see his fine name still living in this ancient Indian forest.

The first effect of the green forest was banal after the open New Mexico country—indeed after the lower end of the cañon, which is a wide, sunny farming valley, with well-tended Indian fields and red, sandy desert sides. I was almost sorry to see these sides growing higher, grayer, more rocky; to see the piñons succeeded by pines. It seemed that we were climbing into the Adirondacks or any other high mountain scenery. But already Santa Clara Cañon has "got me." It has a spirit of its own, and in the cool, silent, damp, green clime that we have reached the river is a living presence.

What matters our funny

little ephemeral procession on the trail? The river flows on forever, and the stout trunks of the pines are rooted in indestructible time.

With the change in the landscape our guide has also changed—rather oddly. Early this morning, in the heart of his busy and populous village, he was the genial host, providing us with breakfast (cooked by his daughter) and presenting us ceremonially to his fat wife.



THE KHIVA AT THE PUYÉ

(Santiago had gone ahead to make things ready).

May San Antonio protect the night from all insects!

SANTA CLARA CAÑON, August 23d.

Horses browsing, saddles and packs scattered over the ground, a pungent fire smoldering. We have just cooked our first real meal in the open beside a mountain brook, under a great pine.

It pleased him to have the various bucolic or domestic communal operations interrupted for our important departure, to note the children swarming and the women gathering in their doorways. When we reached the pastoral part of the cañon he was discursive; pointed out his little farm; told us how the Pueblos hold their land in common, but by custom apportion certain fields and houses to certain families. His own had, he said, been handed down from father and grandfather and would be divided among his children. Yes, he was very conversational the first couple of hours, but as soon as we really got away from the haunts of men he too became reticent and remote, like the trees.

Nan Mitchell takes the lead on the trail, for old Buck proves better at it than Billy. Then I come. As I look back I see first the pack horse trotting and rattling along (the creature's load is always twisting and falling off). Then, behind a pair of meek ears, an old black face. A sage's face? No longer. There is something hard, sealed, crafty even in its lines. It is as if the forest were full of alien dangers.

THE CABINS. *Later.*

The heading will do, for we are encamped on a round hill above the forest ranger's house. But I write by no glowing camp fire. A cold electric flash lights our uncomfortable quarters on the cold and nubby ground, behind a barricade of fence rails. We are literally barricaded with our packs and saddles against marauding cattle mad for salt, which have tried ever since we came to devour all our possessions.

There the wretches come again. I can hear them nosing and pawing, and even see some spectral shapes. I rattle a sack full of knives and frying pans, a whole *batterie de cuisine*. It doesn't scare the cattle, but it wakes Santiago. He is lying on his sheepskin just behind the tent and gets up with a chuckle to give chase. Think of having a sense of humor about it after this weary day!

There. He is back on his sheepskin. Snoring already.

Lying down seems to put one terribly at the mercy of those horns. . . . I shall finish the day's record. Five hours in the saddle this morning. Three and a half this afternoon. About five-thirty I felt on the point of extinction. We had seen aspens succeed the smaller pine growths, and spruces and magnificent copper pines in their turn succeed aspens. We had seen the grandiose dark walls above us sprout red caves and tent rocks and Gothic battlements, and again grow hoarily forested. We had splashed through the river some twenty-two times. And still the cañon turned, and still Santiago urged us severely up the wet, dim, mossy trail to those elusive "cabins."

At last a hopeful sign. Smoke. Blue smoke floating and drifting over the river. The forest ranger must be cooking bacon. He would give us seats by a warm fire and feed us. . . . But the smoke clung curiously to the mountain-side. Was it smoke? Suddenly Santiago burst into an Indian chant.

"What are you singing?"

"Song of Cloud - that - look - like - smoke."

A creepy loneliness again descended upon our spirits.

The ground grew boggy, and the dusk thick. Billy slipped and sank in the mud with a wild, wallowing struggle. We got him out unhurt, but somehow preferred to proceed on foot. At last, after several gray cabin shapes, the forest ranger's. But no life, no smoke. It was locked tight.

Santiago did not know how to pitch the tent. He puttered and muttered. It was a long way to the spring. Still, fire to build, supper to cook, beds to make. Dark and cold. And just at this point one cow seizes my saddle blanket in her teeth and rushes off with it, while another tosses a leather coat over her head like a toreador.

I need not add that we had no Indian philosophy and folklore before bedtime.



SOMEWHERE ON THE TRAIL, *August 24th.*

Though we rose at six and labored frantically, we didn't get off until ten. No fish for breakfast, either. The cattle prowled and marauded to the end. But bathing before sunrise in a freezing, frothing mountain brook created by God for you alone is a sensation that purges the soul of fear.

We crossed the divide, leaving Indian land behind, and are now lunching at a considerably lower level on the edge of the sheep country. We left the Mexican wagon road for a herder's trail awhile back. So far only cattle, including bulls with curly heads and horns, which, when they catch sight of our cavalcade, come charging down from the peaks with prodigious roars. I am glad I had that protective bath.

SULPHUR SPRINGS, *August 25th.*

We are intentionally lazy this morning. Although we ourselves cook, wash up, make fires, prepare the packs, and saddle our own horses, our Indian grandfather seems to need a bit of spoiling. If only we had a young Indian boy along to do the chores! Santiago should be reserved for ornamental pursuits and for finding the trail.

He led us like a magician through the beautiful park like sheep valleys of Santa Rosa and San Antonio. Miles upon miles of great, grass-grown reaches with streams flowing through them and rolling hills on either side—hills soft as velvet to the eye, with here and there a huge pointed blue spruce standing alone. Like an English estate upon a giant and solitary scale. But the only lord of this estate, except ourselves, was, yesterday afternoon, a wild Mexican cowboy, galloping like the wind.

At one point it was necessary to cross the bright-green, quaking bottom land, and make, without a trail, for Sulphur Springs. The horses were nervous.

"More bad here," Santiago ominously exclaimed. "I—me go 'head.'" And ahead he went, tracing a winding path over the bog with a crooked little stick

which he shook and jiggled like a wand. After him trotted the rattling pack horse, after the pack horse Buck and Billy, all safely guided by that crooked stick.

We paused on a hill to breathe freely, and our guide volunteered a reminiscence.

"I camp here with two li'l ladies."

"With Mrs. Parsons?"

"No, that other time. Two li'l ladies from Philadelphia" (quizzical expression dawns). "He camp. I—me fish. But li'l ladies he want know too much. I—me tired, I—me headache. All time come say: 'Santiago, how cut rod? Santiago, how catch fish?' . . . Oo, two li'l ladies from Philadelphia make me tired."

What will he say in future of two li'l ladies from New York?

We had rather hoped to go home *via* Jemes Springs and Jemes Pueblo, but time fails, and we must return by the same route from Sulphur Springs.

*Evening.*

This has been our first perfect day. No rain, no fatigue, a delicious camping place under pines above a lush, green meadow made for our hungry horses' delectation, and such a sense of leisure that Santiago has actually gone off in search of worms.

We had eaten our supper, and still Santiago did not appear. Had our grandfather had a heart attack? Deserted us? I believe I fully realized what complete security against the indifferent wilderness that wise old white head has offered us when I saw it on the opposite hill. It looked benign as a saint's.

"I—me pick grass for my wife broom," he announced, sweetly, as he came up the hill with a bundle in his arms.

He also produced a safety-match box full of worms. But as he gazed at its crawling contents a queer look came into his kindly, setter eyes.

"You camp the Puyé to-morrow?"

We gave a firm assent.

"Mm! Very far. Start seven, get up four. I—me no time fish. . . . *Pov-recito*, I put him back. . . ." What tenderness in the old voice! Was it for the worms, or for a fisherman cheated of his rights?

For the first time he sat by the fire and told stories in the dark. How you catch wild turkeys in the snow by whistling on two bones from a turkey's shoulder. How the San Ildefonsos were besieged on their Black Mesa. . . .

Now he is asleep, and so is my friend. The sky is crystalline, with stars piercingly bright. The trunks of the pines are like sharp black shafts that shoot from earth to eternity. Stars, trees, soul of man, all merged to-night for me in one creative unity.

THE PUYÉ, August 26th.

I now know, once for all, that cold forested peaks and inclosed mountain valleys make less appeal to me than the vast, bright-colored, sunny landscape in which I habitually live. The sensation of again getting out *into the view* sets something free. Santiago feels as I do. The watchful gnome of the mountains is gone; the genial sage has returned. And here, as at the pueblo, more than there, Santiago is our host, as some wise old Greek peasant might be one's host at Delphi. He had a private trail, short and steep, to lead us up from the cañon. Like the cañon, the Puyé is on Santa Clara land. He knows every cave in this wonderful, semicircular, yellow-pink cliff, every stone in the crumbling "community house" on top of the plateau. The Khiva is his pride. For did he not help Doctor Hewett in the excavations made by the School of American Research some years ago? Did not his own ancestors inhabit these caves? The Puyé is his ancestral heritage.

The comparison with Delphi is not

fortuitous. This hilltop, littered with piles of pale stone and fragments of ancient decorated pottery, all overgrown with bright yellow and red flowers and scented, gray-green sage, recalls the marble-scattered hillside of the sacred precinct. And the view from the Puyé is finer and more soul searching, if anything, than the view from the Delphic theater. Sitting against a warm wall of rock at sunset, my eyes follow the Rio Grande all the way from where it cuts a deep channel through the rocky gorge below the Rito de Los Frijoles to where it loses itself in another gorge below the dim Taos Mountains. The beautiful length of the green valley lies between, along the glowing blood-purple of the Sangre de Cristo. Those mountain-sides, like the river and the cliffs, have a long history to tell, a geologic history bared to one's sight, and dramatic as the life of man through the ages.

As the glow dims, one notes ever more and more detail. Cañon upon cañon, peak upon peak, rock upon rock, tree upon tree. If only Gertrude were here!

I can almost make out, if I try, a little mud house under a rocky knoll, in a certain familiar green valley.

I can see a brown neighbor with a pointed hat gazing with a friendly—yes, now really friendly—expression of welcome from his white *portal*. I can hear warm American voices of greeting in the ranches below in the apple orchards. . . . I shall not be sorry to get back to Tesuque to-morrow. Tesuque is home. But why, comes echo, make New Mexico home? Why own a half share in a mud house so far from New York and New England?

Perhaps so that one can spend a summer night on a cliff of the Ancient People, while an old Indian—thinking of his own rights in the primeval kingdoms of the earth—bursts into a rhythmic chant as he lights a fire of gnarled roots on a gray rock ledge under the sky.

(The end)



## IS DARWINISM DEAD?

BY JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Author of "The Mind in the Making."

OF late, there has been a revival of interest in the question whether, were we able to trace our human ancestry back far enough, we should find it merging into that of the higher animals. A bill was recently barely defeated in the Kentucky legislature to prohibit the "teaching of any theory of evolution that derives man from the brute, or any other lower form of life"; Mr. William Jennings Bryan has dedicated his powers of oratory to the proposition that we now give far too much attention to the age of rocks and too little to the Rock of Ages; and a prominent New York minister has declared that a boy "who thinks himself the descendant of a monkey is liable to conduct himself as a brute." Moreover, it is constantly asserted that men of science have now given up "Darwinism." Recently I received a letter from an expostulator in which the writer says: "Evolution, good sir, is no longer taught on the Continent and in Germany. Haeckel stands at ninety a lone, pathetic figure. There is not a shred of evidence to support evolution. Where, sir, is there one single specimen-evolved? Not one! Natural selection is denied by scientists: Spencer's pet theory of acquired characteristics is disproved. . . . No, good sir—presumably you are a theologian—it is futile to look for a better and more scientific account of creation than that given in Genesis."

I am not a theologian, or even a biologist or paleontologist. But I have had the privilege of consorting familiarly with some of the very best representatives of those who have devoted their lives to the patient study of the matters involved in this controversy. I think that

I quite well understand their attitude. Having myself given much time to the comings and goings of beliefs in the past, I see how great a part mere ignorance and confusion always play in blocking the ready acceptance of new knowledge. Some of the difficulties in this particular case are attributable to very hoary misapprehensions; but others to the quite recent advances in science. It should not be difficult to clarify the subject for those who are now honestly puzzled by the seemingly opposed statements that reach them.

It is true that biologists have many of them given up what *they* call "Darwinism"; they have surrendered Spencer's notion of the hereditary transmission of acquired characters, and they even use the word "evolution" timidly and with many reservations. *But this does not mean that they have any doubts that mankind is a species of animal, sprung in some mysterious and as yet unexplained manner from extinct wild creatures of the forests and plains.* This they simply take for granted; for, unlike the public at large, they distinguish carefully between the varied and impressive evidence which appears to confirm man's animalhood and the several theories which have been advanced from time to time by Lamarck, Darwin, Spencer, Haeckel, and others, to account for the process by which organic life, including man, has developed. The first confusion of which we must relieve ourselves is that between the *facts*, on the one hand, revealed by geology, biology, and comparative anatomy, and, on the other hand, the *conjectures* suggested to explain the history of life. As time has gone on the facts which compel anyone

acquainted with them to accept man's essentially animal nature have become more abundant and unmistakable, while the theories of evolution have, as a result of further study and increasing knowledge, shown themselves to a great extent untenable. Much light has been cast of late on the history of life, but in some respects it seems more mysterious than ever before.

It may be well to stop a moment to review the history of the belief that man is related to the higher animals and is part and parcel of the whole order of nature. Spencer and Darwin did not originate this notion.

The tendency to think that the earth and all its inhabitants came about gradually is a very old one, and can be traced back to the early Greek philosophers. It was beautifully set forth two thousand years ago by the Roman poet, Lucretius, in his treatise *On the Nature of Things*. Then the Hebrew or Babylonian belief was introduced into Europe that all things had been created in less than a week out of nothing, and that man had been freshly formed in the image of God on the sixth day of creation. By the eighteenth century—a hundred years before Spencer and Darwin took up the question—the study of the bodily resemblances of man and the higher mammals, and the discovery of the fossil remains in ancient rocks, revived the conjectures of Lucretius on a new plane of ever-increasing knowledge. Rousseau, in discussing the original nature of man, takes account of those of his time who believed that man's ancestors had once been hairy quadrupeds. The great naturalist, Buffon, emphasized the close anatomical resemblances between man and the higher animals, and said that it seemed as if nature might, if sufficient time were allowed, "have developed all organized forms from one original type." Lamarck, in Napoleon's time, wrote his famous treatise on evolution (*Zoölogical Philosophy*). This sought to explain development by the transmission of

acquired characters which favored the improvement of species. Fifteen years before Darwin's great work appeared Robert Chambers, who prudently concealed his authorship, was preparing to shock the English public by his *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, in which he says that the facts of geology induce him to classify the human species among the mammalia. So Darwin is in no way original in his assumption of man's animal ancestry, but only in the extraordinarily careful manner in which he sets forth the history of evolution as then known, and especially the ingenious suggestions he makes as to how the process proceeded. "Darwinism," as understood by paleontologists and biologists, means Darwin's theories of sexual and natural selection, the struggle for existence and the survival of the "fittest" of those variations which are always occurring in each generation of any plant or animal. In this sense "Darwinism" is perhaps as dead as Mr. Bryan or Senator Rash of Kentucky would care to see it. But it is dead because much that was unknown to Darwin has since been discovered, and if he were now alive he would be the first to confess that his explanations appear to have little or no value to-day.

Darwin's *Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life*, which appeared in 1859, gave the first impetus to a general discussion of man's animal origin. Few people took the pains to read this careful, learned, and cautious work, but many there were to condemn it on hearsay. It was deemed not only a rejection of God's own word, but an attempt to dethrone Him. A French prelate happily phrased the sentiments of a great part of the clergy and laity when he said, "These infamous doctrines have their only support in the most abject passions. Their father is pride, their mother impurity, their offspring revolutions. They come from hell and return thither, taking with them



the gross creatures who blush not to proclaim them."<sup>1</sup>

But geologists and those familiar with biological and anatomical facts found the new ideas congenial to them. Sir Charles Lyell confessed that he was forced to change his opinions in view of Darwin's book. Huxley and Asa Gray supported its general conclusions. John Fiske reconciled evolution satisfactorily to himself and his many readers with a continued belief in God and in the immortality of the soul. Henry Drummond in his Lowell Lectures (1893) assigned to disinterested care and compassion a great role in the survival of the fittest, and in his *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* he discovered, comfortably enough, that evolution was but a new name for Calvinism. Patrick Geddes, while he did not represent evolution as exactly a pink-tea party, shoved the ravening maw and the bloody tooth and claw into the background. Accordingly, many onlookers decided that evolution was neither so impious nor so horrid as at first supposed. It could be accepted in a vague way without either dethroning God or degrading man. Of course, a vast number of religious people never accepted the idea, but they got used to seeing the word evolution more and more commonly used; and, meanwhile, mankind seemed neither conspicuously better nor worse for the new theories.

Indeed, the vocabulary of the geologist and biologist began to find its way into the discussions of human civilization and human struggles, and played a great part in sociological speculations from Spencer on. Huxley clearly saw the danger of this. He urges that what we call goodness and virtue "involve a course of conduct which, in all respects, is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence." In dealing with human aspirations we must be on our guard against "the gladiatorial theory of existence" (*Evo-*

*lution and Ethics*). The Neo-Darwinism of a General Bernhardt quite outruns the militarism of the biological struggle for existence. Civilization, which is the peculiar and unique achievement of a single species of animals, is so peculiar and so unique that, while in a sense "subject to the cosmic process," it must be dealt with according to its own methods of development. While recent discoveries in embryology, heredity, sex, and so forth have a fundamental relation to the advancement of civilization, they belong to a realm which must not be confused with the history of human ideals and social adjustment.

But without going into this rather complicated matter, it may be noted that the open warfare between those who thought that they accepted evolution and those who knew that they did not died down at the end of the nineteenth century, but has now been revived in a somewhat modified form. This renewal of the controversy is due in part to the survival of much ancient ignorance and misunderstanding on the one hand, and the progress of critical investigation on the other. The irreconcilables have been encouraged to renew their attacks by the rumors which reach them that all the more progressive biologists agree that Darwin's theories are inadequate to explain evolution. So they jump to the welcome conclusion that evolution has died with Darwinism.

Darwinism, in the sense of Darwin's theory of why evolution has taken place, may be dead or dying; but this, as we have seen, in no way affects the acceptance of man's animal origin; for this belief rests on observed facts, which have been reinforced rather than weakened in the last twenty-five years. These facts belong to three general categories. First, there are the unmistakable indications to be found in fossil remains that life began hundreds of millions of years ago with simple water creatures; and it was a long time before the fishes introduced a backbone; and long after that before we have

<sup>1</sup>Quoted by Andrew D. White in his *History of the Warfare of Science with Theology* (I, p. 73), where the reader will find a convenient summary of the mid-Victorian controversy.

any vestiges of land mammals, which are indeed very recent innovations from a geological standpoint. Secondly, it is a fact, subject to verification by any amateur, that man's structure closely resembles that of all other mammals and is almost identical with that of the primates. His organs of sense and physiological processes are as similar as his bones and muscles. Some people say they hate to look at monkeys because they and their doings suggest a hairy travesty on man. Thirdly—and this is perhaps most striking of all—we each of us individually go through a most impressive evolutionary process, to which those who oppose evolutionary doctrines seem quite oblivious. The most stalwart and eloquent opponent of evolution was, a few decades ago, a single cell, less than one one-hundredth of an inch in diameter. When we begin our baby albums the darling is already at least nine months old, and if we could only have a picture of Mr. Bryan or the Rev. John Roach Mr. Straton when he was, strictly speaking, only a month old, it would be impossible for anyone but an expert to tell whether he was on the way to be a collie dog or a pet rabbit. This is a fact which anyone can see illustrated in the pallid little creatures to be found in bottles in anatomical museums. We go through strange vicissitudes in the womb, suggesting the various stages of animal development and, as is well known, do not neglect to recall the gills of the fish, the tail, and the hairy coating of remote ancestors. Each of us has actually recapitulated the history of life in a marvelous series of personal metamorphoses, which, to any fair-minded observer, makes the history of animal evolution look like a long-drawn-out but tolerably exact parallel.<sup>1</sup>

These are all readily verifiable facts which Mr. Bryan or the theological com-

mentators of various creeds can see for themselves or read about in any elementary handbook of embryology. Could these gentlemen freely recognize these facts it would enable them to make plainer to their listeners why competent men of science take for granted that man is closely associated with the whole varied complex of organic life, and that, were our ancestry traced back a few hundreds of thousands of years, we have reason to suspect that we should discover our lineage merging into some still unknown and extinct species of creature with no vestiges of human civilization, and ultimately into the line from which the animals most resembling man have also sprung.

These conclusions have been further reinforced by the study of human implements, beginning with the simplest flint utensils that have been preserved, and culminating through hundreds of thousands of years in modern inventions. The traces of this long and halting advance seem to prove that what we call civilization is an excessively slow process in its earlier stages, and leads us back inevitably to the supposition of an entirely uncivilized progenitor.

It is the habit of the more erudite opponents of the evolutionary theory to declare that the striking differences between man and all other animals set him off definitely from his simian analogues. Professor Le Buffe has recently published an article in the *New York Times* in which he declares that it is absurd to regard ourselves as "blood relations" of the apes, since our blood does not have the same chemical constitution, our pelvis is not so tilted as that of the chimpanzee; we live on different food and our tongues have different areas of sensitiveness. But this seems like saying that all the books on a shelf are not to be called "books" because some are thick and some thin, some in cloth and some in leather, some on coated paper, some on uncoated, some in twelve point and some in ten, some by Anatole France and some by Frances

<sup>1</sup> This "recapitulation" is no longer interpreted as it was by Haeckel. It may only mean that each group has retained the same general plan of embryological development as that possessed by its common ancestor. See MORGAN, T. H. *A Critique of the Theory of Evolution*, Chap. I.



Havergal. The blood may differ, but there is the astonishingly similar vascular system; the food may differ, but there is the similar alimentary canal; the pelvis may be more tilted, but only the initiated could tell whether it belonged to a man or a chimpanzee. In short, the *differentia*, as the philosophers say, of man and those animals most resembling him, are no more striking than the characteristics which set apart all the innumerable groups of creatures on the earth's face. No one supposes that man is just like any other animal, but the totality of unmistakable and astonishing resemblances seems to place him among the animals. That is all any comparative anatomist claims.

It is in the field of embryology—the story of the here-and-now man, rat, fruit fly, or squash bug, from the egg to maturity—that the most astonishing discoveries have been made in recent times, rather than in the attempts to establish ancestral relationships by the study of fossil remains. It is quite impossible even to recapitulate these discoveries here; but the microscopic mechanism of heredity is gradually being revealed—the continuity of the germ plasm, the combining and dividing and shuffling of the chromosomes, indicate to some extent the background of heredity. The older idea, accepted by Lamarck, Spencer, and Darwin, that so-called “acquired” characters—namely, the experiences and knowledge gained by parents as adults—could be handed down hereditarily to their offspring, has generally been given up, for careful investigation offers but a few dubious instances, and the whole method by which the original germ cell develops seems to leave little or no chance of its happening. But few laymen really clear up the exact nature of this issue, and the last word has by no means been said on the subject. However, it is obvious that the surrender of the theory of the hereditary transmissibility of acquired characters greatly weakens the older explanations of evolution.

In addition to this new embryological knowledge, great progress is being made in the chemistry of life, the result being that men of science dedicated to this line of work realize that the processes involved are as yet so ill understood that it seems absurd to them to speculate on the general history of the organic world until far more is learned about the essential nature and operations of life. They do not question its unity and interrelations, but feel that it is highly premature to expect any easy and obvious explanations.

This conclusion is similar to that of biologists of our day. Darwin's hypotheses, including sexual selection, natural selection, and the hereditary transmissibility of acquired traits, now seem doubtful or unfounded, and in any case inadequate to account for the facts as they are coming to be known. William Bateson concludes his recent address at Toronto with the words: “Our doubts are not as to the reality or truth of evolution, but as to the origin of *species*, a technical, almost domestic problem. Any day that mystery may be solved. The discoveries of the last twenty-five years enable us for the first time to discuss these questions intelligently and on a basis of fact.”

Just as more careful scientific examination has greatly altered our conception of God's world, modern historical literary criticism has revolutionized our notions of His Word. Mr. Bryan's fear that the acceptance of our animal origin would make the Bible “a scrap of paper” seems to rest on the assumption that we find in Genesis a consistent statement of man's beginnings. As a matter of fact, the early chapters of Genesis give conflicting statements on this subject. The creation of the first man and woman is described and the birth of their two sons, Cain and Abel; but when Cain slew Abel as the result of a quarrel over a matter of ritual, the population of the earth would seem to have been reduced to three persons.

Cain, however, fares forth and founds a city which he names after his son Enoch. It has always been troublesome to explain this on the old theory of the Bible; but as a French physician, Jean Astruc, pointed out as early as 1753, Genesis is evidently based on several different sources and these are in some cases hard to reconcile. So one might maintain that even Genesis hints at the existence of mankind before the creation of Adam and Eve.

Those who set the Bible over against any particular scientific theory or discovery ordinarily forget how many things in the Bible they themselves do not believe. Had Mr. Bryan listened to Thomas Aquinas, in the thirteenth century, he would have been assured that the Bible proved that he, as a heretic, should be sent to the stake. Had he lived in the sixteenth century, he would have agreed with Luther that the Bible established the necessity of burning witches, taught that disease was caused by devils, and that the sun revolved around the earth. Had he been a Southern clergyman before the Civil War, he could have justified negro slavery on the ground that Ham was condemned to serve his brethren. As one reviews these facts the Bible arguments lose their force. The Bible is not a manual of geology, comparative anatomy, embryology, or prehistoric archæology, but a groping after the Eternal, and if Mr. Bryan would only devote a little time to the history of thought, he would readily see that any older notions about the Book of Genesis need not interfere with his accepting man's animal origin.

The argument that if man thinks he is descended from the brutes he will act like a brute can be met in similar fashion. All the iniquity under the sun which has gone on in Christendom for eighteen hundred years has, until recently, proceeded under the impression that we were sprung from Adam and Eve. Mr. Bryan might be challenged to point out any conspicuous wickedness on the part

of those who accept the newer views as over against those who adhere to the older. I suspect that it would be found that almost all the inmates of the penitentiaries would agree with Mr. Bryan in regard to their common godlike origin.

In view of these facts it seems to the writer that, instead of being in danger of stressing our animal origin and nature too heavily, we really run the risk of taking it much too lightly. It is the foundation on which we have to build. Even if embryologists and zoölogists should, as it may be hoped, make much clearer the processes by which the ever more elaborate organisms, including man, have developed on the earth, this will only show the vast gulf that separates the mechanism of advancing civilization from so-called organic evolution. Man is a species of animal, and must reconcile himself to remaining so, but he is capable of something that no other animal species is capable of, and that is the indefinite accumulation of knowledge and the application of this knowledge to changing his purposes and environment. *He is the only planning animal.* As his knowledge increases through the curious observations and experiments of highly exceptional individuals, his outlook broadens and his resources increase.

A recent writer, who has none of Mr. Bryan's presuppositions, has denied that man is an animal, although he admits that he has in general acted like one. In a way he is right—to the extent of his denial that we should consider human civilization and its possibilities in terms of biology. To recall a favorite analogy of mine, the case is analogous to that of the relation between the physical characteristics of the Island of Manhattan and the structures which have in the last three hundred years been reared upon it. It embraces the shores of seas and river, swamps, rocky hills, and level fields. All these can support various kinds of structures, from the wigwam to the Woolworth



Building. Those who reared these structures had to take account of the underlying physical facts, but these did not determine the history of the city from the days of Indian villages to our own times. That is, the intricate development of civilization has gone on in spite of the relatively slight change which has taken place in the physical structure of the island during the period which has elapsed since Indian canoes landed on the banks where transatlantic steamers now find their moorings.

The recognition that mankind is a species of animal is, like other important discoveries, illuminating, for the simple reason that it makes possible more intelligent conduct. We are indeed, as a result of the study of comparative psychology, finally placed in a position where we can really understand the unique nature of civilization. We now grasp the nature of the human mind as we could not possibly have done twenty-five years ago, when quite fantastic notions still prevailed in regard to the animal mind, and consequently in regard to that of man.<sup>1</sup>

Just as the architect has to consider the problem of a foundation for his building as well as its design and purpose, so we have to consider our foundation. Our animal nature is in many ways very ill adapted for sustaining the burden and ever-increasing weight of civilization. It is possible that eugenics may do something by selection to improve the breed and better adapt it to our task, and there are various lines of research which may render the individuals who compose the race to-day more hopeful and enterprising, and less timidly inclined to cling to routine. Among the things most essential to progress is the scrupulous study of our nature and a recognition of our inherent weaknesses. Mr. H. G. Wells has pointed out that we are *trivial* creatures, and this is one of the most troublesome things in our heritage. We have no adequate natural

perspective. Little things make a heavy impression on us, and we have only artificial means of conceiving and acting on large issues.

Man is by nature not an open-minded progressive creature, but, in general, one which distrusts innovation; yet large views and willingness to undertake innovation is exactly what is most essential in escaping from our present difficulties. If we could only bring ourselves to take into account and act on the knowledge already accumulated, if we could in some way distinguish between the relevant and the irrelevant, the important and the unimportant, the vital and the negligible, the progress of readjustment would be far more rapid.

In understanding these fundamental difficulties the knowledge of animal nature is really the key. Could I determine the course of education, I should pursue exactly the opposite policy from the Rev. John Roach Straton. I should bring up every boy and girl in the light of our modern knowledge and with an honest realization of our history and our animal nature as it is coming to be understood. Some progress is being made in this direction, but as yet those who prefer to rely on legends that originated in Mesopotamia several thousand years ago rather than accept the wonderful insight into the facts which has come with vastly increased knowledge, have the whip hand, and no publisher of textbooks for the schools would venture to permit a writer to give children the best and most authentic knowledge that we have to-day. It seems to me that Mr. Wells and Mr. van Loon, by writing popular histories in which these facts are recognized, are doing a very great service. It is to be hoped that the recent attempts of those who, with little pretense to scientific knowledge, endeavor to block its dissemination in the schools may stir a sufficient reaction on the part of the more intelligent of the population to encourage textbook writers and their publishers to put the case more clearly than can now be done.

<sup>1</sup> I have developed this whole matter more fully in *The Mind in the Making*, 1921.

# THE INTIMATE STRANGERS

## A PLAY IN THREE ACTS—ACT III

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

**SYNOPSIS OF ACTS I and II.**—*Wires were down and all the trains hopelessly delayed. The two travelers stranded at a little country railroad station were in for an unpleasant night. Ames had never met Isabel Stuart before. He is urban, attractive, probably in the late thirties. She is of a lovely and charming presence. They have had some ten hours of each other's companionship—enough to indulge in a slight tiff, make it up, and for him to express his disapproval of the modern generation and unqualified approval of her. Before making themselves as comfortable as is possible for the night upon the waiting-room benches, Ames makes what Isabel terms an "almost" proposal of marriage and receives an "almost" acceptance.*

*The morning brings to their rescue Isabel's niece, Florence, distinctly of the ultra-modern generation, but so attractive as to cause Ames to forget his remarks of the previous evening. She has motored all night with a neighbor, Johnnie, in search of Miss Stuart. They all start back to Miss Stuart's farm in the car.*

*With Miss Stuart lives her grandniece, who is Florence's aunt, Miss Ellen, strangely enough much older than Miss Stuart, and Ames is bewildered by the curious relationship between aunt and niece and tries to get some clew to Isabel's real age. But she blocks each effort and leaves the way open to Florence, who flirts with their guest and tries to monopolize his attentions. With the help of Johnnie and Mattie, the servant, Isabel plays her part, and Ames is conscious of a youthful mockery beneath the pretenses of middle age and affected rheumatism.*

**SCENE.**—The same. Aunt Ellen sits by the fireplace, which sends out a warm glow; she is crocheting. With a penknife Mattie is scraping away a minute inscription upon one of the doors of the wall cabinet.

**MATTIE.**—I wasn't to say, Miss Ellen. Anyway, it's only half the date was to be scraped off.

**AUNT ELLEN.**—It's very singular! But the rest of it is more singular. Did you ask Aunt Isabel?

[*As she speaks* **ISABEL** comes in from the hall.

**ISABEL.**—Did she ask me what, Ellen?

**AUNT ELLEN.**—It's very singular—the family bible's missing!

**ISABEL.**—Oh, is that all?

**AUNT ELLEN.**—Is that "*all*"? Do you realize the date of my *birth* is written in that bible?

**ISABEL.**—Oh yes; yours is there, too, isn't it? I've always thought fathers were an inconsiderate class of men. When they have a baby they only think

of themselves; they go and write down the date in a bible, even when the baby's a girl. They don't stop to think!

**AUNT ELLEN** (*looking at her with an approach to suspicion*).—What is the matter with you?

**ISABEL.**—Ellen, there's another bible upstairs.

**AUNT ELLEN.**—But I'm used to reading my daily chapter from this one.

**ISABEL.**—Don't you suppose you'd find much the same ideas in both of 'em?

**AUNT ELLEN.**—Aunt Isabel!

**ISABEL.**—Yes, Ellen?

**AUNT ELLEN.**—I suppose you treat me like a child because I'm only your niece!

**ISABEL.**—Ellen, have I ever taken advantage of my position as your aunt?

**AUNT ELLEN** (*querulous*).—A great many people have very little respect for nieces; and as I'm only your half niece—

**ISABEL.**—As you're only my half niece you have only half as much respect for me as you ought to have?

**AUNT ELLEN.**—I don't pretend to



fathom your purpose in concealing the bible from me—

ISABEL.—Oh, I'm not sure that nieces ought to be allowed to look at all the pictures in *any* old family bible! But of course I don't admit I did hide it.

AUNT ELLEN.—I decline to be treated like a child!

*[She leaves the room indignantly.]*

MATTIE.—She knows the Good Book never walked out o' there by itself.

ISABEL.—Did you do just what I told you to?

MATTIE.—Yes'm. I waited till he was settin' in here alone a bit ago—so I come in and begun to look around, and I says to myself like, the way you told me, "Well, that's funny," I says, talkin' to myself. "It's funny where sech a thing as that could get to—a great big old family bible!" I says. "*What 'd* you say was missin'?" he says. So I says: "Excuse me. It's nothin'; only the family bible. We always keep it in here, so I know it must be around somewheres," I says. Well, he jumped right up. "My goodness!" he says. "Let me help you look for it!" he says.

ISABEL.—Yes, Mattie? Did he look all over the room?

MATTIE.—He pretty near took up the floor. Then he went out in the hall and looked under the stairs and under everything else. "Maybe somebody's usin' it fer jest awhile," he says, "and they'll bring it back here where they got it." "Well," I says—I put this in myself; you didn't tell me to—"well," I says, "they might bring it back here, yes—or somebody might of put it up in the attic." "In the attic?" he says. "I hardly got time to go up there, though," I says. "I do take a terrible interest in bibles," he says. "Do you think there's any objection to my goin' up in the attic to see?" he says. "Oh no, sir," I says; "none at all." "Somebody might 'a' put it there, as you say," he says. "They often do," he says, "and if you think Miss Stuart wouldn't mind—" "Oh no," I says; "I know she wouldn't. You just go ahead," I says.

ISABEL.—Mattie! And he *did*?

MATTIE.—Yes'm. I reckon he's still up there.

ISABEL.—On the whole, he seems quite excited about it, then?

MATTIE.—Well, *I* never see a man show so much energy tryin' to find the Good Book!

ISABEL.—We all ought to be glad this has happened, Mattie.

MATTIE.—Why ought we?

ISABEL.—We ought to be glad to have such a religious man in the house. Have you seen my other case of needles, Mattie?

MATTIE.—No'm. What I don't understand 's why you wanted him to *know* it was missin'.

ISABEL.—No; that's very true. You don't understand that, Mattie.

MATTIE (*opening the door to go out*).—No'm.

ISABEL.—When he comes down— Oh, *there's* that case of needles!

*[She sees it on a table and goes toward it.]*

MATTIE (*warningly*).—Sh! He is down!

ISABEL.—Down where?

*[She abandons her intention of getting the needles, though she is near them. She turns, goes quickly to the sofa with almost no lameness, and begins to sew. MATTIE stares, astonished.]*

MATTIE.—I thought you was limpin' this afternoon!

ISABEL.—Sh! I am! It comes and goes. Is he there?

MATTIE (*peering out of the door and looking back, whispering*).—He's lookin' under the hall sofy again!

*[She coughs warningly. AMES comes in quickly with the frown of a person intent on a serious search; his eye is on the cabinet, and he has come into the room to go there. He checks himself at sight of ISABEL. MATTIE goes out.]*

AMES.—Oh! Oh! How do you do?

ISABEL (*sewing*).—How do you do?

AMES.—I hope you're—better?

ISABEL.—Oh yes; it comes and goes. You know.

AMES.—No, I don't; I've never had it, so far.

ISABEL (*rising and looking about*).—Not "so far."

AMES.—Are you looking for something?

ISABEL.—Yes, I had it a little while ago, too; it's stupid of me!

AMES (*eagerly*).—Can't you remember where you put it? Did you have it in here?

ISABEL.—Yes. (*She moves slowly, and her lameness is now somewhat more apparent*. Yes, I'm sure I had it in here—if I could only think where I put it.

AMES.—Let me look. You really shouldn't move about much, I'm afraid.

ISABEL.—You're so kind! If I could only think— It seems to me I left it somewhere over on this side of the room.

AMES.—I hardly think so. I already have looked all over this—

ISABEL.—Why, there it is! On the table all the time!

AMES (*blankly*).—On the table?

ISABEL (*pointing to the little case of needles*).—Yes. Just where I left it, of course!

*[He picks it up.*

AMES.—This? Is *this* what you mean?

ISABEL (*laughing at him*).—Yes. My needles. What did you think I meant?

AMES.—I? I didn't know exactly.

ISABEL.—Then what were you looking for?

AMES.—I was looking for your needles, too. I didn't know they were what you wanted, I mean to say, but I wanted to find them if *you* were looking for them.

ISABEL.—I see. You didn't know you were looking for them, but you were. I'll take them, please.

AMES.—Oh yes.

ISABEL.—Thank you.

*[She has stretched out her arm to take the needles, looking at him gravely. Something in her look arrests him, and he unconsciously retains his grasp of the little red case, so that for a moment or two their fingers are almost in contact upon it. Their eyes*

*meet, and her expression for that moment becomes one of an almost revealed mockery. He starts slightly; the mockery deepens, and she laughs.*

AMES.—What are you laughing at?

ISABEL.—It was so peculiar, your looking for something without knowing what you were looking for! (*Then she gives a little cry.*) Oh!

AMES.—Won't you lean on me?

ISABEL.—No, no!

AMES.—Can't I get you something?

ISABEL.—No; there isn't any in the house.

AMES.—I'm so sorry.

ISABEL.—It's gone now. It comes and goes. That is, it comes, but it does *go*; you know—like most other things in the world!

*[Looking up at him charmingly, wistfully for a moment.*

AMES.—I *must* say—your eyes—

ISABEL.—Yes? My eyes? I think I remember your speaking of them this morning.

AMES.—Your eyes—

ISABEL (*looking again at her work, she speaks in a matter-of-fact tone*).—What were you going to say about them?

AMES.—I was going to say—I was going to say, don't you think you ought to get advice about using them for such fine work?

ISABEL.—They've held out so well. I think now they'll last my time. Do you have any trouble with yours?

AMES.—I? Oh no. I use glasses sometimes for very fine print.

ISABEL.—I'm so sorry!

AMES.—There's something I haven't had a chance to explain to you.

ISABEL.—Please don't explain anything—especially if it's about a telegram!

AMES.—But that telegram *wasn't*—

ISABEL (*declining to listen*).—No, no! Poor man! You *had* to stay, didn't you?

AMES.—I wanted to!

ISABEL (*with light indulgence*).—Of course. What have you been doing for the last hour or so?

AMES.—I? I've just been looking



about. You have so many interesting things.

ISABEL.—Florence was with you?

AMES.—No; she went fishing in your brook with young Mr. White.

ISABEL.—Fishing? Did she wear her rubber boots?

AMES (*absently repeating*).—"Her rubber boots?" (*Then, with a sudden start:*) I don't know! I don't know *what* her footwear was. I'm really not in the boot-and-shoe business! I'm a lawyer!

ISABEL (*consolingly, as she rises*).—She won't be gone *long*. I'm so glad you changed your mind about them.

AMES.—About "them"?

ISABEL.—Yes, about the new generation—the "brazen little hussies"! You frightened me last night about them.

AMES.—Why, how'd I frighten you?

ISABEL.—I was afraid you mightn't like my great-niece. . . . You spoke of our having interesting things. I mustn't interrupt your looking at them. I noticed you were interested in that cabinet.

AMES.—Yes, so I was. (*He goes to it and investigates it.*) Yes, indeed. (*He sees that the bible is not there, and adds, in a blank tone:*) Yes, it's a very interesting old piece.

ISABEL.—Do you think so?

AMES.—I'm not an expert on periods, but I'd call it a very fine, quaint old piece.

ISABEL.—Yes; they had it made for a present to me on my fifteenth birthday.

AMES.—Oh! Oh, I see! It's a reproduction. It was made for your—your fifteenth birthday?

ISABEL.—Yes; it had an inscription with the date on it.

AMES (*trying to conceal his sudden great interest*).—It had? An inscription with the—Where's there any da—Where's there any inscription? I don't see an inscription.

ISABEL.—I think it's inside the door on the left.

AMES.—On the left? . . . Yes. It says: "To Isabel Stuart. On her fifteenth birthday, June thirteenth." (*He begins the reading rapidly, but the concluding*

*words are slow with bafflement. He repeats:*) "Fifteenth birthday, June thirteenth." That's all it says. The rest seems to have been—ah—scraped off.

ISABEL (*lightly*).—Oh, that was only the year they gave it to me. I suppose the figures have been worn off—with time. Do you think it's an interesting piece of cabinet making?

AMES (*blankly*).—Yes, very. A very interesting piece indeed, I should say!

ISABEL (*as if a little absently*).—Have you ever noticed how disappointing most fine, quaint old pieces are when you come to look inside of 'em?

AMES.—Yes, that's true; they often are.

ISABEL.—We try to do better with that one; we keep relics in it; daguerreotypes, all sorts of things—the family bible and— (*Then, as with a casual thought:*) Oh, Mattie tells me it's missing, by the way. She said you were so kind about it.

AMES (*flustered*).—She did? She said—

ISABEL (*smiling gratefully*).—She said you helped her look for it.

AMES.—Oh, that was nothing! Nothing at all!

ISABEL.—She said you were so kind!

AMES.—Oh no! Not at all!

ISABEL (*with benevolent appreciation*).—It was so thoughtful of you to stop and help poor Mattie like that!

AMES.—Oh no! It was nothing at all!

ISABEL.—Do you think you seem a little different to-day—from last night?

AMES.—Oh no! Not at all!

ISABEL.—Don't you notice it?

AMES.—Why no, of course not! Not at all!

ISABEL.—Last night you were—well, you were quite—fluent! But all day you've hardly said anything except: "Oh no. Not at all. Of course not," or else: "Nothing. Oh, nothing at all."

AMES.—Oh no! Not at— That is to say, I—

ISABEL (*sympathetically*).—Is it because you can't *think* of anything else to say?

AMES.—Oh no! Not at—no! No, it isn't because of that; not at—not a *bit*!

ISABEL (*solicitously*).—You do seem to be thinking. I can see you're doing *that*; but why don't you tell me what you're thinking?

AMES.—Because I'm really not.

ISABEL.—You're not thinking?

AMES.—No. Not *about* anything, I mean.

ISABEL.—Is it something you won't tell me, or something you can't tell me?

AMES.—It's nothing. It's nothing at—nothing whatever! Nothing *whatever*!

ISABEL (*sympathetically*).—Can't you think of anything else to say?

AMES (*desperately*).—Why, yes, of course! Of course I can. Anything at all; anything!

ISABEL.—You don't think *I've* changed since last night, do you? You aren't disappointed in me, are you?

AMES.—Why, of course I'm not! Not at—Certainly not! Why, no; not—

ISABEL.—“Not at all!” “Certainly not!” And *you* haven't changed, have you?

AMES.—Why, no! Not at—

ISABEL.—Not at all! Why, of course not! Not at all! Nothing *whatever*!

AMES.—What on earth do you mean?

ISABEL.—Why, that's what you were going to say, wasn't it?—You *haven't* changed. Have you?

AMES.—Why, of course not! Not at—No! I wouldn't!

ISABEL.—That's all I meant! You wouldn't! When you've done a thing, you're the sort of man that stands by it, no matter what!

AMES.—My soul! I believe you're making fun of me!

ISABEL.—Why, of course I'm not! Not at all!

AMES (*with plaintive vehemence*).—But you say one thing and you seem to mean something else, and you seem to mean one thing and you say another! No wonder I can't say anything but “Not at all” and “Nothing at all”!

ISABEL.—But, don't you see, I'm just trying to get us better acquainted with

each other. I think we ought to be. Don't you?

AMES.—I should think it would be a good thing; yes, indeed!

ISABEL.—And you feel profoundly happy?

AMES.—Yes, indeed!

ISABEL.—I believe that's the noblest effort I ever heard any man make!

AMES.—Effort?

ISABEL (*covering her emotion by speaking quickly, but her voice shakes a little*).—Yes! It was! But don't be afraid Mr.

Ames! I really didn't expect you to be different from other men. You've done your best and you shall have your reward!

AMES.—What “reward”?

ISABEL (*a little sadly, as she looks out through a window*).—I think Johnnie White's bringing it. I think it's a message.

AMES.—What “message”?

[JOHNNIE *enters gloomily*.]

JOHNNIE, *addressing AMES*).—She's—uh—she's sittin' out on a limb of a willow tree that sticks out over the water and she wants you to come and look at her.

AMES.—*Who's* sitting on a limb and wants me to come and look at her?

JOHNNIE.—Her.

AMES.—“Her”?

JOHNNIE.—I expect you know I mean Florence by this time, Mr. Ames.

AMES (*incredulously*).—She *sent* you for me?

JOHNNIE.—She got herself out on this limb and she looked over and took a look at herself in the water. Then she said, “Well, I do look right cunning out here, don't I?” “Are we goin' to do any fishin'?” I asked her. Then she said, “I wish Mr. Ames was here!” “What for? To look at you on that limb?” I asked her. “I'll go get him for you.” “Don't let him know I *sent* for him,” she told me. “No, I won't,” I told her. “He wouldn't even guess, when he comes out and looks at you, that you want him to! Oh no, he wouldn't!” That limb she's sittin' on it's pretty old, and it



might not hold her up *too* long, so don't you guess you'd better go, Mr. Ames?

AMES.—I think it would be much better if you'd go back and get her down from that limb and go ahead with your fishing, Mr. White.

JOHNNIE (*still in profound gloom*).—Fishin'? She never meant that kind! I think you better go, because from what I know of her she'll sit there either till you come and see how cunning she looks, or else falls in the water.

ISABEL.—Won't you please go and bring her in?

AMES (*doggedly*).—Oh, certainly, if you ask me!

ISABEL.—Of course I don't mean for you to hurry back with her.

AMES (*with some coldness*).—Thank you!

[*He goes outdoors.*]

JOHNNIE.—She—she's goin' to get him, Miss Stuart!

ISABEL.—What?

JOHNNIE.—She's made up her mind, and there's just one thing my life's taught me and that is, when a girl like her really starts after an older man—well, you know she's goin' to make him lift her down from that tree!

ISABEL.—Oh yes; certainly.

JOHNNIE (*coming to her solemnly*).—Miss Stuart, I'd like to see a great deal more of you in the—in the future—as it were—than we have in the—in the past, as it were.

ISABEL.—Why, what are you talking about, Johnnie?

JOHNNIE.—What I've been thinkin', why, you take a person's character, especially you take a woman's character, and no matter what's the difference between her age and some younger man that thinks a lot of her character's age, because she's settled down and quit her foolishness the way you have, Miss Stuart, well, it's the difference between a character like that and one that's got to make a collection of every old man she sees, no matter what his age is, so what I mean, why, this being used just for a messenger boy, I better cure

myself and get over it, and the best way 'd be to find some character I could look up to and get a sacred feeling about.

ISABEL.—Do you mean *me*, Johnnie?

JOHNNIE.—Yes'm; that's why I'd like to see more of you in the future—as it were. Will you?

ISABEL.—Johnnie White, what *are* you up to?

JOHNNIE.—Well, you've read *Henry Esmond*—or have you?

ISABEL.—Yes.

JOHNNIE.—Well, *he* had that sacred feeling, the way a younger man does about a woman some older than he was, wasn't he, didn't he?

ISABEL.—You funny, *funny* boy! You think you'll make Florence jealous!

JOHNNIE.—No'm; I don't care much whether she is or not, not much. I mean it!

ISABEL (*laughing*).—You mean you're a little cross with her for a few minutes, till she brings you around.

JOHNNIE.—No'm, I *mean* it! I expect it would do her good—D'you see the way she looked at me when I said I preferred to, this morning? But what I mean is, about *you*, why, I *mean* it!

ISABEL.—You don't mean you've got a sacred feeling about me, Johnnie White!

JOHNNIE.—Well, there aren't many people'd understand, but I'd *like* to think I've got a kind o' sacred feeling about you, instead of just a messenger boy, because I look up to you, because you're so different from her. Won't you let me?

ISABEL (*laughing, but rather touched*).—What nonsense!

JOHNNIE (*pathetically in earnest*).—Yes, but won't you? You know how she acts. *Won't* you let me?

ISABEL (*with amused indulgence, putting her arm lightly round his shoulders*).—Why, yes, if you want to, you dear thing!

[*Just on the moment FLORENCE comes in, but halts abruptly.*]

JOHNNIE (*fervently*).—I do want to!

FLORENCE.—Well, of all the foolish sights,— What *are* you two doing?

JOHNNIE (*solemnly, to ISABEL*).—Let's sit over here.

[*He means the sofa, across the room; he leads her. ISABEL is rather tenderly pleased and touched by JOHNNIE'S absurdity.*]

ISABEL.—Where is Mr. Ames?

FLORENCE.—He's bringin' my fishin' traps. What is the—

JOHNNIE.—Lean on me. I *prefer* it!

FLORENCE.—Is Aunt Isabel's rheumatism worse?

ISABEL.—Oh no!

JOHNNIE.—No. It isn't lameness.

FLORENCE.—Then what is it?

ISABEL (*as they reach the sofa*).—Did you want me to sit here with you, Johnnie?

JOHNNIE (*solemnly*).—Yes. Let's sit here. This is the place I meant.

[*They sit.*]

FLORENCE.—Well, of all the foolish-looking people I ever saw!

JOHNNIE.—She couldn't understand. It's the difference in your character. She couldn't *ever* understand.

FLORENCE.—What *are* you two— It really *was* a little queer, Aunt Isabel!

ISABEL.—What was queer, dear?

FLORENCE (*laughing rather uncomfortably*).—Why, to walk in here and find you locked in an embrace with Johnnie White!

ISABEL (*choking down her amusement*).—Oh dear! Did you see that, Florence?

FLORENCE.—And after last night— Well, I guess the less said about *that* the better!

ISABEL.—Yes, indeed, dear!

FLORENCE.—It seems to me your conduct is certainly open to interpretations!

ISABEL.—Yes, Florence, I'm afraid I'm a wild thing!

FLORENCE.—Why, you've got poor Mr. Ames so upset he isn't normal!

ISABEL.—Isn't he?

FLORENCE.—I happened to be on the branch of a tree and he just said to come down and go in the house; you were worrying about me.

ISABEL.—Did he?

FLORENCE.—I don't believe you want anybody to be nice to me; you just want to flirt with every man in the world, yourself!

ISABEL.—But I don't know 'em all!

JOHNNIE.—She couldn't understand!

FLORENCE.—I couldn't understand what?

JOHNNIE.—Did you ever read *Henry Esmond*?

FLORENCE.—No, I didn't!

JOHNNIE.—I expect not. You aren't intellectual, particularly, Florence. It's by William Makepeace Thackeray.

FLORENCE.—Well, what o' that?

JOHNNIE.—Oh, nothing. Only he was kind o' carried away with a lightweight for a while.

FLORENCE.—This William Makepeace was?

JOHNNIE.—No. Henry Esmond was. It didn't last very long. Some novels *are* a good deal like life. (*To ISABEL:*) *She* couldn't understand.

FLORENCE.—Are you in earnest?

JOHNNIE (*ignoring her*).—If she lived to be a hundred she couldn't understand. Could she?

ISABEL.—I don't believe she could!

[AMES *enters, carrying FLORENCE'S rods and basket.*]

FLORENCE.—No! Well, if I *do* live to be a hundred I hope I'll understand how to behave at that age!

[AMES *turns to go out again, as if to avoid a family scene.*]

ISABEL.—Oh, don't go, Mr. Ames. It's nothing.

JOHNNIE (*to FLORENCE*).—Aren't you ashamed any?

FLORENCE.—Me? For saying if I live to be a hundred I hope I'll know better than to let mere adolescents talk mush to me! Golly! no.

ISABEL.—I'm afraid she means her great-aunt.

FLORENCE.—I should say I do! Why, last month there was a three-times widower hangin' round here—he wasn't four *minutes* under eighty; and a week before it was a child about nineteen.



Last night it was Mr. Ames, and now it's Johnnie White—and they began with a fond embrace! I saw it.

ISABEL (to AMES).—Yes, she did!

FLORENCE.—Sometimes she doesn't act more 'n sixteen!

ISABEL.—There, Mr. Ames, you have me!

AMES.—I beg your pardon!

ISABEL (going to him).—My portrait! Drawn by my great-niece! I flirt with three-times widowers and with children of nineteen and with you and with Johnnie White, and Johnnie and I began with a fond embrace. To finish it—I'm a hundred years old and I'm sixteen years old! So there, my friend, you know me!

[She curtsies to him and moves toward the door, limping a little.

JOHNNIE.—Won't you come back and sit here some more?

ISABEL.—No; not now. But you can run home and change your clothes and come back to dinner.

JOHNNIE.—Can I?

ISABEL.—Yes, you can; and I'll be waiting for you, Johnnie White.

[She gives AMES a little sudden bob of a nod, which seems to daze him, and goes out.

FLORENCE.—Well, of all the darn conduct I ever in my life—

JOHNNIE.—Of course it's mysterious to you; you couldn't even be expected to understand!

FLORENCE.—What is the matter with you?

JOHNNIE.—Nothing you'd be able to under—

FLORENCE (almost shouting).—Stop it! If you say that to me again—

JOHNNIE.—I want to say just one last thing to you!

FLORENCE.—Oh, you do, do you?

JOHNNIE.—It's simply just only this: Hark! A man really does like to have somebody to look up to!

FLORENCE.—Well, you don't have to be silly about everybody you look up to, do you?

JOHNNIE (with a pleasant thought about

it and a manner assuming that this thought is beyond her).—Well, I don't know. I might. Why, yes. Yes—I think a man might feel a good deal that way.

FLORENCE.—What?

JOHNNIE (easily, having put her in her place).—Excuse me; I think that's about all I care to say for the time being.

FLORENCE.—Why, you darned little—

JOHNNIE.—I may see you later in the evening for a moment or so, if I have time.

[He is going.

FLORENCE.—Why, you just told her you're coming back to—

JOHNNIE.—To dinner? Yes, yes. I said I may see you across the table or somewhere prob'ly. Thanking you for your kind attention, I beg to remain, et cetera, et cetera.

[He goes out.

FLORENCE (turns indignantly to AMES).—Did you ever know any other girl that had an aunt like my aunt?

AMES.—No! No, I never did!

FLORENCE.—Why, even that poor little child— It's terrible! What do you think about her?

AMES.—What do I— I don't know; I don't know! I don't know anything about her. Not a single thing!

FLORENCE.—Well, I think I know one thing about her!

AMES.—You're her niece and you think you know one thing about her!

FLORENCE.—I believe she's been a coquette from the day she was born!

AMES.—“From the day she was—” (He jumps up.) Have you happened to see the family bible?

FLORENCE.—What family bible?

AMES.—Your family's. The one they keep in here.

FLORENCE.—Well, for Heaven's sake, what would I be doin' with it?

AMES.—I don't know.

FLORENCE.—What do you want it for?

AMES.—What do I want it for? (He recovers himself.) I wanted to see if it's a first edition. I collect first editions.

FLORENCE.—You collect first editions of the *Bible*?

AMES.—Why, no!

FLORENCE.—I thought not. (*She sits and looks at him earnestly.*) Mr. Ames, do you believe an older man's feeling for a younger woman is deeper than a younger woman's feeling for an older man?

AMES.—I don't know.

FLORENCE.—Won't you sit here?

AMES.—Very well.

[*He sits beside her.*]

FLORENCE.—Before I settle down or anything, I think I ought to have the experience of a serious affair with some older man.

AMES.—Oh!

FLORENCE (*giving him a lovely smile*).—Oh dear! I wish I had my slippers on instead of these.

[*She holds up her booted feet plaintively.*]

AMES (*rising nervously*).—Oh, I think you look very well in boots!

FLORENCE.—They're so heavy. I do wish I had my—

[*She is interrupted by the opening of the door into the hall. MATTIE enters there, bringing a pair of patent-leather slippers.*]

FLORENCE.—Well, for Heaven's sake! Just as I was sayin' I wanted 'em. How in the— (*She checks herself and, at a thought, speaks decisively.*)—Mattie! That's no mere coincidence!

MATTIE (*bringing the slippers and setting them on the floor before FLORENCE*).—No'm. Your aunt Isabel told me to listen at the door—

FLORENCE.—What?

MATTIE.—Your aunt Isabel told me to listen at the door till I heard you begin talkin' about changin' your footwear, and then to bring 'em in for you.

FLORENCE.—She told you to listen at the—

MATTIE.—Yes'm; she says to be perfectly honorable and pay no attention till I heard the word "slippers," and she says the rest of the conversation wouldn't be worth my while, anyway.

[*She departs.*]

FLORENCE.—Well, if that isn't queer!

AMES.—No! It's no queerer than anything else!

FLORENCE.—Well, after all, now that my slippers are here—

AMES.—I don't think I'd—I don't think I'd better!

FLORENCE.—Well, what do you think?

AMES.—Nothing!

[*The light outside has grown rosier and inside it is a little darker. The glow from the fireplace brightens.* AUNT ELLEN comes in from the hall. *She has changed her dress for a dark silk which has a suggestion of state about it.*]

AUNT ELLEN.—Florence, do you consider that an appropriate costume for the drawing-room?

FLORENCE (*peevishly*).—It ain't one.

AUNT ELLEN.—"Ain't"? "Ain't"?

FLORENCE.—No, it ain't! It ain't a drawing-room; it's a living room. If people can't be young again, anyhow they can be modern!

AUNT ELLEN.—I will withdraw from the room until you—

FLORENCE (*picking up her slippers*).—Murder! Don't go! I apologize! Gosh! I apologize *without* the gosh. I'm going. Oh, murder! I'm tired (*going slowly and wearily toward the door*). It seems to me as if I just spent my life dressing. It's all so savorless.

[*Suddenly she begins to sing brightly, breaks into a skip, calls back, sweetly, "See you later, William!" and runs off, skipping and singing.*]

AUNT ELLEN.—You must overlook it, William. Good gracious! I mean— (*She corrects herself hastily.*) Mr. Ames!

AMES.—Oh, don't bother.

AUNT ELLEN.—She belongs to a very different generation from the one you and I grew up with.

AMES (*set aback by her "you and I"*).—Ah—yes. Yes, indeed!

AUNT ELLEN.—You and I were taught a very different behavior toward our elders.

AMES.—Yes, the—the previous—ah



—generations had a very different training, though this one certainly has charm, too. I wonder how many of us, though, can remember just what we were like in our own youth.

AUNT ELLEN (*somewhat surprised*).—Why, I recall my own, perfectly.

AMES.—Your—ah—aunt, Miss Stuart, does, too, and about public events she remembers wonderfully. We were reminiscing this morning—all about Hayes and Wheeler and Samuel J. Tilden. Do you happen to remember that campaign?

AUNT ELLEN.—Why, of course!

AMES.—Well, she said she thought it was a terrible thing, Hayes and Wheeler's not getting elected, you know.

AUNT ELLEN (*with spirit*).—They were elected. Anybody that says they weren't is a—a despicable Democrat!

AMES (*hastily*).—Oh, I think they were, myself. (*Feebly hopeful*.) I only wondered—I wasn't just able to recall what year that campaign was—

AUNT ELLEN.—It was in eighteen seventy-six, the same year as the Philadelphia Exposition.

AMES.—In eighteen seventy-six? Oh yes; it was—ah—a *historical* reference. I see.

AUNT ELLEN.—“Historical”? I went to that exposition myself!

AMES (*he looks at his watch with a feeble murmur of plaintive laughter*).—I'm afraid I— I suppose I'd better be—yes—ah, I suppose I'd better—I'd better—Ah—I suppose I'd better make—ah—Well, I—

AUNT ELLEN (*rather shortly*).—Yes?

AMES (*wiping his forehead*).—Well—thank you. Uh—

[*He goes out. AUNT ELLEN sits at the piano and begins to play rather softly. She has played about a dozen bars when a figure enters. It is ISABEL. She is carrying a large and heavy old book. When she reaches the table the fire-light falls on her and we get a gleam of jewels. She opens the bible upon the table, and lets it remain open.*

AUNT ELLEN.—Is that you, Isabel?

ISABEL.—Yes. Go on playing, dear.

[*She crosses to the fireplace and sits, gazing into the fire.*

AUNT ELLEN.—My old tunes are better than Florence's, aren't they? I think music was best of all in my day.

ISABEL.—No. It was best in *my* day.

AUNT ELLEN.—No; I think it began to fall off by the time you came along. Music was best when— My day was the best.

ISABEL.—Florence will say that some day. Music is best in each one's “day.” What a pleasant thing that is—that we all of us see, afterward, that our first youth was best!

AUNT ELLEN.—It isn't pleasant to see anything afterward.

ISABEL.—Well, then, we can always look forward to—something—can't we?

AUNT ELLEN (*struck by this*).—Oh! (*Her hands pause on the keys and she glances round for a moment at ISABEL.*) Oh, I understand what you mean. He was in here awhile ago, trying to find out. You know what I mean.

ISABEL (*serenely*).—He didn't ask you, though.

AUNT ELLEN.—No. You can see he'd be nice under any circumstances.

ISABEL.—“Nice”? Why, he's the bravest man I've ever seen. He's too plucky to withdraw—some remarks he made to me last night!

AUNT ELLEN.—I wonder if I oughtn't to stop calling you “Aunt” Isabel.

ISABEL.—Why? I am your aunt.

AUNT ELLEN.—My half aunt.

ISABEL.—Isn't that plenty?

AUNT ELLEN.—Well, if anything should happen—I really shouldn't know how to begin calling Mr. Ames “Uncle William.”

ISABEL.—Never mind, dear. It won't happen.

AUNT ELLEN.—I *never* could call Mr. Ames “Uncle”!

ISABEL.—You might call him “Nephew.”

AUNT ELLEN.—Pooh!

ISABEL.—Why not? Isn't Florence what all men want? Think of father; mother was only nineteen or so when he married her, and he was sixty-five.

AUNT ELLEN. — Poor grandfather's weakness in marrying so young a girl as your mother was oughtn't to be—

ISABEL.—Yes; but there it is! We're like Portia's caskets, we women, and the men come to choose, without knowing what they'll find. Silver-and-gold, that's first youth, and it ought to have been written of that silver-and-gold casket, "Who chooses me shall choose what every man desires"! But if any man comes to choose *me*—well, a woman past twenty-eight is a thousand—I'll show him only lead!

AUNT ELLEN.—I never heard before of a woman who teased a man to make him think she was older than she was. And if it isn't to make him feel better when he finds out—

ISABEL.—No; I've just told you why

AUNT ELLEN.—Oh, you can give all the pretty reasons you want to, but I know. You thought you'd test him, and you've been punishing him for even daring to wonder how old you are. And he's beginning to suspect!

[*She begins to play an old waltz.*]

ISABEL.—They *were* pretty, the old waltzes.

AUNT ELLEN (*her memory of the music faltering*).—How did that go there? La, la, la—

ISABEL (*rising*).—No; it's this. (*She hums and beats time, moving a few waltz steps, but keeping to a hint of her lameness.*) Yes. That's it.

[*She sings and waltzes, moving in and out of the firelight glow as she dances.*]

JOHNNIE WHITE comes in from the hall and stands looking at her without surprise. She sees him, but only nods, and continues.

JOHNNIE.—Don't you want a partner?

ISABEL.—Johnnie White, do you know the old waltz?

JOHNNIE.—Yes'm.

[*Without losing step she lets her left hand fall lightly upon his shoulder and they dance. The waltz time is now a little quicker and AUNT ELLEN plays it with great pleasure. The room is so dark that the opening of a door is*

*unperceived.* AMES and FLORENCE come in.

FLORENCE.—Well, for Heaven's sake! What are you doin' now?

ISABEL (*startled as she sees AMES*).—Oh! (*She at once remembers her lameness and the dance stops.*) I—I'm afraid I forgot myself for the moment. I— You oughtn't to have tempted me, Johnnie. It might be—dangerous!

AMES (*striding to her*).—Will you dance with me—Isabel?

ISABEL (*a little breathless*).—What?

AMES.—Will you dance with me—Isabel?

ISABEL.—Dance with you, Mr. Ames?

AMES.—Yes. I remember the old waltzes.

ISABEL. — But perhaps — you don't realize how old they are—or how lame I am?

AMES. — I don't care. Won't you dance with me?

ISABEL.—Yes. (*As they dance:*) So you and I are in the fashion again. They say everybody dances all the time now.

AMES.—I don't know anything except that when I saw you dancing I wanted to dance with you. I do!

ISABEL.—Do you? No matter how slowly?

AMES.—Yes, I do!

ISABEL.—But Florence would like to dance with you again.

AMES.—What nonsense!

ISABEL (*suddenly radiant*).—Can't you play any faster than that, Ellen? Why don't you turn the lights up, Florence?

[*FLORENCE snaps on the lights and is revealed to be laughing inextinguishably.*]

FLORENCE (*slapping JOHNNIE's back in her extreme jocosity*).—My! But those ol'-fashioned dances are funny! Don't they look crazy?

ISABEL (*happily calling to her*).—Do we?

[*She discards her lameness entirely. The two dance like happy experts of eighteen. They look at each other like lovers. FLORENCE becomes mystified. So does JOHNNIE. They stare, with their*



*mouths open. Finally FLORENCE speaks with the emphasis of complete puzzlement.*

FLORENCE.—Well, just look at 'em lookin' at each other!

JOHNNIE (*grinning, but speaking indignantly to her*).—'Ain't you got any sense?

[AUNT ELLEN *lifts her left hand from the keys in a passionate gesture, not ceasing to play with her right.*

FLORENCE (*inquiring poignantly the meaning of the gesture*).—What? (AUNT ELLEN *repeats the passionate gesture. FLORENCE is more mystified and also somewhat petulant.*) Well, I—

[JOHNNIE *seizes her hand and drags her quickly out of the room.*

ISABEL.—I'm afraid we must stop.

AMES.—No!

ISABEL.—I mustn't wear you out.

[*Upon this, without looking at them, AUNT ELLEN abruptly stops playing. She does not look at them at all, but goes straight out of the room. They are unconscious of her and seem even unconscious that the piano has stopped or that they have ceased to dance.*

AMES.—I want to tell you just this; you've been mocking me every second since we first met in that God-forsaken railroad station.

ISABEL.—No!

AMES (*fiercely*).—You have!

ISABEL.—Never! Never once! Never!

AMES.—You were at it half the day yesterday and as much of the night as you could stay awake, and all day to-day! But it won't do!

ISABEL.—When did you decide I was mocking you?

AMES.—I thought so all day, but I *knew* it when I saw you dancing with that boy!

ISABEL.—Do you mind my dancing with boys?

AMES.—No. I'm not jealous. But it came over me. You've just *mocked* me!

ISABEL.—Can't you imagine a wom-

an's being a little nervous about one man's knowing how often the earth's gone round the sun since she was born?

AMES.—Am I the one man?

ISABEL.—That's why women are afraid of everybody's knowing; it might reach the one man. That's the reason a woman cares about her age; *he* might care! (*She touches the open bible on the table.*) Look, Mr. Ames! I'll turn my back while you're looking. (*She walks away from him slowly. AMES looks only at ISABEL.*) On the left-hand page you'll find all of papa's descendants by his first wife. On the right-hand page you'll see where the poor old darling married again—such a *heathenish* time afterward!

AMES.—That's what I thought. That's why I was looking for your bible.

ISABEL.—Underneath that is where you'll find me. (*Her voice trembles a little.*) Have you found me?

AMES (*with great feeling under his laughter*).—Yes, I have!

[*He closes the bible without having even glanced at it.*

ISABEL (*weakly*).—Oh! You didn't look!

AMES (*tenderly*).—Let's sit by the fire. Shall we?

[*He touches the switch key and the only light is the firelight. She sits looking up at him, and he takes a chair near by. Then FLORENCE is heard laughing gayly outside, and a moment later she is heard again.*

FLORENCE.—All right for you, Johnnie White! I'll tell your mother on you!

ISABEL.—The fire's pleasant, even in April, isn't it?

AMES.—Do you think you could say to me, "Good night, dear"—without the "good night"?

ISABEL.—I think I could if you're sure you don't mind anything you didn't see in the bible—dear.

AMES.—You *infant*!

ISABEL.—Oh!

[*She gives a little exclamation of delight.*

(*The end*)

## CYNTHIA

BY GORDON ARTHUR SMITH

ALL that I am about to relate took place, of course, after I had married Annabel McKnight, and so had reduced our ménage of middle-aged bachelors from four to three. The Admiral and the Ramsen twins—Hector and Victor—continued on in the old house in Madison Avenue, outwardly rejoicing in their freedom, but inwardly, I am persuaded, sighing not seldom for a hearth and the silken manacles of matrimony. Hector Ramsen, I know, was especially susceptible to the lure of the altar, and on more than one occasion we had had difficulty in preventing him from throwing himself and his fortune—for, although a professor of classics at Columbia University, he was comfortably rich—into the avaricious arms of some unworthy maiden—or matron, for that matter.

It was with no great surprise, then, that I received one day the news from the Admiral that Hector was once again contemplating an entangling alliance. The Admiral was as indignant about it as if poor Hector were offering him a direct insult.

"And it isn't as if he were just a fool boy, either," he exclaimed. "Hector Ramsen's fifty-three if he's a day. Much older than you were, even, when you married Annabel here."

"Much," I answered firmly, for I am still a little sensitive about the discrepancy between my age and that of my wife. "Much," I repeated.

"Æons older," said Annabel, "and, besides, Foster has always had a beautiful, youthful figure and plenty of hair, whereas Professor Ramsen has neither. But what is the girl like, and who is she? That's the important thing. Perhaps

she's eminently suited to being his wife, and if she is—well, why shouldn't the dear old dear have his fling after all? It's no sin to marry."

"No," agreed the Admiral, but rather dubiously—"no, it's no sin, but at his age it's bad taste. Anyhow, in this case it's bad taste. The girl's thirty years younger than Hector, if she's a day, and she's wild."

"How do you mean—wild?" asked Annabel.

The Admiral snorted.

"She writes poetry!" said he, and thumped his thigh as disgustedly as if her offense had been infanticide or something equally blameworthy. "She writes poetry," he repeated, "and her name is Cynthia. Cynthia Bowen. And she lives somewhere on Macdougall Street all by herself in a rarefied atmosphere."

"I have heard of her," I said; and I had, for I had read her book of poems entitled *Armfuls of Purple*. It had not brought her the acclaim that her *Dream-light* was later to bring to her, but I am convinced that, for a youthful effort, it is equally incomprehensible.

"Well, I've seen her," the Admiral said with unflattering emphasis. "Seen her and listened to her. She simply doesn't make sense and I'd rather Hector married the cook or—or somebody like that. Somebody that, when she talked, you'd at least know what she was trying to say."

"Say it with poison," I suggested, "like the cook."

"It's no joking matter, Foster," said the Admiral rebukingly. "We've got to get poor old Hector out of this."

"In that case," observed Annabel,



"there's only one thing to do—call in George. He'll fix it."

Now, George Coventry, my nephew, has a justly earned reputation of being both a maker and a breaker of matrimonial alliances. Once he is convinced that a man and a woman are suited to each other, he will stop at nothing short of physical violence until they shall be pronounced man and wife. On the other hand, if he sees a marriage imminent of which he has reason not to approve—well, the bride-elect had best not order her trousseau or the groom resign from his clubs. Love may laugh at locksmiths but not at my nephew George.

"Call in George," repeated Annabel.

The Admiral hesitated a space, his wide, handsome forehead wrinkled in doubt and perplexity.

"Do you think we should?" he queried. "George, you know, is so damn enthusiastic once he gets started. He's clever, George is, but he's young and vigorous and he drives ahead always under full sail. Don't you think you could do something about it first, Foster—speak to Hector—tell him he's making a peculiarly fine ass of himself?"

"Call in George," Annabel reiterated firmly, in a manner that I fear was derogatory to my finesse in such matters. "If you'll remember," she added, "he acted successfully for Hector once before in that little affair with Deborah Peters."

"All right," agreed the Admiral reluctantly, "but it's hard on poor Hector, if you ask me."

"The patient," I remarked, "must expect to suffer during a cure. In the old days they put leeches on him and bled him. Hector should be glad that George is more modern, and, moreover, George has never lost a case."

"I'll telephone him to come around at once," said Annabel.

My nephew was located without great difficulty at his club. He said that he'd be delighted to leave it, explaining that there were but two members in sight and they were playing dominoes. "Prohibi-

tion," he said, "has done away with liberty, equality, and fraternity—especially fraternity." He would take a taxi and be over directly.

In ten minutes—such is the excellence of New York's traffic system—he appeared, blond, healthful, and young. He kissed Annabel and flourished an arm at the Admiral and myself.

"What goes on?" he asked. "Bridge?"

We explained that it was not bridge; we repeated to him what the Admiral had a moment ago told us. He listened attentively and I could see that he was greatly pleased—pleased, of course, not that Hector Ramsen had got himself into an unfortunate situation, but that, Hector having done so, the task of extricating Hector should devolve upon George. He was as stirred as a cavalry charger at the sound of a bugle, or a bridesmaid at the scent of orange blossoms.

When we had concluded our recital he stood up, his hands deep in his pockets, swaying forward and back from his heels to his toes, doing his best, I am sure, to simulate sorrow, anxiety, concern—anything, in fact, but the pleasure that he was truly experiencing.

"Come, George," said Annabel, amusedly impatient, "don't try to look as if you were Hector's father and Hector were about to elope with a chorus girl. We didn't call you in, you know, to see a sample of your acting."

"Well," said my nephew, pertinently enough, "what did you call me in for?"

"To prevent Hector's marrying the girl," I said briefly.

"Oh," said George, "in that case I shall have to see the girl. For all I know, she may be a perfect wife for the professor—a Rebecca for his Isaac."

"Nonsense!" averred the Admiral. "Haven't you just heard me describe her?"

"Superficially, superficially. Her soul's the important thing, and it's necessary to know her soul before making my decision. I suggest, Annabel, that you invite Professor Ramsen and—What's her name? Bowen?—and Miss



SHE TURNED HER HEAD LAGUIDLY AND SAID, "I CALL MYSELF A SENSITIVIST"

Bowen here to dinner. Then we can judge."

"Very well," Annabel agreed. "Shall we say Wednesday?"

"Count me out," said the Admiral. "I couldn't stand the sight or the sound of that woman again. I'd be rude to her. I'd swear at her. Damned if I wouldn't."

"Then," said George, "you mustn't come; because this is going to be a very polite party. We're going to handle her with gloves—stroke her and make her purr—bring out the true sweetness of her character."

The Admiral, muttering something profane and derogatory, reached for his hat and stick and stamped out of the room.

"Cheer up, Admiral!" George called after him. "I'll fix it."

I know not what the Admiral thought, but I, for one, had perfect faith that George would fix it—one way or the other. I am well acquainted, you see, with my nephew.

The days that followed were, for me, filled with anxiety. Hector Ramsen is probably the best friend I have in the world, and I shuddered at the thought of losing him to the authoress of *Armfuls of Purple*. Plump, genial, soft-hearted, soft-spoken Hector, with his merry eyes shining behind his professorial spectacles—Hector who knows his Greek and his Latin as I know my English and better than I know my French, who wastes fragments of Horace on beautiful feminine ears, and who quotes Euripides in his sleep! I wondered was there a woman alive worthy of him, was there a woman capable of appreciating him as he deserved. If there was, it surely was not Cynthia Bowen with her *Armfuls of Purple*, the most unintelligible and unintelligent collection of words ever put together and labeled "poetry." Hector and—that! Small wonder that I shuddered.

Hector had, after consultation with his Cynthia, accepted our invitation to dine on Wednesday. I think that he



was enormously pleased that we should have made a point of including her. It doubtless appeared to him, poor fellow, that Annabel and I were sanctioning his courtship—slapping him on the shoulder, so to speak, and urging him to go in and win. I felt myself a hypocrite.

At half past seven on Wednesday appeared George, earnest but radiant. At seven forty-five came Cynthia and Hector—she as unruffled and as self-assured as a dowager duchess, and he fluttering about behind her, shy, awkward, tragically comic. Whenever his eyes left her they turned to us as if soliciting our approval of her.

"Isn't she magnificent?" he seemed to say. "A goddess treading the earth! An Athene with the attributes of Aphrodite!"

Had he actually said that, I should have vehemently disagreed with him.

Cynthia Bowen was, at that time, I presume, in her late twenties. She was tall and very thin. Everything about her was, you might say, long and thin—her arms, her hands, her feet, as much as one could see of her legs, her face, and even her nose. As for her eyes and her mouth, they were long and narrow, which amounts to the same thing. She had a great deal of the blackest hair I have ever seen—black hair with purple lights in it—which she piled up high on top of her head and secured with a huge comb, Spanish fashion. In her ears she wore jet pendants so long that when she tilted her head they swept against her very evident collar bones.

That evening, I remember, she had girded herself into a black velvet gown which clung to her as closely as the bandages of a mummy. It was amazingly décolleté and, as if to draw attention to this fact, she had placed a black beauty patch on her back an inch or two above the waist. Black and white, black and white, in such fierce contrast as to be staggering—black and white, save for the long scarlet line that was her mouth. And this—this sinuous, supercilious creature, modeled on the

typical vampire of the movies—this was the goddess to whom Hector had tossed the apple! Ah, Hector, I fear you selected the wrong fruit!

From my point of view that dinner was uncomfortable. Having Cynthia Bowen on my right, it devolved on me to attempt to entertain her. The fact that George sat beyond her, taking mental notes of my efforts, made this none the easier; and I knew that at some future hour my nephew would comment hilariously on my conversational ability. Moreover, Cynthia, during the first two courses at least, chose to be silent—silent and flagrantly bored. She had a way of keeping her eyes on the chandelier during my most valiant efforts that was intensely disconcerting to me; and to my questions she would nod abstractedly, often when the requisite answer was a negative one. I can only suppose that her thoughts, as well as her gaze, were above the level of the dinner table.

I told her that Hector was the best friend I had in the world; and she nodded. I asked her if she shared his interest in the classics; and she nodded. I asked her if she liked oysters; and she nodded. In despair, I plunged into a discussion of poetry. What sort of poetry did she write? To what school did she belong? At this she turned her head languidly in my direction, smiled a little, raised her thin shoulders a little, and said: "I call myself a sensitivist. There are few of us, but we are growing because we are right."

"Of course," I agreed hastily. "I don't think I have heard the word used before as descriptive of a school of poetry, but I am old-fashioned, I fear, and doubtless you are very modern."

She nodded.

"I know very little of poetry," I continued, "since Walt Whitman."

"But," she said calmly, and with sublime assurance, "there was no poetry before Walt Whitman. There was only jingle and nonsense verse."

I am ashamed to say that I lacked the courage to call her a fool and a liar; but

George, who had been listening with his left ear, turned from Annabel and said sweetly: "Miss Bowen, that is a most interesting statement, so interesting that I could not help listening in on the wire. Do you really mean that you deny all poets before Walt Whitman? Shakespeare, for instance? Or Milton?"

Before answering she nibbled at a stalk of celery—she had refrained from tasting either the oysters or the soup.

"Shakespeare?" she echoed. "Shakespeare? A first-rate dramatist of a very old school, but not a poet, surely! I don't consider his sonnets or the ridiculous 'Venus and Adonis' or the equally ridiculous 'Rape of Lucrece' poetry. They rhyme—they tinkle—they tell a nice little story; but compared with poetry they are as a photograph of the Thames

is to a Whistler painting of it. I say Whistler simply in order to employ the name of an artist with whom you are probably familiar. He was often banal, as in the Portrait of his Mother, for example, but at his best he was at least on the right road."

This patronizing admission would, I am sure, have elated Whistler enormously, could he have been present to hear it. I hope that in the particular corner of heaven set aside for geniuses he did hear and, rushing to Saint Peter, cast a vote against Miss Bowen's admission to the elect.

"As for Milton," she continued, warming to the subject, "we can put his 'Paradise Lost' in the same class as Shakespeare's plays—they are narrative writing, nothing more."



"YOU MAY NOT GRASP IT—YOU DOUBTLESS WILL NOT"



There was a silence. Hector appeared uneasy, fearful—and with justice—that his goddess had gone too far. I could not help wondering to what circle of hell she condemned his Homer, his Æschylus, his Virgil, his beloved Horace.

"It is difficult," said he, his kindly eyes troubled behind his spectacles—"it is difficult for us to grasp the change that has come over the spirit of the modern poets. It is a change as emphatic as that which we see in the work of the modern painters. But we must remember—we of the old regime—that all great innovators have been misunderstood and hissed and stoned. I might mention Manet and Wagner, to take two names at random. I recollect that Horace says, '*Indignor quidquam reprehendi quia nuper*'—which, as George doubtless knows, means that we shouldn't abuse a thing simply because it's modern. In like manner Horace might have urged Cynthia not to abuse a thing simply because it's old-fashioned."

"My dear Hector," said Cynthia, irritably, "I was not abusing old-fashioned poetry—I was merely denying its existence!"

Superb insolence, that! The Admiral had been a thousand times right—the woman was impossible. She treated Hector like a dog and he did not resent it. Had she beaten him he would have kissed the rod.

Sometimes—in moments only of deep pessimism—I am convinced that men are less intelligent in their conduct than women. Men squander their superior intellects on all sorts of abstract things which neither relate to nor tend to promote their happiness, comfort, or peace of mind; what an amount of male brain has been spent in efforts to square the circle, to discover the fourth dimension, or to create perpetual motion—brain power that would have been far more usefully employed had it been devoted to selecting a suitable wife or getting rid of an unsuitable one! Socrates was a most illustrious example of this—a

man of infinite wisdom chained for life to a termagant.

I swore that evening that Hector should not become another Socrates. Indeed, we all swore it—Annabel, George, and I—for before Cynthia left us she had convinced Annabel, who usually judges even her own sex with lenience, that she possessed a hard heart and a soft brain.

It was George, however, who maliciously asked the poetess if she would recite a sample of some of her own work in order, as he flatteringly put it, that we might learn what true poetry was.

She did not reply for a space, but sat resting the elbow of her own long, thin arm on the more comfortably upholstered chair arm, her chin in her hand, her eyes on the carpet. The carpet and the chandelier seemed to be the favorite targets for her eyes. Hector was heard to cough nervously. We others maintained silence.

Presently she stood up abruptly, tall, slim, and sinuous in her black gown, strode to the hearth, and tossed away her cigarette. Then, her back to the mantelpiece, she faced us, breathing hard and rapidly, as if laboring under great emotion.

"Yes," she said, very slowly, and again, after a pause, "yes. I will give you an impression which I transcribed this morning. You may not grasp it—you doubtless will not. It is a mood. I call it 'Cameo.' You will see for yourselves that it is clear cut. 'Cameo,'" she repeated softly, crooning the word as if it were a lullaby. And then—

"Proximate already,  
you slither edaciously more proximate,  
prodigiously, oh, preposterously repellent—  
Sabine woman, I am your sister!"

Yes, that was Cynthia Bowen's "Cameo," since published in the volume of her poems entitled *Dreamlight*. Comment, I believe, is superfluous.

Annabel, who would be tactful on her deathbed, broke the silence that inevitably followed this bit of sensitivist



IT SEEMED THAT THE POEM HAD BEEN A TERRIFIC SUCCESS

brilliancy; and even Annabel did not speak until she was assured by Cynthia's lighting a fresh cigarette that the poem was at an end. After all, how could one know?

"Thank you," said Annabel. "It was good of you to let us hear it; and it helps me to realize how sadly in need of modern education most of us are. You are years ahead of us, Miss Bowen."

"Centuries," agreed George solemnly. "Alongside of you, Miss Bowen, we others are positively antediluvian. But I know a chap who could hold his own with you for ten rounds—a Russian called Tchelegin, Boris Tchelegin. Well, Boris is something of a poet. He's

modern, too—as modern as this morning's newspaper—and a handsome, striking young fellow with long black hair and piercing eyes and the nose of an eagle. Could I bring him in sometime to see you, Miss Bowen? I'm sure you and he would have a great deal in common."

She shrugged her thin white shoulders again.

"If you wish," she said.

"Thank you," said George. "You see, he's experimenting with a new form of poetry—dysphonism—calls himself a dysphonist, I believe. Perhaps you've heard of them?"

"The dysphonists?" She hesitated. It



was apparent that she had not heard of them but was loath to admit ignorance of what might well be a very important group. "Oh yes, the dysphonists."

"Exactly," said George. "You might each get something helpful from the other. I'll bring him around, then, and you can see for yourself."

She thanked him graciously enough, her interest at least slightly stimulated. And shortly afterward she and Hector said good night.

"Who's this Russian of yours?" I asked George when they were safely away.

George surveyed the shining pump on his right foot in silence. There was a dreamy, Maeterlinckian smile on his lips—the smile of one who perceives things that are invisible to others.

"Well?" I inquired sharply.

"What?" asked George, rousing himself at last from his pleasant reverie. "Who's what?"

"Who's this Russian of yours?"

"Oh," said George, "I don't know who he is yet; but when I find him he will be very beautiful."

I have always wondered at, and doubtless remarked upon, the wideness and variety of my nephew's acquaintance. He was on terms of the greatest and most cheerfully informal intimacy with prize fighters and professors; bootleggers and bishops called him affectionately by his first name; he was friendly alike with bookmakers and with makers of books; chorus girls treated him as an equal; debutantes loved him; and I have actually seen him pat an American duchess on the back and urge her to cheer up. She, I might add, did not in the least resent the familiarity, for it no doubt recalled the days of her youth in jovial Missouri.

I was not unduly surprised, then, that George was able to produce a young Russian in a very short space of time. He brought the fellow in to be inspected by Annabel and myself exactly three days after the dinner to Cynthia Bowen.

"He fills all the specifications," George

had explained to us, "except that he is not a poet. He's lovely to look at and he's even reasonably clean; and he speaks English better than I do, but with just enough accent to make him exotic."

"But," I objected, "you say he's not a poet."

"No, he's a tailor. What's the difference nowadays? Besides, I've made up my mind to write his poems for him. I'll produce something that will make even Cynthia Bowen sit up on her hind legs and howl. Remember, his name's Tchelegin, but you can call him Boris."

Boris, as George had indicated, was an extremely handsome young man. He looked as I have always imagined Hamlet should look—dark, brooding, a smoldering fire, an uneasy volcano—black, shot with flame. His manner was nervous and abrupt; but not awkward; he was not frightened of Annabel or of me or, probably, of anyone; he did not cringe or fawn before us as greater tailors then he have been known to do. He interested me at once.

"Your nephew, George," he said, in precise English, when he had been introduced, "has brought me here to play a part. He is a little mad, sir, your nephew, George. You may have perhaps observed it."

"Very often," I answered. "It is partly our fault, I'm afraid, because we do nothing to stop him. We don't lock him up."

"Ah, that would be a pity. It is good for the world that mad people should be at large. It is refreshing. They are the yeast in the dough of sodden Anglo-Saxon civilization. My only regret is that George's madness is boyish. A mad man is most desirable; a mad boy not so desirable. I have consented, at your nephew's request, to play the role of a poet. That is amusing, but it leads to nothing. It does not advance the world. It is merely a piece of clowning. Had he asked me to play the part of a regicide, for example, something would have been gained; and it is a part, sir, which I am better fitted to play."



"NOTHING WILL HELP" MATTERS. I AM IN A TERRIBLE PREDICAMENT"

"But there are so few kings left," murmured Annabel.

"There are kings of finance, madame," said Boris, with a slight bow. "However, I shall insist no further. I am employed to be a poet and I consent. I await instructions."

He turned to George, who had been regarding him with the amused approval with which a father, in the presence of company, at least, regards the antics of his infant son.

"Sit down," said George. "You are going to enjoy yourself, Boris. You are being offered the opportunity of a lifetime. Wealth, fame, and love are being tossed into your lap in return for a very

slight effort on your part. You are to woo, with all the ardor of your Slav temperament, a woman—and what a woman! Young, beautiful, intelligent, not without money. She is the modernest of the modern. She is as modern in her art of poetry as you are in your science of sociology. You're a communist, you say. Well, my boy, she's nothing less than a sensitivist! Between you you're at least twenty jumps ahead of the rest of the world."

"But," objected Boris, "you tell me that I am to be a poet, too, and I am no poet. I do not know even the jargon."

"Ah-ha," said George, "you don't have to. That's just the point. You



belong to an even more advanced group of poets than she does. You are a dysphonist. Well, since nobody in the world but you is a dysphonist, it follows that whatever jargon you speak is orthodox dysphonist jargon. Your creed, your rules, your technic are the creed, rules, and technic of the dysphonists. All else is heresy. Do you see?"

"Vaguely—as through a blurred glass," said Boris.

"Good!" said George. "That's the way all true dysphonists see."

"And my verses—my poetry. Will she not desire to hear my poetry?"

"Most emphatically yes; and, foreseeing that, I have brought with me your first poem—no, not your first, but, we'll say, the first one that you didn't toss into the flames. I sat up until midnight composing it, and it's good—it's good. It's something, my boy, that you need never be ashamed of."

"Will it be published?" asked Boris, weakly. "Will it appear in print?"

George threw up his hands in horror.

"Published!" he exclaimed. "Print!

Don't you know that dysphonists are above having their work appear in print? Dysphonism, my dear Boris, exists not for the rabble but for the understanding few. Your work, like that of Homer, will become known through being handed down verbally from generation to generation."

"George, you are magnificent," put in Annabel.

"I am all of that," George agreed, modestly. "When you hear my poem—or, rather, Boris's poem—you will realize how truly magnificent I am."

"I request, then," said Boris, caressing his long black hair with a nervous



"BUT SHE COULD NOT MARRY ME"

hand—"I request that you read it to me without further delay. What is it called?"

"It is called, 'The Death of P. T. Barnum.'"

There was a short silence.

"And who," asked Boris, "was P. T. Barnum?"

George stared at him in astonishment that changed to dismay and then to perplexity.

"That's true," he admitted. "You're one of the few people in the country that wouldn't know who P. T. Barnum was. But it makes no difference—in fact, it makes your poem all the more marvelous. It's as if you'd written a treatise on calculus without knowing the multiplication table. Yes, on the whole, it simply confirms your genius. However, I may as well tell you that Barnum owned a circus. Now we're off. 'The Death of P. T. Barnum.'"

George has since loaned me a copy of this amazing work, so I am able to give it to you as he wrote it:

Elephants, elephants, elephants,  
Pale-lidded eyes tear spangled,  
Cacophonically sounding the last trump  
In the aggrieved sawdust.  
Elephants, elephants—nay, but seals,  
Lift up your voices and flap your flippers in  
    woe,  
Flip ye your flappers in woe, for, henceforth  
Fish shall taste to you like ashes in your  
    mouths.

In and out among the startled clouds  
I see weeping women swinging by their toes  
From flying trapezes.  
The Great Bear and the Little Bear  
Have put sackcloth on their heads  
And twined myrtle in their star-strewn hair.  
Their sun is set.

Jugglers, knife throwers, woodchoppers,  
Ponies, dogs, zebras,  
Fat women and tattooed men,  
Giants, dwarfs, and human skeletons,  
Clowns and charioteers,  
And the big brass band  
All wailing at once—  
But P. T. Barnum hears them not.

O Death, where is thy sting?

"There" said George, "I am so proud

of that, Boris, that in giving it to you I feel like a mother abandoning her child."

But Boris sat in sullen silence, his head in his hands, his long fingers still busy combing his hair.

"Must I read that—that garbage to a woman and say that I am the author of it?" he demanded at length.

"Yes, indeed," my nephew assured him cheerily, "and you must be proud of it, too—you must glory in it."

Boris groaned. "We poor men," he said, "will do anything for a price."

George's scheme was now, of course, apparent. He purposed to eliminate Hector's chances as a contender for Cynthia's thin hand by entering in the race an added starter in the person of Boris. Boris, the young and beautiful! Boris, the effulgent poet! Boris, the dysphonist! Boris, if she but knew it, the Bolshevik tailor!

I confess that I pitied Boris almost as much as I did Hector; and there are times when I am persuaded that my nephew has no heart beneath the lapel of his coat.

But George, delighting in his labors, remorseless, conscienceless, led the lamb bleating to the sacrifice. He coached Boris for twenty-four hours, and then took him to call on Cynthia Bowen. It must have been a rare comedy, that call. I was, of course, not present myself but I have George's report of it.

"It went well from the start," George informed me. "She took to him like a duck. Those flaming black eyes of his, you know, burning away in his white face—well, they seemed to impale her the way a pin does a butterfly. When she commenced fluttering her eyelids I knew that the job was as good as done."

"And the poem," I asked. "How was the poem received?"

It seemed that the poem had been a terrific success. During the recital of it, my nephew said, Cynthia lay flat on her back, her lean length stretched on a divan, listening motionless with closed eyes. Occasionally she drew a deep,



shivering breath as of one in pain or in ecstasy. George was confident that in her case it was ecstasy.

"At one stride, Mr. Tchelegin," she said, "you have leaped to the van of the army of modern poets. You have grasped the torch that was about to fall from weaker hands. You must be vastly proud."

Boris shook his head. "No," he disclaimed, "I am not at all satisfied with it. It is full of defects. In the second verse, for instance, I have allowed a rhyme to steal in—I have rhymed, you may remember, 'Bear' and 'hair.' It was done unconsciously, but nevertheless it is unpardonable. I fear it will please the critics."

At that, according to George, Cynthia began a philippic against critics—ignorant brutes, all of them, who condemned because they did not understand. "Stranglers of progress," she called them and "eclipsers of light." Boris, playing his part like a great actor, agreed violently with everything she said.

At length, tiring of the impersonal, she reverted to the personal and besought Boris to instruct her in the principles of dysphonism. At that point George thought it wise to withdraw and leave, as he put it, "the two young things together."

"Hector," he added, "is saved. We have snatched him from the clutches of the siren. We have diverted the attention of Circe. We've brought home the potential bacon."

It soon became apparent that my nephew, with his usual uncanny perception, was right. Poor Hector, accustomed to passing many quiet evenings alone in the company of his goddess, found that, of a sudden, she had other engagements. He did not complain aloud, but one couldn't help seeing that he was pathetically unhappy. I ventured to question him discreetly, thinking that possibly a confession of his heartache might assuage the ache; but I could get little from him. He smiled

forlornly, shook his head, and said: "I am getting old, Foster—that is all that ails me. *Incurvat genu senectus.*"

I laid my arm affectionately across his shoulders.

"Hector," I said, "it may be poor consolation to you now, but I often think that we are happier because of the things we have failed to get in life than because of those we have obtained. We can allow our imaginations to play about that which might have been, we can gild it and halo it in our hearts, we can set it up in a shrine and bow down to it and worship it, rejoicing in the belief that it was and is the true god. But that which is, that which we have acquired and seized—ah, well, Hector, colors fade and gilt tarnishes and one day we look carefully—too carefully, perhaps—and we shudder to see clay beneath the gold."

Hector nodded sadly. "This," he quoted, "'is the end of every man's desire.'"

As the weeks went on, Hector's prospects daily growing more hopeless, Boris seemed to prosecute his wooing with heightened zest, and we became a little worried about it, George and I, for it had been no part of our idea seriously to entangle the temperamental tailor in the affair.

"I'm afraid he's getting devilish sincere," observed George. "He's as keen about Cynthia now as a ferret about a rabbit. It's all very well, and according to Hoyle, that she should be in love with him, but I must admit that I hadn't bargained for his falling in love with her. Now that Hector's safely ditched, what do you say to calling Boris off?"

"I doubt if it would do any good," I answered. "He'd go it alone, if he's as hard hit as you say he is."

"There must be something about that woman," mused George, "that I've completely missed. How does she get the men the way she does, I wonder?"

"Flatters them?" I suggested. "Rubs them the right way? Pretends to under-

stand them? You ought to know. How does a woman get you?"

"None has," said George, and knocked violently on the wooden arm of his chair.

I know not—and never shall know—what sorcery Cynthia Bowen employed; but whatever it was it was efficacious. The few hours that I passed in the company of Boris were hours passed with an almost fanatical young lover. He lacked self-control to the point, I thought, of being dangerous. Perhaps it was the violent Slav blood within him; perhaps it was the reaction against the years of repression suffered so stolidly by his Russian forefathers. At any rate, when he was in my living room and the subject—as it usually was—was Cynthia, I feared for my porcelains and my furniture almost as much as I feared for his sanity.

There could be, of course, but one ending to this delirium. Sooner or later he would propose marriage. Repeatedly he informed us that he was but biding his time, waiting until he should be certain that Cynthia loved him for himself alone—loved Boris Tchelegin, that is, whether he was tailor or dysphonist. Yes, he would confess to the deception that he had practiced; he believed that already she had suspected it; he believed so the more readily because of late they scarcely ever discussed poetry. No, indeed, they discussed themselves.

It was not long before George came bursting in on me, breathless, a little excited, the normally placid pool of his manner a little ruffled.

"Well," he said, "he's doing it!"

"Is he?" said I.

George consulted his watch. "He's been at it over half an hour already. I told him when the result was known to come up here and report. I feel a sort of responsibility, you see. Silly, isn't it?"

"Perhaps," I answered. "Personally, I'm not really sorry for either of them; but if I were a birth controller I'd forbid their marriage. The asylums are full enough as it is."

"Yes," agreed George, "they certainly are rather nuts."

This conclusion having been reached without great effort, conversation lagged. George, obviously nervous, kept pulling out his watch, comparing it with the mantelpiece clock, and replacing it in his waistcoat pocket.

"How long," he inquired, "ought it to take to propose and receive an answer?"

"Sometimes years," I said grimly. "Didn't you ever go shopping with a woman? Well, it's apt to be similar. A hatpin or a husband—a woman wants the best bargain in both cases, and she's not going to decide which hatpin or which husband she'll take until she's pretty reasonably sure she's found the best one she can get at the price. Women are comical creatures, George, and if men could only learn not to take them too seriously, there would be more laughter in the world."

"Gosh!" said my nephew, "have you been fighting with Annabel? What time is it?"

The clock on the mantelpiece struck and when it ceased there came a long ring at the doorbell.

"There," said George, getting quickly to his feet, "that's Boris!"

It was Boris—a wild-eyed, disheveled Boris, beating the air with his clenched fists and incoherently voluble. It required time and tact to calm him, and throughout the process he threatened at brief intervals to kill himself. There were several moments, I confess, when I was entirely willing he should do so.

As soon as he began to assume an air of something akin to sanity, George urged him to unbosom himself.

"Come on, Boris, old fellow, tell us what's the trouble. Didn't things pass off well? Did you find yourself up against a heart of ice, or what? Come, come, now, stop pacing the floor and tearing your hair. That won't help matters any, you know."

"Nothing will help matters," groaned Boris. "I am in a terrible predicament."



I am a man of honor, and I am in a terrible predicament."

"Well," observed George sagely, "it's generally men of honor that get into terrible predicaments. You can't expect life to be all smooth sailing for a man of honor, can you?"

"I am a communist," continued Boris, ignoring my nephew. "I am a Bolshevik, if you will. I stand for certain things—in theory. I favor certain radical innovations—in the abstract. I believe myself to be abreast of modern thought—as long as it remains thought. But I tell you, my friends, that, as far as my personal conduct is concerned, I am a man of honor."

"Granted freely," said George. "And what then?"

Boris took a long deep breath, eyed us appraisingly as if to discover if we could be trusted, decided apparently that we could, shrugged his shoulders, threw up his arms in a gesture of hopelessness, and said, with some appearance of calmness, "I will begin at the beginning."

"Quite right," said George.

"I will begin at the beginning. As you know, I have loved Cynthia for many weeks. She has possessed my soul like a *dæmon*—like a benevolent *dæmon*. I desired to make her my wife. Unmated with her, my existence seemed useless—I was good for nothing. With her I should be capable of great and glorious things. I could become a leader of men instead of a humble follower. I could become another Trotsky."

"There are higher ambitions," murmured George.

"And so, believing that I, myself, was not unpleasing in her sight, I determined to-day to offer myself to her. I did so. I laid my heart at her feet—at her beautiful feet. I told her that my love for her consumed me as with a flame; that it had burned me white and clean; that I, even as a little child, was beginning life anew. I told her who I was and what I was, and she did not shudder or turn away. A tailor, I said,

an impoverished tailor who had never before known the uplifting influence of a pure, delicate woman. She knew me to be a Bolshevik—she knew I had formerly entertained advanced ideas—too advanced, I said. But I explained that with my love for her there had come the conviction that the institution of marriage was essential to the existence of civilization. I desired, you see, that she should be assured that I entertained no Bolshevik ideas on that subject. I dwelt on it at some length. I emphasized both the practical and the æsthetic side of it. I made marriage the keystone of the arch of my philosophy."

"Well," said George, "that would sound sweet to most women. What did she say?"

"What did she say?" cried Boris, and once more his arms went up toward heaven. "What did she say? She sat there before me, gazing at me with her dim, passionate eyes, and she told me that she loved me, but that she would not marry me. I asked her if it was because I was nothing but a humble tailor. No, she said, it was not that. She didn't care who I was or what. But she could not marry me, and she would never marry anyone, because she did not believe in marriage. She refused to be chained—that was how she put it—she refused to be chained! Merciful heavens! My friends, she believed in free love!"

With this pitiful cry, he sat down abruptly, as if exhausted mentally and physically. He passed a vague hand across his brow.

"You see my predicament?" he said, wearily. And he added: "I am a man of honor."

"Yes," remarked George, after a brief pause, "that makes it difficult, of course."

We sat in silence, and during the silence Annabel entered, glowing and flushed from the cool of the street.

"What's the trouble?" she asked as she switched on the light. "Anything I shouldn't hear?"

We explained, each of us taking up the tale in turn, and Boris concluded it by remarking again, "She doesn't believe in marriage, and I am a man of honor."

"She doesn't believe in marriage?" repeated Annabel. "Why, then, if she doesn't believe in marriage, Hector was

safe from the start. George simply has been wasting his time."

"I am a man of honor," reiterated Boris.

"And so," said Annabel calmly—"and so, I am sure, is Hector. George, I say, has been wasting his time."

My nephew groaned, for she was so obviously right.

## MY GIFTS

BY HELEN FRAZEE-BOWER

**L**ONG years I wrought upon my little gifts;  
Then came and knocked at your half-open door—  
Timid and tremulous. You smiled at me  
And bade me enter—I could ask no more.

Kneeling beside you, I unwrapped my gifts—  
Unfolding each that you might look and see:  
Sweet Innocence, and Faith, and Hope, and Trust,  
And Loyalty to Truth, and Modesty.

And over all, and compassing the rest,  
A Love as high and holy as the stars:  
Built of Youth's divinest dreams,  
The Great One Dream—all these were yours.

You took each gift up in your smooth white hands,  
And fingered it a moment—as a child  
Might play with some new toy—then, growing tired,  
You tossed each in the corner there—and smiled.

Oh! you were kind—you called me goodly names,  
You looked into my eyes and bade me stay;  
But I, who builded *all* upon my dreams,  
Must take my little gifts and go away.

I shall not seek another altar shrine  
On which to lay the gifts I made for you:  
I could not give them now to some one else—  
My childish dreams that never will come true.

But there's a quiet place out in the woods,  
Where all night long the sad winds come and play;  
There I shall go and dig a little grave  
Beneath the trees—and lay my gifts away.

The kindly leaves will whisper over me,  
The lonely stars will watch me from above;  
And I shall come away again, content  
To pity you—O you, who cannot *love*.



# MEMORIES AND MY MOTHER

BY HARRISON RHODES

## PART II

I SHOULD like to return this once to the native elegance of American women and the inelegance of American men. My father represented another school of national thought, that of the instinctive distrust of "style." In my maternal grandfather as well I saw the flowering of this deeply American tendency. One of my grandfather's favorite stories—it seemed to him brilliantly satirical—was about a man who in a fatal moment allowed his wife to buy a new Brussels carpet for the parlor, with the result that gradually everything in the house had to be replaced in a style that "went with" the fashionable Brussels, until in the end the wretched protagonist of the ominous yarn had dissipated his fortune and ruined his life. The anecdote, though it was always excessively agreeable to induce grandfather to tell it, had never exerted much influence over the ladies of his family. You may be sure that at the earliest opportunity my grandmother had secured a floor covering purporting to come from Belgium's capital. American women were long ago on the march. Even in the little villages of northern Ohio they meant to move with the times.

Why do American—indeed, any women—dress well? The question is old and there is no pretension here to having found a new answer to it. I would not say that my mother dressed for either men or women, but merely because it was the nice thing to do, just a natural and pleasant instinct. Of course she was not like a woman of whom I knew later, who was content to dress superbly in a hotel sitting room, have her dinner in this magnificent solitude, and conclude a

delightful evening by planning in what gown she would dine alone the following night. Mother would have preferred that her children at least should see her if she were well dressed. But, broadly speaking, she had no other social end in view.

To dress well and to live becomingly—this does not mean ostentatiously—seemed to my mother in those days part of woman's duty; she never questioned it. In these matters no qualms troubled her—did they trouble anyone then?—as to other women fated to dress less well and live less becomingly. We hear a great deal of talk of such qualms in these days, but do social and radical ideals seem to abate at all our twentieth-century ladies' love of dress? However, I may as well admit that my mother had little social consciousness, as we understand the phrase in these days of the reconstruction of the world. And she was typical of the greater part of the good women of her day—a day that already to us seems centuries ago. It is because so many of our mothers were like this that I venture to speak of mine.

She was incapable, I take it, of thinking other than kindly of any class in the community in the sense that she wished them to have no suffering and to enjoy a suitable degree of comfort. She was, when I was a small child, I can remember, as active as her health permitted in the local Dorcas Society. Dorcas Society, indeed! Does that not date the ladies enlisted in it? Does it not almost bring back the eighteenth century with ladies-bountiful themselves carrying baskets of calf's-foot jelly or arrowroot to

old Goody Two-Shoes in her humble cottage? My mother never consciously put forth much of a plan for the betterment of the world, beyond kindness to the deserving poor who came near your gate.

She represented, as do now all the women of that time, a point of view which to modern people seems to savor of a dark age. And yet miracles do not exactly happen overnight in a nation's consciousness. I would urge that something in the social attitude of that day is not so remote from the most characteristically American thought of our day. For example, my mother strongly disapproved of all slums; she detested even passing through them. But, oddly enough, as we of the younger generation thought even then, she did not waste time censuring landlords and municipal authorities; she merely blamed the poor for living in such horrid places. And if we chaffed her about Marie Antoinette and cake for the starving in Paris, she replied, with some show of justice, that the poor ought to go to live in the suburbs, where there were cottages and gardens, and that they should be educated to do that. Perhaps you couldn't destroy slums, she thought, but you could destroy the willingness to live in them. Isn't this sound, characteristically American, and really very modern doctrine?

She had that very American belief in the advantages of raising the standard of living, and when she came to live a good deal in the South she extended this doctrine—as is not always done—to the colored race. She believed that if the negro lived better he would have to work harder—and to her both seemed desirable. She was pleased when her children became interested in a school for black girls in our village, and she sent her prettiest slippers, when they grew ever so little rusty, to one of the colored teachers, an elderly woman herself, who had a very appealing elegance and quiet, ladylike distinction. If we had suggested to our mother that her lovely slipper buckles might stir unduly luxuri-

ous ambitions in some young black girl's breast, she would have answered that if the girl really wanted such things she would, when she left school, work harder to get them. And in this point of view I have noted with amusement and pleasure that she was lately joined by Miss Pankhurst in England when the spendthrift tastes of the London working-woman were under discussion.

It never irked my mother that some of the modern social doctrines eluded her. As I grew older and observed the modern tendencies in myself with pride, I wondered a little that, since my mother kept abreast of the times in so many ways and almost seemed to grow younger as she grew older, she did not see, with me, that alleged wider horizon. Now that she is gone, I am inclined to be wholly grateful to the lack of social consciousness which permitted the women of her generation so to concentrate themselves upon their homes and their children. I do not urge it upon the mothers of to-day. I only feel that it is well to find what we can that is lovely and touching in each period of the world's development, and that if it were a fault of my mother's which left her the leisure to be more intimately my friend I will not now complain.

She would, however, in a way, have been the first to recognize that the restrictions put in her girlhood on women's activities had resulted in serious losses to the world—notably in her own case. She could have been—and she knew it—an excellent boss carpenter or mason or builder or contractor. Not that she did anything with her own hands—and is this not of the very essence of Americanism?—but that she knew how things should be done. I remember once discovering her directing a bricklayer.

"Why, mother," I said, "I didn't know you knew how to lay brick!"

"I don't," she answered, with an agreeable crispness which increased in her with years. "But I observe and I have used my mind."

She had a passion for alterations and



remodeling; it gave her more pleasure to fix over a house than it would have given her to build a new one. She was always wanting to cut a window or "throw out" a bay or find space for a new bathroom, and our tiny house in Florida was always in metamorphosis.

Directing labor seemed to her an admirable occupation for women. I remember how proud she was of my sister once when a black boy who had been beating carpets and so forth said:

"Mis' Rhodes, if Miss Margaret had enough of us colored boys she could jes' clean up the whole world."

I am putting off as long as I can the confession that in all mechanical arts I was, as my father had been before me, a bitter disappointment to my mother. How intolerably must competent women like her suffer from men who are not "handy" about the house! It has always been the prerogative of the male, the proud insignia of his sex, that he could drive a nail straight. Indeed, perhaps it will always be. And here we had failed her. Sometimes it must have seemed to her my worst fault. It was not my worst fault—she must have known that—but it was a fault that almost until my coming of age she could not be silent about.

My worst fault really was, at least in the childish period to which I seem instinctively to be reverting again, "being a good boy." It is the most unpleasant confession I have to make; it is perhaps the most degrading anyone can have to make. I say this not only because it is the truth, but because, I admit, I hope thereby to rouse interest in this rambling writing which will otherwise be to the end so lacking in sensational disclosures. I feel that I am not wholly lacking in a certain startling courage in admitting how good a little boy I was. My mother cannot have deceived or flattered herself, she must have known I was, yet she bore with me with the utmost patience.

The Autobiography of a Good Boy, if it could be written with brutal honesty, might stir readers, though they would

think it too depressing and morbid, as it needs would be. I have no intention of setting down in completeness such a narrative here. But I would like to protest in behalf of all unfortunate good little boys that no one need think that good boys enjoy being good! They almost always feel what bad style it is, how offensive to any true worldliness or cultivated taste. They despise good children when they read of them in edifying books, and they think nothing of them when they encounter them in real life. But if a child is naturally honest, for example, or not quarrelsome, no one but those who have been good children can know how tragically hard it is for him to be bad. In vain the child tells himself how cowardly it is to be good—even at my present distance from childhood I have something of this feeling. The conscientious good child goads himself on to badness, not knowing, poor wretch, that badness is a gift from God which no struggles on his part can bring within his reach.

The parent of a good child is most unhappily situated. A mother especially can scarcely venture on urging a child to be bad, even though she secretly knows it ought to be. This will explain, I suppose, why my mother never very strongly urged me to be good and never very bitterly reproached me when I had attained a mild, tame half badness. I remember how I once desperately engaged with several other boys in my first theft (I might perhaps pretend that this was the beginning of a splendid series, but I may as well admit that so far as I know I have only stolen twice). We nabbed two pigeons belonging to some boys with whom we were in feud, inhabiting a contiguous but inferior street. So far so good; indeed, some details of the raid were to the credit of my inventive talent. But almost at once vengeance overtook me. The miserable birds we incarcerated in the loft of a disused barn at the back of our back yard. This accomplished, the whole affair ceased to interest anyone but me.

I, their jailer, had to feed the dreadful greedy things, since my too tender heart would not let them suffer. Of course I was soon longing to release them, but, alas! all too cleverly, we had clipped their wings and made flight impossible. I had to purloin food from the house and buy grain with my pocket money; none of the other boys, who knew and despised me as good, would contribute a penny. I had constantly to invent pretexts for slinking to the barn. And, worst of all, the pigeons seemed to be growing tame and fond of me. This was more than could be borne, and at the end of perhaps a fortnight I sobbed out the whole absurd story to my mother.

What she really thought I suppose it was out of the question that I should know; to the end of her life my goodness—fortunately a little mitigated with the years—was still a subject upon which, in the interests of our friendship, we both preserved a decent reticence. I remember I asked wildly what, oh, what should I do, expecting, perhaps, reproof for my badness. But I know she only smiled a little and said that she should think that I would merely put the pigeons back in the place they came from and say no more about it. She even helped me make a plan whereby I, unaided by my former accomplices, could convey the birds in secrecy, and so, incognito, make restitution.

It was years before I had courage to steal again. This time it was from the house at the seashore which we took furnished. There I purloined, with the knowledge and, I suppose, the acquiescence of my mother, a corkscrew, presumably from gay Paris, the handle of which was made by a lovely pair of female legs striped crosswise as if they wore a *maillot* of bright green and black. I trust it was with satisfaction that my mother observed my now greater aplomb and ease in badness. But even now I have occasional twinges of conscience, and if the lady from whom we took the house, whose legs they are, will write to me, I will send them back.

I promised earlier that this should be a paper somewhat about gardens. But it can only be about one very small and unpretending garden; there is enough to say about that tiny patch to fill all the space I can venture upon taking. I do not envy people with large gardens; their riches of ground and their individual rose bushes can never mean so much to them as they do to a more modest *Candide*. It is almost incredible that there should be so much lore concerning just a village back yard.

There is a sort of summerhouse at one side, overhung by a myrtle tree, thatched with palmetto leaves, and overrun with honeysuckle. The myrtle is a lovely tree with drooping, wandering branches, but it is not, on the whole, as romantic as its name. Its real usefulness is that a spray of it in leaf, placed in a room, will drive away fleas. So they say. My mother once thought that the ownership of such a tree made it possible for her to permit a Boston terrier named Doctor to sleep in her bedroom. But she decided ultimately that the myrtle was loveliest growing in the garden and protecting the summerhouse—if it could, indeed, so protect—from a too abundant insect life.

The summerhouse is really called the *bosquet*, because at a small fishing village near Trouville they used to call small green inclosures in the garden that. We wanted to call it after the chief pride of the *Hôtel des Parisiens*, *Le Parasol de Robinson*—(*Crusoe* is understood). But we couldn't in decency do this, because our *bosquet* was not really a *parasol*, which is inclosed on all sides by green coming down to the very ground, and entered by a small opening on one side, while our *bosquet* was accessible on two whole sides.

In a small-enough garden small events become great; I am sure there is some great secret of happiness hidden here. Bridging the ditch, or covering an already existent bridge with a pergola upon which a Cloth-of-gold rose grew, used to attain the importance to my mother which the



building of his pyramid may perhaps have had to Cheops. This, at any rate, is the way to enjoy bridging ditches!

The birds drop a good deal of seed into a Florida garden, besides which are the "self-sown" plants that the gardener, who invests the vegetable kingdom with personality, calls "volunteers." I remember how, only a little while back, it seems, a slender sapling, bird sown, I imagine, pushed its way up by a favorite little bridge where we had filled the ditch with wild iris. This stranger was a pleasant-enough little fellow, but he was distinctly an intruder and my first impulse was of extermination. But my mother, the essence of whose everyday wisdom was the avoidance of quick decisions, decided, after a night which brought counsel, on sparing him. Hers was a broader garden vision; she saw in the future a big tree giving just the green shade that this part by the woodshed lacked. Now when she has gone what she saw has come true. I sat yesterday by the sapling, now grown to the pride of its full strength. The spring had waked it and the tender green of its young leaves and feathery tracery of its fringelike blossoms were lovely against the cloudless southern blue. And there, in some sense that I cannot quite make clear, there in that vigorous life of the young tree was, for me, my mother. Is not this perhaps immortality, to have caused something to happen which lives on after you? A slender, intruding sapling that you have saved? A cool shade under which those, perhaps, who know nothing of you may rest and be for a passing moment happier? In this sense the small garden is, for her children, forever haunted. There is no planting of rose bushes, no simple tracing of a border's edge by violets, no tangle of red rose and trumpet vine which climbs up to what was her window, but tells me, who now must potter about her garden alone, that I am not alone.

My sister believes a little something in the communications that sometimes seem to come, through those attuned to

catch them, from the newer existence. And, oddly enough, the thing that would come nearest to convincing me is the apparent triviality of the messages my mother is said to send, one especially, for example, urging my sister, who has always nourished a kind of prejudice against this flower, "to plant petunias." They gave color, my mother used to say, and, placed in a discreet distance, they made a garden gay.

The gardener—have I already said so?—believes in very truth that she walks there, and that sometimes early in the morning when the dew is on the lawn—we have lawns indeed, rare in Florida!—he can sometimes catch her voice giving him the simple orders of the day, that he shall trim a rose bush, or transplant spinach, or pull up an intruding pepper plant. It is just the humble routine things he hears that make me half believe in them. I know that if she lives she wants to know every detail of her children's lives and that she will want us to know that she thinks I had better plant petunias, and that my sister's new skirt, which the gardener's wife is constructing, would be prettier with two flounces instead of one.

That is the kind of thing she would communicate to us, not some vague description of what life upon a higher plane is like. I know that if she can bridge the chasm it is for the simple purpose of being with us in each trivial moment of our lives. And there is no idle half hour of my existence when just to think of her is not the lighting of a flame upon the altar that she would wish. If I will let her, she will be in every rose I cut and in every shirt and sock I put on of a morning, living in some real sense in all the material world that is around me.

Is it very differently—I say this in all reverence—that one thinks of God and of His saints, who color the universe, if one will let them, with something of comradeship and love? Now that she who was the first source and fountain of my life is gone, I feel sometimes that I am

left among strangers; there is no affection except the mother's for her child that can creep so close in every trivial, tender detail of life. But can that love die, even if death is indeed the end of the individual, if even personality shall vanish and be scattered like ashes to the wind? Is there not a kind of immortality in the power of the living to bestow? Does not memory forever work a miracle?

The mulberry festival has commenced this week, and in the soft airs of spring which blow the world away it seems as important an event as those more disturbing ones of which those strange, agitated newspapers from the metropolis are full. I wonder if death is not a little like the southeast wind, that blows life away and yet leaves together those who have loved one another.

It is the tradition of biographers, not quite so commonly of autobiographers, that it is the faults of a character which make it human and living. I have always rather doubted this, though the doctrine gives one an agreeable excuse for pointing out the defects of others. Yet I mean to conform to the tradition. As I remember my mother it is not bad qualities which stand out. Indeed, I am inclined to believe she was very good. But I shall do my best to blink at this goodness.

My parent's persistent and outstanding fault was of being by nature and, so I affirmed, by intention late. She could not and she would not be on time. It was a necessity for her, but it was, too (so it seemed to a person like myself, passionately on time), always a pleasure. Not to be on time gives a person of my temperament a hurried, hunted feeling; it gave her a sensation of ease. To be on time would have been to be a slave; to be late was to be master of your soul.

It was a family tradition, my mother's lateness; it began, so the story went, at her birth. My grandmother's birthday was on the 17th of January. My mother arrived on the 18th, just one day too late, my grandmother always said, to be a birthday gift.

The gap between promise and performance was reduced as the good little Adelaide grew up; instead of a day late she was sometimes only a quarter or a half hour or even only ten minutes. But she was always late, bless her.

My temper did not always stand the strain upon it. At such moments I used ironically to point out to her that she always caught trains, proving that she could. And she answered, smilingly, that of course she could be on time for trains—one had to be. But one hadn't to be for one's son whom one loved. I asked her despairingly if my wishes could make promptness seem compulsory. I pointed out the inefficiency of wasting my valuable time by keeping me waiting. I begged her wildly to consider the wear and tear upon my nerves, the depletion of my vital energy. And she listened patiently, even tenderly—and was late next time. The nearest she ever came to making out a case for herself was once when she told me, with almost a touch of hauteur, that it was excellent discipline for me to control my nerves and that possibly she was doing me a real service in keeping me waiting.

How can one ever know how many eccentricities of women are devised for the purpose of disciplining men, or how many times, when ladies are late, it is at the cost of considerable inconvenience to them, but for our good? Such things are possible; such thoughts may lurk in the recesses of the female mind. This question of being on time is one which has divided the sexes from time immemorial. And the great logical advantage which the sex which is late has over the one which is prompt is that they, quite obviously, lose no time waiting. We, as a sex, are constantly in danger of being destroyed by the time we consume at restaurant entrances and in hotel lobbies.

I gladly absolve my parent of any deep-seated plan to be late; it was indeed the lovely, instinctive flowering of her nature. My sister, who is herself no bad hand at not being ready, always



maintained that mother had no sense of time. And I believe this was perhaps so, that she measured it only by the pleasure she was finding as it passed, or by the fatigue which indicated that somehow it must already have passed. And I detect here, in spite of my coarser masculine instinct for promptness, the beginnings of a higher wisdom, of a measurement of time by some higher standard than that of the gross mechanical pendulum.

I used to assert that my mother's ideal would be to start to dress for dinner as dinner was announced, and she would reply, her eyes shining, that it would certainly be the way to eliminate waste of time.

I dare say in her heart she admitted that never to be on time was a fault. But she had too great a sense of humor to believe for an instant that it was a very grave fault. And what shall I say? I started to prove her faults, but the first one I tackle now somehow looks engaging to me, and in a world where there is too little charm if a thing is engaging is it a fault? Even in one's mother?

Comradeship is what I would especially recommend to mothers anxious to win their children's hearts. Comrade is what my mother was—to the end. She would have rewritten the Latin *nihil humanum*—restricting it to merely that nothing that had to do with her children could ever be alien to her.

She wanted always to be with us, always to do the things we were doing, if they were consistent with her dignity of a mother. Yet she never gave us, nor anyone else, I think, the impression that she wanted to be young, only that she wanted to be with young people like her children.

It is a small thing, but we never sat through a meal in that silence which so often seems to grip families. People in strange hotels sometimes told us afterward that they had not supposed we could be related, we seemed so interested in talking to one another. I would not convey the impression of anything

chilling or formal. There was plenty of informality, and not always, I am afraid, at least on my part, very good manners. I am sometimes forgetful, and again often unduly proud of being a reasonable being and despising *les petits soins*. I don't believe in gentlemen who lay stress on always rising when their wives enter a room and then go home and beat them to a pulp. I say I like to believe that I abound in a kindness beyond form. Mother, if she were here, would probably say again that I am like Eugene. This needs explanation.

Eugene was a happy-natured negro, now serving a term in stripes on the Florida roads because of an ingenious method of burglary he practiced. He was engaged one day in trying to borrow two dollars from my mother. This was to help to pay his fare to a mythical Babbtown, New York, whence he claimed to have come. He dilated upon the tender feelings which drew him back, and finally in a climax depicted the admirable family life he had led by saying:

"Why, Mis' Rhodes, I had fourteen sisters and I never hit a one of them!"

I agree with my mother that I am a little like that. I may have failed sometimes in courtliness of manners to her and to my sister, but I really never hit a one of them.

It is a very common thing to say that the edge of grief wears dull with years and that it is a blessed thing. Perhaps it wears dull, perhaps it is blessed that it should be, if it is so. I am still at the stage of wondering.

The paroxysms pass, both mind and body fall back into something of the old routine activities. Life is not intolerable without those who have gone. But it is forever different.

Life is for most of us rather like a picture which composes around certain personalities. When one has grown old enough to be used to the picture the blotting out of one of its chief elements seems to make what is left ill composed and meaningless. The significance of half the minor events, of the trivial

gayeties, of the small jokes, of all the detail of everyday life which made it bearable, is gone without my mother's answering gleam in the eye, her pleasant passing comment.

Of course we try to keep her with us (we do this only half consciously, I think) by bursting forth about many a small and absurd event that it is a shame that she should be missing it. It is in the minor happenings of life that one misses an absent comrade. In the great crises, in the moments of great happiness or of great suffering, one is somehow willing to stand alone. It is when the laundress has said something amusing about the condition of my underwear that I want to share the fun with my mother.

Without the comradeship of one who has been a gay, dear friend the world's events seem to fall into new and perhaps wiser valuations. That, it seems to me, is something of what people mean by the lesson of sorrow, the greater sympathy which one wins by suffering, merely that one sees that few things have much importance beyond what comradeship gives them. In a revalued world it is not so hard as it once was to go without things. The deeply and genuinely bereaved man is the serener for his loss. He is, so long as his memory lasts of the beautiful thing he has lost, poised somehow above the minor good and evil of the world. He has less wish to live and so less fear to die, through a greater willingness to do either, as fate shall decide.

For most people, I think, the question of immortality only arises really from the grave of some dead loved one. And life, at any rate, takes on a new and solemn interest. The sun never again sets in somber glory without asking you to contemplate the world as something which may be a mere veil. If eyes that once looked at us with love are looking at the odd pattern of human life from the other side, we must at least hope that it seems to them better designed than it sometimes appears to us.

The question of the life after death

would take more than one little book, as it has already taken its thousand thousands. Here there is not wisdom or science enough to make even one chapter. But I do know that because love has gone there is no ruin of the beauty of love which has been. Every great human affection is immortal; so, perhaps, is every smallest. Memory is the miracle worker. If you can remember the dead with a heart passionate enough, they do not die, at least until you so go yourself. And then if you, too, sleep eternally, shall they not sleep as well?

There was in our garden a red climbing rose which my mother had planted and then despaired of because it would never bloom. It grew riotously, and upon wires strung for it between the fig trees it clambered almost the whole length of the croquet court. But for four years or more it never showed traces of flowering, and my mother had finally condemned it. That last autumn she told me that if in the coming spring it still refused to blossom it was to be removed from the garden and a more docile bush set in its place.

She died in January, and in April the Hiawatha rose flowered for the first time, a blaze of scarlet and gold, as she had meant it should be. It has not blossomed since. Was it a signal? It is not altogether preposterous to me. There is something which, every gardener knows, makes plants grow, not sun or soil or rain, but something the gardener himself brings to the garden. If anything could know that she wandered down the old paths it would perhaps be a rose bush. I had rather that it had been one of her children. But I disdain no hint that the rose is my brother and that the whole shining green world is bound together in some confraternity of love beyond my power to apprehend. If moods come when the comrade I have liked most still seems for me to live in the budding bush and the southeast wind and the redbird's twinkling song, why, then, I am glad.

*(The end)*



## WITH DICKENS IN AMERICA

New Material from the Papers of Mrs. James T. Fields

EDITED BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

### PART II

ON the return of Dickens to Boston, Mrs. Fields dined with him at the Parker House, March 31, 1868, and, commenting on his lack of "talent" for sleeping, wrote in her diary:

I remember Carlyle says, "When Dulness puts his head upon his mattresses, Dulness sleeps," referring to the apathetic people who went on with their daily habits and avocations in Paris while men were guillotined by thousands in the next street. Mr. Dickens talked as usual, much and naturally—first of the various hotels of which he had late experience. The one in Portland was particularly bad, the dinner, poor as it was, being brought in small dishes, "as if Osgood and I should quarrel over it," everything being very bad and disgusting which the little dishes contained.

At last they came to the book, *Ecce Homo*, in which Dickens can see nothing of value, any more than we. He thinks Jesus foresaw and guarded as well as he could against the misinterpreting of his teaching, that the four Gospels are all derived from some anterior written Scriptures—made up, perhaps, with additions and interpolations from the *Talmud*, of which he expressed great interest and admiration. Among other things which prove how little the Gospels should be taken literally is the fact that *broad phylacteries* were not in use until some years after Jesus lived, so that the passage in which this reference occurs, at least, must only be taken as conveying the spirit and temper, not the actual

form of speech, of our Lord. Mr. Dickens spoke reverently and earnestly, and said much more if I could recall it perfectly.

Then he came to "spiritualism" again and asked if he had ever told us his interview with Colchester, the famous medium. He continued that, being at Knebworth one day, Lytton, having finished his dinner and retired to the comfort of his pipe, said: "Why don't you see some of these famous men? What a pity Home has just gone." (Here Dickens imitated to the life Lytton's manner of speaking, so I could see the man.) "Well," said D., "he went on to say so much about it that I inquired of him who was the next best man. He said there was one Colchester, if possible better than Home. So I took Colchester's address, got Charley Collins, my son-in-law, to write to him asking an interview for five gentlemen and for any day he should designate, the hour being two o'clock. A day being fixed, I wrote to a young French con-juror, with whom I had no acquaintance but had observed his great cleverness at his business before the public, to ask him to accompany us. He acceded with alacrity. Therefore, with poor Chauncey Townsend, just dead, and one other person whom I do not at this moment recall, we waited upon Mr. Colchester. As we entered the room, I leading the way, the man, recognizing me immediately, turned deadly pale, especially when he saw me followed by the con-juror and Townsend, who, with his colored imperial and beard and tight-

fitting wig, looked like a member of the detective police. He trembled visibly, became livid to the eyes, all of which was visible in spite of paint with which his face was covered to the eyes. He withdrew for a few minutes, during which we heard him in hot discussion with his accomplice, telling him how he was cornered and trying to imagine some way in which to get out of the trap, the other evidently urging him to go through with it now the best way he could. He returned, therefore, and placed himself with his back to the light, while it shone upon our faces. We sat awhile in silence until he began, insolently turning to me: 'Take up the alphabet and think of somebody who is dead, pass your hands over the letters, and the spirit will indicate the name.' I thought of Mary and took the alphabet, and when I came to M he rapped; but I was sure that I had unconsciously signified by some movement and determined to be more skilful the next time. For the next letter, therefore, he went on to H and then asked me if that was right. I told him I thought the spirits ought to know. He then began with some one else, but doing nothing he became hotter and hotter, the perspiration pouring from his face until he got up, said the spirits were against him, and was about to withdraw. I then rose and told him that it was the most shameless imposition, that he had got us there with the intent to deceive and under false pretences, that he had done nothing and could do nothing. He offered to return our money—I said the fact of his taking the money at all was the point. At last the wretch said, turning to the Frenchman, 'I did tell you one name, Valentine.' 'Yes,' answered the young conjuror, with a sudden burst of English, 'Yes, but I showed it to you!' indicating with a swift movement of the hand how he had given him a chance." Then it was all up with Colchester and more scathing words than those spoken by Dickens to him have been seldom spoken by mortal. It was the righteous anger of one trying

to avenge and help the world. Mr. Dickens always seems to me like one who, working earnestly with his eyes fixed on the immutable, nevertheless finds to his own surprise that his words place him among the prophets. He does not arrogate a place to himself there, indeed he is singularly humble (as it seems to us) in the moral position he takes, but for all that is led by the Divine Hand to see what a power he is and in an unsought-for manner finds himself among the teachers of the earth. He says nowhere is a man placed in such an unfair position as at church. If one could only be allowed to get up and state his objections it would be very well, but under the circumstances he declines being preached to.

[A few days later, on Fast Day, Mrs. Fields heard Dickens read the *Christmas Carol* for the last time in Boston.]

*Such* a wonderful evening as it was!! We were on fire with enthusiasm and in spite of some people who went with us . . . looking, as C. D. said, as if they were sorry they had come, they were really filled with enthusiasm, and enjoying as fully as their critical and crossed natures would allow. He himself was full of fun and put in all manner of queer things for our amusement; but what he put in, involuntarily, when he turned on a man who was standing staring fixedly at him with an opera glass, was almost more than we could bear. The stolidity of the man, the fixed glass, the despairing, annihilating look of Dickens were too much for our equanimity.

*Thursday*.—Anniversary of C. D.'s marriage day and of John Forster's birthday. C. D. not at all well, coughing all the time and in low spirits. Mr. Dolby came in when J. was there in the morning to say there were two gentlemen from New Bedford (friends of Mr. Osgood's) who wished to see him. Would he allow them to come in? "No, I'll be damned if I will," he said, like a spoiled child starting up from his chair!



J. was equally amused and astonished at the outburst, but sleeplessness, narcotics, and the rest of the crew of disturbers have done their worst. My only fear is he may be ill. However, they had a walk together towards noon and he revived, but coughed badly in the evening. I think, too, only \$1,300 in the house was bad for his spirits! . . .

*April 7th.*—Dickens . . . told Jamie the other day in walking that he wrote *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Oliver Twist* at the same time for rival magazines from month to month. Once he was taken ill, with both magazines waiting for unwritten sheets. He immediately took steamer for Boulogne, took a room in an inn there, secure from interruption, and was able to return just in season for the monthly issues with his work completed. He sees now how the work of both would have been better done had he worked only upon one at a time.

After the exertion of last evening he looked pale and exhausted. Longfellow and Norton joined with us in trying to dissuade him from future Readings after these two. He does not recover his vitality after the effort of reading, and his spirits are naturally somewhat depressed by the use of soporifics, which at length became a necessity. . . . *Copperfield* was a tragedy last night—less vigor but great tragic power came out of it. Snowing again desperately.

*April 8th.*—In spite of a deluge of rain last night there was a large audience to hear Dickens, and Longfellow came as usual. He read with more vigor than the night before and seemed better. . . . The time approaches swiftly for our flight to New York. We dread to leave home and would only do it for *him*, beside the pleasure must be much in the fact of trying to do something rather than in really doing anything, for I fear he will be too ill and utterly fatigued to care much about anything but rest.

*Friday, April 10th.*—Left home at eight o'clock in the morning, found our dearly beloved friend C. D. already awaiting us, with two roses in his coat

and looking as fresh as possible. It was my first ride in America in a compartment car. Mr. Dolby made the fourth in our little party and we had a table and a game of "Nincom" and "Casino" and talked and laughed and whiled away the time pleasantly until we arrived here at the Westminster Hotel in time for dinner at six. I was impressed all day long with the occasional languor which came over C. D. and always with the exquisite delicacy and quickness of his perception, something as fine as the finest woman possesses, which combined itself wondrously with the action of the massive brain and the rapid movement of those strong, strong hands. I felt how deeply we had learned to love him and how hard it would be for us to part.

At dinner he gave us a marvellous description of his life as a reporter. It seems he invented (in a measure) a system of stenography for himself; this is to say he altered Gurney's system to suit his own needs. He was a very young man, not yet 20, when at 7 guineas a week he was engaged as reporter on the *Morning Chronicle*, then a very large and powerful paper. At this period the present Lord Derby, then Mr. Stanley, was beginning his brilliant career, and O'Connell, Shiel, and others were at the height of their powers. Wherever these men spoke a corps of reporters was detailed to follow them and with the utmost expedition forward verbatim reports to the *Chronicle*. Often and often he has gone by post chaise to Edinburgh, heard a speech or a part of it (having instructions, whatever happened, to leave the place again at a certain hour, the next reporter taking up his work where he must leave it), and has driven all the way back to London, a bag of sovereigns on one side of his body and a bag of slips of paper on the other, writing, writing desperately all the way by the light of a small lamp. At each station a man on horseback would stand ready to seize the sheets already prepared and ride with them to London. Often and often this work

would make him deadly sick and he would have to plunge his head out of the window to relieve himself; still the writing went steadily forward on very little slips of paper which he held before him, just resting his body on the edge of the seat and his paper on the front of the window underneath the lamp. As the station was reached a sudden plunge into the pocket of sovereigns would pay the postboys, another behind him would render up the completed pages, and a third into the pocket on the other side would give him the fresh paper to carry forward the inexorable, unremitting work.

At this period there was a large sheet started in which all the speeches of Parliament were reported verbatim in order to preserve them for future reference — a monstrous plan which fell through after a time. For this paper it was especially desired to have a speech of Mr. Stanley accurately reported upon the condition of Ireland, containing suggestions for the amelioration of the people's suffering. It was a very long and eloquent speech and took many hours in the delivery. There were eight reporters upon the work, each to work three-quarters of an hour and then to retire to write out his portion and be succeeded by the next. It happened that the roll of reporters was exhausted before the speech came to an end and C. D. was called in to report the last portions, which were very eloquent. This was on Friday, and on Saturday the whole was given to the press and the young reporter ran down to the country for a Sunday's rest. Sunday morning had scarcely dawned "when my poor father, who was a man of immense energy, surprised me by making his appearance. The speech had come into Mr. Stanley's hands, who was most anxious to have it correctly given in order to have it largely circulated in Ireland, and he found it all bosh, hardly a word right, except at the beginning and the end. Sending immediately to the office, he had obtained my sheets, at the top of which, according to custom,

the name of the reporter was written, and, finding the name of Dickens, had immediately sent in search of me. My father, thinking this would be the making of me, came immediately, and I followed him back to London. I remember perfectly the look of the room and of the two gentlemen in it as I entered—Mr. Stanley and his father. They were extremely courteous, but I could see their evident surprise at the appearance of so young a man. For a moment as we talked I had taken a seat extended to me in the middle of the room. Mr. Stanley told me he wished to go over the whole speech, and if I was ready he would begin. Where would I like to sit? I told him I was very well where I was and we would begin immediately. He tried to induce me to sit elsewhere or more comfortably, but at that time in the House of Commons there was nothing but one's knees to write upon and I had formed the habit of it. Without further pause then he began, and went on hour after hour to the end, often becoming very much excited, bringing down his hand with violence upon the desk near which he stood and rising at the end into great eloquence.

"In these later years we never meet without that scene returning vividly to my mind, as I have no doubt it does to his also, but I, of course, have never referred to it, leaving him to do so if he shall ever think fit.

"Shiel was a small man with a queer high voice and spoke very fast. O'Connell had a fine brogue which he cultivated, and a magnificent eye. He had written a speech about this time upon the wrongs of Ireland, and, though he repeated it many, many times during three months when I followed him about the country, I never heard him give it twice the same, nor ever without being himself deeply moved."<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Dickens's imitation of Bulwer Lytton is so vivid that I feel as if it were

<sup>1</sup> In *Yesterdays with Authors* (see pp. 230-31) Fields made use, with revisions and omissions, of this portion of his wife's diary.



taking a glimpse at the man himself. His deaf manner of speaking he represents exactly. He says he is very brilliant and quick in conversation and knows everything!! He is a conscientious and unremitting student and worker. "I have been surprised to see how well his books wear. Lately I have reread *Pelham* and I assure you I found it admirable. His speech at the dinner given to me just before leaving was well written, full of good things, but delivered execrably. He lacks a kind of confidence in his own powers which is necessary in a good speaker."

Speaking of O'Connell, Mr. Dickens said there had been nobody since who could compare with him but John Bright, who is at present the finest speaker in England. Cobden was fond of reasoning, and hardly what would be called a brilliant speaker; but his noble truthfulness and devotion to the cause to which he had pledged himself made him one of the grandest of England's great men. I asked about Mrs. Cobden. He told me she had been made very comfortable and in a beautiful manner. After her husband's death, his affairs having become involved by some bad investment he had made, a committee of six gentlemen came together to consider what should be done to commemorate his great and unparalleled devotion to his country. The result was, instead of having a public subscription for Mrs. Cobden with the many unavoidable and disagreeable features of such a step, each of these gentlemen subscribed about £12,000 apiece, thus making £70,000, a sufficient sum to make her most comfortable for life. . . .

I have forgotten to say how in those long rides from Edinburgh the mud dashed up and into the opened windows of the post chaise, nor how they would be obliged to fling it off from their faces and even from the papers on which they wrote. As Dickens told us he flung the imaginary evil from him as he did the real in the days long gone, and we could see him with the old disgust returned.

He said, by the way, that never since those old days when he left the House of Commons as a Reporter had he entered it again. His hatred of the falseness of talk, of bombastic eloquence, he had heard there made it impossible for him ever to go in again to hear anyone.

*Sunday, April 12.*—Last night we went to the circus together, C. D., J., and I. It is a pretty building. I was astonished at the knowledge C. D. showed of everything before him. He knew how the horses were stenciled, how tight the wire bridles were, etc. The monkey was, however, the chief attraction. He was rather drunk or tired last night and did not show to good advantage, but he knew how to do all the things quite as well as the men. When the young rope dancer slipped (he was but an apprentice at the business, without wages, C. D. thought) he tried over and over again to accomplish a certain somersault until he achieved it. "That's the law of the circus," said C. D.; "they are never allowed to give up, and it's a capital rule for everything in life. Doubtless this idea has been handed down from the Greeks or Romans and these people know nothing about where it came from. But it's well for all of us." . . .

At six o'clock Mr. Dickens and Mr. Dolby came in to dinner. He seemed much revived both in health and spirits, in spite of the weather. . . .

Dickens talked of Frédéric Lemaitre; he is upwards of sixty years old now; but he has always lived a wretched life, a low, poor fellow; yet he will surprise the actors continually by the new points he will make. He will come in at rehearsal, go about the stage in an abject wretched manner, with clothes torn and soiled as he has just emerged from his vulgar, vicious haunts, and without giving sign or glimmer of his power. Presently he says to the prompter, who always has a tallow candle burning on his box, "Give me your candle"; then he will blow it out and with the snuff make a cross upon his book. "What are

you going to do, Frédéric?" the actors say. "I don't know yet; you'll see by and by," he says, and day after day perhaps will pass until one night when he will suddenly flash upon them some wonderful point. They, the actors, watching him, try to hold themselves prepared, and if he gives them the least hint will mould their parts to fit his. Sometimes he will ask for a chair. "What will you do with it, Frédéric?" He does not reply, but night after night the chair is placed there until he makes his point. He often comes hungry to the theatre, and the manager must give him a dinner and pay for it before he will go on. Fechter, from whom these particulars come, tells Dickens that there can be nothing more wonderful than his acting in the old scene of the miserable father who kills his own son at the inn. The son, coming in rich and handsome, and seeing this old sot about to be driven from the porch by the servant, tells the man to give him meat and wine. While he eats and drinks the wretch sees how freely the rich man handles his gold and resolves to kill him. Fechter's description, with his own knowledge of Lemaitre, had so inspired Dickens that he was able to reproduce him again for us. . . .

*Wednesday, April 15.*—[On returning from a reading in "Steinway Hall, than which nothing could be worse for reading or speaking"]: He soon came up after a little soup, when he called for brandy and lemons and made *such* a burnt brandy punch as has been seldom tasted this side of the "pond." As the punch blazed his spirits rose and he began to sing an old-fashioned comic song such as in the old days was given between the plays at the theatre. One song led to another until we fell into inextinguishable laughter, for anything more comic than his renderings of the chorus cannot be imagined. Surely there is no living actor who could excel him in these things if he chose to exert his ability. His rendering of "Chrush ke lan ne chouskin!" or a lingo which sounded like that (the

refrain of an old Irish song) was something tremendous. We laughed till I was really afraid he would make himself too hoarse to read the next night. He gave a queer old song full of rhymes obtained with immense difficulty and circumlocution to the word "annuity" which it appeared has been sought by an old woman with great *assiduity* and granted with immense *incongruity*. The negro minstrels have in great part supplanted these queer old English, Irish, and Scotch ballads, but they are sure to come up again from time to time. We did not separate until 12, and felt the next morning (as he said) as if we had had a regular orgy. They did not forget, Dolby and he, to pay a proper tribute to "Maryland, My Maryland," and "Dixie" as very stirring ballads.

[After another reading, from which Dickens came home extremely tired]: We ran in at once to talk with him and he soon cheered up. When I first pushed open the door he was a perfect picture of prostration, his head thrown back without support on the couch, the blood suffusing his throat and temples again where he had been very white a few minutes before. This is a physical peculiarity with Dickens which I have never seen before in a man, though women are very subject to that thing. Excitement and exercise of reading will make the blood rush into his hands until they become at times almost black, and his face and head (especially since he has become so fatigued) will turn from red to white and back to red again without his being conscious of it. . . .

*Friday, April 17.*—Weather excessively warm, sky often overcast. Last evening Mr. Dickens read again and for the last time *Copperfield* and Bob Sawyer. He was much exhausted and said he watched a man who was carried out in a fainting condition to see how they managed it, with the lively interest of one who was about to go through the same scene himself. The heat from the gas around him was intolerable. After the reading we went into his room to



have a little soup, "broiled bones," and a sherry cobbler. His spirits were good in spite of fatigue, the thought of home and the memories of England coming back vividly. We, finally, from talk of English scenery, found ourselves in Stratford. He says there is an inn at Rochester, very old, which he has no doubt Shakespeare haunted. This conviction came forcibly upon him one night as he was walking that way and discovered Charles's Wain setting over the chimney just as Shakespeare has described. "When you come to Gad's Hill, please God, I will show you Charles's Wain setting over the old roof."

We left him early, hoping he would sleep, but he hardly closed his eyes all night. Whether he was haunted by visions of home, or what the cause was, we cannot discover, but whatever it may be, his strength fails under such unnatural and continual excitement.

*April 18th. Saturday.*—Mr. Dickens has a badly sprained foot. We like our rooms at his hotel—47 is the number. Last night was "Marigold" and "Gamp" for the last time. He threw in a few touches for our amusement and a great deal of vigor into the whole. Afterward we took supper together, when he told us some remarkable things. Among others he rehearsed a scene described to him years ago by Dr. Eliotson of London of a man about to be hanged. His last hour had approached as the doctor entered the cell of the criminal, who was as justly sentenced as ever a wretch was for having cut off the end of his own illegitimate child. The man was rocking miserably in his chair back and forth in a weak, maudlin condition, while the clergyman in attendance, who had spoken of him as repentant and religious in his frame of mind, was administering the sacrament. The wine stood in a cup at one side until the sacred words were said, when at the proper moment the clergyman gave it to the man, who was still rocking backward and forward, muttering, "What will my poor mother

think of this?" Finding the cup in his hands, he looked into it for a moment as if trying to collect himself, and then, putting on his regular old pothouse manner, he said, "Gen'lemen, I drink your health," and drained the cup in a drunken way. "I think," said C. D., "it is thirty years since I heard Dr. Eliotson tell me this, but I shall never forget the horror that scene inspired in my mind." The talk had taken this turn from the fact of a much-dreaded Press dinner which is to come off to-night and which jocosely assumed the idea of a hanging to their minds. C. D. said he had often thought how restricted one's conversation must become with a man who was to be hanged in half an hour. "You could not say, if it rains, 'We shall have fine weather to-morrow!' for what would that be to him? For my part, I think I should confine my remarks to the times of Julius Cæsar and King Alfred!!" He then related a story of a condemned man out of whom no evidence could be elicited. He would not speak. At last he was seated before a fire for a few moments, just before his execution, when a servant entered and smothered what fire there was with a huge hodful of coal. "*In half an hour that will be a good fire,*" he was heard to murmur.

Mr. Dickens has now read 76 times. It seems like a dream.

*Sunday, April 19th.*—Last night the great New York Press dinner came off. It was a close squeeze with Mr. Dickens to get there at all. He had been taken lame the night before, his foot becoming badly swollen and painful. In spite of a skilful physician he grew worse and worse every hour, and when the time for the dinner arrived he was unable to bear anything upon his foot. So long as he was above ground, however, it was a necessity he should go, and an hour and a half after the time appointed, with his foot sewed up in black silk, he made his way to Delmonico's. Poor man! Nothing could be more unfortunate, but he bore this difficult part off in a stately

and composed manner as if it were a sign of the garter he were doffing for the first time instead of a badge of ill health. The worst of it is that the papers will telegraph news of his illness to England. This seems to disturb him more than anything else. Ah! What a mystery these ties of love are—such pain, such ineffable happiness—the only happiness. After his return he repeated to me from memory every word of his speech without dropping one. He never thinks of such a thing as writing his speeches, but simply turns it over in his mind and “balances the sentences” when he is all right. He produced an immense effect on the Press of New York, tremendous applause responding to every sentence. Curtis’s speech was very beautiful. “I think him the very best speaker I ever heard,” said C. D. “I am sure he would produce a great effect in England from the sympathetic quality he possesses.” I have seldom seen a finer exercise of energy of will than Mr. Dickens’s attendance on this dinner. It brought its own reward, too, for he returned with his foot feeling better. He made a rum punch in his room, where we sat until one o’clock. After repeating his speech, he gave us an imitation of old Rogers as he would repeat a quatrain:

“The French have sense in what they do  
Which we are quite without,  
For what in Paris they call *goût*  
In England we call *gout*.”

Mr. Dolby sat at dinner near a poor bohemian of great keenness of mind, Henry Clapp, by name, who said some things worthy of Rivarol or any other wittiest Frenchman we might choose to select. Speaking of Horace Greeley (the chairman at the dinner), he said “*he was a self-made man and worshipped his creator*.” Of Dr. O——, a vain and popular clergyman, that “he was continually looking for a vacancy in the Trinity.” Of Mr. Dickens, that “Nothing gave him so high an idea of Mr. Dickens’s genius as the fact that he created Uriah Heep without seeing a

certain Mr. Young [who sat near them] and Wilkins Micawber without being acquainted with himself [Henry Clapp].” Of Henry T—— that “*he aimed at nothing and always hit the mark precisely*.” . . .

This speech of Mr. Dickens will make a fine effect, a reactionary effect, in the country. The enthusiasm for him knew no bounds. Charles Norton spoke for New England. I had a visit from him this morning as well as from Mr. Osgood, Dolby, etc. C. D. lunched at the Jockey Club with Dr. Barker and Donald Mitchell and returned to dine with us. He talked of actors, artists, and the clergy—church and religion—but was evidently suffering more or less all the time with his foot, yet kept up a good heart until nine o’clock, when he retired to the privacy of his own room. He feels bitterly the wrong under which English dissenters have labored for years in being obliged not only to support their own church interests in which they *do* believe, but also the abuses of the English Church against which their whole lives are a continual protest. He spoke of the beauty of the landscape through which we had both been walking and driving under a grey sky, with the eager spring looking out among leafless branches and dancing in the red and yellow sap. He said it had always been a fancy of his to write a story, keeping the whole thing in the same landscape, but picturing its constantly varying effects upon men and things and chiefly, of course, upon the minds of men. He asked me if I had ever read Crabbe’s “*Lover’s Ride*.” We became indignant over a tax of 5 per cent which had just been laid upon the entire proceeds of his Readings, telegraphed to Washington, and found that it was unjust and had been taken off.

*Monday, April 20th.*—Attended a meeting of a new “institution” just on foot, first called “Sorosiss” and afterwards “Woman’s League” for the benefit and mutual support of women. It was the first official meeting, but it



proved so unofficial that I was entertained, and amused as well, and was able on my return to make Mr. Dickens laugh until he declared if anything could make him feel better for the evening that account of the Woman's League would. . . .

*Tuesday.*—I find it very difficult today to write at all. Mr. Dickens is on his bed and has been unable to rise, in spite of efforts all day long. . . . Mr. Norton has been here and we have been obliged to go out, but our hearts have been in that other room all the time where our dear friend lies suffering. . . . Oh! these last times—what heartbreak there is in the words. I lay awake since early this morning (though we did not leave him until half past twelve) feeling as if when I arose we must say good-bye. How relieved I felt to brush the tears away and know there was one more day, but even that gain was lessened when I found he could not rise and even this must be a day of separation too. When Jamie told him last night he felt like erecting a statue to him because of his heroism in doing his duty so well, he laughed and said, "No, don't; take down one of the old ones instead!"

[The diary goes on to express the genuine sorrow of Mrs. Fields and her husband at parting from a friend who had so completely absorbed their affection, but in terms which the diarist herself would have been the first to regard as more suitable for manuscript than for print. The pages that contain them throw more light upon Mrs. Fields—a warm and tender light it is—than upon Dickens. There is, however, one paragraph, written after the Fieldses had returned to Boston from New York, which tells something both of Dickens and of Queen Victoria, in whose personality the public interest appears to be perpetual; and with this passage the quotations from the diary shall end.]

*Friday, April 24.*—After the Press dinner in New York Mr. Dickens repeated all his speech to me, as I believe

I have said above, never dropping a word. "I feel," he said, "as if I were listening to the sound of my own voice as I recall it. A very curious sensation." Jamie asked him if Curtis was quite right in the facts of his speech. He said, "Not altogether, as, for instance, in that matter about the Queen and our little play, 'Frozen Deep.' We had played it many times with considerable success, when the Queen heard of it and Colonel Phipps (?) called upon me and said he wished the Queen could see the play. Was there no hall which would be appropriate for the occasion? What did I think of Buckingham Palace? I replied that could not be, for my daughters played in the piece and I had never asked myself to be presented at court nor had I ever taken the proper steps to introduce them there, and of course they could not go as amateur performers where they had never been as visitors. This seemed to trouble him a good deal, so I said I would find some hall which would be appropriate for the purpose and would appoint an evening, which I did immediately, taking the Gallery of Illustration and having it fitted up for the purpose. I then drew up a list of the company, chiefly of artists, literary and scientific men, and interesting ladies which I caused to be submitted to the Queen, begging her to reject or add as she thought proper, setting aside forty seats for the royal party. The whole thing went off finely until after the first play was over, when the Queen sent round a request that I would come and see her. This was considered an act of immense condescension and kindness on her part, and the little party behind the scenes were delighted. Unfortunately, I had just prepared myself for the farce which was to follow and was already standing in motley dress with a red nose. I knew I could not appear in that plight, so I begged leave to be excused on that ground. However, that was forgiven and all passed off well, although the large expense of the whole thing of course fell on me, which amounted to one hun-

dred and fifty or two hundred pounds. Several years after, when Prince Albert died, the Queen sent to me for a copy of the play. I told Col. Phipps the play had never been printed and was the property of a gentleman, Mr. Wilkie Collins. Then would I have it copied? So I had a very beautiful copy made and bound in the most perfect manner, and presented to her Majesty. Whereupon the Princess of Prussia, seeing this, asked for another for herself. I said I would again ask the permission of Mr. Collins and again I had a beautiful copy made with great labor. Then the Queen sent to ask the price of the books. I sent word that my friend, Mr. Wilkie Collins, was a gentleman who would, I was sure, hear to nothing of the kind and begged her acceptance of the volumes." "How has the Queen shown her gratitude for such favors?" I said. "We have never heard anything more from her since that time." Good Mr. Dolby said quietly, "You know in England we call her 'Her Ungracious Majesty.'" Certainly one would not have believed it possible for even a queen's nature to have become so hardened as this to the kindly acts of any human being, not to speak of the efforts of one of her most noble subjects and perhaps the greatest genius of our time. . . .

If any reader wishes to follow the further course of the friendship between Dickens and the Fieldses, he has only to turn to *Yesterdays with Authors*, in which many letters written by Dickens after April, 1868, are quoted, and many remembrances of their intercourse when the Fieldses visited England in 1869, the year before Dickens's death, are presented. Here it will suffice to bring to light one characteristic little note not hitherto printed:

GAD'S HILL PLACE,  
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT  
Wednesday Sixth October, 1869

MY DEAR FIELDS:

Delighted to enjoy the prospect of seeing you and yours on Saturday. Wish

you had been at Birmingham. Wish you were not going home. Wish you had had nothing to do with the Byron matter.<sup>1</sup> Wish Mrs. Stowe was in the pillory. Wish Fechter had gone over when he ought. Wish he may not go under when he oughtn't.

With love  
Ever affectionately yours  
CHARLES DICKENS.

Among the papers preserved by Mrs. Fields there are, besides the manuscript letters of Dickens by himself, many letters written after his death by his sister-in-law, Miss Georgina Hogarth. From bits of these, and especially from a letter written by Dickens's daughter, while his death was still a poignant grief, the affection in which he was held in his own household is touchingly imaged forth.

"All the Old World," wrote Miss Dickens, "all the New World loved him. He never had anything to do with a living soul without attaching them to him. If strangers could so love him, you can tell a little what he must have been to his own flesh and blood. It is a glorious inheritance to have such blood flowing in one's veins. I'm so glad I have never changed my name."

From one of Miss Hogarth's letters a single passage may be taken, since it adds something of first-hand knowledge to the accessible facts about one piece of Dickens's writing which—in so far as the editor of these papers is aware—has never seen the light of print. This letter was written in the September after Dickens's death:

"I must now tell you about the beautiful little New Testament which he wrote for his children. I am sorry to say it is *never to be published*. It happens that he expressed that decided determination only last autumn to me, so we have no alternative. He wrote it years ago when his elder children were quite little. It is about sixteen short chapters,

<sup>1</sup>Mrs. Stowe's unhappily historic article on "The True Story of Lady Byron's Life" appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* of September, 1869.



chiefly adapted from St. Luke's Gospel, most beautiful, most touching, most simple, as such a narrative should be. He never would have it printed and I used to read it to the little boys in MS. before they were old enough to read *writing* themselves. When Charley's children became old enough to have this kind of teaching, I promised Bessy (his wife) that I would make her a copy of this History, and I determined to do it as a Christmas Gift for her last year, but before I began my copy I asked Charles if he did not think it would be well for him to have it printed, at all events for *private* circulation, if he would not publish it (though I think it is a pity he would never do that!). He said he would look over the MS. and take a week or two to consider. At the end of the time he gave it back to me and said he had decided *never to publish it—or even have it privately printed*. He said I might make a copy for Bessy, or for any one of his children, *but for no one else*, and that he also begged that we would never even lend the MS., or a

copy of it, to any one to take out of the house, so there is no doubt about his *strong feeling* on the subject, and we must obey it. I made my copy for Bessy and gave it to her last Christmas. After his death the original MS. became *mine*. As it was never published, of course it did not count as one of Mr. Forster's MSS., and therefore it was one of his private papers, which were left to me. So I gave it at once to Mamie, who was, I thought, the most natural and proper possessor of it, as being his eldest daughter. You must come to England and read it, dear Friend! as we must not send it to you! We should be glad to see you and to show it to you and Mr. Fields in our own house."

Miss Hogarth must have known full well that if this manuscript Gospel according to Charles Dickens was to be shown to anybody outside his immediate circle he himself would have chosen the Charles Street friends from what he called—to them—his "native Boston."

(The end)

## RETURN

BY HESPER LE GALLIENNE

THE cliffs of Dover rising white  
Above the tossing of the sea  
Illumined all my heart with light,  
For they meant home to me.

Beyond the gleaming of the bay,  
The rolling uplands of the downs  
Hid sloping vales where, sheltered, lay  
The little English towns.

Oh, would it all seem just as fair  
And would the lanes be just as green  
As when we were so happy there—  
And I was but eighteen?

# THE LION'S MOUTH

## THE OWNER OF THE MACHINE

BY C. A. BENNETT

THE Owner of the Machine stood in front of the fire, indignantly declaiming.

"No, sir, never again for me! That's the last time I ever allow anyone else to run my car. . . . What's that you say? Well, after all, he was my brother and I could not well refuse. Besides, I thought it would mean a lot to his kids, getting out in the country and so on. I guess I'm too soft-hearted. Anyway, that's where I got stung. Do you know what I found that crazy loon had done to the car when I got back?"

The Owner turned round and gave one of the fire logs a vicious kick. Then he answered his own question.

"To begin with, he had run her God knows how many miles without any oil and burned the bearings out of her. A new set will cost me in the neighborhood of fifty dollars. Then I discovered that he had completely wrecked the self-starter, and that will be another little item on my garage bill. Finally, just to make a complete job of it, I should judge from the state of the tires that he ran her the whole time I was away without ever putting any air in them. . . . It just proves what I have always said—there are some people who simply are not to be trusted with a machine."

It seemed that his two guests had always said the same thing. They now kept on saying it in various elaborate circumlocutory ways until the Owner's wife announced that dinner was ready.

For dinner they had oysters, soup, beefsteak and mushrooms, salad, mince pie, not to mention what are vulgarly known as trimmings. The Owner was a

large man and he ate copiously—enough to sustain a Russian family for a week. After dinner they played bridge until 1 A.M. They drank a large quantity of home brew. The Owner smoked several cigars and innumerable cigarettes. In fact it was quite an ordinary evening. Before going to bed he took three formidable-looking pills. The next morning he got up at seven. He was feeling far from well. He pulled himself together with a pick-me-up. Breakfast had no attractions for him; he confined himself to coffee and cigarettes. He relied on the same diet for nourishment throughout the day. He spent an unhappy night. The following morning his wife persuaded him to see a doctor.

A few days later he was seated with a friend at a table in the dining room of the club. They were studying the bill of fare with that profound concentration which men bring to bear upon the serious affairs of life. The Owner at last laid aside his card with the air of one who has consummated a critical decision.

"Well, what's it to be? Better try some of this lobster salad. That's what I'm going to have. You can't beat the lobsters they serve you here."

The friend demurred. "Hardly the thing for you, is it? Haven't you been rather off color lately? Thought I heard something about a doctor having put you on a diet."

"Oh, pshaw! That's all poppycock! These doctors are all the same. This man I went to got off the line of talk they all use—said I was eating too much meat and smoking too much and not getting enough exercise. Wanted me to do setting-up exercises before breakfast, cut out meat and all smokes except one cigar a day, and ordered me generally to live



like a monk. I waited until he was all through, paid him five dollars for his valuable advice, came home, and took a pill. And now I am as right as rain. Nothing but an ordinary bilious attack, my boy. . . . Waiter! We want two orders of this lobster salad and . . ."

*Moral:* Some people are not to be trusted with a machine.

### THE GLASS-TOPPED DESK

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

ONE of these days, when I have my way, I am going to install in my office a glass-topped desk.

Just what it is that makes the glass-topped desk the mark of the efficient man, I do not know; but I am aware that all gentlemen important enough to wear to business blue-serge suits with white edgings to their waistcoats are to be found seated at immense glass-topped desks. Underneath the glass there should be stretched a map of the United States, with those cities marked in red in which there are sales offices of the Reliance Gumdrop and Gumshoe Corporation, or else (according to the whim of the man at the desk) a complete statistical table showing the annual output of safety pins for the years 1900 to 1920, or something equally overwhelming. For myself, I have not definitely decided what shall go under the glass. One executive of my acquaintance used to have there an enormous picture of his wife, thus revealing to those who visited his office that, implacable as he might seem in his business affairs, he nevertheless possessed a warm and loving heart. That was some time ago, and I understand that since then he has been divorced, which would seem to indicate that the constant sight of one's wife's face under glass on one's desk is no sure guaranty of domestic felicity. Possibly he only sought variety in the decoration of his desk, and that caused the trouble. Possibly the sight of his wife's face constantly before him, smiling upon him

while he signed his letters, drove him to desperation. Be that as it may, his plan is not to be recommended. Better something more impersonal.

At present I am favorably disposed toward a map of North America. That would seem, somehow, to suggest that I am a man of far-reaching interests. "In the last analysis," I shall say, "we must take a broad-gauge view of the matter," and my eye will run over the map. "By and large," I shall continue, "the factors in this problem are national, not to say international." And you will be vastly impressed. "A very big man," you will say afterward to your friends; "he thinks in terms of continents."

Not being an officer of the Reliance Gumdrop and Gumshoe Corporation, I could not suitably have their sales offices marked in red on my map; but that is a small matter. Surely, as a lover of nature, I could have a map indicating in blue the migration routes of our principal warblers. It is not clear that the map has to have any immediate practical value. Does the executive of the Reliance Corporation, when the head of the Duluth office is announced, search his map hurriedly, and then, with one finger upon the name of that city, greet his employee with a cheerful cry of, "Ah, Hapgood, and how is business in the Duluth office, situated as it is at the extreme western tip of Lake Superior?" Not a bit of it; the purpose of his map is decorative; and mine shall be decorative, too. Hence my preference for the migration routes of warblers, perhaps with a few of the warblers themselves represented here and there in the act of migrating, thus adding a pleasantly ornithological note to an otherwise severely geographical display.

The desk will be practically bare. An ash tray, perhaps, will be there as a fitting adjunct to the box of excellent cigars in the lower left-hand drawer, and possibly some baskets marked "Incoming" and "Outgoing" and "Immediate Attention" and "Eventual Attention" and "For Signature" and "For Pro-

found Consideration." The presence of these baskets will make it almost impossible for me to waste time signing my incoming mail or giving profound attention to my outgoing mail or doing any of the other things that the lesser executives who have not learned the proper use of baskets are constantly in danger of doing. You whose desk is littered with papers will look at my baskets and marvel.

Another essential in my office will be a few photographs of noted men on the walls, inscribed to me: "Yours sincerely, Egbert R. Bodkins," or, "To my good friend, Fred Allen, devotedly, Horace J. Spink." I notice that men of affairs always have such portraits on the walls, representing members of the Cabinet, Marshal Foch, or the Governor of the state.

The question is, how to go about it? How *is* it done, anyhow? Should I get a dozen expensive pictures taken of myself, seated at my desk, pen in hand, with my most executive expression stamped upon my features, and should I send them to noted men of my acquaintance and ask for a swap?

DEAR PROFESSOR BUTTERHEAD,—I think this is quite a good picture of me, and you will notice that I have written under it, "To my good friend, Professor Butterhead, whose research has revolutionized modern physical astronomy, with the cordial regards of F. L. Allen." I wonder if you have a good picture of yourself? because if you haven't, I should like to have my photograph back again.

Or would it be better to adopt a more insinuating method?

MY DEAR SECRETARY APPLECART,—Only yesterday, as I sat here in my office, gazing at the portraits of President McNair of the McNair Soda-water Company, and of M. Clemenceau, which these gentlemen presented to me and which hang on the walls of my office, my mind wandered back to the delightful evening that we spent together in 1913 when we both dined at the house of Mr. V. H. Splutters.

I hope you will not think it unseemly of me to send you a little photograph of myself,

in token of my admiration of your courageous action as chairman of the Idaho Livestock Investigating Commission. I for my part have been pretty constantly occupied as secretary of the St. John's Parish School, which is also an exacting position.

With best regards to Mrs. Applecart, believe me, etc.

Pictures of immense banquets at which I have figured would, of course, enliven the walls. The trouble is that in these pictures the head table, at which I sit, along with the chairman of the dinner committee and the Senator from New Jersey and others, immediately under the American flag, is usually so distant a detail of the picture that casual visitors to the office would possibly fail to recognize me; they would be more likely to look for me among the vulgar-looking men who sit at the round table just under the camera, twisting half around so as to show every hideous feature of their great moon faces. That picture of the alumni dinner, for instance, with the six least presentable members of the classes of 1920 and 1921 all out of focus in the foreground. . . . No; a photograph of myself in a group of the entertainment committee of the Chamber of Commerce will be more to the point, as showing me taking my rightful place in a group of quiet but strong men, engaged in important tasks on behalf of the mercantile interests of the community.

A few simple rules shall guide my office force. If you ask to see me and I happen to be busy swapping yarns with an acquaintance, you shall be told by my secretary that I am "in a conference." The thing shall be said in such a tone that you will be confident that nothing less than the settlement of the German reparations question is occupying my vast intellect. If, on the other hand, I do not happen to be at my desk, you shall be told that I have "just stepped out." The expression may seem unnecessarily specific. "Mr. Allen has just gone out;" doubtless that would do very well. But I find that the



secretaries of all great executives prefer "stepped out," and "stepped out" it shall be, if only to show that my locomotion is normal. Some day, with the passing years, it may become necessary to say, "Mr. Allen has just waddled out of the office," or, "Mr. Allen rolled off to luncheon at twelve"; but let us not borrow trouble. . . . For the present you shall be assured that I was stepping when last seen.

If, however, I am in my office and unoccupied when you call, how courtly shall be my manner as I rise to wave you to the massive chair which stands like a lesser island on the sea of soft plush carpet, beside that greater island which is my glass-topped desk. While we are talking a gentle buzzer will interrupt us, and I shall murmur, "Excuse me a moment, please," and pick up the telephone. "Washington, is it?" you shall hear me say in a tone of quiet mastery. "President Jinx of the Delaware and Wabash? . . . Will you tell him that I'm in a conference, Miss Jones, and ask him to call again in half an hour?" Your eyes will come back to me from the portrait of Secretary Applecart on which they have been feasting. "I'm afraid I'm taking too much of your time," you will venture, timidly. "Oh no," I shall answer; "it does presidents good to wait. Tell me; you have been in the South recently; in the last analysis, what is the state of public opinion there, considered in its broader aspects?"

Will you be impressed? Probably just about as much as I am impressed by the average executive whom I see and the things I read about him.

#### PERPETUATING PIPPA

BY FLORENCE GUY WOOLSTON

NO doubt Rebecca Sokoloff had been unduly influenced by the writings of Turgenev, Gogol, and Dostoevsky. She had grown up on a full diet of Russian literature, and, however scarce creature comforts, there was always

plenty of talk about books and ideas in the Sokoloffs' tailor shop. After school, instead of playing in the park, Rebecca sat every day huddled in a cramped corner beside her father's sewing machine, endlessly writing. Her verses and stories were of her Ghetto—pushcarts and street venders with their shrill cries; rabbis with black skullcaps and long white beards; young intellectuals, arguing fiercely; women, old and weary at thirty, and sorrowful little children who seemed never to laugh. Rebecca's productions were always sad. Nothing but grim poverty, and life turned gray by the elemental struggle for existence, had come into her days.

By and by, in the order of life in the New World, Papa Sokoloff moved forward and took a larger shop, this time on Grand Street. Presently he was no longer a tailor, but a manufacturer of shirtwaists, holding the International Ladies' Garment-Makers' Union at bay. Since Rebecca had been heralded as an infant prodigy, and they believed that a great author was born among them, the family moved uptown in order that she might study at Columbia University. All the other Sokoloffs—Rachel, Fanny, Herman, and Isadore—reveled in prosperity. They attended moving-picture shows, dances, and cabarets; they paraded upper Broadway and Riverside Drive, dressed in expensive clothes. But they understood that Rebecca was different. She was consecrated to her ambition—none other than becoming the greatest woman writer in America. Nor was it long before her talent was recognized at college, and one day the professor who taught composition advised her to enter the prize-story competition conducted for students by *The World Fireside*.

Ever since Rebecca had lived on Morningside Heights one particular story had been brewing. Opposite the pretentious elevator building in which the Sokoloffs now lived was a far less elegant "walk-up" apartment house. Rebecca had watched the janitress, a

thin, faded creature who was eternally scrubbing hallways or rushing frantically to attend the telephone. She made her acquaintance in order to etch the story from reality. It was a simple tale; just a picture of a woman, burdened by work, harassed by a drunken husband, disappointed by the children who had been her investment for happiness. There was plot in her life in abundance, and Rebecca wrote the story with that ache that came to her heart when she thought of poverty, of work without joy, of bitterness when human contacts fail.

A month dragged wearily after her precious manuscript was mailed. She watched for the postman continually and, when at last he handed her an envelope with *The World Fireside* printed upon it, she fairly trembled with excitement. But, no! She had not won the prize. Only a letter asking her to call and see the editor, Herbert Humphreys. He wrote that, although her story did not qualify for the competition, she had promise. Next day Rebecca paid her first visit to a great publishing house. She was passed from one person to another until, after long periods of suspense, she reached the inner sanctum of the man who understood the needs of two and a half million readers so well that he was hailed one of the greatest editors of the day.

Herbert Humphreys was a rotund person, with kindly eyes that peered through large, bone-rimmed eyeglasses with an expression suggesting fifty-two national smile weeks a year. It was apparent to Rebecca, who eyed him solemnly from her equally round tortoise-boned spectacles, that he had never in his life been hungry or tired or discouraged.

"Miss Sokoloff," he said, with an impressive gesture of welcome, "we have sent for you because everyone on the staff of *The World Fireside* recognized your little story, 'One by One,' as something quite out of the ordinary. In fact, we felt it had a quality, shall I say, almost like that of a Russian master? It

was not suitable for our prize, but it shows so much ability that we think we can develop you into a real *World Fireside* writer."

Rebecca was too greatly thrilled even to formulate assent.

"In fact," continued Herbert Humphreys, "I believe you could rewrite 'One by One' and, with my suggestions, make it over into our kind of literature. But first, let me ask you: When you wrote your story, did you think of the kind of people who were going to read it? Did you visualize your audience, as it were?"

Rebecca considered a moment and shook her head. "I didn't think about anybody reading it. You see, all I cared about was the janitress and her life—and how it seemed to me."

"Aha, yes." The editor applauded the right answer with satisfaction. "That's it. That's just the trouble. All young writers make the same mistake. They want to write about their own thoughts; they aren't concerned with their readers. I don't mind telling you, Miss Sokoloff, the fact that *The World Fireside* has outdistanced all its competitors is not an accident. It is because, when I undertook to edit it, I realized that we were not getting it out for the purpose of having authors express themselves, or to display my tastes, either. We were getting it out for our subscribers, and our subscribers, boiled down to one, constitute the general reader. Do you know what average magazine readers want?"

Rebecca did not. She had always supposed that readers took what authors provided for them. She had never yet heard that modern literature is made to order.

"Let us take your story," continued Mr. Humphreys. "Our readers would not like it at all. Your first mistake is in the choice of a heroine. You have written about a woman over fifty years of age. You describe her as thin and haggard. You even dwell on the fact that she had no teeth, having lost her own



and being without funds to purchase artificial ones. The general reader wouldn't tolerate such a heroine. She must be well under thirty and she must be good-looking. A homely man might be permitted in a magazine if he were whimsical. But women positively must be young and attractive."

"You mean," Rebecca spoke in awe, "that I may write only stories about young girls—and not tell about the mothers and the grandmothers in their wigs, and—"

"Wigs? I should say not. A wig implies a bald head. Who would want to hear about a woman with a bald head? Nothing out of the normal, Miss Sokoloff—nothing that suggests physical handicap. Your main characters must be all right—and your subject must be all right, too. You are young and you ought to be in the happiest time of your life. Why do you want to tell of tragedy? Why do you choose such an unpleasant subject as a woman's bitter disappointment? And a poor woman, at that! No one wants to read of poor people, or hunger, or privation. Leave those things to charity societies and sociological reports. When average men and women pick up a magazine they want to be amused—lifted out of everyday affairs. They want romance. When you rewrite your story you must be sure to put in a love note. Change your plot so that the daughter, perhaps, marries her employer's son and comes up in the world."

"But," protested the young creator of "One by One," "she couldn't possibly have done that. She's the kind who only gets into trouble—that's what worries the mother—she isn't a nice, quiet girl."

"She will have to be to get into *The World Fireside*." The tone implied finality. "Take it from me, Miss Sokoloff, there are some subjects which no magazines permit in fiction—controversial or unpleasant things like sex, religion, ill health, disappointment, death. And another point. I hope you won't

object to my telling you this; it will help you later on, I feel sure. One of your characters used profanity, uttered an oath, as I remember. We never allow strong language in *The World Fireside*. Our readers may themselves swear occasionally, but they don't want oaths on the library table. . . . No; it's not done."

"Could one make dots, then, to show the feelings?"

"I'm afraid that wouldn't do, either. You see, the idea is that the characters shouldn't have such feelings. They suggest inharmony and dissatisfaction. It's the business of story-writers to express optimism and courage—to make the world seem like a comfortable, happy place to live in."

"You mean like fairy stories?"

"Something like that. The reader may have troubles of his own, but at heart he wants to believe that all's well with the world, that everything is coming out right. A sad story jars him, shakes his confidence. Now your story, Miss Sokoloff, is too terrible. It is entirely different from anything printed in *The World Fireside*. It represents America as if life here could be gloomy and dismal as it is in Russia. Nobody wants to believe a thing like that. Read your story again, and if you can send it back with a young heroine and a strong note of romance and a background of gayety we shall be glad to have it."

Herbert Humphreys rose to say good-by and Rebecca went home, dazed. She revered authorship and was eager to learn. It had been her belief that to be a great writer she must produce stories that told of life and its strange drama. She knew better now. Through her mind came a picture of the chorus of American literature, with Herbert Humphreys leading it, wearing a white toga trimmed with pink, and huge, rose-colored spectacles. His baton was an Easter lily which he waved majestically while he chanted, as did Browning's Pippa, "All's right—all's right—all's right with the world!" Beyond him, in

stately rows, was the choir of authors, garlanded with flowers, their faces turned upward toward the blue sky as they lustily echoed Pippa's beatific refrain.

Still dazed, Rebecca reached her home. A crowd was gathered on the sidewalk across the way where the heroine of "One by One" lived.

"What has happened?" she asked her elevator boy.

"The woman over there—the janitress—they say she tried to kill herself."

Rebecca shuddered. "But I must never write that in a story," she said to herself. "The editor said people don't like such things—one must see the world gay and happy. He says Americans want only fairy tales for grown-ups. . . . I wonder why he is so sure."

## THE TRUTH ABOUT DENTISTS

BY BARON IRELAND

IT is popularly supposed that to visit a dentist requires a high degree of British pluck. Humorous writers have made fortunes out of articles depicting the sufferings of the dentist's victim. These articles always are accompanied by two stock types of illustration. The first shows the dentist as a grinning cretin wielding with fiendish joy a stone-cutter's mallet and a chisel on a recalcitrant cusp. The second shows the patient—a person with a mouth like a hippopotamus's at feeding time, lying on the back of his neck in the chair, the while he kicks his legs convulsively over his head and spatters the atmosphere with drops of perspiration the size and shape of an electric-light bulb.

Now this sort of propaganda has gone unchecked long enough. As a matter of fact, dentists are not callous maniacs, but normal human beings like you and me. Furthermore, one need not be a hero to decide on getting one's teeth fixed.

I, for instance, am no *Cœur de Lion*, yet I go to the dentist's every six months without the slightest fuss. I telephone him regularly about July 15th, to make an appointment. To do so

gives me none of the qualms burlesqued by the humorists. My voice remains firm, my hand steady. In fact, I rather hope he will not put me off, for, being a busy man, I like to have things done as quickly as possible.

Oddly enough, I invariably forget, in the press of business, that my dentist, a man of clockwork habits, always leaves for his vacation on July 1st of every year. Naturally I am disappointed to find I am two weeks late and compelled to wait another two weeks to make my appointment. A month's vacation is too long for anyone. Besides, all sorts of cavities can start in two weeks.

Along about November my wife reminds me to call him up again. Business again has driven from my mind the fact that he has been back for three months. "Fiddle!" my wife says when I mention this. "You know you're simply afraid to go! I'll never forget the first time you went—" Here she bursts into laughter. (I shall allude to this incident later on.) But I have given up trying to argue the point. You can't—or at least I can't—argue with a woman.

However, I make my appointment over the phone for two weeks ahead. This gives me time to arrange my business conferences. My wife, I regret to say, poohpoohs business as an excuse and says I am too much of a coward to get it over and done with—so much so that after arranging for my hour my hand leaves the telephone receiver unpleasantly moist. I need hardly say that the reason for this is that I am troubled with poor circulation.

When the day arrives I take a few drinks as a bracer for the two-mile walk to my dentist's office. The walk in turn acts as a pleasant stimulant after half a day spent in a stuffy office. For this reason, and not, as my wife says, because I am stalling, I do not take the more expeditious subway.

I generally take a couple of hours for the walk, to allow time for looking in store windows, as I like to do, and for traffic delays. These traffic stops, by



the way, are the curse of life in a great city. They keep things from getting done. Often a two-minute holdup at a street corner has caused me to miss my appointment, for my dentist refuses to see anyone who is not prompt to the second. Moreover, as he charges for his time whether he treats a patient or not, unless a day's notice is given, the result of such delays is expensive as well as vexatious. More than once they have actually made me arrive at the door of the elevator on the ground floor at the precise moment when I should have been saying, "Good afternoon, Doctor," to my dentist in his eighth-floor office, with the result that I have to turn back without going up, because of this maddening preciseness of his.

Occasionally—or rather, of course, usually—I am on time. When I am I greet my dentist cheerfully, and to pass away the time while he is preparing his instruments of tort—his instruments, I keep up a running fire of badinage, making little laughing allusions to the good condition of my teeth and taxing him lightly with being a tooth carpenter, a mining engineer, a subway excavator, and so on.

My dentist is a very taciturn man and never responds to my little sallies of wit. However, as it enables him to work very rapidly, I do not object to his silence. Never but once have I known him to smile or contribute more than one word at a time to the conversation. This word is either "open" or "wider," the latter sometimes (unnecessarily, I may say) repeated. The only time I have known him to smile is the occasion of my first visit, before referred to.

Upon this occasion he had just finished a preliminary reconnaissance with his drill on the outside of a molar, and as I closed my mouth I asked him pleasantly if the tooth was a live one. With the ghost of a grin he answered, "I expect *you* to tell me that." After a few more skirmishes it seems he did touch a sensitive spot.

It is at this point my wife's account and mine diverge. I claim I merely said "Ah!" in a moderate tone, so the dentist might know the tooth was alive in order to be more careful, as he wished. My wife claims, on the other hand, that my dentist told her that two minutes later the corner policeman came dashing in to find out where the murder was. The silly exaggeration of this may be deduced from the fact that my dentist's office is on the eighth floor of a building located in the middle of a block. I do not deny the entry of the policeman at the time, but it was leisurely and, if I recall correctly, merely to see if everything was all right; as he said several automobiles had been stolen in the neighborhood and the sergeant had told him to keep a lookout. While I am not sure of this detail, I know it must have been for some such reason, for not the most superhuman ear could have heard my mild "Ah!" seven stories down and a half a block away.

I mention this incident solely to refute my wife's charge of cowardice and to bear out my argument that there is no need to shudder at the thought of having to go to the dentist's. Of course, the experience *is* a bit disagreeable, but why exaggerate its terrors? But for a similar slight "Ah!" and an occasional barely perceptible wince (by no means so violent as to knock the drill out of his hand, as, according to my wife, my dentist claims I did on the occasion mentioned) I give no sign when a sore spot has been touched. And even this, mind you, I do only because my dentist wishes me to.

Were the humorous writers less avid for effect, they would not assert that they were any more violently incommoded than I. For my part, I can see nothing funny in a hyperbole which amounts to a deliberate distortion of the truth and a slander on a professional class of high standing for the sole purpose of coaxing guffaws from an unthinking public. As I say, I think it time it was stopped.



# EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

**M**R. BRYAN preached in New York on March 26th; at least his advertisement in the papers of the afternoon before said he would speak at a great mass meeting at the Hippodrome on "God and Evolution, or Tampering with the Mainspring." Along with his advertisement there were five columns of other advertisements of preachers and preaching.

"The Texas Tornado," Dr. I. Frank Norris, was advertised to preach twice on Sunday and once a day the rest of the week at one of the Baptist churches on such subjects as "The Book of Revelation and What It Teaches" and "What the Second Coming of Christ Would Mean to New York." Doctor Norris comes from Fort Worth, Texas, and is the pastor of the First Baptist Church there, described in the advertisement as one of the greatest churches in the country, with the largest Sunday school in the world.

Pastor Haldeman of the First Baptist Church of New York was advertised to preach on Sunday evening on the Twelfth Chapter of the Book of Revelation and "the immense signs that the time is at hand and the coming of Christ drawing nigh," and that "the devil is coming down from heaven to inaugurate the most terrific three and a half years earth ever knew." More of the same was advertised from another pastor not credited to any denomination, whose headlines announced that the greatest events of the future were close at hand and that millions in their graves would soon be raised to life.

The announcements included also a Rosicrucian lecture on the secret of

Cosmic Inspiration, the services of the Seventh Day Adventists at their temple, the services at three Christian Science churches, a dozen different lectures on New Thought and Business Psychology, two dozen notices of Spiritualist meetings and services, notices of meetings of Ethical Culturists, Theosophists, Vedantists, and others, besides many advertisements of the churches of the regular denominations that we are used to. One thought, as he looked the page over, that the appetite for spiritual information must be unusually brisk to carry so much advertising, and of course the largest advertisements were those that announced the most startling topics and the most violent disturbances in prospect.

The belief that the second coming of Christ is imminent and will be attended by violent excitements and with a great tribulation to sinners seems to be running particularly strong in some of the Baptist churches, which are said to be more subject than most of their neighbors to that expectation. It is based on calculations made from chapters of the Book of Revelation and from other passages in the Bible. Like announcements are put out by independent preachers outside of the denominations. These evidences of apprehension and spiritual inquisitiveness are never entirely absent from notice, but in times of disturbance (and this is a time of great disturbance) they are unusually prevalent. The philosophic mind, observing that these predictions concern matters altogether beyond precaution or human control, regards them with equanimity, feeling that sufficient to the day is the



evil thereof, and that to worry about the end of the world, or Judgment Day, or other large, inexorable occurrences of that sort, is just to borrow trouble. Adventists used to get ready ascension robes, and sometimes they even separated themselves from property so as to be more free to go when called, but such incidents of confident expectation are not now reported. What results contemporary cataclysmic orators get does not appear, but they must get something to be able to support so much advertising. Possibly these extravagant preachings are a pleasant variation from the movies for people whose minds have developed an appetite for constant excitement.

The worst of the false prophets is that they bring discredit upon all prophecy. The worst of the extravagant fulminators who calculate from isolated passages of Scripture impending destruction is that they blind people to real changes that are in progress, and to dangers to the world and humanity that can be averted if recognized and met in time.

The attack on Darwinism, in which Mr. Bryan is so active, is more interesting and more susceptible to discussion. Darwin was a seeker after truth in natural history. He did not invent the doctrine of evolution, but his patient labors did a great deal to establish it, and his book, *The Origin of Species*, was an epoch-making document. George Bernard Shaw, in the introduction to *Back to Methuselah*, sets forth with apparent accuracy what Charles Darwin did and what he did not do. He upset the literal authority of the Bible a good deal by his contributions to the opinion that the world was not made precisely as is disclosed in the Book of Genesis. That was a great shock to the religious world sixty years ago and a joy to scoffers. After Charles Darwin died, zealous successors overdeveloped his conclusions, so that a good many of the Darwinians came cheerfully to the belief that the

earth really made itself and was peopled by its own energies working under the rules of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, and that no Creator was necessary, and that probably there wasn't any. The survival of the fittest came to be interpreted as the survival of the strongest, and that was a great help to all materialism and contributed very seriously to theories of behavior and conduct which became ascendant in most countries, but especially and tragically in Germany, and led to the terrific smash of the Great War. The war seems to have been accepted as evidence that that phase of Darwinism won't work and probably never did work, and that creation must have developed on some other basis than survival of the strongest, and that it cannot go on and prosper until the nations in it develop a new basis of conduct. That is all to the good. The phase of Darwinism Mr. Shaw calls neo-Darwinism is moribund if not absolutely dead, and not even Mr. Bryan can bring it to life by kicking it, but the doctrine of evolution is not dead, nor has all of Charles Darwin's work by any means perished. There is a theory of evolution which sets it forth as the method of creation, but which accepts the idea of a Creator and holds, indeed, that without a Creator evolution does not operate. That seems to be what Mr. Shaw calls creative evolution and that theory he approves and supports.

Mr. Bryan has a strong objection to the theory that man derives from monkeys. He feels that that is contrary to religion. Not every one feels so. Some very religious people are willing to accept monkey ancestry as a step in their development if the facts point to it with sufficient force, but so far they have not so pointed. The link between man and monkeys is still missing. The present impression seems to be that Darwin's theories of selection and survival did not work so extensively as he supposed. There is a connection between all created things and a likeness in the general design of their structure. The sequences

of creation as disclosed by geology are the same as set forth in the Bible, and that is accepted, but as a result of the war and of the increase of knowledge the whole subject has been opened up again. There is a new appetite for information about what has happened in the past in this world that we live in—how it came to be what it is, how the animals and the different races of man developed, what connection life here has with life elsewhere, what there is that influences and affects us besides what our senses perceive, and so on and so on.

Mr. Shaw says that Darwinism when it first broke out was welcomed with joy because it freed the minds of men from the tyrannies of the existing church religion. In like manner now the doctrine of Darwinism (so called) is welcomed because it relieves us of the obligation to believe in the survival of the physically strongest and the crushing compulsions of materialism, and because it encourages the pursuit of all new knowledge. For we need new knowledge; need it very much indeed. Most of the matters that men differ about and squabble over, they fight about because they lack the information on which to base an opinion on which all sound minds could agree. On matters as to which the information is sufficient good minds do agree. When the information is not sufficient people guess what is true and different investigators work with different hypotheses. Most of the religious fights seem to be due to lack of knowledge. If there is a great contest always going on between good and bad, in that, no doubt, people take sides according to their natures and their development, but there are endless other conflicts all the time proceeding between seekers after truth who think their guess is right and that their opponent's guess is wrong. The cure for all these fights is more knowledge, and tolerance of all opinions in the meantime.

There is more tolerance than there used to be, but not enough yet. Think of the tremendous fights over medicine, the

railings of doctors against doctors, the insistence of this or that school that its conclusions furnish the only lawful basis for practice, and the constant incursion of the quacks and innovators into their sacred preserves! Knowledge increases in the accepted schools of medicine, of course. It grows in laboratories and clinics, and as it increases it is taught in schools which are of great value, but some of its most valuable and useful discoveries fight their way in from the outside—from the quacks and the empirics, who in their practice discover something that they use or misuse, and which presently comes to be recognized as belonging to knowledge.

We should have patience with the enthusiasts who believe incredible things and practice their beliefs, even if they only demonstrate that what they believe is not true. That in itself is helpful, but they do more than that, for their experiments presently add to the body of accepted facts from which new knowledge proceeds.

Evolution does not stand still. We are not finished. The world is not finished. We are as well entitled to expect from the studies and depositions of the geologists and biologists a constant development of the powers of men and improvement in their characters, as we are from the assertions and exhortations of ministers. Evolution is not a steady-going, day-by-day process. There are times when it creeps and seems almost to stand still, and there are other times when it gallops. In these times it seems to be extremely rapid, especially in what we might call the spiritual department. Investigation of man as a creature that can make and discover things in chemistry and harness electricity and discover and employ such substances as radium, has been going on at a tremendous pace the last generation or two, and is still proceeding on the run. The great job now is to develop man's character and intelligence so that he can handle safely what he already knows and find out



more new things. That involves all manner of inquiries into his status as a creature with a soul—that is, with something in him that is more or less independent of his physical body; which survives and goes on when his body wears out or is destroyed. With that investigation the Darwinians never had much to do, but all the knowledge they did acquire in their own field is a help to the attainment of knowledge in this other field. The offices of the searchers for truth are different, but they are all on the same general quest to discover and add to knowledge, and what one gets may be helpful to another with whose theories or aspirations he may have no sympathy at all.

Take the matter of healing. There are a lot of healers working now as to whom one gets the impression that they work some extraordinary cures. How they do it is very imperfectly known, but the facts about them accumulate, and out of that accumulation of facts we are entitled to expect very valuable additions to knowledge. If the healers heal—and they do seem to heal sometimes—they heal by the use of a force, and scientists in the course of time may tell us what that force is and what are the conditions under which it operates and there science runs into religion. The Bible says that faith can remove mountains, and it is pretty generally conceded that faith is an enormous power and can accomplish extraordinary things. If it can, it is a force, and as much entitled to be understood as radium or electricity. True enough, we are told that there are some things that are hidden from the wise and revealed to the simple, and faith and its powers have usually been classed among them. Nevertheless, facts are facts, and the facts of faith

may become so plain that even science may become aware of them, and develop curiosity about their source, and find it.

Let us keep open minds, learn what we can, contemplate what comes to our notice, consider, compare, and, however we may doubt, be slow to crush out suggestion. If we observe what is going on, a great deal will come to our attention as to which we have not information enough to form an opinion, but we do not need to form opinions until our information is competent to support them. We have to grope our way along. Men have always done that and by that means have got what knowledge they possess. The best hope for the world is that we are getting to know more. We do not seem to know enough yet to steer a safe course through the complications that attend contemporary life. We need to be abler, wiser, and, above all things, more tolerant. Force can do very little for us, but our wits may do a great deal if they are left free to work; for really they are marvelous instruments, and capable, with attainable assistance, of discovering all that it is necessary for us to know. In our pursuits we are at least entitled to encourage ourselves with the reflection that if we are creatures put down in the dark to grope our way somewhere, we are at least capable of striking a light. That we cannot know enough, cannot discover and apply enough truth to make us safe in this world and likely candidates for useful activities in whatever follows this world, is incredible and absurd. Our battered earth is just a ship that we sail on, and our affair is to keep it afloat until we make a port, and to that exploit we certainly are equal if only we bring due courage, due humility, and free minds to the job.



## THE POET—1922 MODEL

BY BARON IRELAND

WAS that a moan from the windy deep,  
Or the spirit of Shakespeare disturbed in sleep?  
Was that the rain, or Frank Villon's tears?  
But—Villon's been dead these hundreds of years!

The poet sat in his easy chair,  
Carved of mahogany, stuffed with hair;  
He took a nip from his flask of grog,  
And pushed the button for his stenog.  
She came and sat demurely by  
While he placed his forefinger beneath his eye,  
His chin in the palm of his fragile hand,  
And his arm on the top of his baby-grand  
Circassian walnut desk. "Miss Bliss,"  
He murmured in delicate tones, "take this:

"Title 'Dree' d, r, e, e, new line bring twin cups dash new line porphyry p, o,  
r, p, h, y, r, y, and chrysopraxe c, h, r, y, s, o, p, r, a, s, e, semicolon new line dirty  
little stars new line peep out new line and bite at the moon period new line was  
that my soul comma ripped and torn comma new line shrieking in the autumn wind  
question mark new line bring cups exclamation point new line I comma too comma  
am bringing twin cups exclamation point signature read it back please."

The poet ceased, with a little sigh,  
Leaned back in his armchair and touched his tie,  
Stroked, with a soothing palm, his head,  
And listened with care while the steno read:

"Dree  
Bring tin cups—"

Sharply the poet raised his chin—  
"Twin!" he exclaimed, "twin cups—not tin!"  
"Twin!" said the steno, "my brains is dead!"  
"Proceed," said the poet. Again she read:

"Bring twin cups—  
porphyry and chrysopraxe;  
dirty little stars  
peep out  
and bite at the moon.



Was that my soul,  
 ripped and torn,  
 shrieking in the autumn wind?  
 bring cups!  
 I, too, am bringing twin cups!"

"Good!" said the poet, "simply great!"  
 And then he dictated a hundred and eight  
 More poems exactly the same in style  
 As "Dree," and then, with a winning smile,  
 Said, "Shoot 'em right out, please, after lunch,  
 I think we can sell the entire bunch;  
 But first please call the garage and say  
 I want the limousine right away."  
 He donned the tallest of tall silk hats,  
 He changed from his gray to his chamois spats,  
 His chauffeur drove him to Mrs. Cheeves  
 De Tocqueville Mc Adelson Keefe VanCleave's,  
 And there he lectured for half an hour  
 On "Art—Is It Quite a Cultural Power?"  
 He gracefully came to his final pause,  
 Acknowledged the lisp of polite applause,  
 Came down from the rostrum onto the floor  
 And listened for twenty-five minutes more  
 To "Sweet!" "Superb!" "It was just sublime!"  
 I mean what you said about—was it rhyme?"  
 Accepted his check, which he scarcely read,  
 ("Five hundred dollars—" was what it said),  
 Then drove to the club, where he won a cool  
 Two hundred more at rotation pool,  
 Then dinner and bridge until half-past one  
 A.M., and the poet's hard day was done.

That scraping sound, like a sword in sheath—  
 Was it Tennyson's spectre gritting its teeth?  
 Was that a drum beat out of the west  
 Or the ghost of John Keats beating its breast?  
 Reader, to answer I don't incline,  
 But I'll bet your guess is the same as mine.

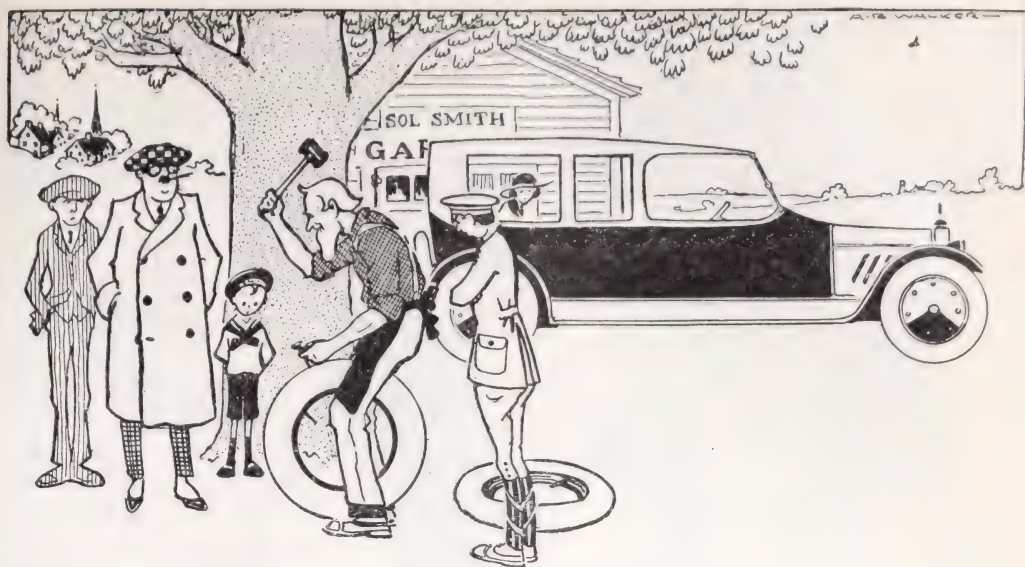
#### A Retort in Kind

**T**WO venerable theologians were very friendly despite their differences in faith. One, the Episcopalian rector, was about seventy years old, and the minister of the Presbyterian church was slightly younger.

The rector, who was a good deal of a High-Churchman, always liked to be addressed as "Father." Having become used to this title through years of conversation with his old friend, the Presbyterian minister used it

several times in addressing a new rector who in course of time succeeded the "father." But the young rector did not like this. More than once he asked the Presbyterian minister to omit the title, but in vain.

"See here, Doctor Smith," said the irate rector, one day, "for some time I have been asking you to stop calling me 'father.' If you do it again I shall call you 'mother,' and if, after that, you do it again I shall call you 'grandmother.'"



*"Under the spreading chestnut tree the village smithy [now agent for and demonstrating the Nobby Non-Puncture Tire] stands."*

#### Wires Crossed

FOR several days the Reverend Mr. Cutter had been enjoying the telephone which was a gift from an admiring parishioner. He had been using it immediately before going to church.

When he rose to announce the first hymn, he read the words with his usual impressive manner. Then in a crisp, firm tone he said:

"Let us all unite in hymn six double o, sing three."

whether there was mud or not! It's 'way above their ankles!"

#### A Problem of Mathematics

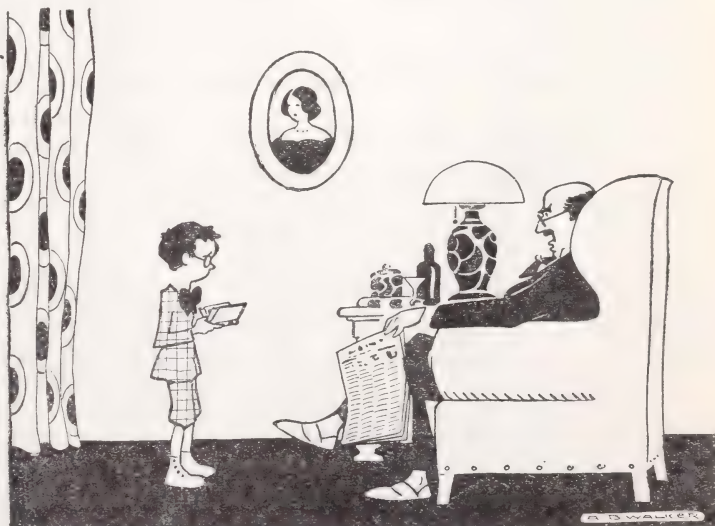
"WHAT!" exclaimed Jenifon. "Going to move again? Why, Meverton, I thought you liked your little apartment!"

"So we did," explained Meverton, "when we moved in; but my wife has gained twelve pounds, so of course we need more room."

#### Why Not Goloshes?

MRS. BILKERS always spoke of her hens as if they were human beings, with many engaging traits of character. This method of speech sometimes scandalized her neighbors and sometimes amused them.

"Any mud in my hen yard?" she said, repeating the question of a city cousin, one day. "I guess if you could see those poor dears sloshing round when I go to feed 'em, you'd know



"What's an oasis, dad?"

"By the way my home brew disappears I would say this house is one."





**SPEAKER:** "And now, my friends—who is the man of the hour?"

**LITTLE MAN IN FRONT ROW:** "The one whose wife told him to wait a minute."

#### The Standards of Youth

**B**OBBY'S father was an organist of repute, a calling for which Bobby, at the age of ten, felt a trifle apologetic when having occasion to explain it to his friends. A policeman, now, or a fireman, those are professions a fellow can boast about! One day he was overheard in conversation with a neighbor's son, who asked:

"Bob, does your father play?"

"Yes," admitted Bobby, without much enthusiasm.

"Well, what does he play, the cornet?"

"No," answered Bobby, half-heartedly.

"He plays the organ."

"And does he sing?" persisted the small friend.

"Goodness, no!" indignantly exclaimed the musician's son. "We wouldn't stand for that!"

#### Fortunate All Around

**I**N one of the suites on the third floor of the Donan apartment house lives the Fletcher family. The branches of a fine old elm, a tree that is the pride of Mr. Donan and the object of his jealous care, spread out against the side of the building, directly under the Fletchers' kitchenette window. One day

Johnny Fletcher, while trying to sample a custard pie which his mother had placed on the window sill to cool, lost his balance and fell to the ground, crashing through the elm's foliage on his way. The boy was scarcely injured, the elm having broken his fall, but there was great excitement, and James, the janitor, called up Mr. Donan and told him of the accident.

"Did the child break any limbs?" Donan asked, anxiously.

"Not one, sir," James hastened to answer reassuringly, "an' if you was here, sir, lookin' at the tree, you wouldn't know a thing had happened to it."

#### The Way Up

**G**RANDMOTHER was carefully explaining the beauty and goodness of the Heavenly Father to three-year-old Bobby, admonishing him to love so beneficent a Creator.

"But where is that Good Father, grandmother?" Bobby asked.

"He is up in heaven, dear," she answered, raising her eyes.

Bobby raised his eyes also, scanning the clear sky. "But where is the elevator?" he asked.

## PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

**Stephen Leacock**, humorist and college professor, writes again of his recent invasion of the British Isles and what he learned there. Other articles in this series are "My Discovery of England" and "Oxford as I See It," which appeared in the April and May issues. **Clinton Scollard** is probably the only poet in America who can boast of having published twoscore volumes of collected verse.

**G. K. Chesterton** brings to a dramatic and thrilling close the adventures of Horne Fisher in "The Man Who Knew Too Much." **Charles Pierce Burton**, who is editor of a trade publication devoted to the earth-moving industry, has had unusual opportunities to inspect and study road construction in all parts of the United States.

A synopsis of the first installment of **William McFee's** novel, "Command," is printed on a following page for the benefit of our readers who missed the opening chapters in last month's issue. **Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant's** "Journal of a Mud House" comes to an end in this issue, but the Editors are glad to announce that Miss Sergeant will shortly have ready other of her experiences in the Southwest, quite distinct in theme from those already published.

**James Harvey Robinson** will be recalled as the author of *The Mind in the Making*. H. G. Wells has recently said of this book:

In the last few months I have visited America, watched the Washington Conference, met all sorts of interesting and important people, and seen a multitude of significant things . . . but from my own personal, individual point of view, the encounter that has been of most importance and is likely to have the greatest lasting effect upon me is meeting and talking to Professor James Harvey Robinson and reading his fascinating book, *The Mind in the Making*.

Our readers will recall that the greater portion of *The Mind in the Making* appeared serially in the Magazine.

**Gordon Arthur Smith** is dividing his summer between Paris and Naples, where he will be engaged in literary work. **M. A. DeWolfe Howe** received mention in this column last month. **Hesper Le Gallienne** is a daughter of the poet Richard Le Gallienne, and was formerly on the literary staff of Harper & Brothers. **C. A. Bennett** and **Frederick L. Allen** are familiar names to readers of the "Lion's Mouth." The same may be said of **Florence Guy Woolston**. This month we welcome a new contributor, **Baron Ireland**, the pseudonymous name of a writer whose lyrics appear frequently in F. P. A's "Conning Tower" in the *New York World*.



A lady in San Diego frankly protests against Carl Sandburg's "Washington Monument by Night" in the April issue. Not only does the poem distress her, but also the fact that Mr. Sandburg got real money for it. We accept her generous offer and reprint her letter and contribution herewith:

DEAR HARPER'S,—It was with great mental distress that I noted a whole page of your magazine given over to an "imitation poem" by Carl Sandberg [*sic*]! May it be the last, is my earnest plea.

I have no idea what he taxed you for the tommyrot; but whatever it was it was too much. Had I been editor he would have paid top-notch space rate. If you really wish to give valuable space to the Sandberg [*sic*] school of "near poets" I'll agree to send you a "near" one gratis each month, as long as the public will stand for 'em, provided you won't give me away to your readers. I have a husband and son whose respect has so far been mine—hence "initials only."

### THE HOME COMING

The lights of an auto gleam around the corner in the early darkness;



They shine through my windows as the auto turns  
 into our driveway;  
 My husband is at the wheel.  
 I hear the creak of heavy garage doors as they  
 swing on their hinges;  
 The sound of the engine dies to silence and the  
 lights turn to darkness;  
 The creaking doors swing shut.  
 My husband's heavy footsteps are heard in the  
 entryway of my kitchen;  
 His arms are piled high with parcels of vegetables  
 and fruit from the market;  
 I hasten to open the door.  
 Upon the white cleanness of my drain board the  
 spinach and berries are tumbled;  
 I shut out the darkness of the nightfall and turn  
 to his waiting arms,  
 My husband is home.

M. C. S.

We are tempted to point out that one need go no farther than the first two lines of Mr. Sandburg's poem to encounter something which one searches for in vain in the lines printed above. What that "something" is we leave to the lady in San Diego to discover if she can.



Rejoinders to our poet contributors seem to be in order this month. "Girl of To-day," by Carolyn Wells, which likewise appears in the April issue, has brought us the following delightful retort. We wish that the author had not chosen to hide her identity under the pen name "Peter Pater." All we know about her is that her letter is postmarked Minneapolis.

TO CAROLYN WELLS

Oh, poetess! How could you  
 Be rude to little us!  
 You scold and rave and sputter  
 And make a frightful fuss  
 About our gauzy, slender legs,  
 Our bob, and carmined lips,  
 Also about our shineless nose  
 And the way our bowler tips.  
 But—have you never noticed—  
 You smart and dapper thing!—  
 How, when your ilk its sail unfurls,  
 We young uns all take wing?  
 'Tis well we know our bobbed curls  
 Fall flat against the strains  
 Of the lyric voice and limpid eyes  
 Of the woman who has brains!



Here is a spring nosegay tendered to Stephen Leacock, in appreciation of the first

of his series of articles that have been appearing in the Magazine:

MY DEAR MR. LEACOCK,—This is a red-letter day for me. Fortune, not content with sending the most glorious spring day, has provided still another reason to be glad I am living, in that delightful first article of yours on your discovery of England, in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Thank you, oh, thank you, for the finest bunch of chuckles—nay, chortles—I have had in many a day, and also for the material I now have for cheering up any of the ailing, convalescent, pessimistic, discouraged, or depressed friends who may come my way.

I read the thing this morning and have already told four people about it, and it is not yet noon. And, as always in even your wildest humor, there is the tonic irony which shows up our weaknesses to us, and I actually blushed to think of the many visiting Britishers I have listened to and read since the war—not always, to my credit be it said, without occasionally putting my tongue in my cheek and winking the other eye. I have, however, sternly drawn the line at listening to Margot and Col. Rep. It may have been unjust, but Sir Philip Gibbs and his recent trip across Canada and the U. S. was continually in my mind while reading your article; that "distinct note of optimism" sounded exactly like him. And in the movies last week I saw a picture of him on the deck of a departing liner, smiling his good-by, his pockets the while probably bursting open with good American dough.

It is delightful to know there is to be further account of your adventures on the other side, and I do hope there will also be a public telling of same here some time soon. I'd pawn my new spring top-coat to be able to hear it. I congratulate you on being able to dispense such joy in life, and ourselves that you seem to consider yourself one of us. I've been more than eager to claim you for our side of the border ever since I heard you speak at Columbia a year or two ago. In passing, I might say I missed about one-half of what you said then, being most of the time helpless from laughter. And not the least funny thing that evening was to have an acquaintance say, on the way out, "So-and-so [a Canadian] says Mr. Leacock isn't half as funny as another man they have up there!" Ye gods! as Willie Baxter would say.

You remember the story about Queen Victoria having read the adventures of Alice and sending for all the writings of Lewis Carroll, and getting all Dodgson's works on higher mathematics. I was strongly reminded of that a year ago when I endeavored to brighten the life of a friend by introducing him to you through your writings. He came back from the library with a collection of your essays on "Life and Literature," I think

it was, the only thing he could find. I personally had to dig up *Frenzied Fiction* and *Winsome Winnie* for him, to save your reputation.

Anonymous attack is a despicable thing, but anonymous appreciation is "something else again." Therefore I shall not subscribe myself as anything but

A LEACOCK FAN.



The editors are in receipt of the following interesting letter from Miss Viola Paradise, who wrote for the Magazine an article on our present-day immigration problems ("Three Per Cent," in the March issue). Miss Paradise has gone abroad to make for HARPER'S MAGAZINE a special study of immigrants who, after living in America, have chosen to return to their native lands. Her letter describes some of her experiences in assembling the material for her articles which we hope soon to publish.

The other day, in an Italian bookshop, I found a curly-edged, shabby HARPER'S, which was on sale for one dollar (19 lire). I was extravagant and bought it, and in it found the article "Three Per Cent." That suggested that I ought to write and let you know that I am still collecting material for the other articles, but that the collecting is taking us much longer than we had anticipated. Three weeks of influenza added to the delay. We now expect to be through with Italy in a week; but Italy is only one of the countries in which we seek out immigrants, and we go next to Albania, then to Germany (to write up what material we have before going on to Czecho-Slovakia).

The material is very rich. We have talked with about two hundred returned immigrants so far—with scores of officials, teachers, physicians, professional people of various kinds. We have gone to places far off the beaten track—little villages, for example, reached only after eighteen kilometers of unspeakable road in a peasant mule cart (springless); villages no foreigner had ever before visited. The returned immigrants are called "Americani," but we, "born Americans," as we are called (with such emphasis on the *born*!) are a sensation. Returned immigrants often close up their shops to come to see us; babies are held up to see us pass; old women say quaint proverbs about how the world turns round, that we are brought so far to them. Even an Italian from Rome would be an event in many of these villages, for Sicily (except for its tourist places) and Calabria are closed books to most Italians in North Italy.

At first we used to rejoice when we found an English-speaking person. But as we got farther and farther off the main lines we used to hunt eagerly for those who spoke, instead of esoteric dialects, plain Italian!

You can imagine what the railroads are like. Once we were eight hours late on a five-hour trip. We have traveled in every sort of conveyance, lived under every sort of condition—sometimes as guests of the grand lords of the *latifondi*, sometimes in poor houses where, on occasion, we slept on chairs, or, if there were not enough chairs to go round, used our raincoats for sheets. We've stayed at inns where the only food we could get was sour bread, and an egg roasted in the ashes of a brazier about which the innkeeper's family sat, toasting their toes. Of course, every tiniest inn had wine, though even goats' milk was scarce.

But even where there was terrible poverty we found a hospitable spirit. And it has been a rare experience and a rare opportunity to know Italian peasant life. But it has taken time—about three times as much as we expected. You can imagine the time it took even to arrange for the trip, in Rome. The Italian government was very kind, saw that we had letters to key people in different sections, etc.

America has left its marks on the returned immigrant. But such things I'll save for the articles. (They will contain, too, some of our experiences collecting material.) This letter is just to let you know that I am still at work and that the articles will reach you in due time.

Sincerely,

VIOLA I. PARADISE.



The following synopsis of the opening chapters of William McFee's novel, *Command*, which began serial publication last month, recapitulates the story up to the point where the second installment begins in this issue of the Magazine.

Reginald Spokesly, holder of a master's certificate in the British merchant service, has become engaged to Ada Rivers, a placid, blue-eyed, "nice" girl, slightly above him in culture. He decides that he must "improve his education," so he diligently studies the booklets of the London School of Mnemonics and guides his conduct in accordance with the precepts of that institution.

Soon after taking this important step Mr. Spokesly ships as second officer of the transport *Tanganyika*, engaged in carrying stores between England and the Mediterranean. Archie Bates, the ship's chief steward, is the only person on the *Tanganyika* whom Mr. Spokesly finds companionable, since Captain Meredith is not impressed by



his ability as an officer, and his shipmates do not share Spokesly's belief in his own greatness. Bates, too, is always generous with his money, which comes to him from a discreet trade in hashish. He suggests that there is no reason why Spokesly should not be "in it" also.

At Salonika the two go ashore, and Bates introduces Spokesly to a certain shady-looking Dainopoulos with whom, he says, he often does business. The profiteering Levantine proceeds to size up the British seaman, who promises to be of value to him. He invites Spokesly to his house, in order to discuss business in private, and as they reach his door he confides that his wife is an Englishwoman.



We have received the following letter from the pastor of Mathewson Street Methodist Church, of Providence, Rhode Island, in criticism of Doctor Steinmetz's article, "Science and Religion":

As HARPER's has been in our family as long as I can remember, I feel that I am justified in entering protest against such articles as you published in February by Doctor Steinmetz. While he is recognized as an authority in certain limited branches of science, it would seem to me that he is the last man in the world to speak on religion. If you will turn to Professor Conklin's last book, *The Direction of Human Evolution*, page 120, you will read this:

"Candid persons must recognize that there is abundant justification for the popular mistrust of certain types of experts. Sad experience has demonstrated again and again that a man may know a great deal about some specialty and still show a lamentable lack of good judgment. Narrowness of outlook and intense specialization make 'learned fools.'"

My particular objection to this article is that it is not scientific even from a chemical standpoint. On page 299 Professor Steinmetz says:

"Scientifically, life is a physico-chemical process. Transformations of matter, with which the chemist deals, and transformations of energy, with which the physicist deals, are all that is

comprised in the phenomenon of life; and mind, intellect, soul, personality, the ego, are mere functions of the physico-chemical process of life."

Most real chemists are more reserved. There has just come to my desk a pamphlet entitled *The Future Independence and Progress of American Medicine in the Age of Chemistry*, published by the Chemical Foundation and written by experts, on page 79 of which the conclusion is:

"Every single change of every living organism is unquestionably chemical and physical in its fundamental character, but the organism as a whole is still far beyond the scope of the chemist and physicist. No one has converted lifeless into living matter without the aid of life itself."

It would be interesting to read a series of articles by Professor Steinmetz on Lightning, but in the name of Psychology and Philosophy we must protest against his scientific bigotry in the larger matters of life.

Very sincerely yours,

R. D. HOLLINGTON.

We are tempted, editorially, to point out that the quotation from Professor Conklin is a sword that cuts equally well both ways. We agree with it enthusiastically. But "narrowness of outlook and intense specialization" may apply to the pulpit just as well as to the laboratory.

However, we rather like Doctor Steinmetz's bored grunt from his laboratory on a busy day:

With regard to the above letter, I have nothing to say except that it is the usual attitude of some ministers of orthodox religion and would have been fairer if the protest had been made in the name of theology rather than of psychology and philosophy. It seems to me that the sentence quoted from the pamphlet of the Chemical Foundation says, with slightly different words, exactly the same that I said. That no chemist has produced living matter, means nothing; neither has any chemist yet produced a piece of granite.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES P. STEINMETZ.







*Painting by Walter J. Biggs*

Illustration for "Great-Granduncle Sebastian"

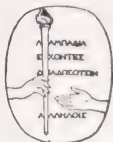
THEY FACED HIM FOR A SECOND'S ETERNITY

# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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## WHAT HAPPENS TO PIONEERS

BY ARTHUR RUHL

ON a bright summer day in the year 1909 a little girl in a bouncy white dress stepped up to a huge pile of sealed envelopes dumped on a platform on the shore of Lake Cœur d'Alene. She picked out one and handed it to a fatherly gentleman from the Government Land Office, who opened it and read in a loud voice:

"Isadore Selig! Myrtle Creek, Oregon!"

Instantly telegraph keys began to click; in distant cities, a few moments later, compositors were setting up type; and forthwith Mr. Isadore Selig, tailor by trade, "27 years old, 5 feet 8 inches, weight 145 pounds," jumped into wide, if momentary, fame.

Mr. Selig's fame was due to the fact that out of several hundred thousand applicants for homesteads in the Cœur d'Alene Reservation, in northern Idaho, he had drawn first choice. He could look over what to most European immigrants would seem a principality—hundreds of thousands of acres of beautiful timber-and-lake country—and pick out what pleased him most. He would have to work for it, to be sure; live there for five years, pay the government's fee of from \$1.25 to \$7 an acre, and make the slight improvements necessary to "prove up." Otherwise, it was his for the taking.

For many weeks this little scene on the

platform had been led up to and dramatized by all the arts of modern publicity working on material which by its nature fired the restless and adventurous. Three thousand miles away, in lower Broadway, tired office grubbers could read, "Uncle Sam Will Give You a Home." The railroads reached out their long arms across the whole land and raked the people in. It was said that they spent three millions of dollars in fares alone. Every morning at Spokane the overland trains, dusty and travel stained, came up over the eastern horizon, crowded to the rails.

These people came in the high tide of summer, when all over the Northwest the harvest was rolling in. Dispatches ticked in from the wheat country, where the long "combined" harvesters crept across the yellow carpet under ascending spirals of dust, like bulletins from the front. New railways were pushing in; new rivers being harnessed; new schemes of irrigation planned which would pick rivers up, so to speak, and carry them 'cross country for hundreds of miles. The vast stir and lift of it was in the air.

Men were wanted. They were wanted. They were told it, read it, at every turn. "Washington Awaits You"—"What Walla Wants Is You." . . . One breathed romance. The man who brushed your elbow in the crowd, the girl whose suit-

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case you carried from the train might be saying good-morning twelve months from now across the boundary of your adjoining claims. And the rolling, pine-clothed hills of the reservation itself—dark, untouched, virginal—were like some huge, still-working dynamo, pouring constantly into the imaginations of those who looked on them, their seemingly inexhaustible store of hope, opportunity, and release. . . .

I spent the better part of a week knocking about with the crowd—in Spokane, in Cœur d'Alene, and on a steamboat across the lake and down the "shadowy St. Joe." Comparatively few had any real notion of what it meant to get down face to face with the raw land and fight it into farms. Thousands, of course—clerks, stenographers, and the like—merely took a chance, as one drops a penny into a slot machine, because they were on the spot. Here and there were canny Middle Western farmers who looked the country over shrewdly and, with a safe anchor to windward, were ready if lightning should strike; or dry-land veterans, who knew the whole alphabet of tricks from alkali to seepage, "chewed" tobacco and said little.

There were pale, subdued-looking men—waiters in cheap restaurants, tailors' helpers—who, when asked if they expected to live on their homestead if they got one, answered with a sort of quiet defiance: "Sure. I want a home!" There were men with a grievance, who might be called "bolsheviks" nowadays, tired, they explained, of working and seeing the other man get everything out of it—"What's all this 'business' of theirs, anyway, but speculatin' on some other man's labor! I gotta enough of it!" They saw themselves "hog fat with fish you can snake right out o' your front yard," or making a fortune selling garden truck in Cœur d'Alene, which "will be the summer resort of the world one of these days!" And there were many women—city school-teachers, widows, typists—dreaming vaguely of a quiet refuge "in the country," or of the lum-

ber company which was going to come to them on the day after the drawing and offer \$30,000 cash for their stand of white pine.

I met and talked with dozens of these people and heard as many plans for success, and I saw the numbers drawn. And as I rode back to Spokane that night on the interurban, envying these homesteaders for what, after all, was a chance at a great adventure harder and harder to experience in these days, I said to myself that I would come back after five years and find out what the first ten or a dozen lucky-number holders had done with their luck.

Five years afterward was the autumn of 1914; and the war had come and gone, when, on a cold, dark autumn afternoon of 1921 I again took the interurban out to Cœur d'Alene.

The first attempts to pick up that lost story were not very successful. The letters which I had written to the holders of the first ten numbers, asking what had happened to them, were all returned unclaimed or never heard from at all. The little city of Cœur d'Alene did not seem much changed. It was deserted and melancholy that Sunday afternoon, and the sense of disillusion was sharpened by a nature that lay there, indifferent as a picture to the puny efforts of man. There were the lake and the dark pine forests, just as before, and the Marne had been held, Germany broken, and Russia gone down in smoke and terror while the trees were putting out a few new branches.

But, no—the country was not exactly the same. All over the distant hills one noticed lighter patches where the timber had been cleared and here and there ascended the slow smoke from burning stumps.

A real-estate office happened to be open, and the man within directed me to several homesteaders who lived in the town. One was a retired Middle Western farmer, rather dour and disinclined to talk, and with a manner which seemed

to have been acquired through long habit of lending other people money. He had made his "stake" in the East, remained in Idaho after proving up because he liked the climate, and evidently was holding his homestead merely as an investment. A younger, more approachable man, discovered grading his lawn while a youngster waited unsuccessfully from the front porch for pa to come in to dinner, turned out to be clerk of the local court, although he had drawn a number and proved up on a homestead. "You want to go down to Plummer," he said, referring to a village away from the lake and about twenty miles south of Spokane, "and hunt up a lawyer down there named George McFadden. That's the geographical center of the reservation and they've started from the ground up." A good-natured old Irishman and his wife, tucked away in a little frame house on a side street, had proved up, farmed for a while, and sold out for \$7,000. With this and odd jobs here and there they were apparently able to growl not too bitterly about the fine farm they had left in Illinois, the high cost of clearing off timber, and their gullibility in "believing too many people" when they first came West.

That sunny afternoon in 1909 seemed very far away as the interurban lurched back to Spokane, but the trail got a bit warmer that evening when I dropped into the office of the *Spokesman-Review*. There is one great advantage in working on, or having worked on, a newspaper. Newspaper offices are exactly alike the world over—the same cheerful clatter of linotypes in the offing; same smell of printer's ink; same rather pale and tired, but kindly young men, interested in everything from police courts to Patagonia, and always ready, when the Foreign Office feeds you husks or the people to whom you have letters turn out to be blockheads, to give the outsider a lift and a glimpse of the real thing.

The old-guard copy butcher who blinked up from the off side of the city

desk and mechanically pushed over the cigarettes had covered the original land drawing, and seemed to think it quite natural that one should want to follow up the story. A half hour's gossip with him made it again a going concern.

"Why," said he, "there's a girl right next door here who homesteaded. Down in 'Grandma's Kitchen'—it's a bakery, and maybe it's still open."

The girl next door, coming out from the rear of the bakery, still slightly sprinkled with flour, explained that it was her sister who had homesteaded and she was now to be found in So-and-So's law office. Here she was next day, indeed—Mrs. C. now, secretary-stenographer for a firm of city lawyers, regarding the world philosophically, it seemed, from her tenth-story window, and with a certain slightly sardonic humor.

Yes, she assented, she had filed on a claim—over behind Harrison, on the east side of the lake—and proved up. A girl friend had got her into it, saying that two stood a better chance than one, and the one who lost could come and visit the other. She didn't know a thing about farming, herself, although her father had a farm near Spokane, but he had told her to go ahead and he would help finance it.

The equipment had cost a good deal—her log house alone must have cost several hundred dollars—and she didn't believe that anybody could clear off those big trees successfully who didn't pretty well know the business. The lumber companies just knew the two of them were helpless and, as soon as they got their claims, told them they didn't need any timber, and in the end got it for almost nothing. A man next door to her put in a little sawmill and tried to get out his own lumber, went broke, and had to sell his claim. Then those people in Harrison had just been laying for this opening for years, and they sure did stick the homesteaders! She had sold, finally, for \$3,500. Not so much, when you considered that it cost about \$2 an



acre, not to speak of the improvements and five years' time.

I spoke of another woman homesteader I had heard of, who fell in love with her "locater." He picked out a good claim; they were married and getting along swimmingly.

Mrs. C. listened with complete calm. "If her locater picked her out a good claim, no wonder she fell in love with him! Nobody would have fallen in love with *my* locater!"

She didn't have time to be alone very much while proving up; somebody was always visiting her. And of course that was another reason why it cost so much. It was kind of fun at that. "Of course there weren't many girls down there in the woods, and we were rushed a good deal. I was just out of school then. Why, we'd walk twelve miles to a dance, dance all night, and then walk back in the morning!"

There were always bears about. They wouldn't chase you if you left them alone, but you were always seeing them. And wild cats! Mrs. C. wasn't sure they were the same kind you see in menageries, but "believe *me*, if you've ever heard 'em yelling around your cabin at night you'll never forget it! Some noise! . . ."

I asked how she got along farming the place. Well, they cleared about twenty acres, finally, and raised some hay, and for a while there were a lot of strawberries. But even they stopped growing after a time. She thought the turpentine got into the soil, somehow. And then the deer! You just couldn't raise any decent sort of a garden because the deer ate everything up. They'd come in at night and gobble down anything. Fence? Jump over it. You couldn't build a fence high enough to keep 'em out!

"There's a lot of things in this pioneering," observed Mrs. C., "that you'd never think of!"

There are, and most of the city folks who merely "take a chance" find it out pretty soon, and get back to steam heat and the movies and the milk bottle by

the door in the morning and the sure pay envelope at the end of the week.

But this is not getting forward with the lucky ten, of whom, as it turned out, I saw little. The Cœur d'Alene project, by reason of the very nature of the timbered, broken country—much like the Adirondacks—is not one of those neighborhoods where one sees a metamorphosis in a few years and boom towns rise in a night. To have run down the ten homesteaders would have taken many days of zigzag travel.

No. 10, I was told, was dead. Nobody happened to know the whereabouts of Nos. 7, 8, and 9. John Hedmark, No. 2, formerly of Ione, Washington, and William Atkinson, No. 6, of Troy, Idaho, were said to be doing well on their homesteads at Amwaco and Tekoa. Selig, the lucky tailor, had chosen a rich piece of bottom land near St. Maries; but, as Mrs. C. remarked, there are "many things in pioneering you'd never think of," and a power company claimed prior rights to land like his, subject to overflow in case the power people raised their dam a little, and they were able to assert their claim long enough to push Selig off his place. He took another less desirable homestead, and later, after the power company was finally obliged to give in, a man of the name of Pat Sweeney got Selig's bottom land.

Charles G. Cromwell, No. 3, I found at St. Maries—city clerk of that pleasant little town, and very content with his adventure. He was a Baltimore man who had come West at a time when Spokane was expecting to be bigger than Seattle and stopped there. He had registered, like thousands of others, and thought little about it until a friend came running in on the day of the drawing and informed him that he was No. 3.

"It was the queerest feeling I ever had in my life," said Cromwell, as we tramped from his house out to his claim on the edge of town. (St. Maries lies on the river, surrounded by beautiful timbered hills.) "You know a fortune



teller had told me a long while before that I was going to get some land. It wouldn't be given to me or inherited, and yet I was going to get it. And there was something about 'a crowd and flags.' Well, there was the land and the crowd and flags! I was at the irrigation congress! I thought it meant a fortune. I was like a crazy man!"

St. Maries was already a growing village, then, with a transcontinental line running through it, and Cromwell decided for the modified form of pioneering which consists in clearing off a town lot and waiting for the town to grow up to you. He built himself a shack in the pines on the edge of town, cleared off enough for an attractive building site, and left most of the rest of the timber for "scenery." "You think you never *will* get those stumps off!" he sighed, looking back on it. Meanwhile he had worked into the life of the little town and was elected city clerk. He now lived in St. Maries, itself, and was holding the homestead, either for a buyer or for a permanent home later on.

He took me to a clearing on a hilltop near his place, where, underneath a flag-pole from which fluttered an American flag, was a circle of perhaps twenty headstones. The dead lying there were nearly all foreigners—men caught while fighting a frightful "overhead" forest fire which had all but swept the town a few years after the drawing. Cromwell pointed out how the fire had jumped half a mile or so in one place from hilltop to hilltop. In his office, among the names of applicants for citizenship posted on the wall, I ran across one unmistakably Finnish.

"I should say so!" laughed Cromwell. "No American could ever spell or pronounce that. So we called him 'Colton.' He'll be Colton from now on." And didn't he object to losing his name? "No," said Cromwell. "He thinks Colton's all right." And so are Americans made, and new lines founded!

From Cromwell I learned more about Number 5, Miss Ella Maloney, of Spo-

kane, who out of all that first ten might be termed our star exhibit. She had "taught school all over the Middle West," was acting as agent for an apartment house in Spokane at time of the drawing; it was she who had married her locator and lived over behind Harrison. Cromwell directed me to a haberdasher in Spokane who knew the family.

"You see," explained the latter, standing by his front door against a background of shirts and collars, "that locator was a hustler and a practical man. A lumberjack—or rather, a sort of timber cruiser—he knew the game. He picked out a good claim in the first place and he built a good log house. Then he cut down trees and built in a telephone line, and afterward he sold the line. They're raising some fruit down there now, I believe. And all the while he hung on to his job in the lumber company. They've got several children. Yes, it was quite romantic, you might say."

The overland train ran southwestward from Spokane for an hour or so, through broken forest and farm country, and stopped at a lonely station. A battered Ford took me half a mile farther over the hill into a settlement. The town site and the country all about had been virgin forest at the time of the drawing. Some of the hills lay black and peaceful, forest-covered still, and in between the face of the country had been slashed and shaved and burned, and from a score of clearings rose the lazy smoke of stump fires. This was the village of Plummer.

A long main street, punctuated at irregular intervals with ugly frame buildings, ran through the center of the town site; the cleared land on either side was marked by cross streets and occasional bungalows, and at the far end, against a back-drop of pines, stood a brand-new brick schoolhouse. The flivver stopped in front of a two-story frame building with a shop on the ground floor.

"Here's where McFadden hangs out," said the driver. "You'll find him upstairs."



The steep, wooden stairs led up to the dark little office, heated agreeably red hot by a wood-burning stove. Yellow law books lined the walls, and in front of them, at his desk, sat a studious-looking young man of perhaps thirty-five.

McFadden, naturally of the humorous-philosophical rather than booster turn, was so nonplused to find that some one had actually come to tell the world about Plummer, that an interval, which a genuine native son of California would find almost incomprehensible, elapsed ere he could get into his stride. The son of the editor of the *Plummer Reporter* happened to be his assistant, however, and with his help word was soon sent to Bush, the drug-store man and mayor; McCarty, president of the local lumber company and manager of the Community Club; Jaeger (pronounced "Jagger" in Plummer), president of the Fair Association; Livitt, principal of the high school; and other fathers of the town. Young Mr. McCarty kindly offered his automobile, and it was planned that immediately after lunch the exposition should begin.

Meanwhile we gossiped of Plummer's progress. It was true that they had started from the ground up. Where we were sitting, when the drawing took place, was thick pine forest. The war had held things back, here as elsewhere, but, all things considered, they felt content. The government would have done better to make the town site smaller—it only cost more money to lay out pipe lines and so on when it sprawled all over the place. But they were coming on; the homesteaders roundabout were rounding into shape; they had good climate, water, electric light, and as good a school as anybody could ask for. The first school had been in a boarded-up dance pavilion. Then they had built a regular schoolhouse, and now they had the new brick building and an "accredited" high school from which pupils could go straight to the state university. Not so bad, McFadden thought, when you con-

sidered that the place was a jungle twelve years ago.

He, himself, had come from Iowa after studying law at Northwestern. He had taken a claim, built a shack, and proved up, but, like most homesteaders not farmers of experience, drifted back to his profession. The great thing about life in such a place was that everybody was wanted and needed. They all knew one another and were all working for the town—you had to, when you started with nothing in a howling wilderness—and the chances were that a man would get more kinds of real experience here than he would in a large city.

"Take bonding a town, to build a school or something, for instance. You might think 'how in God's name does a town bond itself?' That's what I would have thought if anybody had asked me in Chicago. But we had to bond ourselves, here, and I had to do it, and naturally I learned how. There was a fellow over in St. Maries who got so expert at that sort of thing that they called him east to Minneapolis and gave him a job in some big law firm there."

There were no rich, and no poverty-stricken people in Plummer; they were just regular Americans of about the same sort, who had built their homes from the ground up, and, naturally, people who were interested in home institutions would be interested in local government.

"It's my idea," said McFadden, "that if the small communities are well governed, there is little fear for the larger divisions of government."

Talk had to wait several times for minor bits of business. Two farmers came in, slow moving, slow speaking, in black-and-red mackinaw jackets, and drew up a bill of sale for a cow—"roan color, broken left horn, right ear cut, and with a sucking calf." Then a homesteader and his wife, the latter bundled up in a crocheted hood and lugging a baby similarly hooded. The man had lost a team and had other hard luck, and he wanted permission to keep his

fifteen-year-old son on the farm for a few weeks. (School was just beginning and the compulsory-education law was strictly enforced.) McFadden questioned the man and drew up a petition duly stating that "said Merle Sweet was fifteen years old in June, and his father, having suffered financial reverses, needs to keep him on the farm. Affiant believes it will not be necessary to keep him out more than three weeks." The man fumbled in his pocketbook when the work was done.

"That's all right," said McFadden. "No charge."

He was, I think, the only lawyer in Plummer, but however that may be, any man with professional training and the ability to get along with his neighbors must necessarily, in a raw little community like this, of some five hundred people, take a hand in about everything and find himself looked up to and called on for all sorts of advice and judgment in matters not strictly concerned with his profession.

"We find life worth while here," said McFadden, "in spite of what they say in *Main Street*." His clerk, the editor's son, was at the moment diligently perusing that volume. Plummer was, of course, a generation or so "younger" than Gopher Prairie. It had not yet developed a hard-shell money lender, nor the "old families" and the "country-club set" found even in little prairie towns. If the buildings on the main street were ugly, they had at least been thrown together (people were just now beginning to go back and put in foundations and cellars) when the one thought was to save money and keep out snow and rain. The highy-tighty Mrs. Carol Kennicutt would have been even unhappier here, perhaps, than she was in Minnesota; but to Americans like McFadden and his friends it made a difference that everybody was young, living in the future, and as busy with essential things as a shipwrecked crew just flung up on a deserted beach.

There was still an hour or two before

the motor would be ready, and I visited the high school, saw the manual-training room in the basement, the circulating library which the young principal was building up in place of a town library; listened for a time to a class in "business English"; and then came back to the hotel for lunch. If the school, and young college men like McFadden, and the lone porcelain drinking fountain—not spouting at the moment—which stood at one of the corners represented contemporary America, the hotel with its company towel was more in the vein of the old frontier "hash house."

It was late, dinner was practically over, and the mother and her daughters, who did the cooking and waited on table, were just sitting down to their own lunch. The mother was reminded of the old days in Nebraska when they lived on venison, and one of the girls observed that venison was her favorite meat next to fried pheasant.

"Why," continued the older woman, "when we first come out to Nebraska them deers went by the house forty-five of 'em at a time! Pa used to go out and flag 'em. Sure he did! You jest go out an' wave a red flag an' they'll walk right up to it. An' all you got to do is to shoot 'em!"

One of the daughters said that this seemed cruel to her. Grandma came in then—"not dead yet," as one of the guests commented, cheerfully—and her first appearance since she had been to the hospital to have her tonsils out. The mother thought that gramma would get well fast as soon as she could eat something, especially if it was salty. Salt was mighty healing, and she knew a man once who cut his hand with an ax, and he just clapped a lot of salt on it and did it up and it healed in no time.

The "hotel" was not particularly inspiring, but one got back to the cheerful present when McCarty, the young lumber merchant, came round with his automobile for McFadden, Jaeger, and myself. He, too, was just out of college when the reservation opened up, and he



had come out to Idaho from the Middle West. He knew nothing about farming, "never milked a cow nor fed a hog," but he took up his claim, "got interested," and—"here I am!" He had proved up, then started his lumber business, and built a bungalow for his young family and himself in the village, and now, by working one man slowly all the time, was burning off the stumps on his claim at what he thought was the economical cost of \$24 an acre.

The incandescent lamps blinked palely above the street corners, although it was bright sunlight. The village got its light from a power company and the rate was reckoned on the "peak load," which came, of course, at night. There was power to waste during the day and the lights therefore burned all the time—it saved extra wiring and the cost of some one to attend to turning on and off the lights. House owners, however, had their own wires and paid the village for their light.

We first went to the fair ground, where they had put up a stand and built a track and held a successful fair a few weeks before. The school track team was now practicing there. And then we made a tour of the neighborhood and visited half a dozen homesteads. Compared with farms in the finished East or Middle West, they were, naturally, not much to see; but when one took into account the work and pluck and patience that had gone into them before the pines were cleared, the stumps blown or burned out, the soil "civilized," and the raw land beaten into fruitfulness, the homesteads themselves, and particularly the homesteaders, meeting us with a bashful grin and taking us round to see their handiwork, were not only interesting, but positively exciting.

Where the forest had been, one young Iowa man—a thorough farmer of the modern sort—had raised a big barn and an attractive house, and he and his family, with their automobile, seemed to be as comfortable already as they could have been in the old neighborhood they

had left behind. He talked of the possibility of sending their certified potatoes over into the Yakima country for seed, for the proud Yakima people, with all their wealth, could not, he said, go on using their own potatoes for seed in their own soil. They had to send out to some non-irrigated neighborhood. He was a member of the Plummer School Board and as active in the village life—although living miles from it—as the townspeople themselves.

Another showed us his orchard; the first apples and plums, on the first branches of the first trees that had ever been brought out of that earth by the hand of man—things that he was as proud of as if they had been children, and, indeed, that he had quite as literally created. In another place we leaned over the fence and admired the lines of some pedigreed hogs—lines that have their beauty, like anything else, when one understands the relation of these lines to usefulness. All these men had pioneered just as literally as if they had come across the continent in prairie schooners instead of Pullmans, and tanned and sewed their own buckskins instead of ordering their clothes from Sears, Roebuck. They were real farmers—the sort of pioneers who "stick."

Back in the town again, we looked in at a general store. The proprietor had lived in the neighborhood, waited for the opening of the reservation for years, and then not drawn a homestead! But he came in at once, took up what he thought might some day be a busy corner in the noble city of Plummer, and now, as one of the young city fathers whispered, "he's probably worth forty thousand dollars!" Then we called on Bush, the drug-store mayor. Bush was from Minnesota and he had been a drug-store clerk when he drew his claim.

"I didn't know what a broad-ax was," he said, "nor one end of a cross-cut saw from the other. But we built a log house—oh, we had to have our log house! Some one suggested that the logs ought to be smoothed off on the inside—that

they all did it. So we smoothed 'em off. Well, we learned about a broad-ax, all right." He looked round his store, a regular drug store now, with phonograph records, and a miniature ice-cream parlor curtained off at one end, in addition to the usual perfumes and pain-killers. "It's a good experience, but unless you're a born farmer . . . well, one day you get the smell of the drugs, and back you come!"

McFadden took me home to dinner with him. It was a good dinner, and a snug little home, and as he and his bright, capable young wife and I gossiped of all sorts of things, many miles away from Idaho, it was interesting to think that everything there—not only the house and the warm, bright room we sat in, but that young family itself—had sprung, so to speak, from the primeval forest. For Mrs. McFadden, as she explained as we got better acquainted, had lived on the homestead next to her husband's. Some relatives had written her to come out to Idaho and visit them, and mentioned that there was a nice young man on the claim adjoining theirs.

"I won't do a thing to that nice young man!" she wrote, and came.

We couldn't talk as long as we should have liked, for McFadden had to go to council meeting, and as the school board was also meeting that night, I hurried over to that first. There was the principal himself; the tall young Iowa farmer already mentioned; a slow, humorous homesteader, who explained, on being presented, that "I'm what they call a typical Missourian"; a business man from the village; and one or two others. The business consisted in putting through various bills for expenses.

The principal was desirous, for instance, of adding \$10 to the monthly salary of one of the women teachers so that, in addition to what she already did, she might give the girls physical training. Somebody wanted to know if \$5 wouldn't be enough. No, the principal didn't think it would; it wouldn't be right to ask her to do it for that.

"I tell you, boys," said he, "you don't realize what that girl does. She's loaded up awful heavy, already. She's got two whole grades to take care of and all she gets is a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. There's nobody more loyal to the school than she is—and *strong*! Why, those kids would take off their shirts for her!"

The board passed the account. "All right," said the clerk, setting it down in his record. "Ten dollars more for physical torture!"

Then there was a long argument about the advisability of paying \$30 a month to hire another stage to bring in the children from a neighborhood "over the ridge" not yet included in the consolidated district. For the teamster it meant going over the ridge four times to get the children, carry them home, and come home himself; he wouldn't do it for less than \$30. The tall young farmer wondered why the kids couldn't walk to and from the top of the ridge, but he was overruled. Too much mud and snow in winter. The kids must be brought in. Moreover, if they *weren't*, their parents would like enough form another district and then Plummer would lose the taxes which the railroad paid on that part of its right of way, which amounted to something like \$2,500. The bill for \$30 a month for another stage was passed.

My train left at about ten o'clock and there was just time to hurry across town and get a glimpse of the council meeting. McFadden's office was hotter than ever and packed with men. George, himself, as everybody called him, sat at his desk, in front of his yellow-bound books. Across from him, facing the crowd, was Bush, the druggist mayor, or, to be quite accurate, chairman of the board of trustees. Jaeger squatted on the floor behind the stove at the other end of the room. All three were plainly white-collar, town men; the others, strung down the sides of the little room, ranged from local merchants to homesteaders in mackinaws who spoke broken English, but here, as



at the school-board meeting, all called one another by their first names. They were all the "boys."

The problem at the moment was peddlers and mail-order agents and what to do with them—more directly how to keep the womenfolk from buying everything these fascinating visitors offered and thus ruining their husbands and local trade. The subject was one that offered many opportunities for pleasantries; those who had not been greatly troubled could gibe the more excited with being jealous of the gentlemen from abroad, etc., but there was a real difficulty as well.

In a community like this, where the money comes in largely at the end of the harvest, most merchants have to be good fellows and carry their customers over, as everybody knows. They have their invested capital, rent and taxes to pay, and then along comes some one who pays no rent, or rents a room for a day or two, does nothing toward building up the town or carrying its burdens, and takes away in a few hours orders for more stuff than the man on the corner sells in a month.

The precedent of St. Maries and other towns in the neighborhood was cited. Some of the more irate were for taxes that would have shut up little Plummer within its own limits like a mediæval city behind its walls and moat, or as some of the new little European nations shut themselves from their neighbors to-day.

McFadden would sit there calmly, playing with a pencil or something, or perhaps looking up a precedent in one of his yellow-bound books, and come out presently with a quiet, "That's all right, boys, but we couldn't do that," and then he would explain why, in law and common sense, they couldn't do it. Often the "boys" turned to him first, with a "How about it, George?"

It was the old town meeting come back again. These were the real "city fathers"—the homesteaders in overalls and the townsfolk in boiled shirts—and

municipal politics not yet a mere game for professionals buzzing about the City Hall. Without any demagoguery, the young lawyer pioneer found a real place for his education and broader knowledge, and it was not difficult to understand that he might, like that distinguished Italian many centuries before him, prefer to be first in his village to being second in Rome.

I could not wait until the peddler problem had been settled, but had to leave them still discussing it and hurry for my train. Looking back on it all as the train rolled eastward, it seemed to me that Plummer, and the brand-new farms about it, and the high school and council meeting, and the healthy, hopeful, humorous young men I had met that day were something very valuable in American life, and that, taking this little township and its surroundings as a sample, Cœur d'Alene had quite literally made good.

While writing this report I came across a review in the *New Republic* of Mr. Victor Murdock's *Folks*. The reviewer, quoting Mr. Thorstein Veblen, seemed inclined to take the magic of pioneer town building somewhat lightly.

The dreaming builders, as he sees them [she observed], are no other than a group of real-estate speculators, usurers, merchants, brokers, and finally lawyers acting in the interest of the group. Their dream is the hope of engrossing the increment of land values due to the development of the surrounding country; their vision, the expectation of marketing the farmer's product, controlling his credit, and selling to him at a high profit. And finally the mystic exaltation of the builders is nothing but pecuniary interest speaking with the thrilling voice of public spirit, civic pride, and local patriotism.

If this is what Mr. Veblen thinks, I should say that his thoughts on this particular subject are rather silly. They are silly, as are so many of the attempts of clever iconoclasts to destroy illusions by trying to reduce them to a chemical formula, and by endeavoring to fit life

into a theory which disregards actual human nature. From the laboratory point of view a cup of coffee may be a cup of coffee, wherever you get it, but you know, and I know, and anybody who has ever tried so elementary a form of pioneering as the ordinary picnic knows, that the cup of coffee pushed across the counter by some inarticulate Jugo-Slav in the Eatmore Lunch at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Hullabaloo Street, Manhattan, is a very different thing from the cup of coffee which you drink out of doors in some Sierra mountain meadow—or by the side of the Gowanus Glue Factory, for that matter—after gathering your own sticks and making it over your own fire.

A plasterer, fitting a false marble front to the thirty-seventh story of the Amalgamated Gum Trust Building, along with a hundred other workmen, may be “creating” just as much as he is when raising a roof over his own house, with logs hewn by his own hands from his own trees, but you can’t make him think so, even though his strictly pecuniary interests are no more secure in Idaho than in New York.

All wealth comes from the land—or sea—and all towns, and particularly towns in remote, thinly settled agricultural neighborhoods, live, in one sense or another, on the country round about them. The men who start to build these towns expect, naturally, that they will grow, and they hope and expect that the

near-by farmers will prosper and that they will share in that prosperity. If they did not have this hope, and work diligently to realize it, they would not be of much use as pioneers. That is what makes towns.

Some of them are narrow-spirited and selfish, just as some city men are broad-spirited and idealistic, but the essential difference of their situation—leaving out fresh air, the chance to hunt, fish, and so on—is that they start with a clean slate. The cards are dealt afresh. The old and inevitable barriers are momentarily brushed away. They start out on their great adventure with a fair field and no favor. Everyone is needed; there is work for all; and it is of such a simple and visible character that every man can see what he does, and feel that he, personally, counts.

That is the main magic of the new country, and it does fire men’s spirits and make them dream dreams. There is nothing to prevent a man with sufficient strength, luck, or imagination from dreaming similar dreams in a crowded city, nor is it impossible to pioneer, at least intellectually and morally, in London or New York. Roosevelt would have been unwise, for instance, to have remained on his Montana ranch. Not all men can do likewise, however, and if not all men can feel the new country’s magic, the answer of those who do is the simple pragmatic proof—that for them it works.



## DESIDERATA

BY ALEXANDER PORTERFIELD

AS she looked out across the sleeping amethyst-tinted Mediterranean that afternoon Sara sighed. She could see, far to the west, and of a faintly darker purple, the outline of Monte Carlo and Cap Martin against the pale glamour of the horizon. She was sitting alone, upon a little wrought-iron balcony overhanging the garden of the villa they had taken for the winter, her hands folded quietly in her lap, her lips half parted, her eyes fixed gravely on that distant view—wistful, fair, immobile.

She was very simply dressed in white; the contours of her body were slim and delicate; her intent oval face was untouched by either time or trouble, yet she possessed an illusive air of supreme sophistication which suggested the listlessness of one who has savored all but the last curiosity—indeed, as she sat drenched in the sunshine streaming through the gaily-striped inadequate awnings of the balcony, the loveliness of adolescence and the languor of experience seemed to meet in her and intermingle, like oil miraculously mixing with water. As a matter of fact, she was nineteen and a source of some anxiety to her father. General Beckwith liked girls to be English and unchangeably fond of tennis, but it was Sara's chief decision to become one of those gay celebrities who are the continuing ornament of the illustrated weeklies, who go everywhere and do everything, superbly haughty, reckless, radiant, beyond all good and evil, like Lady Ann Bentinck-Browne, or Mrs. de Lisle. Consequently, Sara entertained only a certain vague reluctant toleration for tennis and the business of being exceedingly English.

A spicy scent of carnations came up through the afternoon with a rumor of voices and the muffled silvery murmuring of a fountain—thin, drowsy, evanescent ghosts of sound haunting the illimitable sunshine. Beneath the balcony and beyond the garden walls, the streets of Bordighera preserved inviolate their treasured quiet and content—but then that was the worst of Bordighera! Except for a few elderly invalids hobbling from the Club to the Casino, who found perhaps some fleeting souvenir of their lost youth in that warm scented sunlight, it was deserted, uneventful, dull. The distinguished and adventurous sought the more exciting delights of Cannes, or Monte Carlo.

Sara sighed again as she thought of it; certainly, it was a discouraging prospect for a young lady whose first employment of the future was to be the immediate manufacture of a past. It was necessary to be *in* things, of course: the delicious scandals, the scampish gaieties and glitter of smart society; she stared out over the Mediterranean as if gazing into a mirror; she could see herself suave, disdainful, brilliant, talked about, as she made a triumphant appearance at some tremendous gala night in Covent Garden, or sailed through the Rooms at Monte Carlo, trailing clouds of rather excitingly tarnished glory behind her. But one trailed merely a tennis racquet in Bordighera; elderly gentlemen who are suffering from gout, or cirrhosis of the liver, are not the most gaily compromising of companions. There was simply Mr. Macquisten. Mr. Macquisten was not elderly, as a matter of fact, and neither was he suffering from gout, or cirrhosis of the

liver, but he was addicted to a motor-bicycle, which was, if anything, worse. Sara shuddered as she thought of it.

She wondered presently whether Mr. Macquisten would come in for tea that afternoon, or not. She could see her father's man, Inches, laying the table under a palm tree in a shady corner of the garden; General Beckwith always returned from the Club punctually at half-past four o'clock; and his daughter, therefore, was considerably surprised to perceive him entering the garden fully fifteen minutes in advance of his usual time of arrival. She was also and somewhat more agreeably surprised, to perceive further that he was followed by a young man in white flannels, engagingly bored, tall, dark, and hatless. She became immediately and immensely preoccupied. . . .

"Ah, you have the admirable Inches still, I see, sir," said an unknown voice. "It's like old times seein' you again, Inches. Very jolly—what?"

"Thank you, sir. It is jolly. I 'ope I see you well, sir?"

"Pretty fit, thank you, Inches."

There was some more talk of a vague and mystifying character. Sara heard her father saying something about "for twenty years now, no—twenty-three, by Jove!" and then Inches, adding "since South Africa, sir. I was at Colenso with the general." She decided they were talking about the war—or about two or three wars—and she resolved to reveal her presence on the balcony above them without any more delay.

"Father!" she exclaimed, leaning over the railing of the balcony, "whatever brought you home before half-past four?"

General Beckwith looked upward briefly. "Oh, this is my girl Sara," he said to the strange young man. He glanced up again. "Captain Lord Newbury," he said. "My A. D. C. in France."

"How-do-you-do?" said Sara languidly.

"Tea, Inches," said General Beckwith.

"And look here, Sara, you'd better come down. We can't stand here craning our necks to talk to you."

When Sara descended to the garden a few minutes later she had delicately touched her lips with rouge *en route*; she carried a large white silk scarf carelessly over one arm; she looked rather like a young Madonna going to the baths. Lord Newbury was visibly less bored. She shook hands with him in the absent-minded manner of the really illustrious, sat down in a wicker arm-chair which stood in front of some dark shining ilex, and looked at him. She gave no sign, however, of beginning the conversation. Inches appeared with the tea things.

"Do you remember that confounded crossroads at Ypres, Newbury," demanded the general suddenly, "where we—?"

"Heavens! don't let's talk about *those* distant things," interrupted Sara.

"Are you staying here?" she asked Lord Newbury.

Her voice implied that she privately considered it extremely unlikely.

Lord Newbury replied that he was staying at Cannes.

"Of course," said Sara. "Everybody is, I suppose?"

"Almost."

"Ann Bentinck-Browne?"

"No, she's at Monte. Lots of people are, you know. The Poulllets. The Fanshaws. The Archer Gays."

Sara smiled, as if reminiscently. She did not know these gay privileged beings, but then that was no reason for saying so.

"They say," went on Lord Newbury, "that *she's* lost thousands."

"She would, of course," murmured Sara.

It gave her the air of being intimately "in the know." Lord Newbury was visibly impressed and ever and again he allowed himself to gaze at her, in guarded awakening admiration.

Sara hoped Mr. Macquisten *would* come in for tea; she wanted tremendously him to behold Lord Newbury, to see his



marvelous clothes, his superb air of bored exhaustion, that way of his of looking negligently at everything except, of course, at her. Especially, she wanted Mr. Macquisten to perceive that kindling startled gleam of interest in Lord Newbury's vast indifference—if, indeed, anything about Lord Newbury could be described as startled. She wondered whether he was particularly notorious; there was a certain pale, dissipated aspect in his face which led her to suppose the worst.

Meanwhile the conversation, left largely to itself and General Beckwith, drifted backward to the war. The general put down his tea cup, and was leisurely recalling the more notable features of operations after the twenty-first of March, 1918. Inches had re-appeared and stood respectfully at attention just back of his chair; there were, however, digressions in the general's narrative which would have been creditable in a salesman and conceivable in a historian, but which were rather baffling for everybody else, including Captain Lord Newbury. That young man appeared to follow only imperfectly the fortunes of the British Army as it fought its way gallantly from Suakim to the Somme, and from Cambrai back to Colenso.

"Let me see," the general was saying, pensively, "Wraxall's people were on our right; the Naval Division held that wood, you remember, on the left; the Irishmen were in support. Very severe shelling that day, Newbury; drum-fire, sir; dam' bad, dam' bad indeed." He paused. He could see the shrapnel bursting overhead in little puffs of dirty dark gray smoke, the tangled wire, the long, thin, wavering weary wave of men, steel-hatted, plodding, indistinct, the sunken road—that pill-box at its end, squat and menacing against the sky. . . .

"It was bad that morning, Newbury," he said simply.

"Dam' bad, sir."

"You were all right."

"Oh, rather!" said Lord Newbury.

"Splendid!—splendid!" said General Beckwith.

It was extraordinarily tiresome. Sara stood up, though with a certain faintly visible reluctance. Since they would talk about the war she resolved to make her exit; she felt that war was hardly a suitable background for her grave and delicate beauty; and Sara neither feared her fate too much nor considered her deserts at all imperiled as she stood framed by the dark, lustrous green of the ilex, slim, inflexible and alluring. She was not in the slightest self-conscious. She knew she looked these romantic and illustrious things—Lord Newbury's face for one unwary and astonished moment was like a mirror.

"You're—you're not leaving us!" he exclaimed.

She smiled, adroitly implying innumerable engagements.

"But—but can't I give you a lift somewhere? My taxi's here, you know," said Lord Newbury.

"Oh, don't bother, thanks. Besides—"

Lord Newbury made a little, eager, disparaging gesture with both hands.

"I simply couldn't think of it," Sara went on, speaking in the rapid, careless, rather intimate way of women of the world. "You see, there's father, he'd never forgive me if I took you away. He adores fighting his battles over again."

"But—"

"Good-by. So nice to have seen you. Do come again."

She shook hands with him absent-mindedly, looking over one shoulder at her father—rather more absent-mindedly. Lord Newbury had the feeling of being dismissed. Nevertheless, he said, valiantly:

"May I come—?"

"Oh, any time!"

She was gone—there was a faint delicious rustle of silk and, against the dark of the ilex, a glimpse of a pale, averted, wistful profile. For a moment Lord Newbury was conscious of an

exciting perfume; it resolved itself into the spicy scent of the carnations; it was all like some swift, aching, gay illusion. Lord Newbury stood staring into the sunshine. . . .

"No, no, Inches!—*not* Pretoria! It was just after that little business at Messines; we were resting near St. Pol; Lord Newbury probably remembers it as well as I do. I say, Newbury, don't you recall the night Inches dropped the only bottle of port we had in the mess? . . ."

Captain Lord Newbury reluctantly came back to earth.

Lord Newbury returned to Cannes in great perplexity. He proceeded to dress, silently, preoccupied, indifferently. He smoked a number of cigarettes, and approached the solemn business of putting on a clean white waistcoat by way of a whisky and soda instead of a cocktail. He was dining with Mrs. Lovett Smith and wished that he happened to be dining alone; he wanted to think about that divine, disdainfully lovely creature he had met that afternoon. He decided he would run over to Bordighera the very next day. He decided he would get a car. If things went well he intended running over to Bordighera a good deal; he also intended that things *should* go well; and the notion of renting a car, since buying one was out of the question, appeared to him to be a peculiarly adroit and delightful notion. He said:

"Mallett, I think I'd better have a car."

"Certainly, my lord."

"It's—it's a damnable nuisance having to bother with taxis."

"Very bad indeed, my lord."

"Just attend to that for me, please, Mallett?"

"Certainly, my lord."

"And—er—Mallett! I *may* want the blessed thing early to-morrow morning, so you'd better see about it bang off."

Lord Newbury helped himself to

another whisky and soda. "I say, Mallett, *what* sort of a jolly old motor do you think I ought to have?" he asked, eventually.

Mallett tucked a pair of rather startling tweed trousers under one arm and gravely considered that point, looking as gravely in silence at the ceiling.

"Sunbeam, my lord?"

"No," said Lord Newbury quite firmly. He did not want a Sunbeam. Nor a Napier. Nor any such things. Something—well, something jolly well worth while. "Yellow, Mallett, and—er—rakish."

"Very good, my lord."

"And let me know about it after dinner, please."

Lord Newbury was a little *distract* that evening. He fidgeted. He was subject to fits of sudden abstraction, even before he followed Mrs. Lovett Smith into the restaurant where they dined. He forgot what he was starting out to say. Mrs. Lovett Smith was somewhat at a loss to understand these singular symptoms; she regarded Lord Newbury with raised eyebrows and a delicately questioning gaze.

"I've ordered some *Bortsch* to begin with—they make it here perfectly," she said. "But, my dear boy, what *can* be the matter with you? You're gloomier than a ghost."

"I'll tell you about it at dinner," said Lord Newbury in a sudden and entirely misplaced burst of confidence.

"You will do nothing of the sort," Mrs. Lovett Smith replied instantly. "It wouldn't be right—not with the *Bortsch* I'm positive the chef will send up for us."

Thus dinner was consumed in a series of prolonged, preoccupied, inexplicable silences. Nor, as a matter of fact, were matters helped greatly by the advent of the *maître d'hôtel*, who announced that Milor's *valet-de-chambre* had sent in word that Milor's motor was in readiness outside; were there any orders?

"No, no, certainly not!" said Lord Newbury.



And then it occurred to him that, by means of some swift and specious lie, he might escape immediately after dinner and drive over to Bordighera; it was merely the matter of a few miles or so; it was furthermore rather early. . . .

"But hang on a bit," he cried. "I—I forgot!"

He wondered whether Sara would be home—whether or not it was ridiculous. He came rapidly to the conclusion that she would not be home and that it would be supremely ridiculous. Nevertheless, he decided that he would go.

"Er—tell the man to wait. I'll be out, presently."

There was no need to hurry; Lord Newbury surreptitiously assured himself that it was merely a little after eight. He would presently invent some vast and plausible excuse and appease Mrs. Lovett Smith. Then, dinner over, he would leave. He would be in Bordighera by half-past nine easily. Perhaps by that time *she* would be back. . . . It was only later, having inspected the car and tipped everybody in sight with immense magnificence, that Lord Newbury realized he had neither invented an adequate excuse nor appeased Mrs. Lovett Smith, although that did not seem to matter very much as he was swept smoothly and comfortably through the still, dark, velvety night toward the Italian frontier. They passed through Ventimiglia somewhat after the hour Lord Newbury thought they would pass through Ventimiglia; there was some short delay, formality and fuss at the frontier; Lord Newbury impatiently became aware of the fact that they could not possibly reach Bordighera before ten, a little later, perhaps. Still, it was a marvelous night; innumerable stars filled the dark, indigo sky; it was extraordinarily delightful racing through the cool, perfumed darkness.

But what the devil was he going to say when he reached Bordighera? You can't pop in on people in that casual way at ten at night without some sort of explanation; and Lord Newbury

could think of none. He wished he'd brought Mallett along. It was simply astonishing the number of things Mallett knew; invaluable fellow, Mallett, and never lost anything. . . . It suddenly occurred to Lord Newbury that he might plausibly advance a fictitiously mislaid cigarette case, providing explanations were needed.

Lord Newbury was still grappling with these vague but rather formidable perplexities as he stopped the motor at the foot of the small inclining street at the other end of which the Beckwith villa stood. The garden gate opened on that street; there was a bell there or, better yet, he would let himself quietly into the garden without ringing and see first if any lights showed. It was quite impossible to see anything at all from the street because of the garden wall, which was absurdly high.

He let himself stealthily through that little garden gate into the garden. It was very dark and still; a scent of carnations invaded the silence perceptibly; no lights at all showed in the windows of the villa. Lord Newbury felt like a thief in the night, though a disappointed thief. An immense guiltiness enveloped him. He stared at the darkened villa in chagrined disillusion, then swore softly under his breath. And in his disappointment he carelessly let the gate swing to behind him. It shut with instant and alarming violence.

"Who is that, please?"

Lord Newbury recognized that cool, decisive voice. He recognized also a softly glimmering ghostliness of white in the shadow of the balcony and, above that startling vision, he was inconsequently aware of the sloping roof, dark against the stars, and, like stout Cortez and all his men, Lord Newbury stared upward in a wild surmise—

"Who is that, please?"

Lord Newbury advanced from the shelter of the wall.

"Newbury," he stated with tremendous reluctance. "I—er—I happened to be passing—"

"Lord Newbury!"

"Yes."

There was an astounded silence.

"I—er—happened to be passing," resumed that extremely discomfited young man, "and I—I thought I saw some lights—er—thought I'd drop in and say how-do-you-do. . . . No idea it was so late."

"Wait a minute," said Sara. "I'll slip something on and come down."

"But," exclaimed Lord Newbury, "if you've really gone to bed—"

"Oh! that's all right. Everybody else has, too."

Lord Newbury was conscious of a rapidly increasing discomfort.

Somewhere in the distance a clock struck two. Sara reflected; it was deliciously compromising at that hour of the night to sit near the fountain with Lord Newbury, who was smoking a guarded cigarette; but there was no use tempting providence.

"My dear, I think you'd better go," she said finally. "It's—I'm sure it's late."

She wondered at what hour Lady Ann Bentinck-Browne dismissed her lovers. It was a little cool in the garden; the loose, lacy, gleaming-white things she'd hurriedly put on were marvelous to the sight but somewhat insufficient in other respects; the low stone bench on which they sat was assuming the properties of ice. This, however, was as nothing compared to the moral effect of dismissing the gay and illustriously wicked Lord Newbury considerably earlier than that young man liked. He protested. It was too early to go home; it was jollier than anything sitting out alone in the garden; and then the idea recurred to him that his car—long, rakish, yellow, fast—

was waiting at the end of the street. After all, why not?

"I say, what about a blow before bed, then?" he asked casually. "My car's just down the road—we could easily pole out a few miles and back. Er—lovely night. And much too early to turn in."

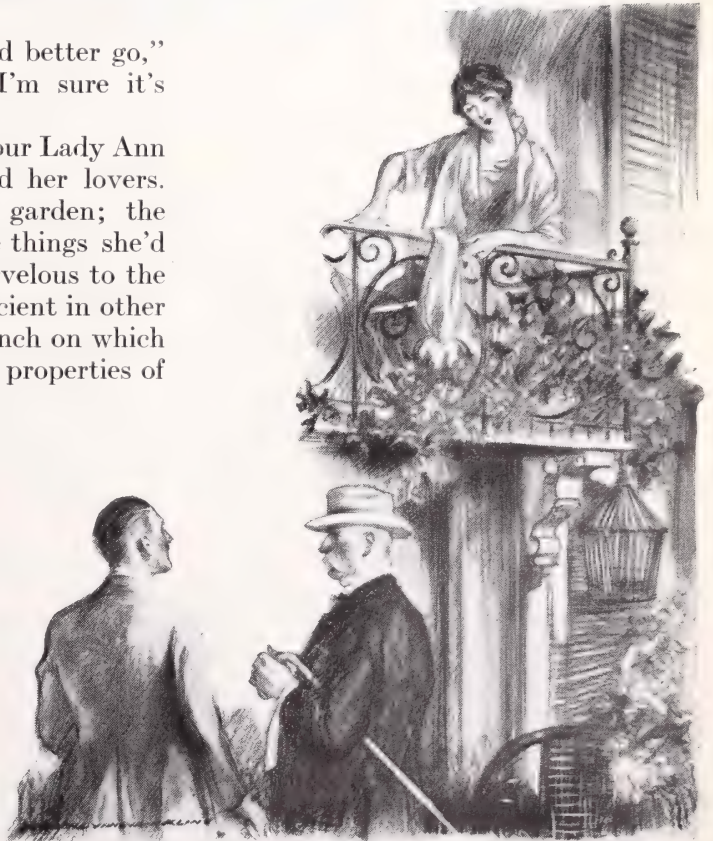
Sara displayed a frail pure chiseled profile to his gaze in silence. "It's been wonderful sitting here with you," he said. "I hate to go—you seem to understand."

She conferred on him a peculiarly intimate, understanding, glamorous look which moved Lord Newbury exceedingly.

"The stars—this stillness—you and I, alone," he observed, romantically if rather obscurely.

She sighed.

"However, what about slipping off, just for a spin?"



"OH, THIS IS MY GIRL SARA." HE SAID



She shook her head.

"But why?"

"Oh, I never do anything because of any reason," said Sara. "Beside," she added, slipping off herself into romance, "I must go to early Mass this morning."

Here was a new aspect of this divinely alluring creature, and Lord Newbury was thrilled when he reflected upon the many facets of her personality, bright, strange, fascinating things.

"Mass?" repeated Lord Newbury, blankly. "Mass?"

"It is the *fiesta* of St. Sara of Sienna," she explained, "my patron saint, you know."

Her air of sophistication assumed a certain saintly significance as she spoke. Her voice was grave, distant, low, rapt. The odor of the carnations became the rich incense of some vast cathedral, dim, candle-lit, splendidly Gothic.

"I suppose I'd better snatch an hour or two's sleep," continued Sara, recalling Lord Newbury to material immediate things. "But we'll see each other again, I daresay—"

"Again!" exclaimed Lord Newbury reproachfully. "Surely to-morrow?"

"Not to-morrow, I'm afraid."

"The day after? I could drive you over to Monte for luncheon, say."

"You'd be an angel if you'd come over some time and take me somewhere quiet. I'm so deadily tired of noise and mobs." She placed a hand as white and delicate as an orchid on his arm, and went on. "I'm simply sick of people who stare. The sameness. The emptiness. The everything."

"I'd—I'd love to," said Lord Newbury.

He was suddenly overcome by his own unworthiness, his inexperience. His mind became a scene of innumerable and conflicting sensations and impulses. He was at once eager and doubtful, anxious and proud and modest.

"I'd love to," he said again, with enormous conviction.

"But I must go!"

"Wait!"

And rather boldly, Lord Newbury overtook her and, in the shadow of a particularly monstrous cactus, put his arms round her and kissed her. She did not stir; she did not attempt to kiss him; she was still, grave, deliciously slim, sensuous. As he tilted his head back, marveling, and looked at her, her lips were half-parted, her eyes shining—mysterious, burning, languorous; her face was pale like perfectly chiseled marble; he was aware of a divine, excited and unique elation. A breath of wind invaded the garden, disturbing vaguely that extraordinary stillness; there was a faint shivering sound of leaves, rustling; out of the night thin tremulous sounds trooped upon Lord Newbury's hearing. The tinkle of a sheep-bell; rumors of things; a whistle; the wind's sighing; voices, vanishing and far-away; stillness. It was superbly unreal, fantastic, ghostly. He was thrilled through and through by these things, by the warmth of her body, the pale glamour of her face, the magic of her exciting inanimation.

"Oh, Newbury!" she sighed at last, "Must it be like this?"

Lord Newbury felt both proud and apologetic.

"Go now," she whispered, pushing him gently from her. "Come day after to-morrow—for tea."

She let him out herself, affecting not to hear his breathless protestations—as shadowy and evasive as a wraith. Lord Newbury felt very boyish at his own insistence and was instantly annoyed by that feeling. He disliked to be thought boyish; he admired worldliness. He said:

"I'm afraid I can't come day after to-morrow."

"You can't?"

Lord Newbury advanced some subsequent engagement hurriedly. He lit a cigarette. He regarded Sara hopefully. But that young lady merely nodded.

"It can't be helped then. Too bad—however, come the day after that."

And Lord Newbury discovered himself to be staring blankly at the shut



"MY DEAR, I THINK YOU'D BETTER GO," SHE SAID FINALLY

gate, which was a yellowish green in the light of a lamp flickering feebly a few feet away. He was conscious of tremendous disappointment. Presently he wondered whether he wouldn't run over to Bordighera the day after next anyhow. He decided he would not. But, before the last lights of Bordighera had vanished in the darkness Lord Newbury had changed his mind.

Mr. Eric Macquisten was an enterprising young man who covered a good deal of country upon his motor-bicycle in the course of the day, but he usually contrived to turn up at the Beckwith villa about five o'clock of an afternoon in order to report progress. He was a tall, silent, lanky young man with a taste for botany as well as for motor-bicycles, bright red hair and a complexion which, in spite of the unfaltering attentions of

southern wind and sunshine, remained as white as a sheet. General Beckwith endured Mr. Macquisten's presence at tea chiefly in order to assure himself of an audience for his discussions on first-class cricket. Mr. Macquisten possessed some glimmerings of the game; he had, in fact, once played for his University; he was, moreover, an excellent listener; indeed, Mr. Macquisten's gift for silence was little short of genius. He was eager, alert, cheerful, and lamentably lacking in wordliness of any sort, kind or description. He always said: "By Jove, think of that!" in the most preposterously interested way when informed of anything odd or unusual. He could see no difference whatsoever between one pair of white flannels and another. He liked hymns—it was one of Sara's minor complaints that Mr. Macquisten was invariably whistling "Rock of Ages,



Cleft For Me." He was the son of the Vicar of some Midland parish and he was living at Bordighera on the proceeds of a fellowship while writing a thesis on the flora of the Riviera. It was about the only fact of Mr. Macquisten's existence of which Sara approved. It was so manifestly a waste of time.

He was sitting in General Beckwith's garden after tea (listening to a rather acrimonious comparison of the Surrey XI in 1890 with the contemporary team representing that county) when it occurred to him that he had not seen Sara for the astounding space of several days. He gazed covertly up at the balcony and from the balcony to the windows of that young lady's room and from the windows of that young lady's room to the distinguished person of her father.

"I say, sir," he remarked adroitly, as soon as General Beckwith reached his first conversational full stop, "I haven't seen Sara for days."

The general speedily dismissed that subject.

"She's about somewhere, probably with young Newbury," he said.

"By Jove, fancy that!" exclaimed Mr. Macquisten.

The general's voice droned on, rising and falling in the warm pleasant sunshine of the garden like the buzzing of a not particularly energetic insect. With his head tilted a little to one side, and an expression of practiced attention upon his face, Mr. Macquisten warily allowed his thoughts to wander, also like a not particularly energetic insect, from plant to plant he recalled passing in the course of his morning's motor-bicycling. He let his gaze stray from the severe soldierly profile of General Beckwith to the soft gleaming blossoms of a laburnum in one corner of the garden. The countryside was packed with all sorts of stuff, curious, commonplace, uncertain.

"And there they were, sir—all out for ninety-two!" proclaimed the general triumphantly.

"By Jove, sir! think of that," ejacu-

lated Mr. Macquisten and ran his fingers through his already rumpled hair.

The discussion—which was the label General Beckwith gave his daily dissertations on cricket—continued. Inches removed the tea things; the shadows slanted eastward farther and farther; the general strayed gently from cricket to Colenso, from Colenso to the cure at Marienbad and the late King Edward, to Gymkhana at Lahore in '79, the cricket week at Canterbury, when he played for the Gentlemen of Kent, and back and farther back through innumerable memories as rich and palpable and gleamingly hazy as the sunshine which filled the garden with an infinite dustiness of powdered gold.

It was, consequently, rather late by the time Mr. Macquisten managed to make his escape. He was determined to find that squat, curiously dark-green plant he had passed on the road and have a more careful look at it before dinner, but a start was delayed by the necessity of replenishing his supply of petrol. It was low; the tank was more than half empty and, in such things, Mr. Macquisten was cautious. His French was not of the most fluent. With the Italians Mr. Macquisten contrived somehow; they gathered a certain vague resemblance to his meaning when he talked to them in his stilted English Latin; the French did not appear to be quite so admirably educated. A start, however, was finally made. . . .

Beyond Bordighera, to the east, Ospedaletta loomed along its twining cliffs like a city of marble, with its huge white hotels and Casino and clustering villas. Far to the west lay Monte Carlo and Cap Martin, beyond which, in a sheeting of unimagined gold, the sun would presently retire. The little narrow ledges of earth shelving from the mountains down to the sea were vividly green and dappled densely with the dark of olive and orange groves and ilex. Tall tufted palms and the prodigal green of eucalyptus and pepper trees everywhere, however, attracted merely a passing glance from Mr.

Macquisten's scientifically abstracted eyes. He was vaguely aware of the roses in the hedges under the pepper trees; as vaguely he noted the evergreens and the magnificent candelabra of the aloes; his practiced glance took in the details of the prickly pear with their thick leaves like linoleum—they were as common as nettles in an English field. He was preoccupied with a vision of that squat, dark-green plant he had seen not far from Ventimiglia, and the more he thought of it, the more positive Mr. Macquisten became that he had narrowly avoided overlooking a discovery. It would be providential if such indeed was the case; that confounded thesis needed some infusion of new vital blood; great things might come of it. Mr. Macquisten's speculations assumed a more roseate hue. As he progressed leisurely along his sea road, whistling "The Church's One Foundation" contentedly to himself, he observed the great black bees in flight and the hummingbird moths flickering lazily over the unceasing flowers. He switched his hymns; he was now whistling, but not inappropriately, "The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away."

It had. And so, as a matter of fact, had the equally radiant afternoon. The

sky was like a hollow vast translucent turquoise—the radiant eve was about to follow the rest of the day. But Mr. Macquisten's preoccupations had made him a little careless; he was carried along smoothly through the cool scented yet invigorating air; nothing untoward disturbed the even optimistic tenor of his reflections. He was engaged in the

congenial task of writing fluently, easily, skillfully, a triumphant thesis which would place him promptly in the very first rank. Mr. Macquisten was proving the most startling and agreeable things in the lecture room of his own intelligence; he was holding forth for his own benefit and to his own immense satisfaction; and he was cheerfully whistling "The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away" without in the least noticing certain evident corollaries.

He was not even noticing where he was going. . . .

The first thing he knew twilight had betrayed him. He perceived a few stars faintly shin-

ing over the dark blurred masses of trees in the opalescent sky fading already into delicate robin's-egg blue. He stopped and lighted his headlight. He continued. But in that altered land, full of unrecognized shadows and unremembered configurations, Mr. Macquisten strayed farther and farther from his way. He



HE STOPPED AND LIGHTED HIS HEADLIGHT



tried to retrace his route, and succeeded in entangling himself rather worse than before. He passed two or three people but the result of his questioning left him merely with added knowledge that he was in France and not Italy, and that his scientific Latin was of no earthly use to him.

At a small wayside inn which was called the *Pot-au-Feu* Mr. Macquisten halted long enough to eat. He contrived, by a hurriedly improvised sign manual, to obtain an omelette, some very unpalatable beer, some bread but no butter, and some cheese. There were certain difficulties about the score.

Mr. Macquisten was now whistling "Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow" to waltz time and was rather perplexed and undecided; of course, he had stayed too long listening to the general, still—

Well, there he was—or, to be more exact, there he wasn't. Nevertheless, like the Pilgrim Band about whom he was whistling, he pushed resolutely on and on, alternatively and regretfully thinking of his lost flora and his way.

It was just then he noticed another inn. It occurred to Mr. Macquisten that motor-bicycling about the best part of the Riviera in the course of the evening is strenuous work; he was exceedingly hungry. But especially was he thirsty. Now Mr. Macquisten was ordinarily a moderate man; he was none of your intemperate German scholars who consume vast quantities in the course of their studies; a Bass every now and again, a glass of port after dinner, and an occasional whisky and soda—these satisfied Mr. Macquisten's worst demands. But on this particular evening Mr. Macquisten was excessively dry and thirsty. What he really wanted, he reflected, was a good stiff long whisky and soda in a tall glass—a cool bubbling and refreshing drink. Then a pipe. And then home.

This, apparently, was just the place.

But what on earth was that?—That—That sudden scream?—

Ciro's was crowded. Through gaps of laughter, of talking, the tinkle of glass and silver, and the movements of waiters, soundless and fleeting as dreams, a gay haunting echo of almost unceasing music was faint but persistent. It was not Hungarian. Superb and exciting celebrities could be seen *tête-à-tête* behind a glitter of flowers; outside, on the terraces of the Casino, there were more celebrities, equally superb and exciting, strolling in the obliterating sunshine. Sara felt a thrill of exquisite satisfaction; she was not merely perceiving all these complicated and illustrious splendors but was a part of them; she was blandly bored, therefore, and listless and luminously lovely. She perceived these things without appearing to perceive them. She wore a large hat, which half-shaded her face. She leaned back in her chair, grave, delicate, fashionably self-possessed and preoccupied. She made a pretense of eating an ice. But ever and again she glanced at Lord Newbury, as that man of fashion smoked a cigarette and allowed himself the luxury of watching and worshipping her in secret. Her air of worldliness, her pale and chiseled beauty, the scent she wore, and the fact that he had kissed her filled him with the most astounding ecstasies and pride.

They had motored over from Bordighera early. Lord Newbury, who had explained his unexpected appearance that day by remarking with calm that he had "ditched" his other engagement, suggested Monte Carlo in the first place. He wanted, he said, to buy a few things; would she help him? Sara acquiesced; they lunched at the Hotel de Paris; they had shopped and taken a stroll together in the bright voluptuous sunshine of the terrace. Now they were having tea at *Ciro's*. It was not, as a matter of fact, especially scampish but it was vividly interesting, and a cursory glance assured Sara how perfectly she fitted into such gay enchanting surroundings.

"There *is* something about Monte, isn't there?—something fascinating and gay?" she asked.



SHE WAS BLANDLY BORED AND LISTLESSLY AND LUMINOUSLY LOVELY

She could see herself presently, moving against that brilliant background, the most talked-of woman in Monte Carlo—not simply rivaling, but actually surpassing those illustrious beings who were manifest at every turn.

"Isn't there?" she persisted.

"Rather," agreed Lord Newbury.

"But the tone is becoming simply shocking—my dear, just *look* at those people over there!"

Lord Newbury did, with immense condescension and indifference. "They come from Birmingham, I suppose," he said.

"How ghastly for them," remarked Sara.

"Dreadful."

"Still—"

"Oh, it *is* jolly," said Lord Newbury. "Not a doubt of it."

"It's indiscreet."

"Exactly," said Lord Newbury, without the least inkling of either what was indiscreet, or why. "By the way, do

you know Mrs. de Lisle arrived at Cannes last night?"

"No! Really?"

"Came with the Gordon Baddelleys—"

"As something less than kin and rather more than kind?" inquired Sara, pointedly.

Lord Newbury coughed to cover his admiration. He envied Sara that adroit habit of saying sharp things in a cutting careless voice; he would like to say just such things himself; unfortunately, he could think of none.

"Some more tea?" he asked, painfully conscious of his glaring deficiencies but with the most languid air imaginable.

Sara shook her head.

"I ought to be going, really," that practiced woman of the world remarked.

"Why not stay here and dine with me?"

"Couldn't."



"Do!"

"No—not to-night. A little bit of Monte goes a very long way."

"We needn't dine here, you know."

"I'm rather tired of these big places, Newbury. Monte *is* jolly, of course, but—"

"Well, we can buzz over to Cannes, or Nice," suggested Lord Newbury.

"Out of the frying pan into the fire."

"You're looking so adorable to-night—I can't let you go."

"Don't be silly, please."

"But you do," insisted Lord Newbury. "Marvelous."

"Nonsense."

"It isn't."

"It is—but it's rather nice nonsense."

"I suppose a lot of men have told you that."

She looked away and smiled.

"What—that it's nice?"

"Of course, not!—that you're—re—adorable."

"*S'explique—s'implique*," Sara said, deftly.

Her knowledge of French was limited but adroit.

Lord Newbury lapsed into silence. He lit a dejected cigarette and through the rising smoke watched Sara in immense adoration. He reflected that people probably said extraordinary things about her, as they did about Lady Ann Bentinck-Browne and Mrs. de Lisle, who were also invested with that glamour and enchantment.

"I say," he said, re-opening the subject with suppressed eagerness. "What about tootling out a bit into the country and dinin' at one of those places scattered all over the shop?"

He perceived interest in her eyes. It was incendiary.

"They're jolly good," he continued with eloquence. "Bobby Hamilton told me of an amazin'ly good place, quiet, odd, picturesque. You'd love it."

"Well—" said Sara.

"These places here *are* a bore after a bit."

"I'm simply sick of 'em."



"THE ENGINE'S COLD. CRANKY. THAT'S ALL"

"You're wonderful," declared Lord Newbury.

"But what about the man?—Can't we do without him?"

"Man? What man?"

"Your chauffeur."

"Of course."

The notion to drive into the country alone with so divine a creature as Sara seemed to Lord Newbury to be a tremendously good notion. He assented with gusto; he even took a certain pride in it immediately, as if indeed the notion had been his in the first place; he suggested that they start.

Sara agreed. She wondered as they left Ciro's if there would be paragraphs in the *Tatler* about their having tea together in that celebrated rendezvous. She wondered if the fact of their driving out alone afterward and dining *tête-à-tête* at some small obscure restaurant in the country would entirely escape attention. She saw the beginnings of a great career, the origin of an immense reputation, foreshadowings of the most intriguing triumphs. . . .

Dinner turned out to be a great success. The food was not particularly good; the service was negligible; the place itself rather shabby with that shabbiness which admits a suspicion of dirt. Lord Newbury, however, had been satisfactory and, after his first glass of a very sweet champagne, enabled to discuss things in general in the manner of Oscar Wilde, with a dash of Ouida. Sara permitted him to kiss her in the entrance and, as they lingered over coffee, cigarettes and some *cointreau* which the waiter finally produced, to make love to her. But the outstanding feature of the entire business was the fact that the foot-hills had been gained; she was dining alone in the most scampish of circumstances with a very scampish young man indeed; and clear in view, the pinnacles of further and exciting wickedness revealed themselves to her enchanted gaze. She was more than satisfied. Presently, she decided, they would go, but not for a few moments.

It would not do for them to arrive back in Bordighera before twelve. In fact, she debated whether or not they should return via Cannes, and add to her increasing prestige by an appearance at the tables. She might even, she reflected, lose a few francs.

"Newbury," she said thoughtfully. "What *is* the time?"

"Nothing, there isn't any such thing as time, you darling," replied that extremely infatuated young man.

"Don't be silly."

"Well, it's about ten."

She pressed his hand in reply and smiled.

"I say, wouldn't it be rather jolly if we went back by way of Cannes—and had just a peep at the Rooms?" she said brightly.

Lord Newbury assented with alacrity.

"When we go, rather!"

"Then hadn't we better start soon?"

"Oh, darling!"

"Newbury! You mustn't!"

"But you are—my God! I'm—I adore you!"

"But, suppose some one overheard."

Lord Newbury stood up promptly.

"Sorry. Dam' careless of me. Suppose we had better push off."

He helped her into the coat he had insisted that she take with her, and handed her her gloves and gold bag and that little collection of odds and ends which every woman of the world carries. She slipped an arm through his and they sauntered out, slowly and magnificently. Lord Newbury's *pourboire* had been princely; his hat was tilted slightly over one eye; their exit evoked a prodigious bowing. A faint scent of roses came to them out of the dark. There was no moon but it was a clear night of stars; the outline of trees against the sky was dim but definite; it was very still. Only thin tenuous rumor of sound hung in the stillness of that lovely night. It was as if romance had laid over hill and field and all the waiting earth a potent ineffable spell; they stood without speaking in the shadow of the car, listen-



ing and looking at the stars—incuriously, raptly, hushed. Then gently Lord Newbury put his arms round Sara and kissed her. She clung to him, thrilled and thrilling, slim, pale, exquisite.

It was a more divine breathless delirious business than the first. It obliterated memories and apprehensions, hopes and fears and longings—time itself.

She pushed him shyly from her. . . .

Lord Newbury strode to the door of the car. He opened it with the feeling of a god. Sara climbed into the front seat and Lord Newbury tucked her up amply in the robe. He climbed in himself. Both entertained the most delicious sensations of tremendous wickedness. They had dined alone at a place visibly disreputable and secret; they were desperately in love with each other; they were proceeding to fresh dissipations. It was superbly exciting. Lord Newbury pressed his heel loftily upon the self-starter, as if he despised self-starters. There was a grinding hurried noise. Then silence. Lord Newbury pressed his heel again upon the self-starter but rather more carefully. There was more grinding noise which lapsed into silence the moment he removed his heel from it.

Lord Newbury descended and, opening the hood, primed the cylinders.

"It's cold," he explained briefly.

He climbed back into the car, readjusted the robe, closed the door, and jammed his foot down upon the self-starter once more and with exactly the same results. He repeated the latter part of this performance two or three times, each rather more viciously than before, and then he said:

"Dam'!"

He descended again, took off his hat and removed the polo coat in which he had wrapped himself a minute or two earlier. It was a humiliating position for any young man of fashion; it was doubly so for Lord Newbury. He rejoiced that Sara could not see his cheeks owing to the friendly dark; he was swearing softly under his breath; he

began to crank the engine. Still nothing came of it!

"Dam'!" exclaimed Lord Newbury breathlessly but with a savage scowl.

"Is—is anything the matter?" inquired Sara.

A certain faint uneasiness of spirit made itself felt within her. She bent forward and stared at Lord Newbury, standing in his shirtsleeves in the full glare of the headlights.

"Is there anything I can do?"

"I don't think so," said Lord Newbury.

"Nothing wrong?"

"Oh, no," replied Lord Newbury, but with a most apparent lack of conviction. "The engine's cold. Cranky. That's all."

Lord Newbury then proceeded to examine the engine in a professional manner. He attacked it in every conceivable way but it nobly lived up to Lord Newbury's careless epithet; it was not merely cranky but immovably and implacably cranky. Lord Newbury began to strip the engine; he was working in a white fury; he succeeded in accomplishing exactly nothing. . . .

"Look here," he said pantingly, after the discouraging space of twenty minutes hard at it, "I'm—I'm afraid I can't start the confounded thing."

"What!"

"I can't think what's wrong—it simply will not start."

"But—but how on earth are we going to get home?"

Lord Newbury looked away. "I'm hanged if I know."

"Don't be silly. You must telephone at once for some one to come out for us."

Lord Newbury went but returned directly.

"The beastly thing's out of order. French telephones always are."

"But we must *do* something," cried Sara, in alarm. "Good heavens! we can't stay here all night."

"We can't apparently do anything else," said Lord Newbury in vast but honest perplexity. "It's miles to the next village and it's jolly near eleven, too."

"I don't care what the time is," said Sara, "you've simply got to do something. We can't stay here all night. I'd die first. Afterward—any way."

Lord Newbury savagely attacked the engine for the eleventh time. It survived, however, for the twelfth. Nothing came of it.

"Can't the people inside do anything?"

"Put us up for the night," said Lord Newbury.

Sara screamed.

"Are you out of your mind? What, *stay* here!"

She leapt out the car and hastily joined Lord Newbury in the flooding glare of the headlights. "Think of father! Besides, *what* would people say!" she gasped.

Lord Newbury was thinking of General Beckwith. "I suppose there's—er—accommodation for *more* than one," he said.

Sara hardly heard him. The whole world appeared to be toppling about her in disaster. She tried to choke back irresistible tears; she thought of her father; she thought of the things everybody would say. She thought of Lord Newbury—suspicions rapidly became convictions—

"Newbury! how dare you pretend there's anything wrong! Start the engine at once and take me home."

"I—I wish to God I could," ejaculated that harassed and unhappy young man.

He was astounded to perceive she was weeping, frankly and plentifully, and he was further astounded to perceive that she shrank from him in terror as he advanced to take her in his arms and reassure her.

Yet what else could he do?

Nothing—nothing at all!

They were standing, the car between them, carefully not looking at each other when the faint persistent thrilling murmur of a motor, obviously approaching, came to them through the vast sinister stillness of the night. She gave a little involuntary sob of relief.

She cried out, frantically, suddenly, wildly.

"Help! oh, help!"

The noise came nearer and nearer and unmindful of Lord Newbury, or the waiter, who had come out to see what those insane *Anglais* were doing, or of the excitements and scampish worldliness and achievement she had desired so passionately, she continued to cry out. Lord Newbury tried to explain, to assert himself; she cut him short; and ran a little way out from the car toward the dark bent, but oddly familiar, figure on a motor-bicycle which shot suddenly into sight. It was indeed Mr. Macquisten.

"Sara!"

"Oh, Eric. . . ."

She collapsed in his arms, sobbing violently.

"Take me home," she moaned piteously, clinging to him, terrified, utterly changed, hysterical. "Take me home, please."

"But," began the baffled Mr. Macquisten, "what on earth's the—"

"I'll explain everything," she sobbed, "but please take me home first."

"Of course I will. Just climb up on the back of my old bike, now."

He helped her up, her eyes were shining through her tears like stars; they held his gaze.

"You—you angel!" she sighed, suddenly, "and your heavenly little motor-bicycle!"



# MEANDERING WHERE FLOWS MEANDER

LETTERS TO AN AMERICAN FRIEND

## PART I

BY DOROTHY KENNARD

*Lady Kennard, the writer of these letters which give so vivid an account of her recent visit to the Near East after an absence of some years, is the daughter of a distinguished English diplomat who represented his country at various important posts. The greater portion of her life has been spent in the East—Turkey, Persia, and Japan.—THE EDITORS.*

LONDON, October 31st, 10 P.M.

MY DEAR —: The caravan starts. Your Marconi came to-day and has just helped to switch on the current of epistolatory energy. We are off to-morrow morning. S., who goes with me, is a child of seventeen who has never traveled and who likes the idea of doing so. Her enthusiasm is an incentive to my, otherwise, possibly chimerical enjoyment of this venture!

For, you see, as far as I am concerned, we are journeying neither to Constantinople nor to Smyrna, nor are we heading definitely to any other place; unlicensed and uncalled for, this expedition spells for me the forbidden fruit of turning back the pages of the past. Constantinople framed my childhood, and east of it lay the mystery of very young illusion.

The four absurd trunks that I have just locked will actually be shunted onto the threshold from which sallied forth myself, in short skirts, and the inevitably terrible English governess of *backfisch* days; and, to the left of that same threshold of Pera's British Embassy lies the spot where, in guilty consciousness of yet another and, this time, uncondonable tear in it, I buried, at the age of nine, a muslin and real-lace petticoat. Further, the house once belonged to us. It is now some one else's property, and I am going to hate being obliged to salute it frigidly in fresh acquaintanceship.

Were it not for the arrival of your wire, which cheered me up, you would

probably never have read this, for I should not have got under way. Now you are "in for it," so beware!

November 1st.

The Channel lies behind us. We are in the Orient Express. And all the silly little comforts that I have spent days collecting are spread about this microscopic space of a double *wagon lit*, making its ten feet by four even more absurdly inadequate to the needs of two full-grown Englishwomen than they appeared before we boarded it.

Chilly depression, born of a surging sea, white-capped already in Dover Harbor, has produced almost instantaneously a reciprocal benefit society among the passengers. We are no longer two persons traveling, but six. We have acquired an English lady doctor, voyaging for mysterious purposes of her own into the Senussi country *via* Trieste; a young man from Magdalen, armed with half a dozen Foreign Office bags for Rome and Constantinople; a British mother and daughter, bound for sight-seeing and economy in the minor towns of Italy; and a couple of innocuous English officers in khaki. Of these the lady doctor, despite an unpropitious cast of countenance (which is not her fault) and an over-refined pronunciation in several languages (which is), promises to be the more enlivening traveling companion. The others have never known or sensed that spirit of adventure which is born

when twilight deepens about a train at night.

It is a wonderful discovery to find that one can type in the train far more easily than one can write. I started to christen my fountain pen and a brand new writing block, but legibility was unattainable.

France is looking just as France always manages to look—prosperous and green, despite the fast-closing autumn days. Reconstruction is the password, I suppose. I have never got over the childish wonder at the miraculous fluency with which French people talk French. They appear to savor the enunciation of every syllable of their language. Automatically, in the face of each well-turned phrase, my own fluency of thought becomes restricted in its utterance, until I finally capitulate and ask in English for things, which pleases them all exceedingly and gets me what I want much quicker than I could otherwise have obtained it.

The tragic thing is that, now that we have got to Amiens, my subconscious self wants to get out in Paris, spend a week shopping, see some good plays, and then go home again! I haven't the slightest desire to go to bed in this little box.

*November 2d.*

Went to bed last night thinking I was going to be really intelligent and reflecting that it *did* make for all-round competence to have traveled all one's life! Not every woman, journeying alone, would have remembered that there was an hour's difference of time between Paris and Lausanne! Remembered it in time, too, to change the clock before settling for the night. Unfortunately, however, I did it the wrong way round, and sauntered in, gayly, to breakfast this morning at eight o'clock, to find it was ten. S. behaved well and did not even smile unkindly, though she did murmur something regretfully about having looked forward to seeing the Lake of Geneva and early morning at

Montreux—both of which sights we naturally missed.

I sat up rather late last night discussing Arabs, ancient Egypt, Eastern wisdom, and Western blindness with the lady doctor. Apparently, she is not a lady doctor at all, but an anthropologist, so she told me. I was extremely relieved to find that my dim conception of what an anthropologist might be was the correct one! I say "discussing" because it sounds better, but, as a matter of fact, I listened while she talked exceedingly well.

We are threading a desultory course through the scattered villages of northern Italy, whose painted houses have a charm of irrational patchery entirely their own. Maggiore, bathed in sunshine, reflected itself in my beer at lunch. Somehow one always longs to get out and dream the hours away indefinitely when one sees, from the train window, that individual opalescence which marks the Italian lakes. Yet one knows perfectly well how deadly dull they are, how hot, how dusty, and how entirely overpopulated.

*Later.*

Now we are trundling through the respectable fertility of the Lombard Plain, interminable, tediously prosperous. The shaking is terrific and I am writing false lettering all the time. But wasting paper and the risk of ruining my typewriter are both preferable to contemplation of such crushing sameness. Salvation, however, has come for the machine, for you, and for me, because that beer has induced a desire for sleep!

*Later.*

You were right, you know, when you said once that, when one started to write, there was nothing one could not write about. But it is a handicap not knowing at all what are the kinds of things you will be interested to hear.

To-morrow is enticing: so many people have done this part of the journey so



often. But the very names of Jugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia spell modernity, transition, change resulting directly from the war. I am curious to see whether the quondam deterioration in the status of one's fellow-travelers, that struck one always so forcibly in pre-war days as one crossed the demarcation line of eastern and western Europe, will still obtrude. I haven't seen a single seedy individual, not even a properly "dagoish" dago, yet! Practically all the people on this train are English, and dull English at that. Not a doubtful character among them.

*November 3d.*

We woke up in the ravines of the Carpathians, a crisp, clear morning of promise. And we have risen to grandeur in the night, for a lot of passengers have gone, and our friendly conductor told us that if we made ourselves polite to the *chef de train* at breakfast he would give us a compartment each to ourselves for the rest of the journey. It is difficult to be ingratiating in Jugo-Slav—and that was, obviously, the nationality of the two officials I promptly addressed—but we did our best, and now behold us each with a little kingdom.

This is an exceedingly energetic train! Washing this morning was like a twenty minutes' bout with a punching ball—a singularly resilient one, moreover—but with this difference, here one's person was the ball and received the punching.

We are traveling through one of those happy districts where goats, chickens, and children herd indiscriminately with adults, under thatch and clambering vines. But the people are not picturesque! Vanished are the pleated petticoats of the Croats. Instead, they sport engaitered fustians and Viennese fur-lined shooting jackets, stuffy, but, presumably, a practical reminder of an administration that left behind few other helpful legacies to commemorate it.

It is a lovely bit of country, fertile and pre-eminently peaceful. The soil flaunts

reminiscent streaks and patches of the black-earth country in its well-tended ridge and furrow. We meander along the Drava, in and out of gently wooded ravines, spreading into little vistas of cultivation and plaster cottages. It is such a relief not to see the Austrian uniforms swaggering on all these station platforms—not to hear the Vienna twang.

Most of yesterday's passengers have left this train. Only the khaki remains faithful, and the Foreign Office bag. But we have acquired some novelties such as I have been expecting hourly—couples of which the women are handsome, the men greasy and plain; solitary Jews traveling the Lord knows whither; a mother of two children whose sex it is impossible to determine for the fact that the boy (if it is a boy) has long hair, and the girl (if it is a girl) wears trousers. In fact, we are entering the zone where every man stares to the point of insult and every woman is insignificant, except she bear upon her, and unmistakably, the stamp of triumphantly survived maternity.

I have come to the conclusion, however, that traveling was more interesting before the war. I suppose all this part of the world has been indulging in such an orgy of disorganization, on paper, during the last three years, that it has managed to settle down, in actuality, almost without noticing that it has become well ordered! In such a hypothesis, at any rate, lies for me the only explanation of the evidence not only of industrial prosperity, but of *organized* enterprise which I have seen on every side since we crossed the frontier this morning. Perhaps it is only stupendous ignorance that had created in my mind the fiction that the terms "Jugo-Slavia," "chaos," and "Czecho-Slovakia" were synonymous! True, the latter state is still but a name and does not take shape for us until to-morrow; consequently I may yet realize my confident British hopes of being harrowed, feed my inherent British vainglorious-

ness upon the spectacle of yet another unfortunate country worse off than is my own.

But here, *dans le Royaume des Serbes et des Croates*, are peace, plenty, and contentment, in such proportion, at least, as a passer-by is enabled to appraise from a train window. Not a peasant but is well clothed, not a beast but is well covered, not a house but is well roofed. There are riches of timber, produce, and agricultural land. Where timber lies felled it has been neatly stacked in yards, the tree trunks are numbered and protected from the damp. Where there are brick kilns they are well-ordered brick kilns, and one would hesitate to steal thereof or disarrange a single brick, so meticulously are the angles of their piling noted in numbered chalk! System has closed a mailed and sanely controlled hand over the whole country. The question remains to be answered, whose is this system? No peasant mind is responsible for such organization—yet it exists undoubtedly. For the fact to have struck a *woman* proves that, since it takes an exaggeration to impress my sex, which does not like being obliged to recognize that system is very potent and salutary!

There's so much I want to know. Either I have been most tragically ignorant about this part of the world for years, or it has all happened very suddenly. Certainly, when we used to journey regularly through these regions fourteen years ago things were very different. Perhaps all that is the matter with me is that I have clung obstinately to a picture which I, myself, had made, and that what I am noticing now is merely the discrepancy between youthful and maturer judgment, plus normal passage of time? Tell me.

Dinner has been a meal full of incident. The train has filled itself once more. Guessing at the nationalities of the new arrivals alone might have kept one busy! But one lady brought in a parrot to share her meal, and that monopolized a considerable amount of

attention. She was, I fancy, a very young French bride, being brought home in pride by an opulent and devoted Balkan who appeared undecided as to whether to appear shocked or approving of her ostentatious mannerisms and undeniable attractions. Finally, in a sort of ecstasy of coquetry, she threw a piece of bread at her husband, causing him to become suddenly authoritative.

Meanwhile S. had succeeded in getting her charming profile fixed by the glassy stare of a corpulent gentleman of incredible girth and equally stupendous presumption. My formula is ill chosen, for it implies that S. had sought to subjugate him. As a matter of fact, he had already, to my certain knowledge, walked his five miles up and down the narrow passage which frames our compartment in the hope of obtaining a satisfying inspection. She promptly developed facility in the quick slamming of her door, which effectually frustrated him until this moment, when, under the influence of food and beer, his interest became exceedingly marked. She christened him, obviously but most unkindly, Fatty Arbuckle.

By the way! I have discovered, to my chagrin, that we do not traverse Czecho-Slovakia at all—this, since I succeeded in appropriating, for a brief quarter of an hour, an imposing map of southern Europe belonging to the lady next door. Instead, we join up to-night, at Belgrade, with what used to be the main line of the Orient Express *via* Vienna and Cologne.

Unfortunately, we pass through most of Serbia proper at night, if we are more or less up to our time-table.

Our conductor has just come in to offer, with apologies, a friendly word of advice. Apparently the Serbs are averse to the combination of traveling ladies and typewriters! They have objected before, he says, and will probably do so again. As I have no desire to be accused of espionage, I am taking the hint and putting both myself and the machine to bed. I can type in Bulgaria!



November 4th.

Good or evil fortune has willed it that our train should be several hours late. Consequently, we breakfasted in Nish, and I had ample opportunity to indulge my desire to see remembered country. The relish of gruesome detail lying latent in any civilized human had prepared me to revel in traces of wanton German destruction. To my surprise, and, it must be confessed, somewhat to my disappointment, Nish and its environs—the whole of Serbia, in fact—looks much as it used to. Inquiries have elicited the information (delivered somewhat contemptuously by our conductor, who is getting very bored with my questions), that people do not usually expect to find ruin around a railway track which it was in the destroyers' own interest to safeguard. Although somewhat snubbed, I was not entirely convinced, and still feel sure that more traces of carnage should obtrude. The British press has given several erroneous impressions *re* this country, among others the one that its population is decimated. Children are teeming everywhere—children three and four years old, war babies all of them, who did not die and who could not have been very underfed, else they would not have survived. Neither have I noticed any shortage of gaping, adult crowds.

They are soldiers still, though. Each man sports some remnant of military equipment, and the greater proportion carry rifles.

They have not changed in that they have kept that curious cult of smartening up their feet which always marked the Serbian peasant as distinct, to my mind, from other Balkan races. However stained or ragged the outer garments, some little ornate fantasy of self-adornment was wont to coquette about the shins and ankles. Where modernity had introduced the leather footgear, that footgear shone as no alien boot knows how to do. This peculiarity of pediculture strikes me still, and is as pathetic as it always was.

Since leaving Nish we have been following the course of the Nishava, through tunnels and around grim rock facings at whose base the river swirls, suggesting trout. It is a stationless region, hence my flagrant manipulation of the typewriter. We are back among the fat-tailed sheep of Eastern cooking, the creak of overladen carts that surmounts the sound waves of native "gee-ing up" to tired bullock teams. And this morning, in the slums of Nish, I saw the first group of Turkish *hamals* squatting, in conclave, to their water pipe.

It has struck me as quite miraculous that we should have eaten such palatable food as we have been given ever since leaving Calais. One is never really hungry in a train where one is sleepless and unexercised. Yet not a dish has seemed openly offensive—many, in fact, have suggested that, under hungrier circumstances, their recall would be very welcome. Considering the paucity of material that must exist, and the restrictions of culinary space which are obvious, I salute our grimy cooks.

A satisfied stomach has gone far to palliating the nervous mental irritation at the astute manner in which one is cheated at every turn by the manipulators of the international exchange. In some mysterious fashion, the most minute financial transaction, be it only about a postage stamp, is juggled into the paper values of several countries with lightning rapidity and entirely unrefutable assurance. I remonstrated once or twice, very feebly, was proved to be wrong, although I knew I was right (and worked it out afterward, alone, to this latter triumphant conclusion), and have now given in to people who are more egotistical mathematicians than myself.

November 5th.

This last day of our main journey, which, by all the laws of averages, should have proved the most tedious, has been decidedly the most eventful.

A great many things have happened, and it is as yet only ten-thirty in the morning! Incidentally, we are now ten hours late.

Late last night a rumor reached us that there was trouble on the line ahead. We were entirely unable to find out the nature of this "trouble" except in so far as that it would oblige us to get up at six this morning. So we went to bed early and slept in somewhat of a trepidation.

Sure enough, at six-thirty or thereabouts we were awakened to a gorgeous autumn morning of haze and soft sunlit dew. No station here, yet the train had come to the kind of silent standstill that spells waiting undefined on this sort of a journey. We struggled into our clothes, skimping the agony of washing by silent and mutual consent (it is the last day and we claim a bath to-night!). And then we stumbled out into the open country—a sort of waste of reeds that rustled in the early wind and suggested snipe shooting when the rain should have made of them the swamp it was their right to be.

Our engine had come to a gentle halt in front of a piled mass of apparently inextricable confusion announcing itself quite obviously as a recently derailed train.

"A Greek *comitaji* has amused himself by blowing up a little bridge and there has been an accident," volunteered the conductor. "And there will be a lot of work for us all!" he added, gloomily.

I sympathized. To my certain knowledge, that unfortunate man has not had more than three hours' sleep in the last seventy-two. He is a conscientious fellow and gets little pleasure out of life.

At first sight it looked uncommonly like waiting there in that dried-up swamp until the line should be mended. As we were told that work had already been going on for four days, the prospect of assisting at its final completion was dismal in the extreme and the glory of early morning faded as spontaneously as it had been born. In fact, seldom have I

seen a landscape look so actively repellent.

But the conductor took pity on our chagrin and said that it had been arranged for the passengers in our train to exchange quarters with the fellow-express homeward-bound from Constantinople, and that it was even at that moment waiting on the far side of the debris. "*Ce n'est que moi qui dois travailler!*" he concluded, morosely, "*Vous, vous pouvez aller déjeuner.*" So we went.

The first cigarette was smoked in stumbling progress over displaced sleepers and scattered confusion of rails, bolts, and old iron. Some fifty *hamals* were working, in a desultory fashion, as *hamals* do, and a few Thracian soldiery helped by looking on. A slow string of improvised portage began to take shape between the two trains, threading its way along a dusty pathway between the rushes. And a whole concourse of strange passengers, homeward-bound, began to circulate among us.

We took a few photographs, and the *hamals* lined themselves up voluntarily, as they always do, in anxious, smiling array. At the last minute a couple of soldiers, who had been holding aloof from the picture in proud consciousness of the superiority over their fellow-men that the possession of rifles gave them, unbent sufficiently to imply that they would like to be taken, too.

Now we are started off again, none the worse, and with all our baggage intact, *Inshallah!*

It would be idle for me to attempt to tell you where we are. The country is called Thrace. But I haven't a notion of whom it belongs to now, and there is nothing about the population to indicate nationality, for what little of it there is is as mixed in its accouterment as it sounds to be in its language. I distinctly heard a lot of people this morning talking Greek. But if Turkey is at war with Greece this sounds tactless, to say the least of it. Anyway, it is very peaceful and rather attractive, though barren. The weather is gorgeous. We cross the



Turkish frontier somewhere around lunch time and are supposed to reach Constantinople in time for dinner. This first of my letters will leave Constantinople in the Embassy bag some time this week. I shall keep up with a sort of daily diary so long as daily life continues to hold a modicum of interest.

My next from the shores of the Bosphorus, for we are approaching the Turkish frontier and this land of memory needs a whole letter to itself.

In all friendship.

D. K.

PERA PALACE HOTEL, CONSTANTINOPLE.

November 5th.

MY DEAR ———: Do you know what real ghosts are? They are by no means the visitation from spirits of another world and of another time such as they are popularly credited to be. I have found that out to-day. Cold, mocking, jibbering ghosts are merely memories of one's dearest youth and its companions, called into being among familiar, yet metamorphosed surroundings.

This hotel . . . it hurts most unbelievably to find myself too well developed to fit comfortably into the little alcoves which glimpse from the *premier* into the *rez de chaussée* of parquet floor and well-remembered decoration. People dance there now as people did fourteen years ago; but the people of fourteen years ago were my parents and my friends; the dancers of to-day are strangers, and I resent their presence bitterly. I used to creep here, surreptitiously, after my supper, on those gala nights, having spent a long day helping to decorate this caravanserai for some diplomatic or charitable function, to watch the grown-ups enjoy themselves. When discovered, I used to be sent to bed, or given an ice, according to the mood of those same grown-ups who made my world.

Constantinople is ruined. I have been in it but three short hours, but felt the first anachronism ten minutes before the

train reached it. Out in the suburbs, on the turn around the Golden Horn where one was wont to catch the first soul-satisfying peep of the outlines of Seraglio Point, I saw the headlights, heard the hooting of a motor car!

It is but recently that I looked forward, with a certain pride, to the coming of that moment in my life when I should be able to refer, in languid fashion, to "ten years ago" because I thought to do so with conviction spelled maturity. I know better now. It creates a bitter pang, this realization of the passage of a decade.

I had not thought that Constantinople could ever change! It has been such a wonder dream of mine, this city and its memories of mist and gold.

Three hours have passed, however, the first shock is over, and I am trying to pull myself together, trying to admit that the modern monstrosity of bricks and mortar that now links Pera to Stamboul spells progress, civilization. Galata Bridge, that passageway of tribes and potentates, the rumbling of whose worm-eaten plankings used to awe my childish perceptions of the grandiose, has become a footpath termed unsafe for traffic. The cobbled streets are made hideous by electric tramways. I am trying to persuade myself that I don't yearn for the hubbub of their good old stones.

As I write, an ambitious band is playing ragtime to the parquet, a heterogeneous crowd is dining and making conversation in what used to be a small black hole of an eating room where nothing more inspiring than an omelette or a stuffed rissole ever saw the light of day. Now—shades of every night club in every second-rate capital! . . .

Enough of reminiscences and carping contrast. Here's for the present. Very good it is, too. We were met at the station, cared for and looked after as people with letters to one of our embassies always are. With our luggage intact, we got to the hotel in time to have really luxurious baths before dinner.

I had been told that it would cost us a fiver a day to live here. This must be an inaccuracy. The cashing of our one ten-pound cheque has produced a volume of paper currency that appears quite inexhaustible. Certainly the dinner has not affected it at all. If that preposterous band were not playing so energetically, I should abandon this scribbling and go to bed. As it is, the gloomy realization has come that Saturday night does not affect hours of revelry in Mus-sulman countries which keep the Friday holy. Consequently, I feel that this custom of Sundays immune from Christian restrictions will be one of the few (because, under the circumstances, so unwelcome) that we shall discover to have survived the war.

I can't see anything out of my window but two English advertisements. No less than three Greek *ménages*, however, can see *me* and are making the most of their opportunities for scrutiny. Good night! Perhaps the morning will show me something that I remember, something that I cherish and that the new era of Inter-Allied Control has not been single-minded enough to kill?

November 6th.

The sun is setting upon what has been, in a way, one of the saddest days of my life. And yet I would not have foregone the living of it; therefore it has been well spent.

We were stirred at an early hour this morning by a warning signal of the changed régime. A telephone message to the effect that the British High Commissioner did us the honor to invite us to dine. This, besides being a great personal kindness, sounds a welcome note from the snobbish point of view, for it gives us status in a hotel that appeared inclined to look askance at cheques. But it took me quite a few moments to realize both that it really was a *telephone* message, and that the head of the British Mission here bears a new title nowadays. He will not be called ambassador until the peace is signed.

We strolled round to the Embassy this morning to inquire about our tickets to Smyrna, and found that all requisite trouble had been taken, with the usual official forethought. There, much to my surprise—for I had gone to bed last night determined to picture myself to myself as in a land of strangers—I met several old friends. One of these inquired as to our program for the day, and I volunteered that I had planned a slow perambulation up the Bosphorus in some kind of a boat, possibly one of the penny steamers that used to do the trip most satisfactorily when I was young. As soon as I had spoken I realized that I was behind the times:

"Not—not in one of those dirty old '*sherkhats*'?" was my friend's astounded query.

"No, no, of course not!" I prevaricated, hastily (though it was exactly what I had meant). "I thought perhaps . . . a nice *caïque*?" (this *very* tentatively).

"No one goes in *caïques* now!" he told me, brusquely, as he might have said, no one wears any clothes nowadays. And the effect upon me was extinguishing.

"One goes in a car," he added, kindly, "and it takes only thirty-five minutes."

To cut a pathetic story short, we went in a motor. The only thing that cheered me up about the idea was the look of the machine. It appeared strong, but a bit tired, as if it and the roads of the Bosphorus had not agreed too well. Deduction—that some roads would not prove entirely unrecognizable to my homesick soul.

Fourteen years ago Pera died away on an upward slope with expiring gasps of masonry which were casually scattered barracks. What road there was, crumbled off in small forked streaks of dust—little hill pathways that curved and lost themselves in various directions. One single track, defined by a double row of trees, was known in the various summer villages as "the way to town by road." Everybody who possessed the spirit of



adventure traveled it once, in a native *araba*, to see what it was like. No one was ever known to go a second time. This was the road along which we were taken to-day. How the four tires survived it I cannot conceive; no description of mine can do the track sufficient injustice.

We passed my old home of 1900, my old home of 1908, the old homes of all who were once my good friends and are, perhaps, good friends no longer, for I have never seen them since. And each in turn looked drearier, more desolate, more dead. Familiar landmarks had vanished. Others, actively repellent, had taken their place. Where, as children, we used to gallop on the greensward in the early morning, was a golf links with people playing golf. Where once had grown and flourished a fruit seller's hovel under flowering acacia trees, was a British Red Cross installation. And where one halted, in the good old days, at the halfway monument to some departed sultan, was a veterinary hospital.

Progress, sanitation everywhere—and beauty dying! Buyukdere, always a Russian village, was full of Russians. But the inhabitants of our day were brilliant, opulent, strong in their knowledge that the Black Sea and the southern riches of their country flanked their palaces of painted wood in spirit of proximity, if not in fact. The Russians there to-day were fugitives, furtive and poverty stricken, living on sufferance as another name for charity. I have since been told that there are nearly thirty thousand Russians of Denikin's army refuged here, all of them without visible means of support.

The intermediate passages of the afternoon, when I stopped the car near our dismantled garden in Therapia and allowed myself to wander there for a brief half hour among its ruined roses, could interest nobody except myself. Besides, to that self they are sacred. Suffice it that I do not wish to live in those places again. One flower was

picked and given me by some one who remembered my father. That flower I shall keep, but all other recollections were buried, very dark and deep.

Came the moment for departure and the homeward drive. I felt we could not face the hills again, and I did want S. to see something more interesting. For one wild moment I thought of taking my penny steamer, after all, for it passed us as we stood on the quay and my informant at the Embassy had libeled the poor little thing most infamously. It was almost the only living relic that looked just as it used to do fourteen years ago! Then I remembered that the journey used to take a long time and that we wanted to see the sun set over the Golden Horn. So I asked our Russian driver whether there was not a way home along the water's edge. "Water? Yes. Anywhere. Anyway!" was his encouraging reply. And we started.

Now that we are safely home again, I am ready to say that I enjoyed it. S. says the same. But if I had to live here now I would walk rather than motor! It was the most dangerous drive that I have ever embarked upon in my life, and can be best described by stating that it was the kind that had to be pursued unto the bitter end, once one has started, because one could not have turned round. Neither could one have passed, except at very rare intervals, any conveyance traveling in a reverse direction. Luckily, we met none. The quay was just wide enough for an expert driver to keep four wheels on the road. And this same road was cobbled mountainously where it had not fallen away into holes.

Incidentally, we burst three inner tubes inside the first half hour. But what we saw was worth the emotion, now that the emotion is over and memory remains.

At the present moment I don't believe that there is a nationality or a profession on the globe that is not represented by both sexes and several generations in the suburbs and purlieus of this city. The

maelstrom of human traffic began to make itself noticeable just after we had passed under the shadow of the seven towers of Roumeli Hissar, halfway down the Bosphorus. These, secure in mediæval dignity, still frown serenely from out their cypress frame across to the minor forts of Anatoli Hissar on the Asiatic side of the Straits, and gave me one more brief backward glimpse (such as I have sworn to deny myself) of what was once and can never be again.

Staggering anachronisms—such as a complete motor-repair installation of granite, rubbing shoulders, on the one side with the vine-roofed booth of a vender of entrails, on the other with a shanty marked, “BEER. Only genuine English, London.”—“BAR”—confront one at every turn. A double tramway line has been laid along three or four miles of the water’s edge. There is no room for traffic to pass on either side of it, so these rail emplacements carry, besides their legitimate load of clanging, overcrowded trams, innumerable lorries, *arabas* by the score, donkey caravans, ambulances, herds of goats, sheep, troops of children, soldiers, sailors, Greeks, Armenians, Jews. My dear! the list would fill ten pages of type!

I may be maligning, criminally, any official order that holds sway. Of things official I do not presume to judge. But to the mere private individual this place spells neither the heaven that it used to be, nor the hell at which it seems to, hint—just purgatory, which is polyglot hurrying, without aim or object, to and fro.

When we got back to our hotel (in an *araba*, by the way, for the brave car died with the bursting of its fourth and last tube two miles from home) we climbed to the fifth floor in search of a sunset and a view. The lights were disappointing, for clouds had gathered in the Sea of Marmora to obscure them, but one thing remains here that neither man nor time nor brass buttons can alter, and that is the ethereal outline of a real old Turkish minaret silvering into the

evening sky from behind the solid blackness of proportioned dome and cupola.

The most idealistic silhouette that unidealistic man has yet conceived, they stand, still, sublime in cool fragility, rivaling the cypresses on Seraglio Point. And so they will stand fourteen years hence, when some one in as regretful passing as was my reminiscent pilgrimage this afternoon, stands to lament the yesterday that will have, by that time, become for them my own to-day.

November 7th.

This has been a better day! Our kind friends at the Embassy gave us a *cavass*, and we set out early and full of hope to cross the bridge and visit old Stamboul. It is idle to suggest that we were systematic sightseers. One short morning would have been, for such a purpose, entirely inadequate. But I wanted a bird’s-eye impression of all that I once knew so well and had forgotten.

At least the native city has not altered. A feeling of somewhat *dolce far niente* descends upon one with the passing of the bridge. There people still wander aimlessly, in the middle of the road, without fear of being crushed or deafened. And turbaned dignitaries sit in alcoves, reading what one hopes is the Koran, but is probably the *Vie Parisienne*. There, also, one can find a few real, old-fashioned Turkish women who smoke in public and wear the *chardaf* modestly, to their entire disfigurement, but to their souls’ salvation. Besides, it had been raining in Pera when we left it and the sun arrived tactfully to shine upon us here.

San Sofia brooded in golden dignity and I listened, yet once again, to a whining guide retailing the good old tales which are its story. He showed us, with the identical gestures of the past, the spot where Mahommed II left the impress of his sacred hand as he rode triumphant into the Christian church, over the bodies of the dead and dying. His charger kicked the cornice and his saber slashed another marble column, all at



the same instant; and I was left thinking to-day, just as I used to be of old, that the Conqueror's charger must have been a very well-developed horse!

But San Sofia is lighted by electric bulbs nowadays, and the myriad little glass lamps are emptied of their sweet olive oil. So the mystic shadows that flickered over the midnight services will flicker thus no more, hinting at secret passages and crime.

There were no pigeons left to flutter in the courtyard of the pigeon mosque. Sensible creatures! They don't like soldiers and motor lorries, and I was told that they have all migrated to Ayub, a cemetery at the final curve of the Golden Horn. Beggars importuned us still, but unconvincingly, and the lepers crouched no more. For these two facts one can be profoundly grateful.

We inspected the library and were shown a fifteenth-century Koran and a vellum tome of Persian miniatures far more lovely than any I ever saw in Persia. And then, after a respectful tribute to the tomb of a sultan who had one hundred and thirteen children, quite a number of whom he murdered, we drove once round the Hippodrome, dismissed the cab, and plunged into the bazaars.

There, thank God, the past will always be the present until oblivion covers both. The same old junk decked out for sale, the same bright shafts of filtered sunlight where motes dance joyously, proud of having turned visible at last. Greasy paving stones and rotting beams, scoundrelly venders of meretricious ware, donkey boys, and sweetmeat sellers—I salute you all. May you continue indefinitely to jostle and to shove, seminating the while that individual, highly spiced aroma which to some of us spells "atmosphere" and to others just—germs.

Knowing myself, alas, too well, of old, I had taken with me hardly any money. What I had I spent. This in the first ten seconds by the carpet sellers' booths. I have since been told, by a knowledg-

able person, that I got a bargain for my four pounds ten. It was a little crimson-silk rug with blue and jade-green border, worn in places and rather tired to the feel. But it was the first sample that met my eye of real old-rose color lit by one becoming beam of sunshine from a hole in the roof. It was thrust under my nose by the owner of it, who needed the money, and I remembered how, years ago, some passing Americans had bought a valuable diamond, in just this manner, for the proverbial song. Satisfied and penniless, I carried it home and wrapped it up affectionately in my hold-all brought for just such a purpose.

We spent the afternoon calling upon old friends, and subsequently, in the hotel, held quite a little reception. It is very cheering, this feeling that one is not entirely forgotten, and it has decided me, quite definitely, to go back to England again this way. So much for the change of mood that a little recognition brings one!

More friends came to dinner and we broached two bottles of champagne. Then, full of the heartiest of cheer, we made for Top Khane, the port of embarkation, in a couple of decrepit cabs. Here a launch was waiting to take us to our ship—just one more token of the courtesy which has been our portion here on every side. It is an Italian boat of the Lloyd Triestino line, the best of a very bad lot. I have had one look at our cabin and have decided that we are not going to spend at all a comfortable night. It is made for four people. If even one more woman attempts to come into it she is going to have an extremely unfriendly welcome. Two more would be an *impasse*.

Our belated arrival proved very disturbing to the steerage, whose passengers had gone to bed with an abandonment such as the lower Eastern orders reserve quite particularly for their sea journeys. Men, women, and children were laid out in rows, misshapen silhouettes in the half light, intrenched behind their bundles in snoring frowst.

I'm afraid that we woke them all up! The electric light in our cabin has gone out. To bed, perforce!

*November 8th.*

I am glad that I never cherished the illusion of spending a comfortable period of time in that infernal cabin; a practiced eye had revealed most of its innumerable deficiencies within the first ten seconds of being ushered into it. But what I had not realized was that it was situated next door to the donkey engine which loads the hold of our ship. The thing began cranking at five minutes past four this morning, and at that hour precisely I woke up for good. At five I could stand it no longer; an indefinite lightening of the shadows announced the dawn, so I decided to get up.

There was no sunrise, for there was no sun. In fact, while I breakfasted, it began to pour rain.

With the weighing of our anchor at 10 A.M., however, the clouds broke and light gleamed in fitful patches from off the Sea of Marmora, for which we headed. We had just got our propeller well turning when it stopped. I had forgotten the passport ceremony, so impressive at sea. No less than five officers of divergent Allied nationalities found therein their occupation for more than an hour and a half. Then, when every passenger had come under their scrutiny, when we felt that we could bear their presence in the only cabin for not one instant longer, they all began to drink coffee and liqueurs!

I had just settled down to this typewriter, well surrounded by the gorgeous untidiness of blotting paper, fountain pen, and carbon-copy accessories, with half the crew gaping interestedly at the paraphernalia and its manipulation through the window, when I was politely requested to move, not my belongings, but my person. This because the ship's doctor respected my feminine modesty.

"Three gentlemen vaccine are to be

going," he announced, mysteriously. "Not good lady here. Outside!"

So I "outed." As he left the door and six windows open and as there was nothing else for me to look at, I watched the ceremony of the three inoculations with interest and without shame.

Finally, at noon, we steamed slowly out into the Sea of Marmora. Sunlight on the sea, a distant line of hills, and the somnolence born of excellent macaroni, cheese, and beer—Rothschild himself, on an exceedingly well-planned yachting trip, could not, in November, ask for more!

It is a pleasant surprise to find out, too, that, in paying five pounds each for our tickets, we paid for a lot of quite good food as well. Luncheon was a sort of educational passage of time, for we employed it in trying to teach ourselves to eat spaghetti as professionally as did the other passengers. S. and I were flanked on either side by two very fat men who managed it like Italians, but made entirely Armenian noises the while, so we decided that the art was not entirely the secret of the Italian race.

*Later.*

Do you know, the Sea of Marmora is rather a dull place! I had forgotten how big it was or what a long time it took to get through it. In the old days we used to be taken yachting here, but on those occasions we skirted the coasts on either side and explored up the various gulfs and inlets. That was interesting, for the places were still rather wild, and foreigners rarely visited them unless it was with an escort. But this aimless expanse of amiable emptiness is so boring that I am putting my writing materials away.

*November 9th.*

We woke this morning to find narrowing land on either side, and I had the gloomy impression that we were to be several hours late, for we had been told last night that we should go through the Dardanelles just before breakfast. Much to our relief, however, I have now



discovered this land to be the beginning of the Gulf of Smyrna. This is a misleading phrase, however, and I now remember in the past having waited several times, all teed up for departure, from a ship that took five or six hours to get along this Gulf.

I shall close this letter to-day. There is no point in holding it over to describe an arrival that is as well known as the

town pump. Our journey has all been very pleasant, but I am glad that it is over, glad that for thirty nights I shall not have to unroll my toothbrush from among the folds of my nightgown, or extricate my comb from inside my bedroom slippers.

My best salaams, and my next will follow in due course.

D. K.

*(To be continued)*

## A BALLADE OF WATER LILIES

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I WOKE at dawn, with troubled mind;  
The years seemed desolate and long,  
The way through thorny wastes to wind.  
Too drear to note the merry tongue  
Of earth that seemed all birds with song,  
Heedless amid the dews a gleam  
I walked, then met a starry throng—  
White water lilies in the stream.

Strange! from earth's rough and bitter rind  
So fair an apparition sprung—  
My eyes, but now with sorrow blind,  
Remembered that I once was young,  
Forgot the weariness, and hung,  
Lost in the hallowed perfect dream  
Of those hushed flowers, a thousand strong—  
White water lilies in the stream.

So, 'mid the city's glare and grind,  
With hot noon like a brazen gong,  
Healing I carry, undivined  
Of the loud herd I walk among  
Peace that to holy thoughts belong;  
As in some leafy academe,  
My eyes that vision still prolong—  
White water lilies in the stream.

### ENVOI

Prince, though our hearts be warped and wrong,  
Howe'er awry the cosmic scheme,  
Still bloom, amid a world of wrong,  
White water lilies in the stream.

## GREAT-GRANDUNCLE SEBASTIAN

BY BEATRICE RAVENEL

PETER FORTUNÉ is not, I believe, a deliberate misleader. He merely weaves spells, and by the time one thing has led to another he has convinced himself, as well as you, that the whole story is authentic.

My life is that of a fairly successful southern business man in a northern city. Every now and then I find myself worried, with the reiterated worry of an imperfect tooth, by a certain homesickness. At least, it sounds more dignified to call it that. Its esoteric name is a hankering after romance. I confess without shame, because I am inclined to think that most people, in this respect, resemble me like brothers. Once I might have turned to some kind woman; but I have had my lesson. Now, I send a middle-aged wire to Peter, saying that I am running down to South Carolina for a few days.

Peter welcomes one like an old shoe—two old shoes—and then leaves me alone. Half the time he forgets that I am on the premises, but is pleased when reminded of the fact. He possesses the beautiful self-sufficiency of a magnolia tree. Oakridge is a good-sized plantation, not far from the coast, once devoted to the culture of rice, but now running mostly to ducks. At one time, after the bottom fell out of the rice business, Peter and his negroes shot ducks for the market, and made a better thing out of it.

Two years ago, however, he sold the superb Fortuné place in the North Carolina mountains, near Grayrocks, and since then he doesn't have to work for a living. He writes. . . . It would astonish anybody, except magazine editors, to learn how many aging gentle-

men, tucked away in odd corners of the South, are dallying with the innocence of love, in the person of the Muse. As a steady thing, they sing about the little birds and flowers, or idealistic political visions; but when they can bring themselves to kicking over the traces and doing a dead heat along the *vers libre* course, it makes them feel real devils, and enormously lengthens their lives.

Because it illustrates both the slackness and the horse sense of his character, I may mention the fact that Peter sank the greater part of the handsome sum he received in an annuity. God may know what became of the remainder, but the annuity, like the celebrated little water-course, is going on forever, because Peter will undoubtedly live that long.

He has guns that I like and one dog that puts up with me, but it is not until evening that I get what I come for. In what would normally be the drawing-room, but is Peter's lair, the long rows of books are drawn up behind us like a sympathetic Prætorian Guard. A kind of bivouac is cleared about the fireplace. There are such charming Adam pilasters and garlands under the mantel that it actually hurts you to put your feet up on it.

You never say, "Tell me a tale of your honorable ancestors, Peter," because that isn't the way. You begin with triggers or subsoils, or anything, and before you know it Peter is in mid-channel or field, if you insist. All of his stories are not for the open. Being excessively numerous, Peter's forbears are of all kinds. Some of them were mirrors of chivalry, while others—well, you know the scurrilous sort of people that used to write memoirs.



The evening I'm telling about, Peter had the manners to push aside the book he was reading and shove the cigars over. He smokes a corn-cob himself. On the gate-table between our two armchairs reposed a Sheffield waiter (the copper showing through like an island maiden through her insufficient draperies) which contained what a Dickens person might have called "the usual."

"That Madeira," I observed, as the firelight struck it, "is the precise color of the water in the Devil's Yawn."

The Devil's Yawn is a gap in the mountains of North Carolina. Over it runs a particularly nasty little terrace, jutting out of the slope, and enlivening a path that leads into the old Grayrocks property. At the bottom a skulking creek slinks like a guilty conscience. The terrace is about wide enough for two horsemen to pass each other.

"So it is," agreed Peter. "At sunset. Same cairngorm and banked-fire effect. I thought Madeira rather a cheerful color. What made you mention it? . . . Did I ever tell you the story of the Devil's Yawn and my great-grand-uncle Sebastian? He died eighteen thirty-three."

"No," I answered, not too eagerly. It doesn't do to spoil Peter.

"He foolishly left a diary, a kind of log, as you might expect," pursued Peter, as though I knew the man as well as he did. "I burned it. Just as comfortable not to let these things get out of the family." (I am not in the family.) He puffed meditatively. "When my twice-removed uncle Sebastian came home from privateering, after 1812, with the most ravishing young wife he had picked up heaven knows where; and began to spend more money than anybody else, it called for remark. Grayrocks was a rich settlement, too. You know it began really as a South Carolina summer colony. Some lived there all the year around, which didn't in the least make them North Carolinians. Even the church, after it was built, was under our bishop."

"Did he spend doubloons and half-moidores?" I inquired.

"Don't get lyrical. Those went out of circulation years before. No, good gold guineas. But, in spite of his lavishness, the young wife must have found it dismal. Estates were wide apart. A round of morning calls was a journey. When you drove to a ball or treat you must have carried outriders and a mechanic along, in case a wheel came off the coach. He imported a coach, at the cost of a hundred-odd tierces of rice from Oakridge. He owned this place, too. No amount of scenery could have made up for the close little intimate circle the girl must have left. For compensation, wherever she went she was *favorita*, as she would have said, in her pretty foreign way. There isn't any picture of her. He is said to have destroyed them after her death. But tradition has it that she looked like a cross between a tropical lily and a racer. Her head was set that way, and her feet were scarcely set on the ground at all. She danced, when they pressed her, marvelous solo things with scarfs and shawls, byt all (as one surviving letter bears witness, written by a neighbor) vastly elegant and ladylike. When it came to her eyes, young men gazed deeply into them once, and then went out into the moonlight and swore."

"Satisfying." I seldom interrupt with more than one word. Two are enough to deflect the current.

"Utterly." Peter poked the fire musingly. "I am glad that she is no ancestress of mine. I can appreciate her memory without any Freudian complications. Well, she didn't get to such functions as there were very often. Uncle Sebastian had reached that age, more than double hers, when he preferred his own effortless society. Besides, he had thrown himself with the passion you find only in the retired seafaring person, into the adventure of landscape gardening. He brought out fine things from England for the house; and the girl looked at the hills through lace and

lounged on brocade, while others were content with dimity and chintz, but for the grounds he went farther afield. Instead of letting the native rhododendron and catalpa show what they could do, he took all the trouble in life to make things grow that didn't want to. He brought orchids from Honduras, and true yerba plants from Paraguay, and palms from Cuba. One would have sworn that he was trying his 'prentice hand on them in order to learn some way of acclimatizing his own exotic.

"I understand how she felt. I'm miserable myself, too far above tide-water. . . . To see, not the horizon, like the marches between the country of dreams and ours, but the mountain wall, so uncompromising, so *there*—it crushed her, it beat her down to the earth."

"Name?" I queried.

"Lola. Dolores with a Maria in front of it, like all those South Americans. She had got to the staring stage before the neighborhood—none too scattered for gossip—began to preen itself for something to happen. You know, when a woman sits by the window and *stares* her soul through unfocused eyes out of her body. Then—"

"Enter—"

"Exactly. One afternoon Uncle Sebastian was hanging over a round bed of particolored plants, like a painter over his palette, meditating an indefensible scheme. You would have known that he had once owned a quarterdeck and every living thing within hearing. A fine figure of a man, dashed with—call it romance—the quality that had turned him to flowers and the capture of an exquisite young wife.

"Don't make any mistake, because this is important. Plenty of middle-aged men are liable to marry pretty girls, without too much fastidiousness in regard to the type; but the miraculousness of his prisoner was in no wise wasted on Uncle Sebastian. There is a lot of talk nowadays about the reprehensible egotism of considering your

wife quite your most intimate property. Right or wrong, when it came to the sense of 'What's mine's mine,' and the point of honor, no Castilian *hidalgo* had it worse than this South Carolinian.

"That afternoon he raised his eyes, confused with colors, and saw an astounding sight. A young man, wild of eye and disheveled of aspect, was advancing toward him, over the grass. Across his outstretched arms lay Lola, limp and unconscious. After she had been transferred to her lawful protector the explanation was forthcoming. She had been riding, with old Mingo as bodyguard. In spite of his pleading, she had insisted upon urging her horse around the path over the Devil's Yawn. It has a handrail now, as you know, but then it was naked to the world. Just as she reached the farther side a handsome young stranger rose out of the bushes. Selim, her horse, shied—a nervous, high-strung beast—by Mogul out of Lucasta, one of that Charleston bunch owned by—"

"Skip the pedigrees," I groaned. When Peter gets on dead-and-gone Jockey Club history he can run all night."

"All right, if you don't want to know. Selim shied. When two of his feet were over the edge the lady fainted. Fortunately, she swayed in the right direction. The interesting stranger got her out of the saddle, and carried her home."

"And the horse?"

"By some miracle and Mingo's help, he righted himself. But of course, he was ruined as a riding-horse. The young man also appeared much shaken. It turned out that he was their nearest neighbor, but as he had just returned from making the grand tour, this extraordinary call was the first he had paid. Wealthy Carolinians still sent their sons to Eton and Oxford, though less frequently than formerly. Anyway, he arrived at the happy moment."

"Name," I asked again.

"One of those Nugents from St. John's Parish, Berkeley. De Lisle was his



lovely name. He was a good-looking young scamp, of course, and traveled, and glancing about for a flame. And he was a spring in the desert to the drooping spirits of Lola. (I can't think of her as my aunt Dolores, and I don't try.) You may imagine the course of events. Before long he was the tame friend of the house. And the moon, as is well known, shines nearly every night in the mountains. Frequently there is even a day-moon."

"And the husband?"

"There is no doubt that he chafed. He became touchy. It is difficult to ask the man who has saved the life of your spouse to keep out of her drawing-room. But suddenly, for some reason, the visits dropped off; the half-formal relation was re-established. Lola, the relieved husband decided, must, like a discreet and virtuous woman, have given the puppy a lesson. Her own spirits were more equable than they had ever been. So serene was the domestic atmosphere that he took advantage of it to travel down to the coast, where some business transactions would be all the better for his presence. Old Mingo, being his body-servant, and only detailed as the mistress's groom because of the stability and resourcefulness of his character, would ordinarily have gone with him. Because of the sparsely settled countryside, however, Uncle Sebastian decided to leave him behind as a sort of intendant and protector of the household. Mingo had never gone to sea with him, but had, as it were, inherited him, having been servant to Uncle Sebastian's father. . . .

"My uncle Sebastian came home of a late September afternoon, just about sunset. Instead of taking the broad road, he allowed himself to be beguiled into the short cut over the Devil's Yawn. He was impatient to see his wife. Something in the rich wonder of the flushed sky and the goldening woods made her vivid to his mind. As he rode slowly from one side a man came crouching toward him from the other. They met

in the middle, over the darkening void, where the sunset was stirring the air into a queer, rufous uneasiness.

"Well, Mingo," said his master. Except that his face had gone stiff, he expressed nothing of his realization that something must be bitterly wrong. He even kept up his careful gentling of the horse's neck, although the animal stood tractably enough.

"With his head bowed and his hand nervously rubbing the pommel, the old man, in what words he had, told his master the truth. When he ended there was no doubt left in the mind of either, none at all.

"Over the negro's shoulder my uncle Sebastian could see the same treacherous riot of color that had so taken him. Below, the flesh-soft ruddy depths seemed sucking impatiently, like an animal's gullet. His eyes traveled to the brown hand near his knee.

"Where did you say?" he demanded, suddenly.

"The old summer-house, near the Nugent borders of the property? Yes, a good, lonely place, where the servants had no business and seldom passed. The sardonic thought struck him that to conduct an intrigue on a populated plantation took finesse.

"Does anyone else know—suspect?" His voice was thoughtful.

"No, Cap'n; no, Maussa, nobody know. I know 'cause I watch. You say, Mingo, you in charge o' yo' missis. You 'countable to me. You see no harm come to she . . . I watch . . . Nobody know 'tall, 'ceptin' me?"

"You have been a faithful servant, Mingo," said the deadly quiet voice. "Hold out your hands—both of them."

"Even through his distress the negro's eyes brightened. His master drew a red-netted purse from his pocket, slipped the rings slowly aside and emptied out a little pile of gold pieces. He turned as if to pour them into the cupped palms which Mingo held at the level of his wrinkled black chin. Instead, my uncle Sebastian's arm shot out in a violent

push. Frantic fingers snatched at the unsupporting air as the old man toppled backward. At the savage yell that came from the chasm, reverberating weirdly from the slope, the horse started and reared. After his rider had persuaded him along the terrace and thrown the rein over a branch that overhung the solid ground beyond, both stood for a long minute, shaking and listening. Then Uncle Sebastian came back on foot and peered over the edge. Far below, a mass, too unnatural-looking to be a rock, sprawled in the water. If the fall had not killed Mingo, he would at least be safely drowned. Nothing like remorse or even horror touched the cold purpose of the captain's mind. He had done a thing which had to be done, and he had accomplished it in a workmanlike manner.

"In spite of a curious duality, his brain functioned perfectly. If he rode up to the house a dozen negroes would go scattering in search of the mistress. Turning into the woods, he again dismounted, reasonably near the summer-house. He approached with the discretion of an Indian. Light persisted in the air, the exquisite gold incandescence that takes a long time to fade. He stationed himself behind the curving holly hedge which led to the tiny porch. Lola had pronounced the place gloomy and overhung, but to his sharpened perception it seemed full of a hateful restrained joy, like a hidden glow. Perhaps the late-blooming flowers which had formed their clusters during his absence, created the delusion.

"At last the door opened. Two came out. Then, it was not so much that the man held out his arms and the woman fell into them, as that they threw themselves together. My uncle Sebastian stepped from his ambush and waited.

"They faced him for a second's eternity. The woman dropped on the steps and pressed her face into her knees. One would have said that she was biting them. Nugent stood, braced.

"The curious division in his brain

touched the husband's mood with a grim humor. It occurred to him that the young man was trying to lay hold, in his whirling world, of the proper phrase, the perfect tradition.

"'Mr. Nugent,' he suggested, as gently as a velvet paw, 'you are, of course, about to assure me of the entire innocence—in spite of the oddness of appearances—of the touching scene which I have been so maladroit as to witness.'

"'I do assure you, sir,' the other broke in with passion. 'I swear to you that your wife—'

"'No,' said my uncle Sebastian softly. His hand rose like the most deliberate portent, like finality without appeal. 'Not my wife. . . .'

"There was a moment of stark silence. Lola was on her feet, her eyes wide with shock, the sense of what she had heard soaking into her consciousness.

"'I have no authority, either civil or religious, to detain this lady, if she wishes to exchange my protection for yours. I regret her decision infinitely. . . .'

"The formal, ironical voice trailed away. The girl's gasping breath tried to shape itself into words, her eyes contracted and spat fire. 'It is a lie,' she whispered. It was like a last confession into which the dying put all the life that is left them. She caught Nugent's arm and shook it in her fierce desire to convince. Then her tone rose almost into a shriek. 'Do not believe him! It is a lie!' She panted, her fingers working at her throat, as she picked the English phrases out of the torrent of Spanish that rose to her lips. 'We were married at Puerto San José, in Venezuela . . . Padre Emanuelo married us . . . at the church of Santa Maria Dolores. You know it—you know it!' The long-drawn gasp she launched at her husband was like a curse. 'Do not believe him. You do not know him—him! Privateers they call themselves—*pirates*, we call them. They take our gold, they burn our towns. My guardian was *coman-*



*dante*. He gave me to him to soften his heart because we were afraid. . . . Five weeks—five weeks I had been from the convent when he saw me. He came into the *patio* of my guardian, Don Alfonso Gastone y Calderone. I had thought to be courted like other well-born girls, with flowers, with the guitar, to see him ride up and down the street, in front of my balcony, as is only genteel. But no, he came to my guardian, he came to me, he said, "I will not wait. Give her to me now." . . . And . . . Don Alfonso was afraid for the town. We are *afraid* of them, down there. . . .' She threw her small fists out, storm and righteous fury convulsing her. Then she wound her arms around her head, and hid her face against the porch pillar, uttering curious little animal moans.

"I cannot but admire the discreet choice of proofs—which cannot be proved," observed my uncle Sebastian, conversationally. 'A town which really was burned by pirates not long ago, including its churches and their records, no doubt. Witnesses, who either perished then or else were scattered to the four winds, because the place has not been rebuilt. There really was such a place,' he pursued, with middle-aged reasonableness. 'With none too good a reputation either, even for a seaport, well known to sailor-men, and purchasers of suspicious goods and the like. It is true that I met this lady there.' It was curious that he spoke only to the young man, and indeed looked only at him. 'She was known then as the most celebrated dancer of the region—the beautiful Chiquita.'

"The girl thrust herself in front of Nugent, forcing him to look into her burning eyes. 'You do not believe him,' she asserted, rather than asked. 'It is my word against his. I was no dancer, I was a lady. Padre Emanuelo married us.'

"He was trembling ever so slightly, but there was something ardently tender and rather nobly protective in the way

he put her gently behind him. He advanced a pace toward the figure that the gathering dusk made more sinister. I believe her," he said. 'You speak of proofs. Where are yours?'

"As sudden as the whisk of an unsheathed claw the other's voice rasped out. 'You are my proof. Do you suppose if this woman were my wife, you would still be alive?'

"I am entirely at your service," replied young Mr. Nugent, with commendable coldness. He wheeled, and said to the girl, as naturally as possible, 'Come.' It was as though he had added, 'I think all good and no ill of you, but if, by some treason of his, you are free, I claim you.'

"Wait," said my uncle Sebastian. The menace in his tone might have wakened a strange conjecture in the hearer's mind. What background of flaming ships had lit the train of such brutal urgency? 'I have, as I say, no right to keep her. But God forbid that I should be made ridiculous by her. The role of the deceived husband does not appeal to me. If she goes—if she goes—the world shall hear my side of the story. And the world will believe my side of the story.'

"He gave the two in the twilight leisure to digest this, thrusting his head forward to spy more narrowly upon their souls. The girl drew away and drooped against the railing of the porch. All the spirit was gone out of her. She leaned like a rag over the white bar, faded, drained, the embodiment of refusal and negation.

"I cannot go," she said in a dull whisper.

"Lola!" the young man cried, hurt to the quick.

"Her hands fell helplessly into a gesture that appealed to his intelligence. He must understand. Then she explained, with a fine, childish simplicity, 'I could have gone with you. A lady may do that. But to be branded as an outcast—a dancer.' Her shoulders rose wearily. 'You see that I cannot go.'

She dragged herself forward, along the path that led home, passing her husband as though he had been one of the bushes. As my uncle Sebastian turned to follow, Nugent spoke.

"I shall wait here," he said.

"Very late that night my uncle Sebastian came into his wife's room. She was leaning over, all but into the fire; and she never moved until he had laid upon the logs, under her eyes, a folded document, ornamented with those flamboyant seals affected by Latin-American communities. He held her wild hands until he had watched it burn.

"Lola," he said, heavily. "I should have preferred to hold you by affection, but a desperate man uses what weapons he—has."

Peter Fortuné stopped. He leaned over the fire as the trapped girl must have done so often afterwards; as all baffled and wondering souls gaze into it, seeking some answer, or perhaps only some fellowship of suffering.

"What happened afterward?"

"Nobody knows," answered Peter, absently. "The diary broke off there. The rest is conjecture. One thing that caused a nine-days' wonder, however, was the disappearance of young Nugent that same night. It was supposed that he had left incontinently for parts unknown because of his hopeless *tendre* for a respectable married lady. Somehow," glowered Peter, "I have an extraordinarily vivid ancestral memory—collateral ancestral, anyway—of a duel with Uncle Sebastian's traveling pistols, after the indispensable moon rose. And I rather fancy that the bed of part-colored plants had never been so ensanguinedly brilliant, so crying from the ground, you might say, as during the following season."

"Ugh. And the lady?"

"Life is a damned queer thing," sighed Peter, with vast originality. "Oh, I suppose she settled down, she settled down. Women have, after much worse experiences. But the staring habit grew on her, and she developed little eccen-

tricities. Occasionally—but only when they were alone—she called him *de Lisle*. I imagine that was when my uncle Sebastian came into enjoyment of his own particular little hell."

I made a long arm and fished Peter's book from under the flotsam. It was quite what I had expected.

"Peter," I began. "I hate to cast aspersions on your family bones, especially when you clothe them just like a book, not leaving out even their inmost psychology. But that yarn is confoundedly like one in some old French memoirs. That cheap skate, *de Roque-laure's*, to be exact. I have read it."

"So have I," agreed Peter equably. "So had he. That, of course, was where he got the idea. You'll find his name inside the cover."

The faded ink-marks were full of idiosyncrasy, upstrokes like the salute, downstrokes with the heavy slash of a cutlass. It had all the look of the man. . . .

Somewhere in that disillusioning hour of the night when one's circulation is lowest and one's outlook most cynical, I was awakened by an anxious doubt. It refused to accept its clearance papers until they were made out in form. Finally, to get rid of it, I reluctantly felt for my slippers with toes that were all thumbs, took the chased candlestick that had been beaten out of coin by a historic silversmith of Charleston, and started downstairs.

I defy any burglar, even one with a side-taste for interpretative dancing, to make a good job of an old, black-cypress, plantation-house staircase. I could not seem to get the rhythm of it. Each step cracked, and each differently—like the pistol shot that starts a race. Peter called sleepily from his room that the plate was on the sideboard, convenient. I muttered something about matches. Then he added that clean glasses were there too. I hate to have my motives impugned, but it was impossible to justify myself. Besides, I was busy avoiding a warm, live rug on a landing.



The fire in the drawing-room still smoldered, like the heart of a hospitality which I was outraging. Over the barricade of the backlog, as I poked it, the spurt of fat pine-knots aimed at the glasses of the bookcases and hit them. The books looked surprised to see me. The whole thing made me cringe inside.

The passion for truth, however, is a devastating power which has no patience with any obstacle, pious or otherwise. I found the book. I turned to the title-page. Again it was just as I had expected.

The so-called memoirs of de Roquelaure were published in Cologne in sev-

enteen twenty-seven. Uncle Sebastian may, of course, have seen them. But this particular volume which bore his signature—a translation, I regret to say—was not given to the world until long after the middle of the last century.

Great-granduncle Sebastian, as I but too plainly remembered, died in eighteen thirty-three.

The thoroughness of the artist stops at nothing. Peter must have loved to write that autograph, not with any wish to deceive, but simply and solely to bring his story nearer to the heart's desire.

## ON SILENT WINGS

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

THERE is a flock of weary birds, that go  
 Not south, but westward, with the dying days;  
 They fly in silence through the twilight ways,  
 Sounding no call of joy, no cry of woe.  
 One after one, like some thin river's flow,  
 The line goes on, athwart the morning rays,  
 Through the clear noonday, or the stormy haze,  
 Still winging toward oblivion, mute and slow.

No eyes shall follow them with kindling sight,  
 And none shall know the seas where they are tost,  
 When their spent pinions shall at last be furled  
 From the long striving of their hopeless flight;  
 For these are loves denied, and friendships lost,  
 And all the unwanted treasures of the world.

## THE WOODS OF MAINE

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

I LAY listening to the rain spattering against the fly of the tent and dripping through the roof of birch leaves upon the sputtering fire and soaking down into the deep, spongy bottom of the forest—softly, as soft as something breathing and asleep. The guide and the boy beside me were asleep, but I had been awakened by the rain. The rain always wakens me. And in my grave, I think, if I lie sleeping under a roof of forest leaves, I shall wake and listen when it rains. Before the stars sang together the primordial waters made music to the rising land; before the winds came murmuring through the trees the waves were fingering the sweet-tuned sands strung down the sounding shores; and before the birds found their tongues, or the crickets their little fiddles, or even the toad had blown his quavering conch, it had rained! And when it rained—and not until it rained—the whole earth woke into song. Mother of music is the water, and, for me, the sweetest of her daughters is the rain, and never sweeter, not even on the shingles, nor down the rolled, fevered blades of the standing corn, than in the deep woods at night upon the low roof of your tent.

But suddenly the singing stopped, and the myriad rain-notes were turned to feet, tiny, stirring feet, creeping down the tent, skipping across the leaves, galloping over the forest floor, and jumping in and out of the fire. Then a twig snapped. Was that what had awakened me? I rose up on my elbow slowly. The tent flap was open; the woods were very dark, the dim light from above the roof of leaves and rain showing only shadows, and an ashen spot where the camp-fire still spluttered, and beyond

the ashen spot a shadow—different from the other shadows; a shape—a doe with big ears forward toward the fire! A bit of birch bark flared in the darkness, and the shape was gone. I could hear her moving through the ferns; hear her jump a fallen log and step out among the grating pebbles on the shore. Then all was still, except for the scampering rain, and the little red-backed wood-mouse among the camp tins, and the teeth of a porcupine chilled and chattering in the darkness at the big wood-mouse among the tins, and the rain running everywhere.

I dropped back upon my pillow and left off listening. How good the duffle-bag felt beneath my head! And the thick, springy bows of the fir beneath the bag, how good they felt—springs and mattress in one, laid underside up, evenly, and a foot deep, all over the tent floor! And how good they smelled! A bed of fir-balsam boughs is more than a bed; it is an oblation to Sleep, and not a vain oblation—after miles of paddling in live water or a day of trailing through the spruce and fir.

There's a long, long trail a-winding  
runs the song—

Into the land of my dreams.

But, speaking of sleep, there is no trail, except a forest trail, that winds away to a land of such deep dreamlessness as that of a woodsman's sleep; and no sleep from which a man will waken half so fragrant and refreshing as his. I do not wish to be carried to the skies "on flowery beds of ease," but I should like



this fir-balsam bed, for two or three weeks every summer, in the woods of Maine. A reasonable and a wholesome wish that, as I lay there wrapped in the fragrant mantle of my couch, I coveted for city sleepers everywhere.

The odors (we should spell them with a "u")—the odours of the big woods are so clean and pure and prophylactic! They clear the clogged senses, and keep them in a kind of antiseptic bath, washing a coated tongue as no wine can wash it; and tingling along the most snarled of nerves, straightening, tempering, tuning them till the very heart is timed to the singing of the firs. My bed of boughs was a full foot deep, covering every inch of the bottom of the tent, fresh cut that evening, and so bruised with the treading as we laid them that their smell, in the close, rainy air of the night, filled the tent like a cloud. I lay and breathed—as if taking a cure, this tent being the contagious ward of the great hospital, the Out-of-Doors. All around me poured the heavy, penetrating vapor distilled from the gums, and resins, and oils, and sweet healing essences of the woods, mingled here in the tent with the aromatic balsam of the fir. I breathed it to the bottom of my lungs; but my lungs were not deep enough; I must breathe it with hands and feet to get it all; but they were not enough. Then a breeze swept by the tent, pausing to lay its mouth over my mouth, and, catching away my little breath, breathed for me its own big breath, until my very bones, like the bones of the birds, were breathing, and every vein ran redolent of the breath of the fir.

That breeze blew the sharp, pungent smell of wood smoke past the tent. I caught it eagerly—the sweet smoke of the cedar logs still smoldering on the fire. There was no suggestion of hospitals in this whiff, but camps, rather, and kitchens, altars, caves, the smoke of whose ancient fires is still strong in our nostrils and cured into the very substance of our souls.

I wonder if our oldest racial memory

may not be that of fire, and if any other form of fire, a coal off any other altar, can touch the imagination as the coals of a glowing camp-fire. And I wonder if any other odor takes us farther down our ancestral past than the smell of wood smoke, and if there is another smoke so sweet as cedar smoke, when the thin, faint wraith from the smoldering logs curls past your tent on the slow wind of the woods and drifts away.

It does not matter of what the fire is built. I can still taste the spicy smoke of the sage-brush in my last desert camp. And how hot that sage-brush fire! And as sweet as the spicy sage, is the smell in my nostrils of the cypress and gum in my camp-fires of the South. Swamp or desert or forest, the fire is the lure—the light, the warmth, the crackle of the flames, and the mystic incense of the smoke rising as a sweet savor to the deities of the woods and plains.

It is the camp-fire that lures me to the woods when I might go down to the sea. I love the sea. Perhaps I fear it more; and perhaps I have not yet learned to pitch my tent and build my fire upon the waves; certainly I have not yet got used to the fo'c's'le smell. For, of all foul odors known to beast or man, the indescribable stench of the fo'c's'le is to me the worst. What wild wind of the ocean can blow that smell away? When bilges are sprayed with attar of roses, and fo'c's'les sheathed in sandalwood, and sailors given shower-baths and open fires, I shall take a vacation before the mast; but until then give me the woods and my fir-bough bed, and my fire of birch and cedar logs, and the rain upon my tent.

When I woke at dawn it was still raining; and off and on all day it rained, spoiling our plans for the climb up Spencer Mountain and keeping us close to camp and the drying fire. The forest here at the foot of the mountain was a mixed piece of old-growth timber, that had been logged for spruce and pine some years before—as every mile of the forest of Maine has been logged—yet so



CURIOSITY AND ALARM IN EVERY LINE OF HIS TENSE BODY

low and spongy was the bottom that the timber seems to have overgrown and long since ceased to be fit for lumber, so that most of it was left standing when the lumber-jacks went through. We were camped by the side of Spencer Pond in the thick of these giant trees—yellow birch, canoe birch, maple and spruce, hemlock and fir and pine—where the shade was so dense and the forest floor so strewn with fallen trees that only the club mosses, and the sphagnum, and a few of the deep-woods flowers could grow. The rain made little difference to my passage here, so low were these lesser forest forms under the perpetual um-

brage of the mighty trees, and I came back from as far in as I dared to venture on so dull a day, my clothes quite dry, but my spirit touched with a spell of the forest, which I should have missed had the sun been shining and the points of the compass clear.

For in the big woods one is ever conscious of direction, a sense that is so exaggerated in the deepest bottoms, especially when only indirect, diffused light fills the shadowy spaces, as to border on fear. I am never free, in a strange forest, from its haunting Presence; so close to it that I seem to hear it; seem able to touch it; and when, for a moment of some minor



interest or excitement, I have forgotten to remember and, looking up, find the Presence gone from me, I am seized with sudden fright. What other panic comes so softly, yet with more terrible swiftness? And once the maze seizes you, once you begin to meet yourself, find yourself running the circle of your back tracks, the whole mind goes to pieces and madness is upon you.

"Set where you be and holler till I come get ye, if ye're lost," the guide would say. "Climb a tree and holler; don't run around like a side-hill gouger, or you're gone."

I do not know what sort of animal is Johnny's side-hill gouger; though I saw, one day, far up on the side of the mountain a big bare spot where he had been digging—according to the guide. It is enough for me that there is such a beast in the woods, and that he gets those who turn round and round in the forest on rainy days and forget to look up.

The gouger was abroad in the woods to-day. The clouds hung at the base of the mountains, just above the tops of the trees; the rain came straight down; the huge fallen trunks lay everywhere criss-cross; and once beyond the path to the spring the semi-gloom blurred every trail and put at naught all certainty of direction. But how this fear sharpened the senses and quickened everything in the scene about me! I was in the neighborhood of danger, and every dull and dormant faculty became alert. Nothing would come from among the dusky trees to harm me; no bear, or lynx, or moose, for they would run away; it was the dusk itself, and the big trees that would not run away; and I watched them furtively as they drew nearer and nearer and closed in deeper about me. I knew enough to "set down and holler" if I got turned hopelessly around; but this very knowledge of weakness, of inability to cope alone with these silent, sinister forces, woke all my ancient fears and called back that brood of more than fabled monsters from their caves and fens and forest lairs.

This was the real woods, however, deep, dark, and primeval, and no mere fantasy of fear. It looked even older than its hoary years, for the floor was strewn with its moldering dead, not one generation, but ages of them, form under form, till only long, faint lines of greener moss told where the eldest of them had fallen an æon since and turned to earth. Time leaves on nothing its failing marks so deeply furrowed as upon men and trees, and here in the woods upon no other trees so deeply as upon the birches. Lovely beyond all trees in their shining, slender youth, they grow immeasurably aged with the years, especially the yellow birch, whose grim, grizzled boles seemed more like weathered columns of stone than living trees.

One old monster, with a hole in his base that a bear might den in, towering till his shoulders overtopped the tallest spruce, stood leaning his gnarled hands upon the air, as a bent and aged man leans with his knotty hands upon a cane. A hundred years he might have been leaning so; a hundred years more he might continue in his slow decline, till, with a crash, he falls to lie for a hundred years across a prostrate form that fell uncounted years before.

I was standing on the tough, hollow rind of such a birch, so long, long dead that its carcass had gone to dust, leaving only this empty shell that looked like a broken, half-buried piece of aqueduct. It was neither tree nor pipe, however, but the House of Porcupines, as I could plainly hear by the grunting inside. A pile of droppings at the door of the house told the story of generations of porkies going in and out before the present family came into their inheritance. I knocked on the rubbery walls with my foot, but not hard, for I might break through and hurt Mother or Father Porky, or possibly the baby that I saw along the pond that night. No careful, right-minded person steps on or hurts a porcupine in any manner.

I went on out of the sound of their teeth, for chattering teeth are not consol-

ing, and the woods were gray enough. Gray and vast and magnificently ruinous, yet eternally new they were, the old walls slowly crumbling, and over them, out of their heaped disorder, the fresh walls rising to the high-arched roof that never falls. To-day the deep, hollow halls were shut to me by the arras of the gloom, and so smoky rolled the rain beneath the roof that even the black rafters of the birches were scarcely visible; but all the

closer about me, in the wildest wealth and splendor, lay the furniture of the forest floor.

Never were wools dyed and woven with a pile so rich and deep as the cover of mosses and lichens that carpeted this rude, cluttered floor. Rolled and wrinkled and heaped up over the stumps, it lay, nowhere stretched, nowhere swept, a bronze and green and gold ground, figured and flowered endlessly; and down



THE MUSKRAT'S WAKE BRINGS LIGHT AND STIR INTO THE DARK SILENCE





THE CARPET OF THE WOODS IS WOVEN OF MOSSES, LICHENS  
AND MUSHROOMS

the longest, deepest wrinkle a darkling little stream! It was a warp of sphagnum moss with woof of lichens, liverworts, ferns, mushrooms, club mosses, and shyer flowers of the shadows, that was woven for the carpet—long, vivid runners of lycopodium, the fingered sort, or club moss, and its fan-leaved cousin, the ground pine, now in fruit, its clusters of spikes like tiny candelabra standing ready to be lighted all over the floor; and

everywhere, on every tree-trunk, stump, and log, and stone the scale mosses, myriads of them, in blotches of exquisite shapes and colors, giving the gray-green tone to the walls as the sphagnums gave the vivid bronze-green to the floor. Down to about the level of my head, the dominant note in the color scheme of the walls, hung the gray reindeer moss, tufts and shreds and pointed bunches of it like old men's grizzled beards. Some

of the spruces and twisted cedars were covered with it. Shorter in staple than the usnea of the South, stiffer and lighter in color, it is far less somber and funereal; but a forest bearded with it looks older than time. This moss is the favorite winter food of the moose and caribou and deer, and so clean had they eaten it from the trees, up as high as they could reach, that the effect on a clear day was as if a thin gray fog had settled in the forest at an even six-foot level from the ground.

Worked in among the lichens and mosses, quite without design, were the deep-woods flowers—patches of gold thread, beds of foam-flower and deli-

cate wood-sorrel and the brilliant little bunchberry. Wherever the sunlight had a chance to touch the cold, boggy bottom it seemed to set the punk on fire and blaze up into these scarlet berries, stumps, and knolls, and slopes aflame with them, to burn on through the gloom until they should be smothered by the snow. Twin-flower and partridge-berry were laced in little mats about the bases of the trees; here and there the big red fruit of trillium and the nodding blue berries of clintonia were mixed in a spot of gay color with berries of the twisted stalk, the wild lily-of-the-valley, and the fiery seed-balls of the Indian turnip.



INVESTIGATING THE SIGN OF THE HUMAN INVADER





THE PORCUPINE READING HER BABY A LECTURE ON MANNERS

These touches of color were like the effect of flowers about a stately, somber room, for this was an ancient and a solemn house of mighty folk. If the little people came to dwell in the shadow of these noble great they must be content with whatever crumbs of sunshine fell from the heaven-spread table over them to the damp and moldering floor. There

were corners so dark that only the coral orchid and the Indian pipe pushed up through the mat of leaves; and other spots, half open to the sky, where the cinnamon fern and the lady fern waved their lovely plumes, and the wood fern, the beech, the oak, and the crested shield ferns grew together, forced thus to share the scanty light dropped

to them from the overflowing feast above.

But I never saw mushrooms in such marvelous shapes and colors and in such indescribable abundance as here. The deep forest was like a natural cavern for them, its cold, dank twilight feeding their elfin lamps until the whole floor was lighted with their ghostly glow. Clearest and coldest burned the pale-green amanita, and with it, surpassingly beautiful in color and design, the egg-topped muscaria, its baleful taper in a splotched and tinted shade of blended orange yellows, fading softly toward the rim. Besides these, and shorter on their stems, were white and green and purple russulas, and great burning red ones, the size of large poinsettia blooms; and groups of brown bolletus, scattered golden chanterelles, puff-balls, exquisite coral clusters, and, strangest of them all, like handfuls of frosted fog, the snowy medusa. These last I gathered for my lunch, together with some puff-balls and a few campestris, whose spores, I suppose, may have been brought into the woods with the horses when this tract was lumbered years ago. But I had little appetite for mushrooms. It was the sight of them, dimly luminous in the rain, that held me, their squat lamps burning with a spectral light which filled the dusky spaces of the forest full of goblin gloom.

As I sat watching the uncanny lights there was a rush of small feet down the birch at my back, a short stop just above my head, and a volley of windy talk that might have blown out every elf light in the neighborhood. It was very sudden and, breaking into the utter stillness, it was almost startling. A moose could hardly have made more noise. I said nothing back nor took any notice of him. He could kick up the biggest sort of a rumpus if he wished to, for the woods needed it. I only wondered that he had a tongue, dwelling forever here in this solitude. But a red squirrel's tongue is equal to any solitude, and more than once I have caught him talking

against it, challenging the silence of all outdoors, as I have seen small boys challenge each other to a blatting-match.

By and by I turned, and so startled him that he dropped a cluster of green berries from his mouth almost upon my head. It was a large bunch of arborvitæ berries that he was going to store away, for, though he sleeps much of the winter, he is an inveterate hoarder, working overtime, down the summer, as if the approaching winter were to be seven lean years long.

I was glad he had not obtruded earlier, but now he reminded me properly that it was long past noon, and high time for me to get back to camp. It was later than I thought, for the woods had gradually grown lighter, the rain had almost ceased, and by the time I reached camp had stopped altogether. While we were at supper the sun broke through on the edge of the west and ran the rounded basin of the pond over-full with gold. I stepped down to the shore to watch the glorious closing of the day. The clouds had lifted nearly to the tops of the mountains, where their wings were still spread, feathering the sky with gray for far around; a few fallen plumes lying snowy white upon the dark slopes of the lesser hills; then pouring down the hills into the pond, splashing over the gleaming mountains and up against the sky, burst the flood of golden light with indescribable glory.

"All ready," said the guide, touching me on the arm, and I stepped into the bow of the canoe as he pushed quietly off. An Indian never moved with softer paddle, nor ever did a birch-bark canoe glide off with the ease of this one under the hand of John Eastman, as we moved along in the close shadows of the shore.

The light was passing, but the flush of color still lay on the lovely face of the water with a touch of warmth and life that seemed little less than joy; a serene, but not a solemn joy, for there was too much girlish roundness and freshness to the countenance of the water, too much happiness in the little hills and woods



that watched her, and in the jealous old mountain that frowned darkly down. Mine, too, were the eyes of a lover, and in my heart was the lover's pain, for what had I to offer this eternal youth and loveliness?

The prow of the canoe swerved with a telling movement that sent my eyes quick to the shore, to see a snow-shoe rabbit racing down a little cove hard at me, with something—a stir of alder leaves, a sound of long, leaping feet making off into the swamp—that had been pursuing him. It was probably a wildcat that had leaped and missed the rabbit and seen us from within his covert. What lightning eyes and lightning legs, thus to leap and turn together! The rabbit had run almost to the canoe, and sat listening from behind a root at the edge of the water, ears straight up and body so tense with excitement that we nosed along close enough to touch him with a paddle before he had eyes and ears for us. Even then it was his twitching, sensitive nose that warned him, for his keen ears caught no sound; and, floating down upon him thus, we must have looked to his innocent eyes as much like a log or a two-headed moose as like men.

Softly in and out with the narrow fret of shadow that hemmed the margin of the pond swam the gray canoe, a creature of the water, a very part of our creature selves, our amphibious body, the form we swam with before the hills were born. Brother to the muskrat and the beaver, I stemmed along, as much at home as they among the pickerel-weed and the cow-lilies, and leaving across the silvery patches of the open water as silent a wake as they.

Nothing could move across such silvery quiet without a trail. So stirless was the water that the wake of a feeding fish was visible a hundred yards away. Within the tarnished smooches of the lily-pads a muskrat might move about and not be seen; but not a trout could swirl close to the burnished surface of the open water without a ripple that

ran whispering into every little inlet around the shore. The circle of the pond was almost perfect, so that I roved, at a glance, the whole curving shore-line, watching keenly for whatever might come down to feed or drink.

We came up to a patch of pickerel-weed and frightened a brood of half-grown sheldrakes that went rushing off across the water, kicking up a streak of suds and making a noise like the launching of a fleet of tiny ships. Heading into a little cove, we met a muskrat coming straight across our bows. A dip of the paddle sent us almost into her. A quicker dive she never made nor a more startling one, for the smack as she struck the water jumped me half out of the canoe. Her head broke the surface a dozen yards beyond us, and we followed her into the mouth of a stream and on to a hummock into which she swam as a boat swims under a bridge, or more as a train runs into a tunnel, for an arching hole opened into the mound, just above the level of the stream, through which she had glided out of sight. Hardly had she disappeared before she popped up again from deep under the mound, at the other side, and close to the canoe, starting back once more down-stream. She had dodged us. Her nose and eyes and ears were just above the water and a portion of her back; her bladelike tail was arched, its middle point, only, above the surface, its sheering, perpendicular edges doing duty as propeller, keel, and rudder all at once.

As she made off the guide squeaked shrilly with his lips. Instantly she turned and came back, swimming round and round the canoe, trying to interpret the sounds, puzzled to know how they could come from the canoe, and fearing that something might be wrong inside the house. She dived to find out. By this time two young ones had floated into the mouth of the tunnel, thinking their mother was calling them, blinking there in the soft light so close that I might have reached them with my hand. Satisfied that the family was in order, the old

rat reappeared, and no amount of false squeaking would turn her back.

A few bends up the stream and we heard the sound of falling water at the beaver dam. Fresh work had been done on the dam; but we waited in vain for a sight of the workers. They would not go on with their building. One of the colony (there were not more than two families of them, I think) swam across the stream, and came swiftly down to within a few feet of us, when, scenting us, perhaps, he warped short about and vanished among the thick bushes that trailed from the bank of the stream.

A black duck came over, just above our heads, with wings whirring like small airplane propellers, as she bore straight out toward the middle of the pond. We were passing a high place along the shore when a dark object, a mere spot of black, seemed to move off at the side of us against the white line of the pebbles, and I found that I was already being sent silently toward it. My pulse quickened, for the thing moved very slowly; and behind it a lesser blur that also moved—very slowly; so deep was the darkness of the overhanging trees, however, that the nose of the canoe plowed softly into the sand beside the creatures, and I had not made out the fat old porcupine, and, creeping a foot or two behind her, as if he might catch up by to-morrow, perhaps, the baby porky.

The old mother was feeding on bits of lily-pads washed up along the shore, picking them from among the stones with her paws as if she intended to finish her supper by to-morrow, perhaps, when her baby had covered the foot or two of space between them and caught up with her. She was so intent on this serious and deliberate business that she never looked up as I stopped beside her; she only grunted and chattered her teeth; but I disturbed the baby, apparently, for he speeded up, and pretty soon came alongside his mother, who turned savagely upon him and told him to mind his manners, which he did by humping

into a little heap, sticking his head down between two stones, and raying the young quills out across his back in a fan of spines. He didn't budge for about five minutes. Then he hurried again—right up beside the old one—a thing so highly improper in porkypinedom, and so deleterious to porkypine health, that she turned and, with another growl, humped her fat little porky again into a quiet and becoming bunch of quills. This time she read him a lecture on the "Whole Duty of Children." It was in the porcupine-pig language, and her teeth clicked so that I am not sure I got it verbatim, but I think she said, quite distinctly:

"A child should always say what's true,  
And speak when he is spoken to,  
And behave mannerly at table:  
*At least as far as he is able*"—

for, seeing him so obediently and properly humped, she repented her of her severity and, reaching out with her left paw, picked up a nice, whole lily-pad and, turning half around, handed it to him as much as to say, "There, now; but chew it up very thoroughly, as you did the handle of the carving-knife in the camp last night."

It was a sweet glimpse into the family life of the woods; and as the canoe backed off and turned again downstream I was saying to myself:

"Every night my prayers I say,  
And get my dinner every day,  
And every day that I've been good  
I get an orange after food"—

or a nice, round lily-pad.

The precious light was fading, and we had yet more than half the magic circle of the shore to round. As we passed out into the pond again a flock of roosting blackbirds whirled noisily from the "pucker-brush," or sweet-gale bushes, frightened by the squeal of the bushes against the sides of the canoe; and hardly had their whirring ceased when, ahead of me, his head up, his splendid



antlers tipped with fire, stood a magnificent buck. He had heard the birds, or had scented us, and, whirling in his tracks, curiosity, defiance, and alarm in every line of his tense, tawny body, stood for one eternal instant in my eye, when, shaking off his amazement, he turned and, bounding over the sweetgale and alders, went crashing into the swamp.

I had neither camera nor gun; but, better than both, I had eyes—not such good eyes as John Eastman's, for he could see in the dark—but mine with my spectacles were better than a camera; for mine are a moving-picture theater—screen, film, machine, and camera, all behind my spectacles, and this glorious creature for the picture, with the dark hills beyond, the meadowy margin of the pond in the foreground, and over the buck, and the pond, and the dark green hills, and over me a twilight that never was nor ever can be thrown upon a screen! I had come into the wilds of Maine without so much as a fish-line—though I have fished months of my life away, and am not unwilling to fish and shoot away a considerable portion of whatever time may still be left me. But am I not able, in these later days, to spend my time “in the solitude of this vast wilderness with other employments than those employments, perfectly sweet and innocent and ennobling? For one that comes with a pencil to sketch or sing, a thousand come with an ax or rifle. What a coarse and imperfect use Indians and hunters make of nature! . . . Strange that so few ever come to the woods to see how the pine lives and grows and spires, lifting its evergreen arms to the light—to see its perfect success; but most are content to behold it in the shape of many broad boards

brought to market, and deem *that* its true success! . . . Every creature is better alive than dead, men and moose and pine-trees, and he who understands it aright will rather preserve its life than destroy it.”

Thoreau did not teach me that truth, for every lover of life discovers it himself; but how long before me it was that he found it out, and how many other things besides it he found out here in the big woods! Three-quarters of a century ago he camped on Katahdin, and on Chesuncook, and down the Allegash; but now he camps wherever a tent is pitched or a fire is lighted in the woods of Maine. His name is on the tongue of every forest tree, and on every water, and over every carry at twilight may be seen his gray canoe and Indian guide.

The light had gone out of the sky. It was after nine o'clock. A deep purple had flowed in and filled the basin of the pond, thickening about its margins till nothing but the long chalk-marks of the birches showed double on the shore. The high, inverted cone of Spencer stood just in front of the canoe as we headed out across the pond toward the camp, its shadow and its substance only faint suggestions now, for all things had turned to shadow, the solid substance of the day having been dissolved in this purple flood and poured into the beaker of the night. A moose “barked” off on a marshy point near the dam behind us; a loon went laughing over, shaking the hollow sides of Spencer and all the echoing walls of the woods with his weird and mirthless cry. Against the black base of the mountain a faint bluish cloud appeared—the smoke of our camp-fire that, slowly sinking through the heavy air, spread out to meet us over the hushed and sleeping pond.

# COMMAND

## A NOVEL

BY WILLIAM McFEE

*Author of Casuals of the Sea, Captain Macedoine's Daughter, etc.*

### VIII

MR. SPOKESLY sat at a little distance from the large table in the Transport Office and listened to the gentleman with four rings of gold lace on his sleeve. It was a lofty and desolate place in the yellow stucco building opposite the dock entrance. The transport officer was a naval captain, with a beard, a brisk, decisive manner, and a very foul brier pipe. He was explaining that they needed a third mate for a ship going to Basra and Mr. Spokesly would just do for the job if he would waive his right to a passage home and go to Port Said instead. It was at this point that Mr. Spokesly, rather shaky still from his immersion and extensively decorated with pieces of plaster, took a hand.

"No," he said and kept his gaze on the floor.

"Why not?" demanded the captain, very much astonished.

"No reason s' far as I know. But I'm not going third mate of anything, anywhere, any more. That's that."

"Well, of course we can't *force* you to go, you know. But we shall really have to draw the attention of the owners to the fact that you refused to volunteer."

Mr. Spokesly stood up. He was in a rage. Or, rather, he was resuming the rage which had assailed him when the *Tanganyika* was going down, and which had been suspended while he made good his claim on life. The smug way in which this bearded stranger disposed of him was intolerable. Mr. Spokesly

knew this man would never dream of sending one of his own caste to a third mate's job on a Persian Gulf coaster with the hot season coming on.

"Volunteer!" he repeated. "Excuse me, mister, I came home from outcast and took a second-mate job, there being nothing better about. I went mate when the other man died. I've had a master's ticket this ten years. Now you want me to go third mate. Where shall I end up? In the fore-castle? Volunteer! I can tell you, I'm beginning to regret I ever left Hong Kong."

"I see. Of course we can't help that, you know. You'd better go and see the Paymaster. Perhaps he can put you on a ship."

Mr. Spokesly took the cap, a size too large for him, which he had got on credit at Stein's Oriental Store, and went out. He was feeling very bitter. No man feels he is doing himself justice in clothes that are too large for him. Mr. Spokesly wanted to go away and hide until he could get rid of his enormous golf cap and the coat which hung on him, as he himself put it, like a bosun's shirt on a capstan bar. He went downstairs into the street. He would go to the Paymaster, who was in the Olympos Palace Hotel, and get the price of a drink, anyway. He put his hands in his pockets and whistled. His hand had closed over the ring. He thought of Archie, the shiningly successful one, the paladin of pilferers, the financial genius, down among the crawfish and awaiting those things he saw on a stall just over there, eight-armed horrors with enormous bald



heads and bulging eyes and hooked beaks.

He came out of the hotel in about a quarter of an hour. "So that's the way we're treated," he muttered, walking away. "Anybody would think I'd committed a crime, not going down with everybody else." This was rather hard on a harassed Paymaster who could do nothing for Mr. Spokesly save advance him two hundred francs, as per regulations regarding distressed ships' officers, and promise him a compassionate passage home at some future date, unless Mr. Spokesly's owners authorized something more generous. With the two hundred francs in his pocket, he walked away with the general idea of getting a suit of clothes. And then—perhaps it was the backward glance he took as he stood at the upper end of the noisy, dirty little *Place de la Liberté* and saw the sunlight dancing on the green-black water and on the polished brass funnels of the launches, perhaps it was the glimpse he caught of the far peaks of Thessaly that gave him an uplifting of the heart. His mood changed. He saw the thing suddenly not as a grievance, but as an adventure, in which he would have to decide for himself. These naval people were only cogs in wheels. If they wanted him they could come for him. He recalled again the important fact that with the loss of the *Tanganika* he became exactly what he had so greatly desired—a free agent, so long as he did not press his claim for passage home. There was nothing in his way now except this lifelong habit of going to somebody for orders. Men had made great fortunes, he had heard, by being cast adrift in a foreign port in some such fashion. And others, he reflected, cynically, had come down in the world to be weak-kneed bummers and drink cadgers. There it was again. It rested with the man himself. What was it the little green books of the London School of Mnemonics had said? Mr. Spokesly laughed shortly as he thought of them lying at the bottom of the sea. Fat lot

of use they were now, for instance. That chap Dainopoulos was worth a ton of scientific flub-dub about training one's memory. Why not go and see Dainopoulos now? See if his talk about a job would amount to anything. And Mrs. Dainopoulos. And Evanthia Solaris. He drew a deep breath and looked out across the dancing sea.

He found Mr. Dainopoulos in his extremely diminutive office on a cross street near the post office. Mr. Dainopoulos was ostensibly a money changer. In front of his premises was a glass case with an assortment of currency. A few sovereigns in a saucer caught the eye, and might have inspired the casual passenger with polite wonder how they had found their way there when honest men in England had forgotten how they looked. And at the back of his premises Mr. Dainopoulos had a safe nearly as large as the office. Between these two emblems of financial affairs were a table and two chairs. On the walls were musty insurance calendars and obsolete steamship sailing lists, for Mr. Dainopoulos had done a brisk agency business in the past with emigrants, stimulating the cupidity of Balkan peasants with lively handbills describing the streets of New York and Chicago as being paved with gold.

At the present moment, when Mr. Spokesly came in, the other chair was occupied by a long, thin person folded loosely together and smoking a cigarette in a holder nearly a foot long. He had one of those physiognomies which baffle analysis by the simple expedient of never under any circumstances meeting one's eye. The pinched cranium, the cold pale-blue eyes, the hooked nose coming down over a toothless mouth to meet an upturning pointed chin, might lead one to think him old, yet he was no more than forty-five in fact. His long, sallow hands were hairless and garnished with several seal rings, and on one skinny wrist hung a slave bangle. He had his chair tipped back against the wall, one leg dangling, the other hooked by the

heel into the crossbar, while over the raised sharp knee joint he had draped his forearm. He was talking with great animation, his jaws moving rapidly like the jaws of a ventriloquist's dummy, which he altogether resembled, and his toothless gums gave out a hissing lisp. Mr. Dainopoulos jumped up.

"My dear friend!" he exclaimed. He needed no schools of mnemonics to teach him the inevitable deductions from Mr. Spokesly's queer cap and baggy coat, while the long strips of plaster made him utter inarticulate sounds of sympathy.

"Let me introduce you. This is Captain Ranney. He's skipper of my little ship, the *Kalkis*. Captain, I want you to know this gentleman. His ship's just been sunk."

Even at the moment when he offered a limp hand Captain Ranney did not raise his eyes above Mr. Spokesly's side pockets, and he lost no time in resuming the conversation. Mr. Spokesly found that this was one of Captain Ranney's most notable peculiarities. He had the air of a silent, reserved man and he gave one a strong impression of being silent and reserved, since he never divulged anything about himself. Yet he was always in the midst of an interminable monologue. The subjects of his discourse were two: his own virtues and the sins of everybody else on earth. Perhaps this was why he was never finished, since both subjects were inexhaustible. No one had ever given him a fair deal and he had given up expecting it. At the present moment he was giving it as his fixed opinion and supporting it with an overwhelming mass of fresh evidence, that everybody—the agent in Port Said; the crew, including the mate and the engineer; the warship who had peremptorily demanded his name and port of origin, and the captain of the port who had assigned him a bad berth nearly three miles from the dock—was in a conspiracy to make his life a hell on earth.

"I ask you, what is a man to do? What can he do, as commander of the

vessel, when his own officers decline, absolutely point-blank decline, to give him ordinary decent respect? Let alone carrying out explicit orders. It's enough to make a man throw up the whole thing in disgust. If I've told my chief officer once I've told him fifty times, I will not have a cuspidor on the bridge for the man at the wheel. He laughs in my face. Simply takes not the slightest notice. The same with everything else. Do I give orders to have the captain's tea served at four sharp, what does he do but stop the steward on his way up, drinks the tea, spits in the cup, and tells the man to take it up to the captain. And when I ordered him to his room he threatened me. Actually threatened the commander of the ship. I, of course, logged him for insolent, unbearable, and insubordinate behavior, and when I read the entry to him according to regulations, he tore the book to pieces and not only threw them at me, but offered me bodily violence. Do you suppose for a single moment I can tolerate this sort of thing?"

"Well, well, Captain, I tell you what . . ." began Mr. Dainopoulos.

"And another thing," continued Captain Ranney, without looking up, "the man's no good in a pinch. Several times on the voyage I've had literally to tell him his work. No sense of his position. Sits on the fore hatch and has long conversations with the crew. I make no charges, mind, none whatever, but I am as certain that man carries my conversation forward as I am of my own existence. When eight bells ring at my orders, he is frequently nowhere to be seen, and if I send the man at the wheel to find him and bring him up, as I have had to do more than once, he keeps the man with him in his room playing cards, leaving me at the wheel. That's the sort of thing I have to put up with from this man. Do you suppose for a moment that I can allow it to go on forever?"

"Well, Captain," said Mr. Dainopoulos, again, "I can see we shall have to . . ."



"In Port Said," cut in Captain Ranney, "I scarcely saw the man. Positively I might have had no chief officer! More than once, when I was going ashore on ship's business, I found he had sent the boat away on some perfectly trivial errand of his own, to buy cigarettes or to fetch his laundry. I have been patient long enough. I make every allowance for defective education and ignorance of the ordinary decencies of life. I hope I realize everybody cannot be the same. But this is going too far."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Dainopoulos, hurriedly. "I quite agree with you, Captain. We'll make a change right away. Now, if you'll . . ."

"Putting aside all personal feeling," continued Captain Ranney, and indeed he had gone right on while his employer was speaking, "putting all that to one side, I feel it my duty as master of the vessel. The man is not fit to be a ship's officer." And Captain Ranney was suddenly silent.

"That's what we'll do," said Mr. Dainopoulos, in a loud, sympathetic voice. "And I'll see if I can't get you a better anchorage. This afternoon I expect I'll have a lighter for you. How will that do, Captain?"

"I expect nothing, and I'll not be disappointed," replied the captain. "There's a limit to human endurance, that's all."

"I know how it is, Captain. Only, you know as well as I do he was the only man I could get at the time."

"I make no charges," said Captain Ranney, suddenly rising to some six feet two, to Mr. Spokesly's astonishment. "I hope I am above that sort of thing. But, I must really say, things could be managed better if more attention was paid to the express wishes of the master of the vessel." And without looking up or indicating in any way that he was conscious of their presence, Captain Ranney walked away and disappeared into the *Place de la Liberté*.

Mr. Dainopoulos looked after him for

a moment with an expression of perplexity on his marred features, and then sat down.

"What's the matter with him?" inquired Mr. Spokesly, very much interested. "Is he touched at all?"

"No, he's all right. Only he grumble, grumble too much," said Mr. Dainopoulos, scratching his chin philosophically.

"I should think he does if he's always like that. What is his job worth?"

"Seven hundred drachma a month I pay him, and he says it's not enough."

"That so? Hm!" Mr. Spokesly was thinking. "That's about thirty pounds a month. And I suppose he finds the ship."

Mr. Dainopoulos nodded. "Fifteen hundred drachma a month for that, and he says he lose money on the grub."

Mr. Spokesly was looking down at the floor, flicking the ash from a cigarette, and he did not see the sudden, wide-open stare Dainopoulos fixed upon him, as though beholding him in a new aspect.

"Why, think of it! Here you are, without a ship!" he exclaimed.

"No doubt about that," muttered Mr. Spokesly.

"Well, why not make a trip for me. This ship she's not very *beeg*, but she's going down to the islands for the government, you understand."

"For the government? A transport?"

"One trip. After that I'll have something else much better for you. Yes, much better."

"What, go mate with this Captain Ranney?"

"One trip," said Mr. Dainopoulos, holding up his forefinger. "I can fix you for four hundred drachma a month."

"You said something, first time I came ashore, about a skipper's job," said Mr. Spokesly.

"That's just what I mean. Something better, see? This skipper," he added, leaning forward and lowering his voice, "he no good! But he got a paper from me, you understand, for a year, so I can't do nothin'."



*Drawn by Harvey Dunn*

HE MUST TAKE HER FAR AWAY WHERE THEY COULD BE HAPPY FOREVER TOGETHER



"What about me?" said Mr. Spokesly, rather to his own surprise. "Do I get a paper, too?"

"Only one trip," continued Mr. Dainopoulos, who had no intention of getting any more flotsam and jetsam on his hands. "You go one trip and I'll fix you for a *beeg* ship."

"Well, I can't do any better, and going home may be a washout," mused Mr. Spokesly. "I'll get some clothes."

"You go to a friend o' mine and he'll get you everything. Here's the number. Jean Tjimiski Street. You better get uniform, see, and wear all the time. And then you come to my house."

"I was going to the Olympos," began Mr. Spokesly.

"Too dear. Olympos no good," said Mr. Dainopoulos, who was not at all anxious to have an employee of his drawn into conversation by the people who lived at the Olympos. "You come to my house. I will speak to the officer who buy the stores from me and he will be glad if captain and mate both English, you understand. That all right?" And he patted Mr. Spokesly on the shoulder.

"You mean, come and stay with you?"

"Certainly. Why not? My wife, she likes you very much. And Miss Solaris, eh?"

"Well, I don't notice she likes me so very much. She tolerates me. I don't understand the girl, mister."

Mr. Dainopoulos looked very serious at this. He shook his head. He lit a cigarette, blew the smoke away, and put his face close to Mr. Spokesly's.

"Never mind her, mister. Keep away from her. She's a fine girl, but she's got funny idea. And she's crazy about that feller what's gone away. She thinks he's a king and she's a queen. You understand what I mean? She ain't here at all, you see? She's got notions she's goin' to find him and he'll take her back to Austria. I can't tell you all about it. I laugh when she tells us all her fool notions. She thinks you

can get her on your ship and take her back to him . . . yes!" Mr. Dainopoulos was humorously hideous as he reiterated this astounding notion on the part of Evanthia Solaris. "And when I says to her, 'Aw, he's gone away now; won't be back for six months, maybe,' she call me a liar. 'He'll come back,' she say to me. 'I want him!'"

"Well," said Mr. Spokesly, looking meditatively at the immense safe, "she's right, after all, and you're wrong. I'm here, ain't I?"

"And that's why I tell you, look out. These women, they ain't like English-women, mister."

"Well," said Mr. Spokesly, "I got to get out of these clothes before I see anybody. I'll take a walk up to see your friend the tailor. See you later." And he walked toward Venizelos Street.

He was profoundly disturbed at this unexpected revelation of the attitude of Evanthia Solaris. If that girl had designed to cast a spell upon him, she could have chosen no more potent elixir than this sublimated essence of quixotism. She wanted him to get her back to the gay and impudent young person who had almost tweaked the noses and pulled the beards of the serious French officers who had seen him safely locked in the train bound north through the lines. Without being competent to analyze his complex emotions, Mr. Spokesly was in no doubt of their reality. He would do it. It appealed to his particularly English ideal of chivalry, which is embodied in the immortal phrase, "making a woman happy." He would do it. He would astonish her by his sudden solicitude for her happiness.

## IX

AVOIDING the callous brutality of the expressed sentiment, Mr. Spokesly derived a silent and subtle satisfaction from the workings of a fate which had singled him out to survive a ship's company of men as deserving as he, but who

were now, none the less, out of the running. He was clear enough on this point now: that the way to success is not through a nursing-home for grievances. No one who had met Captain Ranney, for example, could regard a grievance as a worthy or valuable possession. And Mr. Spokesly, to whom had been denied access to the great founts of wisdom, had to progress by noting his fellow men and their reactions upon his own feelings. He hastened away up Venizelos Street full of vigor and hope, as though it lay upon him to achieve something of the work forgone by those so suddenly finished with life, who were now moving about, a bewildered and somewhat undisciplined little band of incongruous shades, lost and forgotten as the colossal armies of the slain went past. And he became aware, quite suddenly, in the midst of the bright, noisy street, of life being an instinctive, impersonal affair, after all. As he put it, like a lot of insects, and somebody steps on us, and we're squashed, and all the others go swarming on over us. And with that mysteriously heartening notion, Mr. Spokesly had a vividly imagined glimpse of those same armies marching through the shadows, millions of them, of all nations, silently moving toward an eternity of passionless intelligence. It would make no difference then, he thought. All we got to do is make the best bargain we can for ourselves. Carry on! Like insects . . .

They looked like that. They swarmed in the narrow street, almost crawling over one another, with brilliant and distinctive markings, and in their hard, dark eyes an expression of maniacal acquisitiveness. Their glances were almost like antennæ, waving to and fro in the bright, stench-laden air, communicating to the alert and secular intelligences within the warning of an approaching danger or victim. Like insects, too, they hived in dark holes, which they called shops, in the backs of which one could see their eyes glittering, lying in wait. And down the steep

street came other insects, warrior ants, astride of horses caparisoned in blue and silver, and green and gold, with shining metallic wing cases and fierce head ornaments. They, too, moved on with the air of automata, without emotions or any consciousness of good or evil. Down the steep ancient street they came, setting heavily into their saddles with a clash of metal and wheeze of leather as their horses took the descent; and watching them with shining eyes from a doorway was Evanthia Solaris, an exquisite apparition in pale saffron, with an enormous black hat.

She was raised a step or two above the sidewalk, and Mr. Spokesly could see that slender, gracile figure from the buff-colored shoes and stockings of sheer yellow silk to the broad brim of black straw shading the pale face aglow with excitement. One would have imagined that she was watching the soldiers of her country riding out to defend her, or riding in to rescue her. She leaned forward a little, her lips parted in a smile, and an officer, noticing her in her doorway, sat straighter, raised his sword, and smiled in reply. Her response was ravishing. She blew a kiss, and Mr. Spokesly marveled at her enthusiasm. As well he might, for Evanthia was rehearsing a part. Patriotism to her was a fine, brave gesture and she was practicing it. It appealed to her dramatic instinct. Just as she would suddenly smother Mrs. Dainopoulos with impulsive caresses, so she cheered a lot of stolid soldiers who were nothing to her and in whose sentiments she had no share. Always Evanthia was certain of some sphere in the world where people act like this, and where they luxuriate in rare and beautiful emotions. She played at this as a western child plays hostess to her dolls. To her, for a brief blinding moment, it was real, and she loved the officer with the saluting sword. And Mr. Spokesly, rather scared, if the truth be told, and acutely conscious of his anomalous attire, slipped into a shop and dickered with a long-nosed Jew for



a pair of Turkish slippers, while over his shoulder he saw the girl, now the soldiers were gone, step daintily into the road and go on down, with her delicate prinking walk, an exquisite moth among hard-eyed, ferocious-looking insects.

About an hour later he made his way once more to the establishment of Mr. Dainopoulos. That gentleman at once exclaimed at the improved appearance of his friend, but without quitting his accounts which littered the desk and overflowed on to the shelves along the sides. He offered a chair and a cigarette. Mr. Spokesly watched him with respect. He had sense enough to see that Mr. Dainopoulos was only doing business in the old-fashioned way, as it was done in England and in New England, too, before shipowners became too exalted to talk to their own shipmasters or to go down to meet their own ships. There might be something in this business for him even after the war. If it grew there would be an overlooker needed. He let his mind go forward. Perhaps the *Tanganyika's* sudden eclipse was really a blessing in disguise—an ill wind blowing prosperity in his direction. It would be unjust to say of him that he did not regret the loss of those lives. He did, as sincerely as anybody else. But he was alive and they were dead, and if there is one thing men learn promptly it is the difference between the quick and the dead. So he let his mind go forward. And when Captain Ranney suddenly came in, Mr. Spokesly almost failed to recognize him. Not that Captain Ranney particularly desired recognition. He sat down and continued a monologue on the decay of morals in the merchant service. Went back to the ship and what did he find? Nothing done. Mate and engineer playing cards in the cabin. Cook drunk. And so on. From bad to worse.

"But where's the harm in a game of cards, Captain?" asked Mr. Spokesly, slightly amused.

This question upset Captain Ranney

very much. He was unused to questions from strangers. It interrupted the flow of his thought. He looked down at his feet and took out a cigarette.

"Ah!" he said, as though an astonishingly fresh argument was about to be born. "Ah! That's the point, that's the point. No harm at all. It's the principle that's at stake—I expressly stated my dislike of the cabin being used as a gambling den and these officers of mine expressly disregard my repeated instructions. And it's coming to a point," he added, darkly, as Mr. Dainopoulos hurried across the street to speak to an acquaintance, "when either they get out or I do."

It was obvious that Captain Ranney lived in a world of his own, a world in which he was the impotent, dethroned, and outraged deity. Now he was prepared to abdicate into the bargain. He hinted at ultimatums, distinct understanding, and all the other paraphernalia of sovereignty, for all the world as though he were a European power. By all this he meant nothing more than to impress Mr. Spokesly with the solemn responsibility of being chief officer under him. But Mr. Spokesly was regarding him with attention and he was not impressed. He was looking for the elusive, yet indubitable, mark of character which is so necessary in a commander, a gesture, often closely imitated, which carries out to men the conviction that he bears within himself a secret repository of confidence and virtue, to be drawn upon in moments of conflict with the forces of nature and the turbulent spirits of men. And having failed to find what he was looking for, the genius of command, he began to wonder what there was inside this man at all. It couldn't be simply all this tosh he was emitting. He must have some springs of love and hate in him, some secret virtue or vice which kept him going.

It was Mr. Spokesly's chance question, whether the captain was a visitor at the house, which let him fully into

the mind and temper of his new employer.

"He's not that sort of man," said Mr. Dainopoulos, shoveling beans into his mouth with a knife. "My wife, she wouldn't like him, I guess. He's got something of his own, you understand. Like your friend, Mr. Bates, only he don't drink. He take the pipe a leetle. You savvy?"

Mr. Spokesly remembered this conversation later on, when events had suddenly carried him beyond the range of Mr. Dainopoulos and his intense respectability. He remembered it because he realized that Mr. Dainopoulos, at that time, and behind his mask of bourgeois probity, was devising a daring and astute stroke of business based on his exact knowledge of the Ægean and his relations with the late consuls of enemy powers. And Captain Ranney, of course, had been aware of this. But at the moment Mr. Spokesly easily abandoned the morals of his new commander and listened to what might be called the wisdom of the Near East. He thought there was no harm in asking Mr. Dainopoulos what he thought of the emerald ring. That gentleman evidently thought a great deal of it. He offered to buy it, spot cash, for a thousand drachma, about one-sixth of its actual value. He merely shrugged his shoulders when he heard the tale of a woman giving it to Archie. According to his own experience that sort of women did not give such things away to anybody. He noted a minute flaw in the stone, and finally handed it back hurriedly, telling Mr. Spokesly to give it away to some lady.

"Or throw it into the sea," he added, drinking a glass of wine in a gulp.

"What for?" demanded Mr. Spokesly, mystified by this sudden fancy.

"Bad luck," said Mr. Dainopoulos, laconically. "It belong to a drowned man, you understand! Better give it away."

"I'll give it to Miss Solaris."

Mr. Dainopoulos eyed Mr. Spokesly

over his shoulder as he sat with his elbows on the table, holding up his glass. Mr. Spokesly put the ring in his pocket.

"She'll take it, all right," said his friend, at length, and drank.

"What makes you so sure?" asked Mr. Spokesly.

Mr. Dainopoulos was not prepared to answer that question in English. He found that English, as he knew it, was an extraordinarily wooden and cumbersome vehicle in which to convey those lightning flashes and glares and sparkles of thought in which most Latin intelligences communicate with each other. You could say very little in English, Mr. Dainopoulos thought. He could have got off some extremely good things about Evanthia Solaris in the original Greek, but Mr. Spokesly would not have understood him. If he were to take a long chance, however, by saying that the vulture up in the sky sees the dead mouse in the ravine, he was not at all sure of the result.

"Aw," he said in apology for his difficulty, "the ladies, they like the pretty rings."

"I can see you don't like her," said Mr. Spokesly, smiling a little.

"My friend," said Mr. Dainopoulos, and he turned his black, bloodshot eyes, with their baggy pouches of skin forming purplish crescents below them, on his companion. "My friend, I'm married. Women, I got no use for them, you understand? You no understand. By and by, you know what I mean. My wife, all the time she sick, all the time. She like Miss Solaris. All right. For my wife anything in the world. But me, I got my business. By and by, ah!"

At the transport office they did not see the officer who had been so anxious for Mr. Spokesly to visit the Persian Gulf during the coming summer. That gentleman had gone to see a dentist, it appeared, and a young writer informed them that it would be all right so long as the captain of the vessel was British.



"Yes, he's British all right—Captain Ranney—he's got a passport," said Mr. Dainopoulos. And when he was asked when he would be ready to load, he said as soon as the captain of the port gave him a berth.

"He put us three mile away, and it takes a tug an hour and a half to get to the ship," he remarked, "with coal like what it is now."

"Well, of course we can't put everybody at the pier, you know," said the young writer, genially, quite forgetting that Mr. Dainopoulos had deftly inserted an item in the *charte-partie* which gave him a generous allowance for light-erage.

"All right," said he, as though making a decent concession. "You know they tell me they want this stuff in a hurry, eh?"

The young writer did not know, but he pretended he did, and said he would attend to it. So they bade him good day and took their way back to the *Bureau de Change*. Mr. Dainopoulos had left it in charge of a young Jew, a youth so desperately poor and so fanatically honest that he seemed a living caricature of all moral codes. Neither his poverty nor his probity seemed remarkable enough to keep him in employment, doubtless because, like millions of other people in southeastern Europe, he had neither craft of mind nor hand. Mr. Dainopoulos got him small situations from time to time, and in between these he hung about, running errands, and keeping shop, a pale, dwarfed, ragged creature, with emaciated features and brilliant, pathetic eyes. He was wearing a pair of women's boots, much too large for him, burst at the sides and with heels dreadfully run over, so that he kept twitching himself erect. Mr. Dainopoulos waved a hand toward this young paragon.

"See if you can find him a job on the *Kalkis*," he said. "Very honest young feller." They spoke rapidly to each other and Mr. Dainopoulos gave an amused grunt.

"He say he don't want to go in a ship. Scared she go down," he remarked.

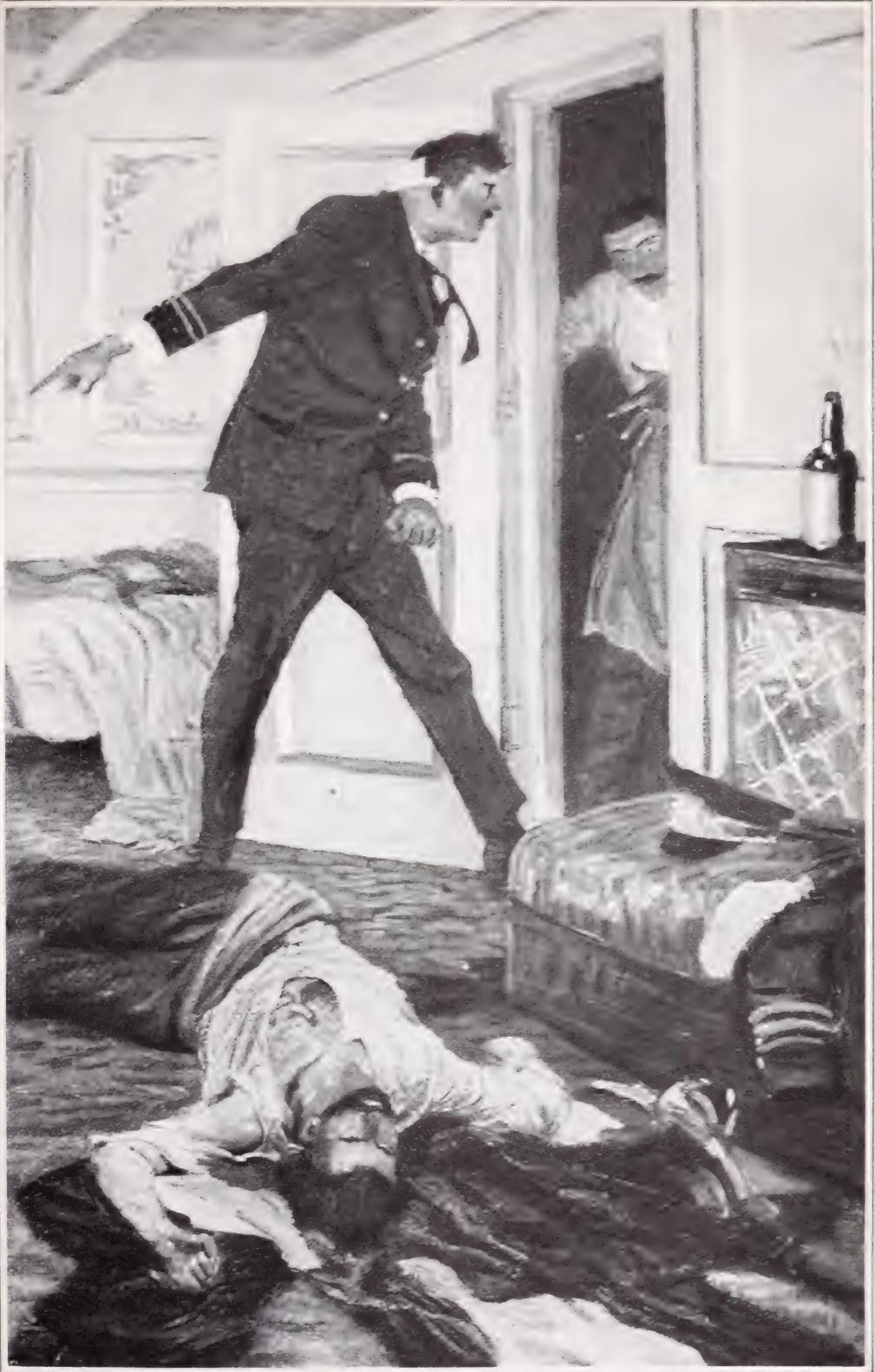
The boy looked down the street with an expression of suppressed grief on his face. He rolled his eyes toward his benefactor, imploring mercy. Mr. Dainopoulos spoke to him again.

"He'll go," he said to Mr. Spokesly. "Fix him to help the cook. And if you want anybody to take a letter, he's a very honest young feller."

The very honest young feller shrank away to one side, evidently feeling no irresistible vocation for the sea. Indeed, he resembled one condemned to die. He and his kind swarm in the ports of the Levant, the Semitic parasites of sea-borne commerce, yet rarely setting foot upon a ship. He drooped, as though his limbs had liquified and he was about to collapse. Mr. Dainopoulos, however, to whom ethnic distinctions of such refinement were of no interest, ignored him and permitted him to revel in his agony at a near-by café table.

"You come to my house to-night," he said to Mr. Spokesly. "I got one or two little things to fix."

Mr. Spokesly, driving along the *Quai* toward the White Tower, would have been the last to deny what Captain Ranney called "a common elementary right." He was invoking it himself. What he was trying to do all this while was to achieve an outlet for his own personality. This was really behind even his intrigue with the London School of Mnemonics. He was convinced he had something in him which the pressures and conventions of the world had never permitted to emerge. Merely becoming engaged had been an advance for Mr. Spokesly, because men like him can move neither upward nor downward without the aid of women. Once removed from the influence of Ada by a series of events which he could not control, he was the predestined prey of the next woman ahead. Those who view this career with contempt should



*Drawn by Harvey Dunn*

"GET BUSY," HE SAID TO THE STEWARD. "AND CLEAN ALL UP"



reflect upon the happiness and longevity of many who pursue it. Mr. Spokesly was no sensualist, in the strict meaning of the word. He simply experienced a difficulty in having any spiritual life apart from women. He could do with a minimum of inspiration, but such as he needed had to come from them. All his thoughts clustered about them. Just as he experienced a feeling of exaltation when he found himself in their company, so he could never see another man similarly engaged without regarding him as a being of singular fortune. Always, moreover, he conceived the woman he did not know as a creature of extraordinary gifts.

Evanthia Solaris seemed to have eluded classification because, without possessing any gifts at all beyond a certain magnetism bewilderingly composed of feminine timidity and tigerish courage, she had inspired in him a strange belief that she would bring him good fortune. This was the kind of woman she was. She went much farther back into the history of the world than Ada Rivers. Ada was simply a modern authorized version of Lady Rowena. She accepted man, though what she really wanted was a knight. Evanthia had no use for knights, save perhaps those of Aristophanes. She, too, accepted men; but they had to transform themselves quickly and efficiently into the votaries of a magnetic goddess. Sighs and vows of allegiance were as nothing at all to her. She had a divinely dynamic energy which set men going the way she wanted. The gay young devil who had been sent packing with the consuls and who was now sitting in his hotel in Pera, was wondering at his luck in escaping from her and scheming how to get back to her, at the same time. Yet, so astute had she been, that even now he did not suspect that she was scheming, too, that she was in an agony at times for the loss of him, and talked to Mrs. Dainopoulos of killing herself.

She was scheming as she came walk-

ing among the grass plats at the base of the Tower and saw Mr. Spokesly descend from a carriage and take a seat facing the sea. She came along, as she so often did in her later period, at a vital moment. She came, in her suit of pale saffron, with the great crown of black straw withdrawing her face into a magically distant gloom, and holding a delicate little wrap on her arm against the night, for the sun was going down behind the distant hills and touching the waters of the Gulf with ruddy fire. She saw him sitting there, and smiled. He was watching a ship going out, making for the narrow strait between the headland and the marshes of the Vardar, and thinking of his life as it was opening before him. He took out a cigarette, and his fingers searched a vest pocket for matches. They closed on the emerald ring and he held the cigarette for a while unlit, thinking of Evanthia, and wondered how he could make the gift. And as he sat there she seemed to materialize out of the shimmering radiance of the evening air, prinking and bending forward with an enchanting smile to catch his eye. And before he could draw a breath, she sat down beside him.

"What you do here?" she asked in her sweet, twittering voice. "You wait for somebody, eh?"

"Yes," he answered, rousing, "for you."

"Ah—h!" Her eyes snapped under the big brim. "How do I know you only tell me that because I am here?"

Her hand, gloved in lemon kid, was near his knee and he took it meditatively, pulling back the wrist of it and drew away and removed it until she was smiling.

herself, she demanded, not quite sure "Eh?" caught her drift, so deliberate if he had mood. He took the ring out of his pocket and grasped her hand while he slid the gem over a finger. She let it rest there for a moment, studying the situation. No one was near them just then. And then she looked up right

into his face, leaning a little toward him. Her voice caught a little as she spoke. It was ravishing, a ring like that. For a flicker of an eyelash she was off her guard and he caught a smolder of extraordinary passion in her half-closed eyes.

"You like me," she twittered, softly.

The sun had gone, the gray water was ruffled by a little wind, the wind of evening, and as the guns boomed on the warships in the roadstead, the ensigns came down.

"You like me," she said again, bending over a little more, for his eyes were watching the ships and she could not bear it. Suddenly he put his arm across her shoulders and held her. And then he used a strange and terrible expression.

"I'd go to hell for you," he said.

She leaned back with a sigh of utter content.

## X

HE looked down from his window in the morning into a garden of tangled and neglected vegetation sparkling with dew. Over the trees beyond the road lay the Gulf, a sheet of azure and misty gray. He looked at it and endeavored to bring his thoughts into some sort of practical order while he shaved and dressed. The adventure of the previous evening, however, was so fresh and disturbing that he could do nothing save return to it again and again. At intervals he would pause and stand looking out, thinking of Evanthia in a mood of extraordinary delight.

She must be, he reflected, one of the most wonderful creatures in the world. He had not believed it possible that any woman could so transmute the hours for him into spheres of golden radiance. The evening had passed like a dream. Indeed, he was in the position of a man whose dreams not only come true, but surpass themselves. His dreams had been only shabby travesties of the reality. He recalled the subtle fragrance

of her hair, the flash of her amber eyes, the sensuous delicacy and softness of her limbs and bosom, the melodious timbre of her voice. And he paused longer than usual as he reflected with sudden amazement that she was his for the taking. The taking! How deliciously mysterious she had been as she made it clear he must take her away, far away, where nobody knew who she was, where they could be happy forever together! How she had played upon the strong chords of his heart as she spoke of her despair, her loneliness, her conviction that she was destined for ill fortune! She injected a strange strain of tragic intensity into the voluptuous abandon of her voice. She evoked emotions tinged with a kind of savage and primitive religious mania as she lay in his arms in the scented darkness of that garden and whispered in her sweet, twittering tones her romantic desires. And the thought that she was even now lying asleep in another room, the morning sun filtering through green shutters and filling the chamber with the lambent, glittering, beam-shot twilight of a submarine grotto, was like strong wine in his veins. She depended on him, and he was almost afraid of the violence of the emotion she stirred in him. She had touched, with the unerring instinct of a clever woman, his imagination, his masculine pride, and the profound sentimentalism of his race toward her sex. She revealed to him a phase in her character so inexpressibly lovely and alluring that he was in a trance. She inspired in him visions of a future where he would always love and she be fair.

Indeed, Mr. Spokesly's romantic illusions were founded on fact. Evanthia Solaris was possessed of a beauty and character almost indestructible. She was pre-eminently fitted to survive the innumerable casualties of modern life. She was a type that Ada Rivers, for example, would not believe in at all, for girls like Ada Rivers are either Christian or Hebrew, whereas Evanthia Solaris was neither, but possessed the



calculating placidity of a pagan oracle. Such a catastrophe as the departure of the consuls had enraged her for a time, and then she had subsided deep into her usual mysterious mood. So his illusions were founded on fact. She could give him everything he dreamed of, leaving him with imperishable memories, and passing on with unimpaired vitality to adventures beyond his horizon. There was nothing illogical in this. Being an adventuress is not so very different from being an adventurer. One goes into it because one has the temperament and the desire for adventure. And Evanthia was by hereditary an adventuress.

Her father belonged to that little-known and completely misunderstood fraternity—the *comitadji* of the Balkans. It is not yet comprehended by the Western nations that to a large section of these Southeastern people civilization is a disagreeable inconvenience. They regard the dwellers in towns with contempt, descending upon them in sudden raids when the snows melt, and returning to their mountain fortresses laden with booty and sometimes with hostages. They maintain within political frontiers empires of their own, defying laws and defeating with ease the police bands who are sent to apprehend them. They have no virtues save courage and fidelity, and no ideals save the acquisition of spoil. They draw to themselves the high-spirited youths of the towns; and the girls, offered the choice of drudging poverty or the protection of a farmer of taxes, are sometimes discovered to have gone away during the excitement of a midnight foray.

So had Evanthia's mother, a lazy, lion-hearted baggage of Petritch, whose parents had breathed more easily when they were free at last from her incessant demands and gusts of rage. But the man who had carried her off into the mountains was nearing the end of his predatory career, and very soon (for he had no enemies, having killed them

all) he was able to purchase a franchise from the government and turned tax farmer himself. He was so successful that he became a rich man, and the family, fighting every inch of the way, took a villa in Pera. It was there Evanthia was educated in the manner peculiar to that part of the world. When she was eighteen she could make fine lace, cook, fight, and speak six languages without being able to write or read any at all. The villa in which they lived was forever in an uproar, for all three gave battle on the smallest pretext. They lived precisely as the beasts in the jungle live—diversifying their periods of torpor with bursts of frantic vituperation and syncopating enjoyment. Neither European nor Asiatic, they maintained an uneasy balance on the shores of the Bosphorus between the two, until Evanthia's mother, a vigorous, handsome brunette, trembling with half-understood longings and frustrated ambitions in spite of her life of animal indolence, suddenly ran away and took her daughter with her. She had fallen in love with a Greek whom she had met in Constantinople, a man of forceful personality, enormous mustaches, and no education, who was selling the tobacco crop from his estate in Macedonia. Evanthia's father, now a man of nearly sixty, did not follow them. He suffered a paroxysm of rage, broke some furniture, and made furious preparations for a pursuit, when one of the servants, a tall, cool Circassian girl, with pale-brown eyes and an extraordinarily lovely figure, broke in upon his frenzy and told him an elaborate story of how his wife had really gone to France, where she had previously sent a sum of money, and how she herself had been implored to go with them, but had refused to desert her master. It was quite untrue and took its origin from the French novels she had stolen from her mistress and read in bed; but it hit the mark with the man who was a fanatic concerning fidelity. And the Circassian creature made him an admirable com-

panion, ruling the villa with a rod of iron, inaugurating an era of peace which the old gentleman had never experienced in his life.

Evanthia had to adjust herself to new and startling conditions. The swart Hellene stood no nonsense from his handsome mistress. He beat her every day, on the principle that if she had not done anything she was going to do something. When Evanthia began her tantrums he tried to beat her, too, but she showed so ugly a dexterity with a knife that he desisted and decided to starve her out. He cheerfully gave her money to run away to Salonika, laughing harshly when she announced her intention of working for a living as a seamstress. She arrived in Salonika to hear stirring news. She was about to enter a carriage to drive to the house of a friend of the Hellene, a gentleman named Dainopoulos, when a young man with glorious blond hair and little golden mustache, his blue eyes wide open and very anxious, almost pushed her away and got in, giving the driver an address. This was the beginning of her adventures. The young man explained the extreme urgency of his business, offered to do anything in his power if she would let him have the carriage at once. She got in with him, and he told her his news breathlessly: War. It seemed a formidable thing to him. To her, life was war. She had no knowledge of what war meant to him in his country. To her London, Berlin, Paris, were replicas of Constantinople, cosmopolitan rookeries where one could meet interesting men. Salonika immediately became a charming place for Evanthia Solaris. The young man was the vice-consul. His father was a wealthy ship chandler at Stettin, and he himself had been everywhere. It was he who first confirmed her vague gropings after what one might call, for want of a better word, gentility. She was shrewd enough to suspect that the crude and disorderly squabbling in the Pera villa, and the

grotesque bullying on the tobacco plantation, were not the highest manifestations of human culture. As has been hinted, she was sure there were people in the world who lived lives of virtuous ease, as opposed to what she had been accustomed. Their existence was confirmed by her new friend. He was the first man she had liked. Later she became infatuated with him. In between these two periods she learned to love some one in the world besides herself.

It would not do to say that she, in her barbaric simplicity, assumed that all Englishwomen lay on their backs and had angelic tempers. But she did arrive at a characteristically ecstatic conclusion about Mrs. Dainopoulos. That lady was so obviously, so romantically genteel that Evanthia sometimes wanted to barter her own superb vitality for some such destiny. She never considered for a moment, until she met Mr. Spokesly, the chances of being adored as Mr. Dainopoulos adored his wife. She knew Mr. Dainopoulos would never dream of adoring a woman like herself. She regarded him with dislike because he betrayed no curiosity about herself and because he obviously knew too much to be hoodwinked by her arts. He even ignored her rather amusing swagger when she paraded her new acquisition, a handsome vice-consul. She knew he would not have tolerated her at all had not his wife expressed a desire to have her remain. Mrs. Dainopoulos had no intention of countenancing evil; but she had been humane enough to see, when Evanthia told her story, how impossible it was for a girl with such a childhood to have the remotest conception of Western ideals. Mrs. Dainopoulos, in fact, belonged to the numerous class of people in England who manage "to make allowances," as they call it, for others. And possibly, too, Evanthia, with her bizarre history and magical personality, possibly even her naïve assumption that she was destined to be mistress of men, appealed to the



Englishwoman's flair for romance. Evanthia, contrasted with Haverstock Hill, was wonderful. And to Evanthia, the victim of sudden spurts of girlish posing, pathetic strivings after an imaginary Western self, the invalid woman was a sympathetic angel. She never laughed when Evanthia pretended an absurd lofty patriotism or inaugurated a season of ridiculous religious observances, dressing in white and holding a crucifix to her breast. She did not deride Evanthia's remarkable travesty of English dress, or Evanthia's embarrassing concoctions in the kitchen. These gusts of enthusiasm died out and the real Evanthia emerged again, a velvet-soft being of sex and sinuous delicacy, of no country and no creed, at home in the world, a thing of indestructible loveliness and problematic utility.

And now, while Mr. Spokesly stood at his window gently rubbing his chin and looking down into the dew-drenched garden, Evanthia was lying in another room, smoking a cigarette and meditating. She had a very astute and clearly defined plan in her mind, and she lay thinking how it could be carried out. Unhampered by so many of our modern educational distractions and complexes, her mental processes would have exacted the admiration of the London School of Mnemonics. The apparent impossibility of leaving Salonika and reaching Constantinople meant nothing at all to her. It had always been an almost impossible task to go anywhere if one were a woman. Women, in her experience, were like expensive automobiles. They were always owned by somebody, who drove them about and sometimes ill-treated them and even rode them to destruction, and who lost them if they were not carefully guarded. Moreover, the parallel, in her experience, went farther, because she observed that nobody ever thought less of them because they were costly to run. Evanthia was now like an ownerless machine of which no one perceived the value or knew how to start. She had been getting accus-

tomed to the notion that independence had its pleasures and defects.

She lay thinking with quiet efficiency, until her cigarette was burned down, and then suddenly sprang out of bed. With extraordinary speed and quietness, she rolled up her great masses of black hair, slipped into a yellow kimono and Turkish slippers, and went downstairs. The contrast between her pose, with nothing save the slow curl of smoke coming from the deep pillow to show she was alive, and the sharp vitality of her movements in the kitchen, was characteristic. She could not help doing things in a theatrical way. Mr. Dainopoulos was much nearer the mark than even he knew, when he said in his caustic way that Evanthia imagined herself a queen. There were times when she thought she was an empress walking down ivory staircases strewn with slaughtered slaves. She had a way of striding to the door when she was angry and turning suddenly upon him, her head lowered, her amber eyes full of a lambent, vengeful glare. Mr. Dainopoulos would remain as impassive as a dummy under this exhibition of temperament, but his attitude was artistically correct. He represented the cowed and terror-stricken vassal shrinking from the imperial anger. And now she moved in a majestic way here and there in the great stone kitchen, making black coffee and spooning out some preserved green figs into a plated dish. This she arranged on a tray. In imagination she was a great lady, a grand duchess perhaps, taking refreshment to a secret lover. She loved to figure herself in these fantastic roles, the roles she had seen so often at the cinemas. The exaggerated gestures and graphic emotions came naturally to a girl at once theatrical and illiterate. She walked away with the tray in her hand, ascending the stairs as though rehearsing an entrance, and stood stock still outside Mr. Spokesly's door, listening.

Mr. Spokesly was listening, too. He had heard the slip-slop of the loose



slippers, the tinkle of spoon against china, and then a faint tap. He went over to the door and pulled it open.

"You!" he said, with a thrill. He could not have said a word more just then. She smiled and held a finger to pursed lips to enjoin silence. He stood looking at her, hypnotized.

"Drink coffee with me?" she whispered, sweetly, holding up the tray. And then she moved on along the passage, looking back over her shoulder at him with that smile which is as old as the world, the first finished masterpiece of unconscious art.

She led the way to a darkened room, set the tray down, and pushed the green shutters away, revealing a wooden balcony with chairs and a green iron table. Below, in the hush of early morning, lay the road, and beyond the trees and houses that followed the shore they could see the Gulf, now streaked and splotted with green and gray and rose. The early morning, charged with the undissipated emotions of the night, is a far more beautiful hour than the evening. To Evanthia, however, who had always dwelt amid scenes of extravagant natural beauty, this exquisite sunrise, viewed as it were in violet shadow, the invisible sun tingeing the snow of the distant peaks with delicate shell pink and ivory white, the vessels in the roadstead almost translucent pearl in the midst, the shore line a bar of solid black until it rose ominously in the sullen headland of Karaburun—all this was nothing. To Mr. Spokesly it was a great deal. It became to him a memory alluring and unforgettable. It was a frame for a picture which he bore with him through the years, a picture of himself on a balcony, listening to a girl in a yellow kimono while she whispered and whispered and then sat back in her chair and raised her cup to drink, looking at him over the rim of it with her brilliant amber eyes.

"I don't know as it can be done," he muttered, shaking his head slightly, gulping the coffee, and setting the

cup on the table. "Not so easy, I'm afraid."

"You can do it," she whispered, imperiously.

"S'pose you get caught," he replied, cautiously.

She waved a hand and shrugged. "*N'importe. C'est la guerre.* That don't matter. You can do it, eh?"

Mr. Spokesly rubbed his chin. "I don't say I can and I don't say I can't. *He* might be able to get you down there as a passenger."

She shook her head vigorously, and leaned over the table, touching it with her long filbert nails.

"No!" she said. "He says 'no good.' Nobody allowed to go to Phyros, nobody to Alexandria. Nobody. You understand?"

"Yes, I understand," he answered, looking out to where the *Kalkis* was emerging from the distant haze. "But what I don't see is why you want to do it."

"I want to go wis you," she whispered, sharply, and he looked at her again to find her gazing at him sternly, her finger on her lips.

And Mr. Spokesly suddenly had an inspiration. Here he was again, mewling like a kitten for somebody to come and open the door, instead of taking hold and mastering the situation. He must play up to this. Could it be managed? He decided it could. It was evident Mr. Dainopoulos knew something about it but had no intention of taking an active part in the adventure. Yes, it could be managed. His hand closed over hers as it lay on the table.

"I'll fix everything," he said.

Her face grew radiant. She became herself again—a woman who had got what she wanted. She rose and stroked his hair gently as she bent over him.

"Now I get some breakfast, *mon cher*," she twittered, sweetly. "You stop here. I call you." And with a soft, sibilant flip-flop of her heelless slippers, which showed her own pink heels and delicate ankles, she disappeared.



And Mr. Spokesly, who had come home from distant places to join the forces, who had become engaged in an exemplary way to a girl who was now wondering, away in beleaguered England, why Reggie didn't write, tilted his chair a little and allowed his mind to go forward. When he asked himself what would be the upshot of this adventure, he was compelled to admit that he didn't know. What startled and invigorated him was that he didn't care. He saw himself in some distant harbor, after much toil and anxiety, sitting at cafés with bands playing and Evanthia in that corn-colored dress with an enormous black hat. His chair was tilted back against the opened *jalousie* and he stared with unseeing eyes across the glittering water. It was the dream he had had before, on the *Tanganyika*, only a little clearer, a little nearer. They were dead, while he was alive. There you had it. Perhaps in a little while he, too, would be dead—a bomb, —a shell, a bullet—and the dreams would be for others while he joined that great army of silent shades. You forgot the others and went right on, getting the things that are yours for the taking, never counting the cost, finding your dreams come true. . . . Then you went back to beleaguered England, and Ada would be there, waiting.

And then, as he sat there, he came slowly back to the present and saw that the *Kalkis* was moving. He saw steam jetting from the fore-castle, and that told him they were heaving up the anchor. Coming in to a new berth, Mr. Spokesly noted. He rose, and Mr. Dainopoulos appeared at the door leading to the balcony.

"You all right, eh?" he inquired, and, seeing the empty cups, made a peculiar grimace. He pointed to the *Kalkis*.

"You got a new berth?" he said.

"Yes. Over here," said Mr. Dainopoulos. "It's the best we can get just now. No room inside. Now," he went on, "you got to go on board, see, and have a look round. There's two hun-

dred ton to be loaded quick, but I think her winches, they ain't very good. You let me know."

This time, when called, Mr. Spokesly was ready.

"We'll get her loaded," he said. "If it's all light general we can do it, winches or no winches. Is the other mate finished?"

"Just about. He don't get any more pay, anyhow."

"Breakfast," said Mr. Dainopoulos, and they went down to a room on the ground floor, a room that was full of moving green shadows and pale-green beams as the dense foliage of the garden swayed in the breeze. It was like sitting in a recess at the bottom of the sea.

"My wife, she don't come down," said Mr. Dainopoulos, devouring lamb stew. They might have been in the breakfast room of a home in Haverstock Hill. Only the figure of Evanthia hissing incomprehensible commands into the ears of the sullen young girl, who stared at Mr. Spokesly and moved unwillingly into the kitchen, recalled the adventure behind this little scene.

Mr. Dainopoulos went on with his lamb stew, noisily enjoying it, and pretending he did not see Evanthia's rehearsal of one of her favorite roles—a great lady dispensing hospitality to her guests in the morning room of her château.

"I met a major yesterday," said Mr. Spokesly, "in the Olympos. He said he wanted me to go and see him about the cargo."

"Eh!" Mr. Dainopoulos stared, knife and fork raised.

"Oh, I fancy he just wants to give us a few hints about the discharging in Phyros."

"He can do that," said Mr. Dainopoulos, letting his hands fall to the table. "He can do that. Yes," he went on, seeing the possibilities of the thing. "You go along and tell him you'll attend to it all yourself, see? You fix him. The captain, he don't like government peoples."

"Where do we go from Phyros?" asked Mr. Spokesly.

"To Piræus for orders," said the other quickly.

"I see," he said. Piræus was the port of Athens. So that was it.

"Captain Ranney said he didn't know," he observed. Mr. Dainopoulos grunted.

"Perhaps he didn't know, when you ask him. I think I got a charter, but I ain't sure. I take a chance, that's all."

After they had finished and as he was waiting for Mr. Dainopoulos, he saw Evanthia in the garden, an apron over her pink-cotton dress, smoking a cigarette.

"So it's Athens you want," he said, smiling.

She put her finger to her lips. "By and by, you will see," she said and led him away down among the trees. She pulled his head down with a gesture he grew to know well, and whispered rapidly in his ear, and then pushed him away and hurried off to look for eggs in the chicken house. He joined Mr. Dainopoulos in a thoughtful mood, more than ever convinced that women were, as he put it, queer. He was so preoccupied that he did not notice the lack of originality in this conclusion.

Mr. Dainopoulos was thoughtful, too, as they made their way into the city and he opened his office. He was in a difficulty because he did not know how far Mr. Spokesly, being an Englishman, could be trusted with the facts. What would be Mr. Spokesly's attitude, after his interview with the major, and after getting away to sea? He had said he was taking a chance of a cargo. This was scarcely true; but he was taking a chance in sending Mr. Spokesly out ignorant of what was in store for him. But he decided to do it. He decided to make that drug-rotted old captain of his earn his salt. He would let Captain Ranney tell Mr. Spokesly after they were at sea. Scraping his chin with his finger nail as he stood in front of his

big safe, Mr. Dainopoulos felt sure that, out at sea, there would be no trouble. Then he opened his safe. He would make sure. He took out a cash box, and, closing the safe, went back to his desk.

"Listen here, mister; I want to fix you so you'll be all right if anything happens, you understand. I don't know. Perhaps the government take the *Kalkis* when she get to Piræus—plenty trouble now in Piræus—and you gotta come back here. So I pay you six months now. You give me a receipt for six months' pay."

"What for?" demanded Mr. Spokesly, astonished.

"You understand, easy to cover risks with underwriter, yes. But s'pose I buy another ship and I got no captain. See?"

Something told Mr. Spokesly, though he did not understand at all, that money was money. The man was straight, anyhow, he thought, taking the pen. Very decent of him. He signed. He took the money in large blue and purple denominations, crisp, crackling, delicious.

"And you don't forget," said Mr. Dainopoulos, turning toward the safe again. "By and by I'll have some more business, big business, and you'll get a big piece o' money if you work in with me. When you come back, eh?"

He put his cash box away, slammed his safe shut, and began to open his shop for his ostensible business of money changing.

"Now you get out to the ship as soon as you got your gear," he said, "and that young feller 'll go with you in the boat."

Mr. Spokesly was startled to see how close the *Kalkis* was inshore opposite the house. As he came nearer to the ship, however, sitting in the rowboat with the trembling young Hebrew beside him, he became preoccupied with her lines. And, indeed, to a seafaring man the *Kalkis* was a problem. Mr. Spokesly could see she had been a yacht. A singularly shapely hull carried amid-



ships a grotesque abortion in the form of superimposed upper bridge, and the teak deck forward was broken by a square hatchway. All the scuttles along her sides, once gleaming brass and crystal, were blind with deadlights and painted over. Another hatch had been made where the owner's skylight had been, and a friction winch screamed and scuttered on the once spotless poop. A lighter lay alongside, loaded with sacks and cases, and the friction winch shrieked and jerked the sling into the air as a gang of frowzy Greeks hooked them on.

They came round her bows to reach the gangway and Mr. Spokesly gave way to a feeling of bitterness for a moment as he looked up at the gracile sprit stem from which some utilitarian had sawed the bowsprit and carefully tacked over the stump a battered piece of sheet copper. It affected him like the mutilation of a beautiful human body. What tales she could tell! Now he saw the mark of her original name, showing up in rows of puttied screw holes on the flare of the bow. *Carmen-cita*. She must have been a saucy little craft, her snowy gangway picked out with white ropes and polished brass stanchions. And now only a dirty ladder hung there.

Leaving the little Jew to get up as best he could, Mr. Spokesly climbed on deck and strode forward. He was curious to see what sort of mate it could be who came into port with a ship like this. His professional pride was nauseated. He kicked a bucket half full of potato peelings out of the doorway and entered the deck house.

Garlic, stale wine, and cold suet were combined with a more sinister perfume that Mr. Spokesly knew was rats. He looked around upon a scene which made him wonder. It made him think of some forecastles he had lived in when he was a seaman. It was the saloon, apparently, and the breakfast had not been cleared away. A large yellow cat was gnawing at a slab of fish he had

dragged from the table, bringing most of the cloth, with the cruet, after him. On the settee, behind the table, lay a man in trousers and singlet, snoring. In a pantry on one side, a young man with a black mustache and in a blue apron spotted with food was smoking a cigarette and wiping some dishes with an almost incredibly dirty cloth.

"Where's the cap'en?" demanded Mr. Spokesly, in a voice so harsh and aggressive he hardly recognized it himself. The young man came out wiping his hands on his hips and shrugging his shoulders.

"Where's the mate?"

The young man pointed at the figure on the settee. Mr. Spokesly went round the table and gave the recumbent gentleman a shake. Uttering a choking snort, the late chief officer opened his eyes, sat up, and looked round in a way that proved conclusively he had no clear notion of his locality. Eventually he discovered that the shakings came from a total stranger and he focused a full stare from his black eyes upon Mr. Spokesly.

"I'm the new mate," said the latter. "Where's my cabin?"

"Ai!" said the other, staring, both hands on the dirty tablecloth. "Ai! You gotta nerve. What you doin' here, eh?"

"All right," said Mr. Spokesly, "I'll see to you in a minute. Here, you! Where's the mate's cabin, savvy? Room, cabin, bunk."

The steward, wiping his hands again on his hips, went over to an opening which led down a stairway and beckoned. Mr. Spokesly followed.

What he found was very much of a piece with the saloon. One side of the ship was occupied by a large room marked, "Captain." On the other side were two cabins, the forward one of which he was given to understand was his. To call it a pigsty would not convey any conception of the dire disorder of it.

"You speak English?" he asked; curtly.

"Oh yass, I spick Ingleesh. Plenty Ingleesh."

"Right. Get this place clean. You savvy?"

"Yass, I savvy."

"Go on, then."

There was a footfall on the staircase and the late chief officer, Cæsare Spiteri by name, came slowly down, holding by the handrail fixed over the door of the alleyway. There was a smolder in his large, bloodshot black eyes which seemed to bode trouble. He came forward, elaborately oblivious of Mr. Spokesly, his shoulders hunched, his large hand caressing his mustache. He spoke rapidly in Greek to the nervous steward who began to edge away.

"Hi!" called Mr. Spokesly. "Do what I tell you. See here," he added to Spiteri. "You finished last night, I understand."

"Yah! Who are you?" snarled Spiteri, in a quiet tone which made the steward more nervous than ever.

"I'm mate of this ship, and if you don't get out in five minutes . . ."

He had no chance to finish. Spiteri made a circular sweep with one of his stocking feet, which knocked Mr. Spokesly off his own, and he fell backward on the settee. The effect upon him was surprising. He certainly saw red. The filthy condition of the ship, the degradation of the yacht *Carmen-cita* to the baseness of the *Kalkis*, and his own spiritual exaltation, reacted to fill him with an extraordinary vitality of anger. Spiteri was not in the pink of condition, either. He had been drinking heavily the previous evening and his head ached. He went down at the first tremendous impact of Mr. Spokesly's fleshy and muscular body, and Mr. Spokesly came down on top of him. He immediately sank his large, white teeth in Mr. Spokesly's left hand. Mr. Spokesly grunted. "Leggo, you bastard, leggo!" and at short range mashed the Spiteri ear, neck, and jaw hard and fast. Spiteri let go, but

his antagonist was oblivious until he saw the man's face whiten and sag loosely under his blows, while from his own head, where the plaster had come off in the struggle, blood began to drip over them both.

Mr. Spokesly got up, breathing hard, and pointed into the room.

"Get busy," he said to the steward, "and clean all up. Shift this out of the way," and he touched the redoubtable Spiteri with his foot. Quite unwittingly, for he had been in a passion for the moment, Mr. Spokesly had struck hard, just behind the ear, and Spiteri, for the first time in his life, had fainted.

Out on deck, the new mate saw his young Jew friend making expressive motions with his hands to the boatman who was waiting for his money. Mr. Spokesly had an idea. He whistled to the boatman.

"You wait," he called, and held up his hand. Then he beckoned to the youth.

He led the way into the saloon and waved his hands. The cat rushed out of the door, followed by a kick.

"Now you clean up. Understand?" he said.

To his unalloyed delight the youth did understand. The latter's nervous prostration had been due chiefly to the fact that he was entirely ignorant of what was expected of him. He took off his deplorable coat and grasped a bucket.

Mr. Spokesly went downstairs again.

Mr. Spiteri was resting on one elbow, watching the steward take his simple personal effects from the drawers under the bunk and stow them in an old suitcase.

"Come on, stuff 'em in! That 'll do. Now take it up and pitch it into the boat."

The steward hurried up with the bulging and half-closed suitcase, and Mr. Spokesly followed with his predecessor's boots.

"Down you go," he said, dropping the boots into the boat and following



them up with the suitcase. "That's it," as he saw Mr. Spiteri step from the ladder and topple against the thwarts. "Now we'll see who's in charge of this ship."

He walked to the bridge rail, put two fingers in his mouth, and blew a shrill blast. Presently out of the little fore-castle emerged a stout man in a canvas apron, and sporting a large, well-nourished mustache. Mr. Spokesly's heart sank.

"Come here!" he shouted, beckoning.

"What's the matter, mister?" said the aproned one, climbing up the iron ladder. Mr. Spokesly's heart rose again.

"You English?" he asked.

"Sure, I'm a French Canadian," retorted the other. "What's the matter? Are you the new mate?"

"Yes," said Mr. Spokesly, "I'm the new mate. Are you the bosun?"

"Sure I am," said the other, indignantly. "What did you think I was? The cook?"

"Now, now, cut it out," warned the new mate. "I've had all I can stand just for the present. How many men have you got?"

"Three. How many did you think I got? Thirty?"

"Bosun, if you want it you can have it; but I tell you straight, you got to help me get this ship clean."

"Sure I will. What did you think I was doin'?"

"Send a man along with a bucket of soft soap and water," said Mr. Spokesly, hastily. "I'll go round with you later."

Mr. Spokesly turned and, to his intense astonishment, found Captain Ranney in the saloon.

"Why, where were you all the time?" he asked.

"In my cabin," said Captain Ranney, staring at the floor, nervously. "I must say you make noise enough when you join a ship."

"Well, Captain, I'll argue all you want later. Where's the medicine chests?"

"In my cabin."

"Then you'll have to give me the run of it to stop this bleeding. Got any friar's balsam?"

"I—I—I'll see. I'll see." Captain Ranney objected to being approached directly. He was already beginning to wonder, after listening to the very emphatic remarks of his new chief officer through the bulkhead of his cabin, if he had not made a mistake in demanding a change. He went downstairs again and unlocked his door. It had three locks, Mr. Spokesly observed in some surprise. After opening the door, Captain Ranney stepped through and quickly drew a heavy blue curtain across.

"I'll bring it out to you," he said from within.

Mr. Spokesly dragged the curtain back and stepped in himself. He was indignant at this extraordinary treatment. He was astounded, however, to see Captain Ranney shrink away toward the settee, holding up his arms.

"Don't you dare to touch me!" he shrieked, in a very low key. "Don't you . . ."

Mr. Spokesly suddenly caught sight of himself in the glass across the room. He was not a very reassuring spectacle. His face was dirty and blood smeared, and his collar was torn away from his throat. He closed the door.

"Captain," he said, "we'd better have an understanding right at the start. I'm going to be mate o' this ship for six months."

"You think you are," whispered the captain, slowly approaching a cabinet on the wall. "You only think you are."

"Well, I been paid for it, anyway," said Mr. Spokesly, examining his wounded hand. "So we'll take it for granted. Now, if you back me up I'll back you up. Why didn't you come out and help me when that stiff started to make trouble?"

Captain Ranney absolutely ignored this question. He was in a corner, and, like some animals in similar plight, he might almost be said to have feigned

death. He stood stock still, looking into his medicine chest, his back to Mr. Spokesly, his high shoulders raised higher. He was in a corner, for he had been betrayed already into the demonstration of nervous fear.

"He's nearly bit my thumb through," went on Mr. Spokesly, walking over to the washbowl.

Captain Ranney, the flask of friar's balsam in his hand, turned slowly from the cabinet and moved cautiously to the table. He set it down, went back and drew out a roll of bandage. In a few moments Mr. Spokesly's eyes, grown accustomed to the somber twilight of the blue curtains of the scuttles, would be wandering round the cabin, noting things Captain Ranney showed to no one. No one! The Captain grew fierce as he thought of his outraged privacy. He must get this man out of the room quickly. He slopped friar's balsam on some cotton wool, and fixing his pale, exasperated gaze upon Mr. Spokesly's thumb, began to bind it up.

"We may have a passenger, I hear," said the oblivious Mr. Spokesly.

"Oh dear me, no!" retorted Captain Ranney, with a sort of despairing chuckle. "Quite impossible, quite. I shouldn't dream of allowing anything of the sort."

"Not if the boss wanted it?"

"Oh, no doubt, in that case, the master of the vessel would be the last to hear of it."

When Mr. Spokesly was gone, eager to go at the job and get rid of this dreadful grime on the unhappy old ship, the captain stood in front of the medicine chest, swallowing something, a dull red flush on his peaked and wrinkled face. Suddenly he darted to the door and slammed it, locking it and hurling the curtain across. And then he sat down in a wicker chair and covered his eyes with his hand. He was trembling violently.

For he was a man who was at war with the world. He was so preoccupied with this tremendous conflict that the dis-

turbance in Europe scarcely sounded in his ears. He was a man without faith and without desire of hope. In the years behind him lay the wreckage of honor, when he had gone out East to the China coast. Driven to devise a mode of existence, both unsocial and unintellectual, he had stumbled upon strange things in human life. He accumulated vast stocks of scandal about humanity, and delved into repositories of knowledge which most men avoid and forget. And there was the pipe, which led him into another life altogether, the life of irresponsible dreams, wherein a man's mind, released from the body, yet retaining the desires of the body, ranges forth into twilights of oblivion, clutching here and there at strange seductive shapes and thrilling to voices not heard before.

But as he sat now behind his locked door and heavy curtain, shading his eyes with his hand, he faced the immediate future with dread. The sight of Mr. Spokesly, bandaged and plastered, hurrying out to get on with the work, made him see, with painful clearness, where he himself had fallen, and how problematic was the task ahead.

## XI

MRS. DAINOPOULOS, who was born Alice Thompson, lay on her sofa and with a Scotch plaid rug over her, looking out across the sunlit Gulf whenever she raised her eyes from her book. It is not extraordinary that she should have been fond of reading. Suffering actual pain only occasionally, she would have found time hang most heavily but for this divine opiate, whereby the gentle and gracious figures of sentimental fiction were gathered about her and lived out their brief lives in that deserted theater of the ancient gods, between the silent ravines of the Chalcidice and the distant summits of Thessaly.

For she, without having in any degree an original imagination, had a



very lively one. The people in books were quite as real to her as the people around her, for just as she followed the characters in a book while reading, so she only knew actual human beings while they were in the room with her. As she read her books, so she read people, with intense interest as to how it would end, and always longing for sequels. There was no doubt in her mind, of course, that you could not have a story without love, and this reacted naturally enough upon her judgments of people. She herself, she firmly believed, could not exist without love. Nobody could. It was a world of delicate and impalpable happiness where people always understood each other without speech, responding to a touch of a hand, a note of music, the sunlight on the snow-capped mountains, or the song of a bird. Released from the indurating business of daily chores and the calculations of housekeeping, and placidly secure in a miser's infatuation, she lived an almost effortless emotional existence. She had gone through many stages, of course, like most exiles, from petulance to indifference; but by this time, as she looked up from her book and watched the *Kalkis* swinging in the current and disappearing from time to time in billows of white steam from her winches, Mrs. Dainopoulos was almost fiercely sentimental. Beneath a manner compounded of suburban vulgarity and English reserve, she concealed an ardent and romantic temperament. People, in her imagination, behaved exactly as did the characters in the books she had been reading. She was the author, as it were, of innumerable unwritten romances, enthusiastic imitations of those Mr. Dainopoulos obediently ordered in boxes from London. She adored those books which, the publisher's advertisement said, made you forget; and she never took any notice at all of the advertisement, often on the opposing page, of the London School of Mnemonics which sought to sell books that made you remember. Yet, forget-

me-nots were her favorite flowers. To her, as to Goethe, art was called art because it is not nature. The phantasmagoria of Balkan life, the tides of that extraordinary and sinister sea which beat almost up against her windows, left her untroubled. For her there was no romance without love, and, of course, marriage.

For Evanthia she cherished a clear, boyish admiration, blended with a rather terrified interest in her volcanic emotional outbreaks. Mrs. Dainopoulos quite comprehended that Evanthia could do things impossible for an English girl. But she saw no reason why Evanthia should not "find happiness," as she phrased it, fading out with a baby in her arms, so to speak. She did not realize that girls like Evanthia never fade out. They are not that kind. They progress as Evanthia progressed, borne on the crests of aboriginal impulses, riding easily amid storms and currents which would wreck the tidy coasting craft of domestic life. They are, in short, destined to command, and nothing can sate their appetite for spiritual conflict.

But Mrs. Dainopoulos did not know this. She lay there looking out at the ineffable beauty of the Gulf, a novel open on her lap, dreaming of Evanthia and Mr. Spokesly. How nice if they really and truly liked each other! And perhaps, when the war was over, they could all go to England together and see the Tower and Westminster Abbey! This was the way her thoughts ran. She never spoke this way, however. Her speech was curt and matter-of-fact, for she was very shy of revealing herself even to her husband. Her sharp, small intelligence never led her into the mistake of interfering with other people. Instead, she imagined them as characters in a story and thought how nice it would be if they only would behave that way.

And then, suddenly, in upon this idyllic scene burst Evanthia, excited and breathless.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "What shall I do?"

"Why, whatever is the matter, Evanthia? Your eyes shine like stars. Do tell me."

Evanthia came striding in like an angry prima donna, her hand stretched in front of her as though about to loose a thunderbolt or a stiletto. She flung herself down—a trick of hers, for she never seemed to hurt herself—on the rug beside the bed and leaned her head against her friend's hand. It was another trick of hers to exclaim, "What shall I do? *Mon Dieu! que ferai-je?*" when she was in no doubt about what she was going to do. She was going after her lover. She was going on board the *Kalkis* before she sailed, on some pretense, and she was going to the Piræus, whence she could get to Athens in a brisk walk if necessary, and when she got there God would look after her. She had convinced herself, by stray hints, picked up from the domestics of the departed consuls, that her lover would go to Athens. There was as much truth in this as in the possibility of the *Kalkis* going to Piræus. It was conjecture, but Evanthia wanted to believe it. She had never been in a ship, and she could have no conception of the myriad changes of fortune which might befall a ship in a few weeks. She might lie for months in Phyros. With Evanthia, however, this carried no weight. God would take care of her. It was rather disconcerting to reflect that God did. Evanthia, all her life, never thought of anybody but herself, and all things worked together to bring her happiness and to cast her lines in pleasant places.

Just at this time she was concentrating upon an adventure of which the chief act was getting on board that little ship out there. Everything, even to the clothes she was to wear, was prepared. She had gone about it with a leisurely, silent, implacable efficiency. And now she relieved her feelings in a burst of hysterical affection for her dear

friend who had been so kind to her and whom she must leave. She could do this because of the extreme simplicity of her personality. She was afflicted with none of the complex psychology which makes the Western woman's life a farrago of intricate inhibitions. Love was an evanescent glamour which came and passed like a cigarette, a strain of music, a wave of furious anger. Evanthia remembered the hours, forgetting the persons. But for that gay and spirited young man with the little blond mustache and laughing blue eyes, who she believed was now in Athens flirting with the girls, her feeling was different. He had won from her a sort of allegiance. She thought him the maddest, wittiest, and most splendid youth in the world. She did not despise Mr. Spokesly because he was not at all like Fridthiof. She could not conceive, in that stark and simple imagination of hers, two youths like Fridthiof. His very name was a bizarre caress to her Southern ears. How gay he was! How clever, how vital, how amusingly irreligious, how careless whether he hurt her or not! It was a fantastic feature of her attitude toward him that she liked to think of herself as possessed by him, yet at liberty to go where she wished. She was experimenting crudely with emotions, trying them and flinging them away.

She had at the back of her mind the vague notion that if she could only get to Fridthiof he would take her away into Central Europe, to Prague and Vienna and Munich, dream cities where she could savor the life she saw in the moving pictures—great houses, huge motor cars, gems, and gallimaufry. She dreamed of the silken sheets and the milk baths of sultanas, servants in dazzling liveries, and courtyards with fountains and string music in the shadows behind the palms. Without history or geography to guide her, she imagined Central Europe as a sort of glorified *Jardin de la Tour Blanche*, where money grew upon trees or flowered



on boudoir mantels, and where superb troops in shining helmets and cuirasses marched down interminable avenues of handsome buildings. There was no continuity in her mind between money and labor. Men always gave her money. Even Mr. Dainopoulos gave her money, a little at a time. The poor worked and had no money. There would always be money for the asking. When the war moved up into the mountains again, as it always did after a while, there would be more money than ever, and the rich merchants would send away again to France and Italy for silks and velvets and *bijouterie*. Ever since she could remember, money had been growing more and more plentiful. The Englishman who had given her that splendid emerald ring and who had said he would go to hell for her, had plenty of money, although he had just had to jump into the water and swim to the shore with only his shirt and trousers. She might have to swim, herself. Well, what of that? More than once she had done the distance from the bathing house to the Allatini jetty and back. Looking through lazy slitted eyelids she knew she could swim to the *Kalkis* with ease. Such matters gave her no anxiety. Evanthia's problems were those of an explorer. She was making her way cautiously into a new world, a world beyond those French bayonets. It was fascinating, but perplexing, this tumultuous, shining, wealthy outside world, and Evanthia was ready to abandon everything she knew, including Mrs. Dainopoulos, for a look at it. Blood did not matter out there, Fridthiof had told her. *Demokratie* made it possible for any woman to become a princess. So she gathered from his highly satirical and misleading accounts of European customs beyond French bayonets. A suspicion suddenly assailed her as she lay on the rug stroking her friend's hand.

"This Englishman, is he faithful, *honnete*?"

Mrs. Dainopoulos allowed the leaves

of her book to slip slowly from her fingers. She smiled.

"Englishmen are always faithful," she said, with a little thrill of pride.

Evanthia let this pass without comment. Fridthiof had once told her the English had sold every friend they ever had and betrayed every small nation in the world, with the result that they now sat on top of the world. He also expressed admiration for their inconceivable national duplicity in fooling the world. And Evanthia, if she reflected at all, imagined Mrs. Dainopoulos was of the same opinion, since she had married a Levantine. Mr. Spokesly, however, had said he would go to hell for her, which was no doubt an example of the national duplicity.

"Humph!" she said, at length, and sat there looking at the sky over the trees.

"He's engaged, *fiancé* you know, to a girl in England, but I don't think he loves her very much. I think he is beginning to like a friend of mine, Evanthia. Did you go to the cinema last night?"

"Oh yes, yes. It was beautiful. I love the American pictures, cowboys. They shot the police dead. And in the end the girl had a baby."

"But wasn't she married first, dear?" asked the sick lady, laughing.

"Oh yes. It was beautiful," answered Evanthia, dreamily. "Very, very beautiful. They ride and shoot all the time, in America."

"And have babies," added Mrs. Dainopoulos.

"No!" said Evanthia, with startling lucidity. "Fridthiof told me. Fridthiof has been there."

"I thought you had forgotten him, dear. You know, I think he was not a good influence for you."

Evanthia murmured, "Ah yes," and smiled.

"I don't think he always told you the truth. I am afraid he made things up to tell you."

"I think he is gone to Athens."

"Why?"

"I speak to the old Anna Karoglou who sweep in the Consulate. She hear the consul's wife say she has a sister in Athens."

Mrs. Dainopoulos was not prepared to accept this as conclusive evidence, though she knew these illiterate people had their own mysterious news agencies.

"Well," she said, "*you* can't go to Athens just now, can you?"

"The Englishman will get me a passport," answered Evanthia.

"That's very kind of him."

"Yes, he will do anything for me, anything."

"Have you sent word to your mother? I feel responsible for you, Evanthia, dear."

"Oh, I come back," said the girl, airily. "I come back."

"I don't believe you will," said Mrs. Dainopoulos, gravely. "I don't believe you will."

"Yes, yes. Come back to my dear friend."

She jumped up now and, kissing Mrs. Dainopoulos, hastened away to see to the evening meal. Mr. Spokesly, coming in behind his employer at that moment, followed Evanthia out into the garden.

"It's all right," he said. "I got everything on board. But no passport. Nothing doing."

Evanthia, who stared back at him, was thinking rapidly. She had not expected a passport. To her a passport was an infernal contrivance for landing you in prison unless you paid and paid and paid an interminable succession of officials. She drew Mr. Spokesly farther away from the house and turned to him with an expression of smiling composure on her face. He stared as though fascinated. She was going to spring something on him, he was sure. In the intervals between sleep and his herculean labors to get the *Kalkis* shipshape and bristol fashion, he sometimes

wondered whether she had not taken him literally when he had said he would go to hell for her.

Evanthia pulled his head over to her ear.

"What time ship go away?" she asked, hurriedly.

"To-morrow," he muttered, "but you mustn't tell anybody."

"Pst! Who should I tell, stupidity! To-night you go on the ship, eh?"

"They won't let a lady go through," he began, and she pulled his ear.

"Tck! You go on the ship. By and by, late, late, I come too."

"No. Look here, dear, the picket launches 'll see a boat as soon—"

She held up her finger warningly.

"You wait. I come. Watch! In the window a little light. Ppprp!"

She flicked her fingers at him and ran away.

Mr. Spokesly looked after her and sighed with relief and anxiety at the same time. He knew it was a ticklish game to play. If she started coming out in a boat from the shore here, as sure as death those naval pickets who were forever rushing about would dart up and want to know all about it. And get both him and his employer into trouble. It was up to her now. He had bought an officer's tin trunk, and it had been three parts full of her clothes when he went aboard with it. He doubted if she could make it. Well, he had arranged to spend the night on board because Captain Ranney was off on some peculiar jamboree of his own, and he would keep a lookout for the little light. And then Mr. Spokesly saw a light in his mind. He smiled. His imagination was not a facile piece of machinery. He saw things steadily and sometimes saw them whole, but he did not see them at all if they were any distance ahead. He had now caught sight of what lay ahead. He smiled again, and went in to supper.

(To be continued)



## SOUTH SEA FISHERMEN

BY CHARLES B. NORDHOFF

IT was past midnight and we were fishing for albacore off the Pass of Maraa. An oily swell ran in from the southeast; no breath of wind was astir, and beyond the breakers rumbling with hollow reverberations on the reef the land loomed massive in the starlight.

Our canoe—fashioned from a fifteen-foot log of breadfruit and fitted with a slender outrigger—rose and fell lightly on the seas. Clamped to the gunwale amidships, a lantern burned with a steady flame, illuminating the wrinkled features of my companion, old Taomi. He sat in the stern, paddling with gentle strokes, one end of a heavy line fast to his paddle, the other trailing a huge baited hook a hundred fathoms deep in the dark water beneath us. North and south along the reef, the lights of other canoes appeared and disappeared mysteriously.

Presently Taomi grunted and I felt the canoe lurch sharply; he had struck an albacore. Fathom by fathom, pausing at times to rest while the line cut the water in crisp zigzags, he brought the powerful fish to the surface. I seized a paddle and maneuvered our canoe so that the line remained always on the starboard side; once around the stern and afoul of the outrigger, the fish would have capsized us in an instant—a disagreeable thought in these gloomy and shark-infested waters. At length the albacore lay wallowing alongside, exhausted by the struggle and the too-sudden relief from the pressure of the depths. Grasping the bony tail with his left hand, the old man took up a short club of ironwood, struck the fish a heavy blow on the snout, and slid the quivering body into the canoe. Baited afresh, the

hook went over the side again, to be carried down by the weight of a loosely fastened stone. I examined the fish in the light of our lantern—my first glimpse of the deep-water albacore of the South Pacific; not unlike his familiar surface-loving cousin, but deeper bodied and with a head protected by thick plates of bone.

“Wait until morning,” remarked Taomi, waving a hand toward the lights of the fishermen offshore, “and you will see that those young men return with nothing, or at best a few small fish. They do not know. How many of them could tell you the seven nights of the month when the *orare* may be caught, or what birds circle over the dolphin, or the days when mussels are fat in the lagoon? In the days of my grandfather, who was a priest of the shark-god before he became a deacon of the church, the mysteries of fishing were understood and the art of the fisherman respected. In those days the king was the first fisherman of the island, as the queen was the weaver of the finest mats. It is different now. In a few years the last of the old men will be dead; as for the young men, they prefer to make a little copra to buy tinned beef and rum—to lie about the houses, playing guitars and listening to the gossip of women. To-night they are fishing, for to-morrow is Sunday and they have no money to buy the white man’s food. Let them fish; they will catch nothing; if they knew that this light was old Taomi’s, the sea about us would be crowded with canoes. We are over the Rua of Maraa, the ‘albacore hole’ shown me by my father when I was a lad. North and south, the bottom is at fifty fathoms, but here beneath us

there is a great pit in the coral where the albacore and tuna lie by hundreds in the depths. . . . Ah, another, and this time a larger one!"

Toward morning the stars were blotted out by clouds, high and black, drifting steadily southward. Far off and low in the north, sheet lightning played. The mutter of thunder grew louder, the last star disappeared, and a wall of darkness hedged in the feeble circle of our light. I saw that Taomi was hauling up his line, coiling it carefully in the bottom of the canoe before his seat. The swell had died away until the sea was motionless save for an almost imperceptible rise and fall—the breathing of the salt water. Our canoe lay small and lonely under the black canopy of night, while thunder rolled along the horizon with the fitful solemnity of a bombardment faintly heard. Then, blinding white against the darkness, a blaze of lightning tore its way across the sky, illuminating with a vivid glare the reef, the lagoon, the line of palms, the ragged peaks of Ivirairai.

Perhaps the first canoeload of Tonga-fiti wanderers, driven eastward from Samoa a thousand or fifteen hundred years ago, raised the sky line of Tahiti as I saw it now—sharp ridges visible for an instant in the glare of lightning, to be swallowed up next moment in the night. Sunset might have found them with no land in view, the old men assembled in anxious council as to how far it was safe to explore this unknown eastern sea before turning back to face the spears of their kinsmen in the known ocean to the west. Perhaps, on that long-ago night, the northwest wind—the boisterous *toerau*—blew strong and fair, to die away, as it still does, in the hours between midnight and dawn. I could fancy the ancient sailing canoe becalmed in darkness on the face of an unexplored



THE OLD MAN STRUCK THE FISH  
A HEAVY BLOW

sea; the light breathing of the sleepers in the deck house; the drowsy wail of a child; the lone watcher keeping his vigil aft. Then a long flash of lightning, disclosing to startled eyes a vision of new land. "*Te fenua!*" The cry, ringing out between claps of thunder, brings the sleepy ones to their feet with a rush, and they crowd the deck, peering into the night while the helmsman speaks eagerly of the wonder his eyes have seen—a wonder to be revealed at dawn—peaks, precipices, waterfalls, valleys, and smiling coastal land. The trees are there, the fruits and flowers, insects and birds and fish—a new land, indeed, awaiting, in a virginity old as creation itself, the touch of human feet.

The voice of Taomi put an end to idle thoughts. "The rain," he said, and



next moment I heard it, advancing over the sea with the noise of inarticulate voices—a whisper, a murmur, a deep rushing sound. We took up our paddles. Blinded and almost stifled by the warm downpour, we headed for the pass.

To enter one of these passes on a dark night is less simple than one might suppose. By moonlight or on an unclouded night of stars, the returning fishermen are guided by bearings ashore—a peak, the mouth of a valley, a point running out into the lagoon. At such times the breakers along the reef are visible, and it is easy to make out the smooth water of the pass. But to-night, in primal darkness and a furious rain, the matter was not so easy; I felt that the old man took his course with some uncertainty, and was more alarmed than surprised when, without a moment's warning, we found ourselves in the surf.

"*Te aaui! Haere i muri!*" ("The reef! Back water!") shouted Taomi, as the stern of our canoe rose on the crest of a foaming sea. The light of the lantern gleamed for an instant on black and jagged coral, from which the waters of the preceding wave were pouring in cascades; the canoe, half filled, pitched into the trough, rose heavily on the back of a smooth sea, and slipped into the safety of unbroken water. It was a close thing. I bailed with half a coconut shell while Taomi got his bearings and paddled in through the pass. When we landed at the village the palms were creaking to the first gusts of wind, and half an hour later the squall had passed, the sky was clear save for the clouds which always hover about the island heights, and a new day was flushing in the east.

Hina, the youngest daughter of Taomi, met us at the door. She was a tall woman of thirty, graceful in manner and with the remnants of beauty in her slow smile and clear, handsome eyes. Titi, a plump and laughing granddaughter, and two boys—vague relatives of the second generation—made up the household. While Taomi and I drank our tea from flowered Chinese

bowls, the others dressed fish, wrapped packages of food in young banana leaves, and filled the oven under a thatched shed behind the house. The old man spread his mat and lay down to sleep; the others were going to the reef and would not be back till midday. A sleepless night had left me wide awake, and I was filling a pipe when Hina came to me.

"Come with us," she said; "the tide is low and there will be many shellfish on the reef. When the sea rises we shall go outside for flying fish; it is fun to catch them with the floats."

We launched Taomi's longest canoe, and held it in shallow water while one of the boys arranged a variety of tackle on the outrigger poles. Then, with five paddles flashing in the sunlight, we crossed the lagoon toward the low black line of the reef, exposed and almost dry at this early hour.

The peculiarities of the tides in the Society group were remarked as long ago as the days of Captain Cook. In reality, the rise and fall of the sea—which seldom exceeds fifteen inches—can scarcely be called tidal, for it is not influenced by the moon; high water comes invariably at midnight and at noon, and at sunset and sunrise the water is always low. The local belief is that these so-called tides are due to wind; it is true that the mornings are usually calm and that the breeze springs up toward midday, to die away in the late afternoon. At eleven or twelve o'clock, then, an increasing surf breaches over the low barrier of coral and causes the sheltered waters of the lagoon to rise—a neat theory until one stops to think that the hours about midnight (when the tide is precisely as high as at noon) are among the calmest of the twenty-four, and that the noon tide does not fail on days of glassy stillness. Why is it that the sea about Tahiti does not respond to the pull of the moon, and why should the waters rise in so regular and inexplicable a fashion? Why is it that in near-by Rarotonga—an island of similar character, towering abruptly

from a deep ocean floor—there should be well-defined lunar tides, with a rise of at least four feet? Perhaps science has long since answered these questions; if so, the explanation would be of uncommon interest.

It was Sunday, and except for a party of Paumotan boys, visiting Tahiti after the diving season at Hikueru, we had the reef to ourselves. When we had hauled up our canoe we stopped for a moment to watch them playing like sea lions in the surf, swimming unconcerned among boiling eddies and over coral where neither I nor any one of my companions would have ventured for an instant. They carried slender, single-pointed spears, and their superb bodies, naked save for breechcloths of scarlet cloth, gleamed ruddy brown in water blue as sapphire. At times they rode the breakers, face submerged, scanning the bottom for unwary fish; now and then a head appeared to expel, with a strange whistling sound, the breath from cramped lungs. The outer face of the coral is honey-combed with caves of varying size—crannies where small fish take refuge, and shadowy caverns where sharks doze and the giant octopus lurks watching for his prey. Whenever the sunlight penetrated, the spearmen were swimming down into these chilling depths, and as I watched I realized that here was a sport, in the truest and manliest sense of the word, in

which the white man might never hope to excel. Think of the unconscious training required to swim unscathed among ledges of sharp and poisonous coral; the wary eye for danger; the lungs to remain a full two minutes under water; the head to withstand the pressure of a hundred feet; the supreme skill needed to follow and strike a fish. I have tried it in a safe three fathoms, and half an hour convinced me that only training from childhood could bring success.

Titi, standing beside me, pointed to a diver who had come up with a big leatherjacket struggling on the tip of his spear.



HINA, THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF TAOMI



"They are not like us, those Paumotans," she remarked; "they are true children of the sea. . . . Come, we must fill our baskets before the tide is high."

The coral reefs abound in a variety of edible things—crabs, crayfish, snails, limpets, huge clams, sea urchins, and crustacea which possess no English names. All but the crabs and crayfish are eaten raw, and it is a common sight to see a party of youngsters, each one carrying a roasted breadfruit, set out for the reef to gather and eat a meal.

In the wash of the breakers along the outer edge we found sea snails little different in appearance from their land-lubber relative, the Burgundian escargot. Hina and Titi pounced on the larger ones with delight, and I observed that only a few found their way into the baskets; most of them were hastily cracked and gulped down with a sup of salt water. Overcoming the repulsion inspired by exotic food, I cracked one, washed it carefully, and gulped it in my turn. Then I understood why the baskets remained unfilled—the flavor of these *maoa* is delicate as that of a fine oyster, needing only a drop of limejuice to make it superlatively good. Behind us, on the drier portion of the reef, the boys were squatted, feasting greedily on a pile of the blunt-spined sea urchins whose odd, calcareous spikes are used as slate pencils in the native schools. I tasted a proffered morsel, but the flesh inside the brittle shell is too rich and sweet for a European stomach. The needle-pointed spines of another sea urchin, called *vana*, are a menace to bare feet, but the most unpleasant denizen of the reef is a small shellfish known as *uao*. His shell is tubular, half an inch in diameter and three or four inches long, one end attached to the coral, the other armed with a sharp cutting edge. The creature inside lies habitually with his body extended to the open end of the shell. Should an unwary foot descend upon the opening, the *uao* recoils in alarm, and so powerful is the action and so perfect the fit of this living piston,

that the resultant vacuum literally sucks out a piece of flesh. Fortunately for native feet, the shell lies nearly always in a horizontal position, but now and then a fisherman comes to grief; I know an American in the Cook Islands who lost quantities of blood and lay in bed for many weeks as the result of stepping rashly on one of these diminutive and formidable creatures.

When the appetites of my friends were satisfied they were not long in gathering food for another meal. As we carried loaded baskets toward the canoe, we found the Paumotans grouped on the dry coral, sorting their catch and warming themselves in the sun. Strange fish were in the pile—leatherjackets, with skin like sandpaper and spikes projecting over their eyes; clumsy *oiri*, with fat, rounded bodies and mouths which seem to have been large in the past and to have grown together, leaving only a tiny opening in front; blue parrot fish, with enormous scales and jaws like nippers of edged steel.

I sat in the stern, paddling with the two women, while the boys arranged our tackle for flying fish. On one side of the pass, in blue water about a hundred yards off the reef, the sport began. The boys threw overboard a dozen floats of light hibiscus wood, trailing short lines terminating in hooks baited with bits of shrimp, and we waited close by, riding the long swell, while we watched for the first nibble. It is characteristic of the native that, although he cares little for the bony flying fish, he is always ready for this kind of sport, which he finds *arearea*—productive of mirth. Presently a float bobbed and disappeared with a jerk. Another went down, and another; there were screams and a great splashing of paddles.

"This way! No, catch that one first! *Aué!* A fourth one is hooked!" Amid shouting and wasted effort and a great deal of laughter, we managed to retrieve five fish, for the floats soon bring them to the surface, though that is only the beginning of the chase.



WE LAUNCHED TAOMI'S LARGEST CANOE

The flying fish had passed and I was growing drowsy when one of the boys pointed out to sea. Half a mile offshore a flock of birds circled and hovered above the waves; they were feeding, and we knew that the bonito must be feeding beneath them. We seized our paddles, made haste to pick up the floats, and were soon foaming out to sea, while the boys shouted encouragingly, "*Hoé! Hoé!*"—the ancient cry of the bonito fishermen—straining every muscle to overtake the feeding school.

The ordinary bonito of the islands is a mackerel of four or five pounds, which appears in great numbers at certain seasons of the year. It is called *atu* or *auhupu* by the people of the different groups, and there is a larger variety known as *papahi*—a splendid game fish, gorgeous in steel blue and yellow, and reaching a weight of thirty pounds. I suspect that the mackerel of the South Pacific have not as yet been thoroughly

investigated; the family seems represented in greater variety than in our northern seas, and the natives recognize a score of kinds for which no English names exist. The common bonito is the staple fish of Polynesia, and bonito catching—which requires a considerable degree of skill, endurance, and hardihood—is looked on as the highest form of sport. The light canoes often work five or six miles offshore, where the strong trade-wind makes the whitecaps dance, and where days of calm are broken by sudden fierce squalls shrieking out of the north and west. But to-day the fish were close to the reef, the sky was cloudless, and only the gentlest of breezes ruffled a lazy sea.

As we drew near I could see the wheeling boobies and noddy terns, and an acre or more of water beneath them churned by hundreds of leaping fish. One of the boys had dropped his paddle and was standing in the bow, long rod of



bamboo in hand, poised and eager for the first opportunity to cast his mother-of-pearl lure. A hundred yards—fifty—twenty-five . . . I thought we were fairly among them when a wail went up from my companions. The small fish preyed on by both bonito and birds had sought refuge in the depths, the school, had sounded suddenly as it had appeared, and the birds were trailing off uncertainly downwind.

Then, a quarter of a mile away, a few birds gathered in a cluster; others flapped hastily to the spot, and soon the entire flock was wheeling once more over a frothing sea. With new cries of encouragement, we turned the canoe to dig our paddles into the water afresh, and this time we had better luck. Rather than steer into the center of the school, we held the canoe on the outskirts, for the native believes that the fish become alarmed and sound at sight of a strange thing in their midst. The native may be right—he is apt to be where fishing is concerned—but this time, certainly, the bonito showed no signs of alarm. These thousands of fish, leaping and tearing in an orgy of hungry madness, suggested the insensate forces of nature; they bumped against the canoe, sprang clear of the water between gunwale and outrigger, and each time the shell hook touched the sea a dozen of them darted at it with open mouths. While it lasted the sport was fast—a skitter of the lure, a vibrant steel-blue fish pulled clear of the water with a single wrench, to fall into the canoe and disengage itself from the barbless hook the moment the tension was released. The pace of the feeding school was so great that only the utmost efforts of four paddlers enabled us to keep our place; I was not sorry when the fish sounded once more and the birds trailed off in their uncertain, questing way. A score of fat bonito gasped and quivered among our feet—we had been rarely lucky for so short a time. Hina's blood was up. It is not often that women have a chance at this offshore fishing, and she exclaimed with

disappointment when at last the birds gathered far away at sea—too far to think of pursuit. She took up her paddle with reluctance, and as we moved leisurely toward the pass I saw that other Sabbath breakers were abroad. A large double canoe, attended by several smaller craft, was just outside. They were tuna fishing—an ancient native sport, rarely to be seen in these days, and curious as it is old.

During certain months of the year a small fish called *ouma*—a member of the mullet family, I believe—gathers in immense numbers to spawn at the mouths of the island streams. At such times the natives form themselves into societies, a dozen men and as many women banding together to share alike for the season. Close to the fishing grounds a little settlement is formed, temporary huts into which the company moves with fowls and children, sea chests, accordions, pigs, and dogs. The women braid nets of coconut frond and drag the shallow portions of the lagoon, catching *ouma* to be kept alive in baskets of bamboo. The men select a pair of long canoes, lash them together firmly with sennit and rods of ironwood, and install, on the rough deck between the two hulls, a kind of derrick—a thirty-foot pole projecting beyond the bows and so arranged that a hundred-pound tuna or cavally can be pulled out of the water like a trout. Sometimes the pole is forked, permitting the use of two hooks at once, and sometimes bunches of feathers are attached, for the natives believe that the fish are excited by the presence of birds. Finally, when the weather is calm and plenty of bait is at hand, the double canoe puts out, manned by a crew of paddlers, two men to do the fishing, and one whose duty is to throw out bait. The tuna are caught on enormous mother-of-pearl jigs, suspended from the poles so as to skitter along the surface of the water; the *ouma* are thrown out to lure the big fish up from the depths, for it is a curious fact that about the islands of the eastern

Pacific the larger mackerel come seldom to the surface.

The fishing is done over one of the "albacore holes"—immense pits in the coral bottom, acres in extent. The canoe moves slowly in a circle two or three hundred yards across, while quantities of small fish are thrown out from baskets dragging in the water. At length the

fishermen cross their own track and begin to scan the depths for tuna rising to devour the stunned and bewildered *ouma*. On a good day the fish come up by hundreds, darting this way and that in the clear water, and surrounding the canoe, from which bait is now scattered in all directions. The natives say that if a roving swordfish appears at this



CLOSE TO THE FISHING GROUNDS A LITTLE SETTLEMENT IS FORMED



stage every tuna is gone in an instant, to take refuge far down among the folds and crevices of the coral. One or two of them, seeing their retreat cut off, have been known to seek safety in the shadow of the canoe, only to be speared by the exasperated fishermen. If all goes well and the tuna are feeding confidently close at hand, the big pearl lures are unslung and allowed to trail on the water a few yards ahead, while the canoe is paddled at top speed about the baited area. Then the fun begins; fish after fish—tuna, albacore, and sometimes a giant cavally—leaves the water with a splash, describes an arc through the air, and comes tumbling aboard, to be welcomed by frenzied shouts.

The fishing was good to-day—the tuna rose almost at once—and my companions lingered, fascinated by the noise and activity of the scene. A slight gasping sound made me aware of another spectator; a large green turtle, paddling hard to keep his head out of water, was observing with rheumy eyes these unfamiliar goings-on. I watched him with a certain sympathy, for I had once possessed a young one of his kind, an odd and interesting little creature.

Some months before, one of my friends had visited the island of Mopehá, and

there, on the beach one night, had surprised a female turtle laying her eggs. Some of them went to the making of an omelette, but he saved a dozen or more and brought them home with him. Fill-

ing a packing case with warm, damp sand, he buried the eggs and left them to incubate in a sunny place. They were laid on Christmas day, and ninety days later, on the 25th of March, the eggs began to hatch. Each baby turtle lay in the sand until the umbilical cord attached to his lower shell was dry, dug his way to the surface, and crawled to the seaward side of the box, where he remained, moving about nervously in an instinctive effort to find a way to the lagoon. One might suppose that under natural conditions the little fellows would be guided to the water by their eyes, but here they were in a high-sided box,

with no apparent means of determining in which direction the ocean lay. Later on, when we put them in a tub of salt water, they exhibited the same mystifying sense; crowding the ocean side of the tub, they were aware, in their own subtle manner, of the urgent call of the sea.

More than any other young creature, perhaps, the baby green turtle is a miniature of its parent and born into the world perfectly equipped to fend for



"YOU MUST BE WEARY," SHE SAID, "AND IT IS TIME WE WENT HOME"

itself. They might be full-grown members of their race, scaled down to little more than the size of a silver dollar; every detail of structure, every marking of the shell, is perfect and in proportion to the whole. I took one to my house, and there, in a roomy tank of sea water, he proved a curious and engaging pet. Within a few days he lost his nervous longing for the sea and grew content, dozing for hours in the sun with shell awash or paddling eagerly to take food from my hand. One instinct was too deeply rooted to be set aside—the belief that all food grew from the bottom, firmly attached and requiring a jerk of the head to be nipped off. It was amusing to watch him as one held out a morsel of cooked breadfruit; he seized the food in tiny jaws, braced himself with a reverse stroke of the flippers, and jerked his head sideways and up, precisely as his wild kindred must feed in the green pastures of the sea. One morning he was not to be found; some fascinated boy or girl had been overtempted by his endearing ways. I missed him,

a curiously individual little chap; like the goldfish of the immortal Mr. Ruggles, he emanated a certain quiet companionship.

The double canoe was turning homeward. The trade-wind—the long-continued *miru*—was blowing fresh and strong, driving the blue rollers toward the land. Along the reef, as each breaker reared a tumbling ridge, the wind whipped its crest into the air, and for miles the vapor hung like smoke above the surf. Beyond the lagoon and the palms of the flat land the mountains rose serrated and green, cleft by deep valleys, ridge upon saw-toothed ridge until the peaks of the far interior were lost in cloud. The pass, broad and sparkling blue, lay before us, and I could see the thatched roofs of the village along the beach. Hina turned to me, her unbound hair flying in the breeze.

“You must be weary,” she said; “the sun is high and it is time that we went home.”

## LOVE SONG FROM THE JAPANESE

BY CAROL HAYNES

THE children sail their paper boats,  
 Laughing merrily—  
 My life is like a little boat  
 Sailing to sea.

The children fly their painted kites,  
 Gayly fluttering—  
 My soul is like a tugging kite,  
 Tied with a string.

The children hold their caged-in birds  
 Where all who pass may see—  
 My heart is like a broken bird—  
 Ah, pity me!



# WHAT STRONG EMOTIONS DO TO US

BY WALTER B. CANNON

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AN element of surprise and mystery accompanies a strong emotional outburst. In times of terror or of intense anger, for example, there is a surging up within us of forces of which in days of calm and comfortable living we have been quite unaware. So powerful may these forces be that their dominance, even though temporary, may be terrifying. They may lead us to acts which we remember with a thrill of self-satisfaction or, on the contrary, with pain and chagrin. Anyone who has been in the grip of great emotional excitement can readily understand deeds of desperate violence, whether good or bad, which may be the natural consequence of such an experience.

The mystery of the origin of our strong emotions has long interested philosophers and naturalists. It was early recognized that they are states which we have in common with subhuman beings. Significantly, Darwin entitled his classic study, *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals*. And he was able to collect a remarkable array of evidence showing that among widely diverse races of mankind, as well as among the higher vertebrates, the same modes of expression were manifested. Baring of the teeth, dilation of the pupils, erection of the hair, growling or snarling, and a menacing approach are so generally the signs of rage and aggressive feeling that they form a common language which animals of very different types clearly understand. Indeed, it is thus that we often interpret the attitude of the strange dog toward us and thus that he in turn interprets our disposition toward him.

We make an approach to understanding the mystery of emotional experience when we consider that the characteristic bodily changes which occur do not have to be learned. Just as we perform, without any instruction, the complicated acts of sneezing, coughing and swallowing, so likewise, without being taught, we show by natural attitudes and facial expressions that we are angry or terrified, or grief stricken. Since all our actions are due to impulses sent out from the brain and spinal cord to the muscles, the explanation of these automatic responses lies in the working of appropriate arrangements which are already perfected in our nervous system at birth. These arrangements provide for what are called "pattern responses"—so-called because they occur in a strikingly uniform and similar manner in animals of very different degrees of complexity. Usually it is assumed that these fixed and predetermined activities are like those which we gradually develop in time as a result of habit; they are distinct, however, in that they are regarded as racial, not individual habits, and are transmitted from parents to offspring, ingrained in the nervous organization.

Now the question arises as to why there is so much similarity in the expression of strong emotions in man and the lower animals. We can account for this fact by studies which have revealed that there is an ancient and primitive part of the brain which is the common possession of all vertebrates. Besides this, there is a new and, in the higher animals, a much larger part of the brain which has been gradually developed and which varies in

complexity with the ability to make adjustments to novel situations. The cerebral hemispheres represent the new brain. In them occur the processes which are associated with consciousness. It has been shown that the cerebral hemispheres are not at all needed for emotional expression. In the absence of these structures all the varied and intricate activities that indicate rage, for example, will occur quite perfectly. The cat without cerebral hemispheres will snarl, bare its teeth, and show erection of its hairs, quite as the cat does naturally when enraged by a barking dog. From these observations some highly interesting inferences may be drawn.

In the first place, it is probable that in low forms of vertebrates having only the primitive brain, the reactions to circumstances are chiefly of the relatively simple reflex type. These animals have not the facilities for making many new combinations of response to their surroundings. Further, though the addition of the cerebral hemispheres permits the development of a more varied behavior, the persistence in higher animals of the archaic portion of the brain with its ingrained patterns assures fixed and typical reactions when proper occasions arise to call them forth. And again, since the mechanism of these primitive responses lies in a part of the nervous system not concerned with consciousness, we can readily understand how these mechanisms, when brought into action with elemental intensity and power, would seem to have a mysterious origin, would appear like a strange external force sweeping in and seizing control of one's actions. It is most natural that under such circumstances one behaves as if "possessed," and becomes, unless control is exercised, "a slave of passion."

Closely related to the archaic portion of the brain in which the patterns of the strong emotional responses are engraved, is a part of the outreaching nervous system which connects the brain with the viscera. This is the so-called "sympa-

thetic" system. Its strands are widely distributed to the stomach and intestines, to the liver and pancreas and other structures essential for proper digestion, to the heart and all over the body to the muscles in the walls of blood vessels, to the iris in the eye, to the hair and sweat glands in the skin, and to some of the glands of internal secretion. These last mentioned organs—for example, the adrenal bodies which lie just above the kidneys, and the thyroid gland which lies in the neck—elaborate materials of extraordinary potency which are given off into the blood stream and which have profound effects on the organism. Obviously, if the sympathetic system is brought into action many changes will occur in structures hidden away from the superficial observer.

The sympathetic, or visceral, part of our nervous organization is often distinguished from the part which controls the muscles attached to the skeleton by being called "involuntary." By taking thought we can not cause the stomach to contract quickly or slowly or to start or stop its services. The agitated person may, to be sure, say, "Be still, my heart"; but this is an admonition which that organ, fortunately for the continued existence of the individual, does not obey. Indeed, if the multitude of intricate adjustments that are constantly occurring in the organs which operate to digest the food we eat, to store it or distribute it where it is needed, to remove waste, to arrange for growth and repair and the processes of reproduction, had to be looked after by us, consciously, moment by moment, we should be incapable of attending to any affairs outside our own bodies. Luckily, all these visceral functions are managed by automatic devices. The lower animals, and primitive men, as well, are quite unaware of what occurs in these hidden parts of the organism. Only by prolonged and painstaking study have the secrets of these internal processes been revealed.

Though the workings of the viscera can not be directly controlled by act of will,



they can be profoundly affected by emotional states. In fact the *sympathetic* nervous system received that name because it is roused to activity in times of intense feeling. Since its filaments are widely distributed to structures having most important offices to perform in the bodily economy, it is clear that the "expression" of strong emotions is much more complex and deep-seated than we might at first think. Many of the alterations that take place under great emotional stress have been recently revealed by physiological study. More of them are sure to be revealed as investigation proceeds. In order to understand the significance of emotional responses it will be important to review briefly what we already know about these visceral aspects.

Fundamental to all our other activities is that of digesting the food we eat, for from that food is derived the energy for the work we do. The stomach and intestines receive the food that is swallowed, transmit it from stage to stage along the alimentary tract, mix it thoroughly with the juices poured out by the digestive glands and, when it has been properly changed for passage through the intestinal wall, the intestinal motions bring it into intimate contact with the absorbing surfaces of that wall. All these processes are completely stopped in states of fear or anger or deep anxiety. The x-rays have permitted us to look into animals while they are digesting. If any great excitement is occasioned the churning stomach becomes a flabby inactive sac, the kneading intestines cease their motions, and the digestive glands no longer secrete the juices necessary to prepare the food for absorption. Thus, the whole beneficent process is brought to a standstill. This cessation of the digestive activities, first clearly demonstrated on lower animals, has been proved true also of human beings. And it is interesting to note that the workings of the alimentary canal are not only stopped during an outburst of rage, but

do not start again for a considerable period after the emotional storm has passed off.

While digestion is not going on and the organs are at rest, only a moderate amount of blood is supplied to them. When examined under these circumstances the alimentary tract may have even a pallid appearance. At the height of digestive activity the conditions are very different. Then the blood vessels are dilated, and the surfaces are flushed red by the abundance of the blood supply. The same emotional states that stop the processes of digestion alter simultaneously the distribution of blood in the body. The muscles encircling the small arteries in the digestive organs are made to contract, and thus to lessen the size of the channels. Thereby, the delivery of blood to these organs is greatly reduced. The pressure of blood is raised in the arteries all over the body. In the presence of increased arterial pressure the blood vessels of the brain, the heart and the lungs do not contract. In consequence the blood, which is no longer delivered in great volume to the digestive canal, is transferred to these organs, which are now lavishly provided with this essential fluid. At the same time the heart beats very much more rapidly and, as a result, greatly increases the rate at which the blood circulates through the body.

Incidentally, it may be mentioned that any muscles which are set at work by voluntary act will also be richly supplied with blood. Thus, both the brain which sends forth the nervous impulses and the instruments by which these impulses become effective, the muscles, are especially fortified against failure in case demands for activity are made upon them in an emotional outburst.

The services which the blood performs for active organs are various. It conveys the material which is used by the laboring muscles as a source of energy. The material most readily available for that purpose is the kind of sugar that the blood carries. In order to render this

energy available combustion must occur, and for combustion oxygen is required just as it is required for a fire outside the body. The rapidly moving blood becomes loaded with oxygen in the lungs and delivers it to the active organs according to their needs. The products of the burning that takes place in the body, just as in the burning of the same substance outside the body, are water and a gas, carbon dioxide. These waste products the blood transports from where they are produced to where they are discharged—the water to the kidneys, the carbon dioxide to the lungs.

During great muscular activity the amount of carbon dioxide that is discharged by the lungs is commonly six times as much as the amount given off during rest. This means that approximately the same degree of increase of oxygen-delivery to the active organs will be required. We are all aware of the much deeper and more rapid breathing which is automatically required whenever we engage in any vigorous exertion. The air that rushes in and out of the lungs must pass through the narrow tubes of the lungs, the bronchioles. If the muscles in the walls of these tubules contract, the passageway is made still narrower and breathing then becomes difficult. Such is the condition in one kind of asthma. Great emotional excitement has the opposite effect: it causes relaxation of these muscles. A London physician has observed the sudden disappearance of a distressing asthmatic attack in consequence of intense fright. With the widening of the bronchioles there would be a freer movement of the air to and fro, and thus, in case of need, oxygen could be brought more readily to the depths of the lungs and carbon dioxide could be eliminated, even though the production of this gas were multiplied many-fold.

In the liver is stored a reserve of energy-yielding material in the form of glycogen, or animal starch. In times of great excitement this substance is changed to sugar, is set free into the

blood stream, and thus is circulated all over the body. The amount of sugar thus liberated for use may be so abundant that it may actually be wasted by passing out of the body through the kidneys. Half the members of a football squad, at the time of the supreme contest of the season, were found to have such an abundance of sugar as a result of their emotional tension.

The discharge of sugar from the liver is a sort of internal secretion—like the secretion of saliva by the salivary glands—with the difference that the substance is given off to the circulating blood instead of being poured out on a body surface. Another organ which has an internal secretion of high potency and which is subject to the control of sympathetic nerves is the inner portion of the adrenal glands. These are small structures, which, as previously mentioned, are found just above the kidneys on either side of the body. The substance which they produce, called adrenin or epinephrin, has the remarkable property of mimicking by chemical action the effects produced by sympathetic nerve impulses. Thus, if it is extracted from the adrenal glands and injected into the blood stream, it will induce a stoppage of all the processes of digestion, it will cause a rise of blood pressure while sending the blood away from the digestive organs to the heart and the central nervous system and the skeletal muscles, it will dilate the bronchioles, and it will liberate sugar from the liver. Besides these effects and others which need not be mentioned, it has the capacity of producing certain striking changes in fatigued muscles and in blood.

As a muscle is more and more used in a routine manner until it is fatigued it becomes less and less responsive. We are all familiar with the sense of effort which we experience under these conditions. Though a part of our difficulty is doubtless due to disturbances in the controlling nerves, there is good evidence that the inability of the muscles to perform their task is an important element



in the complex. For example, in artificial stimulation of muscles by electric shocks it is found that as the muscle shows signs of fatigue the strength of the stimulus required barely to cause contraction must be much increased. If now the muscle is permitted to rest, it regains in time its former responsiveness. An hour or more may have to elapse, however, before complete recovery occurs. It has been discovered that a minute amount of adrenin in the circulating blood will refresh the muscle in an almost miraculous way. Within a few minutes the tired muscle is as ready to respond to stimulation as if it had had a prolonged rest.

A remarkable property of the circulating blood is that of changing from a liquid to a jelly when it comes in contact with an injured surface. This formation of a clot occurs in normal animals whenever the blood vessels are torn or cut. Thereby the opening in the vessels is sealed and the precious fluid is prevented from being lost. Evidently the more rapidly the process of clotting occurs, the less will be the escape of blood through the break in the channel. Recent studies have shown that a small amount of adrenin set free in the blood stream will induce a more rapid clot formation. And if an animal has been much excited the time required for coagulation of a given amount of blood may be reduced from about five minutes to a minute or less. Here is an instance of a striking chemical change brought about in the body by emotional conditions which we have been accustomed to regard chiefly in their psychological or subjective aspects. It is probable that other similar effects will be revealed by further investigation—effects which may readily account for tales of surprising “cures” or physical improvements in consequence of an altered mental state.

The question now arises as to the significance of this group of internal changes associated with strong emotional stress. Why should a function so ser-

viceable to bodily maintenance as digestion be stopped? Why should the blood be shifted to the brain and the muscles? What is the reason for liberating sugar from the liver? Is there any meaning in the action of adrenin in refreshing the tired muscles? Are there circumstances in which a more rapid clotting of the blood would be especially valuable to the organism?

If we revert to the point, previously mentioned, that the expression of emotion is ingrained in our nervous system and is always ready to appear at the appropriate time, we get a noteworthy hint regarding the nature of the emotional responses. It is characteristic of these ingrained reactions that they are useful. When we cough we clear a foreign object from the throat, when we vomit we usually prevent the passage of harmful material onward through the digestive tract, when our eyes “water” the tears dilute an irritant substance or help to wash away an intrusive bit of dust. The close association between such automatic acts and their utility has led to the general statement that as a rule reflex behavior is typically purposive—it serves the individual or the race in some beneficial way. In other words, when the right performance is run off without rehearsal or any previous instruction, we are justified in looking for some definite good that may result.

In order to understand the service which may be performed by the bodily changes occurring in great emotional excitement, we must consider the conditions under which such excitement is aroused. And we must not confine our inquiry to human beings, but must extend it to lower animals in which the same changes take place. Furthermore, we must think of animals in their natural existence, surrounded by their enemies, having to fight or escape, and in need of pursuing their prey. If we take these various situations into our survey, we shall have a clearer view of all the elements in the fundamental emotions of fear and rage.

The emotion of fear is typically evoked when a creature is in the presence of danger, and most commonly in natural existence the danger is that of being assailed by a stronger creature. Associated with fear is the instinct to run away, to escape by flight from the presence of the enemy. On the other hand, if escape is impossible and a fight is necessary, the emotion of fear is likely to turn to a fury of aggressive feeling. This attitude also is associated with an instinct—that of attack. Whether an animal is the attacker or the attacked, the pursuer or the pursued, the issue of the struggle which ensues may be life or death. In other words, these emotions and instincts are concerned with the primitive law of self-preservation. Since animals have struggled with each other for existence through myriads of generations, we can perceive that the internal changes which automatically accompany strong emotional stress may have become quite naturally developed in our nervous systems as pattern responses, and may help in some manner to make the strong stronger and the swift swifter and more enduring at times of critical peril.

Either running or fighting for life involves the use of large muscular masses—the great muscles of the thighs, the back and the shoulders—in prolonged and perhaps supreme exertion. With this fact in mind, let us see how the diverse internal alterations, already described, may fit together for the service of the organism as a whole. As previously noted, the laboring muscles require an abundant supply of oxygen—much more than they need when at rest. In emotional excitement the blood, which carries the oxygen from the lungs to all parts of the body, is pressed out of the abdominal organs and into the heart, the lungs, the brain and the active muscles. The processes of digestion cannot continue effectively in the absence of a large delivery of blood; as the blood is removed from the stomach and intestines these organs cease working. In short, digestion is of incidental importance when the

body as a whole is endangered. The material which has been stored in the liver in consequence of previous digestion, however, is now called forth. Sugar is released and is carried in the blood stream to be ready at once as a source of muscular energy. The immensely increased work of the muscles is linked with a greatly increased production of carbon dioxide. This must be eliminated at the same time that more oxygen is brought for transport in the blood. The breathing becomes more deep and rapid, and the dilation of the bronchioles that follows sympathetic stimulation renders more facile the tidal flow of air in and out of the lungs. The secretion which is set free from the adrenal glands in emotional excitement can also be given a role to play. In case the struggle or flight is prolonged and fatigue begins to render the muscles less responsive, the secreted adrenin has the effect of restoring their original capacity to do work. And furthermore, if there is fighting, with rupture of blood vessels, the faster clotting of the blood that accompanies adrenal secretion operates promptly to check bleeding.

The foregoing review of the bodily changes in emotional excitement shows that they can all be reasonably interpreted as a mobilization of the resources of the organism for purposes of special efficiency in a critical struggle. With other conditions equal, doubtless the animal in which these changes appear quickly and thoroughly would have a distinct advantage in a conflict with another animal in which they are tardy and partial in their development. And since the struggles associated with the major emotions of rage and fear often decide the continued existence of the victor and the death of the vanquished, the transmission to offspring of the well-ordered arrangements for rapid assembling of the bodily forces is assured.

The changes which we have detailed are not all that might be mentioned as favorable to effective physical effort. For example, heat is produced by active



muscles and must be dissipated if the body temperature is not to reach a fever level. That result is obviated by sweating, for the evaporation of sweat removes heat from the body. The sweating which occurs in strong emotion can be regarded as anticipatory of that function. Again, there is evidence that the thyroid gland, like the adrenal, is subject to sympathetic control, but just what its secretion may do in emergencies has not yet been determined. Enough has been stated, however, to show that the various profound alterations in the bodily economy which attend an outburst of strong feeling are characterized by being highly serviceable in rendering the organism more efficient in physical struggle.

The mobilization of the bodily forces for struggle will occur under great excitement although no muscular effort is undertaken. For example, a careful observation of students subjected to severe examination has proved that they not infrequently have so large an amount of sugar set free in the blood that it escapes through the kidneys. The heart beats rapidly, the blood pressure is elevated, the blood becomes concentrated, indeed, probably all of the organic adjustments preparatory to a fight or a flight are fully elaborated. In the presence of these preparations for action, however, the only physical effort which the students engage in is that of moving the small muscles of the hand and forearm in writing. Many of the worries and anxieties and excitements of civilized life are of this character. The stockbroker watching the ticker may become as much disturbed as if he were confronted by a wild beast. But the situation in which he finds himself usually does not require any exhibition of muscular strength or endurance for which the complex internal rearrangements have been developed. In other words, because of racial habits, established by multitudes of generations of our ancestors who have had to protect themselves and one another against fierce attack, we are to-day agitated by deep-seated disturbances which are com-

monly of little service to us. The question arises as to whether such useless and frustrated mobilization of the bodily forces for activity, with no activity ensuing, may not be harmful; whether, to use another figure, getting up steam and letting the engine "race" without doing work is not likely to be damaging. There is some evidence that such is the fact. During our Civil War and, to a much greater degree during the Great War, men broke down with "disorderly action of the heart." This was a condition characterized by a remarkable acceleration of the pulse on the slightest exertion or in the mildest emotional upset. Furthermore, physicians are aware that a large proportion of the cases of disturbed digestion with which they have to deal are what are designated "emotional dyspepsia." We may conceive these derangements of the working of the heart and the stomach as being due to repeated excitements calling upon these organs to prepare for a crisis. Thus a sort of habit is established such that even very trifling worries and anxieties are sufficient to set going the emotional mechanism, or parts of it, when there is no possible use for the changes that occur. Thus an admirable internal arrangement, of highest value to the organism in natural conditions, may become so badly disordered as to be a menace to the welfare of the body as a whole.

From the foregoing facts and considerations there are at least two practical hints that seem reasonable. First, since the bodily changes induced by strong feeling are preparatory for action, it is in accord with ages of past experience to let them be expressed in action. A fit of rage can be turned to good account by the performance of hard labor that needs to be done. Thereby, the emotional preparations have their outlet, the task is accomplished and the body has the benefit of the muscular exercise! Again, if irritating conditions develop which cannot be dealt with in a practical manner by doing something, the wise man is he who accepts them philosophically,

and so far as possible, turns his attention to other affairs. Thus the futile emotional disturbance may be aborted. There is no advantage to be gained by letting the body make ready for a supreme effort, when there is no effort whatever to be made. This is, to be sure,

often a counsel of unattainable perfection, but there is no doubt that by taking one attitude emotional factors can be emphasized and elaborated to alarming proportions, and by taking another attitude they can often be diverted and minimized to insignificance.

## DEATH OF DAY

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

COME, come, sweet death of day,  
 And on her beauty lay  
     This crowning grace:  
 For all that she hath lost one gift restore!  
     The flight of vanished hours,  
     The ghosts of parted flowers  
     Brood o'er that face,  
 Which knows them now no more.

Minute to minute, she  
 Like linnet in a tree,  
     From spray to spray,  
 Upward and downward, with sweet mellowing tongue  
     And ever forward search.  
     Did prick, and preen, and perch.  
     Now all's away;  
 And in those ears only past songs are sung.

Beauty to have and hold,  
 Deep cup fulfilled with gold—  
     This was the joy  
 Wherewith from dawn to dusk she decked her hours.  
     All beauty now lies strown,  
     Spilled from the cup has flown  
     The bright alloy:  
 Her wealth is withered flowers.

Thus, with a dying face,  
 Day turns and doth embrace  
     Sweets passed to air;  
 And stirless now, around that starlit head,  
     There lies a richer wreath,  
     And secretly beneath  
     The fallen hair  
 The clasp of all things dead!



## THE WRONG HORSE

(*A History Related by Means of Seven Words Taken from the Life of John Curnaway*)

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

THE first, the very first word of all, was Ink. Farther back than that John could remember things—shadowy events—but not words.

He was six when that first word cut its sharp shape on his mind. He and Nora—his sister Nora, who must therefore have been eight at the time—were going daily to old Miss Foss in the cottage down the lane for lessons. But, in spite of this unity of purpose and apparent comradeship between them, John was already aware that a great gulf separated him from Nora, a humiliating gulf of infancy, ignorance, incompetence. Nora, for instance, never now used a slate—not even the grand double slate on hinges, with the thin red lines inside that didn't wash off, which was at present the unattainable goal of his own desire. She had soared past slates of every degree into the dignified realm of pencils and exercise books; and, not satisfied even then, on this particular day she was seeking fresh worlds to conquer.

"Miss Foss!"

"Well, Nora?"

"May I start using ink?"

"No, no; certainly not!" Miss Foss was alarmed and hostile, but this was only her inevitable preliminary attitude to any new idea that was forced upon her notice. Nora was not discouraged.

"Why mayn't I, Miss Foss?"

"Why, you'd be covered with smudges in no time, child—and what would your dear mother say then?"

Nora knew better than to be sidetracked by her dear mother. "But, Miss Foss, supposing I don't make a *single* mistake the whole morning—sup-

posing I don't have to cross out or use my injerrubber not *once*—"

In spite of herself, Miss Foss was intrigued by so novel and restful a supposition. "Well, Nora?"

"Then may I? Just at dinner time? For five minutes?"

The artfully increasing modesty of these demands inserted in Miss Foss's fundamentally kind heart the thin end of Nora's wedge. "Well, we'll see, we'll see," she capitulated hurriedly. "Now, John, get on with your copy."

And so it happened that at ten minutes to one Miss Foss left the room, and that at five minutes to one she returned, bearing carefully a tiny, bluish-white vessel with a flat rim that, before John's entranced eyes, exactly fitted into the round hole in Nora's desk. How fascinating life was! Those round holes (he had one, too, in his desk) had seemed so purposeless, so like a thousand other grown-up absurdities; and all the time Nora's hole and his had each been waiting to receive—what was Miss Foss calling it?—an inkwell. *Inkwell!* How heavenly! He himself, he allowed honestly, would never have thought of calling that tiny pot a well; and yet it *was*—that was the beauty of it. Inkwell . . . How clever Miss Foss must be, to be able to make up words *like* that.

Exactly at one o'clock Nora was dispatched to wrestle with pumicestone, and a minute later Miss Foss bustled after her. John was left alone. Enviously he advanced his eyes—and consequently his nose—in the direction of the shiny dark fluid in Nora's inkwell. And then another surprise leaped at



"BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT THINKING ABOUT THE CHILD AT ALL"

him—the *smell* of ink. Something strange happened inside him at that; he sniffed and sniffed rapturously. What was it about that smell that made him feel so queer—as if he'd always known what it was like, but had forgotten—as if something tremendous and enchanting and only just out of reach were wrapped up in the smell of ink?

Far-fetched? Impossible in a little boy of six? So, in later years, he always began by telling himself. But childish memories are stubborn things to juggle with; what has been seen by those stark lightning flashes of awakening consciousness has been seen; no amount

of subsequent darkness can explain that light away. And so, as long as he lived, John Curnaway knew that, improbable or not, his first sharp impression connected with ink had been an almost unbearable excitement.

At the time he had, of course, no means of expression—only of sensation. So when Miss Foss and Nora returned, and Nora, in that shrill, scornful, elder-sister voice of hers, cried: "Oh, look at John, Miss Foss! He's been trying to write with his nose!" all he found to say in justification was: "I've not. I was just smelling. Ink's got a—a *nice* smell."



Nevertheless, there certainly was a lamentable black blob on the end of his nose, and it had to be painfully pumicestone-d away before he was allowed to go home.

At home, too, of course, Nora spared him nothing. She held him up to ridicule over the incident with all the feeble force of her childish vocabulary. His father looked at him thoughtfully, but said nothing (he so seldom said much); his mother laughed at him and applauded Nora's sallies.

"Well, it *has* got a nice smell," he defended himself, stubbornly. Then tears overwhelmed him. Why wouldn't they understand?

His father lifted him on to his knee. "Never mind, old chap," he suggested, peaceably. "There's no harm in your liking the smell of ink, you know, if you want to."

He was grateful to his father—grateful, but unsatisfied. For it was evident that even his father didn't *understand*. "Yes, but," he wailed, with that wearisome iteration of small children struggling in vain against limited powers of expression, "it has got such a nice—"

"Now, John, that will do," closed his mother, sharply. "You're just being silly and talking nonsense. Nora was only joking, but you never can take a joke."

Against the accumulated injustices of this speech John could not defend himself at all; he could only turn round, his small body heaving, and bury his head in a warm, comforting corner of his father's vast person.

John's second word was a much grander one than ink—but then at least two years had gone by. He and Nora were playing in the attic, and the attic had the tremendous advantage over most attics, that the whole of one of its sides was glass. Outside this spacious window the skies always went by like a pageant; and on this particular spring morning the spectacle of a single daz-zlingly white cloud being swept by a

blustering wind across the leagues of intense blue was striking enough to divert the attention of both children for a minute or two from their game.

"Oo! Look at that cloud!" said Nora, and sprang on to the long, low window seat.

John took up his position at the other end of it, and his gaze, too, followed the fleeting, filmy thing that was so conspicuous against the illimitable blue, so airy and shining, so utterly fairylike in fragile, sunlit loveliness.

He hoped Nora wouldn't say anything about the cloud, and she didn't. (Their mother was away, and he was beginning to notice how much nicer Nora rapidly became whenever that happened.)

"Come on and play," was all she said, when the cloud had raced finally out of their sight, and John returned with zest to the game. Nevertheless, something about that cloud continued to live in his mind, to ask it some question, to tease it and be unsatisfied about something. What *sort* of a cloud had it been? It was no good asking anybody, only to be told "cirrus" or something like that; that was not what John (and the cloud) wanted to know. It was something different, something intimate between them. It was as if the cloud kept saying to John: "*You* know what I was. Nobody else does. Tell me." And John wanted and struggled to tell. "White," he tried. "Shining—lighted," he tried. But they were no good. "Soft and glowing and—oh, just lovely!" But the cloud wasn't satisfied with the mere gush of that, either. Wistfully it seemed to go on floating over his head—waiting, waiting. John made a tremendous effort. "*Glistening!*" he shouted (in his heart), and felt a throb of triumph. All that day he kept repeating the word to himself with extraordinary satisfaction; it seemed to him perfect.

But the next morning in church (for it was Sunday) a funny thing happened. He wasn't listening, of course; he never



*Drawn by Thomas Fogarty*

"SHE'S NOT READY YET TO SPREAD HER WINGS"





listened, because it was so much nicer to sit and think about things—the glistening cloud, for instance, and his ginger cat, Tubby, and what there would be for dinner; but suddenly a word from the pulpit tore a great hole in these thoughts. Mr. Mayne, the vicar, had just read out his text, and now, according to his custom, he was doing it a second time; this time John listened intently.

“And as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening.”

“Glistening!”—that was the rendering word. Instantly it ousted “glistening” from John’s mind. Glistening—glistening . . . yes, *that* was what the cloud had been yesterday. How exquisite it was!—how right. How could he ever have mistaken “glistening” for it? And yet, one letter—and all that difference? He lost himself in childish comparisons and speculations.

But he had not done with the cloud, even yet. He was satisfied; the cloud (he felt sure) was satisfied; but there was still Nora, he discovered, to be reckoned with.

It was during the evening of Sunday that his mother, who had returned home the previous night, burst into the smoking room, evidently excited and pleased. “Tom! What do you think? That child has written a *poem*!”

John’s father removed his pipe—slowly and deliberately, as he did everything. “What child?” he asked.

John himself was on the dark veranda outside the open window, but it did not at the moment occur to him that he was invisible to his parents.

“Oh, Tom! What a question! Nora, of course. Or did you suppose that poor, dear, stolid John was capable of it? Listen.”

Something hit John between the eyes—something heavy and hard, that went through his head and then sank down, down into his body and stayed there, a great weight. But he had not time to find out what it was just then, for his mother was reading aloud, and he had to hold his breath so as not to miss a word.

It *was* a poem; there were lots of rhymes; Nora had written it; his mother had said so: and it was about—it was about *his cloud*! Alarm, dismay, anger, contempt, doubt, jealousy: that was the order in which the feelings chased across his mind. But the

last one stayed—a fierce, hungry, hopeless jealousy of Nora. His mother had finished reading now, but he could remember the first two lines:

There was a cloud,  
So white, so proud;

and the last two:

An angel’s head  
Above my bed.

A poem . . . by Nora . . .

Yes, but it was all *wrong*, Nora’s poem! He criticized it hotly. The cloud hadn’t been proud; Nora had only stuck that in, so that the lines would rhyme. And the cloud hadn’t



ONLY HE WENT ON WRITING

been anywhere near her bed, and he'd bet she'd never thought it looked like an angel's head (because it *didn't*) till she tried to think of something that would sound like poetry. It was all absolutely rotten of Nora. And yet—and yet, how did he know? Depression engulfed him. Nora had written a poem, anyhow, and he hadn't; he had only thought of one word to describe the cloud, and so who was he to criticize Nora, with all those splendid slick rhymes to her credit, and all her imaginary angels' heads and things? How she and his mother would laugh about his one word if they knew. Thank goodness he hadn't told anyone, hadn't even written it down. Nobody need know. He crept quietly along the veranda in the darkness, and round the side of the house to bed.

"Glistening" . . . Nora had written a poem . . . "Poor, dear, stolid John" . . . These were the three things that went to bed with him—the humiliation of his one idiotic word; his anguished jealousy of Nora; the crushing weight, the dreadful verdict of his mother's speech, his mother's tone, partially understood.

Although it was his father who gave John his third word, that word, too, was connected with Nora's affairs. A year had gone by since the evening on the veranda, and things had altered a great deal for the worse. Nora was always writing poems now; it was sickening. He would hear her reeling one off when their mother came to say good night; or she would break off a game to scribble something down; or there would be a poem twisted like a note in the heart of a bunch of flowers that she had picked for one of their birthdays.

And their mother encouraged her; their mother had a lovely leather-backed book into which she carefully copied all Nora's poems; these were read out to visitors, and then Nora would be sent for to the drawing-room, and, from a little stool, with her head against her

mother's knee, she would answer questions about what made her think of poems, and when she wrote them, and why.

At first their father took no notice; but when Nora's poems began to appear in the local paper, with her age printed below, and when she stood up at the Band of Hope entertainment and recited one of her own poems instead of one out of a book, there began to be rows at home about it. It was out of one of these rows—his own unobtrusive presence having been forgotten by the parental combatants—that John got his new word.

"I won't have it, Lena. You'll ruin her," said his father.

"What nonsense, Tom! Such twopence-halfpenny recognition as she's likely to get here, buried alive in the country! Surely you don't grudge the child the few small pleasures that her gift does bring her way?"

"It's not that; you know it's not that. But it's bad for her—bad for any child. You're putting all sorts of ideas into her head."

"Well, it's a good thing she's got *somebody* to put ideas into her head—somebody to care for her interests. The fact is, Tom, I believe you're jealous—jealous of your own daughter! You can't understand her, and because you know nothing and care less about poetry, you want to brush it all aside as of no importance. But Nora *shall* have her chance; I'll see to that. It's more than talent, it's genius she's got; and other people are beginning to find it out, if you aren't. Why, only this morning I had the most charming letter from Mr. Marrish—the Mr. Marrish—about a little lyric of Nora's that I sent to him, asking his opinion—"

At this point John's father pushed back his chair violently. "You're to drop it, Lena. It—it makes me sick."

"And why, pray?" The face of John's pretty mother went hard and tight.

"Because"—his father stood up—



"because you're not really thinking about the child at all; because it's your own ambition that's at the back of it. You're not satisfied; you've never been satisfied with the life here. Well, I'm sorry it's not more exciting. I'd give you what you want if it weren't for the children—for their needing the country air. Later on, Lena . . . But, meanwhile, I'm not going to see you climbing over Nora—by means of Nora—to the sort of position you'd like. It's not fair to her."

There was a torrent of treble reply from John's mother, a sigh from his father as he moved toward the door; and then his mother's question, "Where are you

John slipped out of the room and followed his father into the autumn night.

"Come along, then," he was given permission as his feet crunched the gravel, and his father reached down a large, firm hand. John took it. He did not ask what a breather was; he hardly ever asked questions; things generally came plain of themselves in the end, he had discovered, though sometimes you had to wait a long while.

They went slowly and in silence through the dark garden—past the crisp chrysanthemum smell, the strong sun-flower smell, the rich, sad smell from the heaps of brown leaves on the path, the pleasing smell of yesterday's bonfire.

And then they reached the gate of the paddock.



"I CAN'T HELP YOU. PEOPLE CAN'T BE HELPED, YOU KNOW"

going, Tom?" and the weary answer: "Nowhere. Just a breather . . ."

A breather? The mysterious word held all the attraction of the unknown;

They did not go into the paddock. John's father leaned on the top of the gate and filled and lit his pipe; John himself peered through the

bars or straight overhead, standing very still.

Nothing happened. There was nothing special to be seen or heard. The dark-blue sky, a few stars, a soft little wind—that was all. But with every quiet minute that passed, something was happening *inside* him—inside them both. The house, the lighted room, his mother's flushed face and raised, hard voice, Nora's poems, Mr. Marrish's letter—the great dark night was silently washing them all away as things of no importance. All that mattered was out here with them—the sky, the stars, the dim shapes of the hedges, the faint rustle high up in the trees.

The gate creaked slightly as his father relieved it at last of his weight. "Well, old man, about time for you to turn in, isn't it?" he said in his ordinary quiet voice.

"I expect so," John answered, soberly, and they walked back, again in silence, to the house.

But now John knew what a breather was; he felt infinitely more important than when he set forth. It was something that he had been able to share with his father without spoiling it for him. His mother could not have done that; she would have pointed out particular stars or exclaimed about the wind or the lovely smells. And Nora couldn't have done it, either; she would have been making up poems about it all the time; it would have been to her just one more thing to get a poem *out* of. But he and his father—they had done this together. They had not spoken; they had only stood there, noticing, listening, loving it—for itself. A *breather*.

John had never imagined anything so awful as the desolation of loneliness that his father's death brought for him in its train. He had seen so little of his father, compared with the amount that he saw of his mother and of Nora. Yet now that that large, deliberate figure had disappeared, he felt things that it is

not good for little boys of eleven to feel. He felt unutterably defenseless, unprotected; the only thing that had stood between him and nameless disaster was removed. He also felt that he hated his mother and Nora. For he knew that, deep down in their hearts, they did not *mind* about the thing that had happened. Just at first they cried a great deal, and for a week or two they talked to people a great deal—his mother about "my poor Tom" or "my dear husband," Nora about "darling daddy." After that it was all a nightmare of plans and preparations, and change. And all the things that made him feel—well, sort of hollow and sick inside, the way he felt when he was very hungry, only much worse—made them feel excited and pleased. Selling the house, for instance, and all the animals and most of the furniture, and saying good-by to the people and the places they had known all their lives. It was so bad that at last John was glad to get it over and go to London. He was twelve by then.

London was the place of his next word—the place where Nora turned into "Leonora." It was in the railway carriage, which they had to themselves, on their way to London, that their mother explained to John about it.

"I want you to try to remember, John, to call your sister Leonora in future," she said. "We are going to live in London chiefly on her account, you know, so that she can have every advantage for her writing. And I want to get a little book of her poems published very soon. It will be by 'Leonora Curnaway,' I have decided, and so I should like you to get into the way of calling her by her full name at once. It sounds better—more poetical. And we must both do whatever we can that will be the least help to her."

"But she wasn't *christened* Leonora," John objected. He felt the greatest repugnance to the proposed change.

"Never mind that," said his mother, sharply. "And you are never to men-



tion it again, either. You are simply to do as you are told—call your sister Leonora.”

But John at first didn't do as he was told. For he was restless and unhappy in the pretty old Chelsea house that had once belonged to Vincent Garth, the great actor, and that was so gay, with its white walls, its bright curtains and rugs, its view over the river. He missed the shabby but solid furniture from his old room; he missed everything out of the past, and most of all his father—his father. He was moody and irritable and irritating; and with unusual obstinacy he continued to “forget” to say “Leonora.”

But his mother, he found, was absurdly determined about it. She punished him by keeping him indoors, or refusing him jam and cake for tea. Finally, there came the surprising night when she appeared in his bedroom with a hairbrush—not her own silver-backed brush, but Nora's more serviceable article.

At first he simply didn't attribute any significance to the hairbrush. “Hullo!” he greeted her, and, putting down his book, sat up in bed.

His mother shut the door behind her, and then he noticed that she was flushed and angry—and nervous.

“John, I won't have it,” she said. “You have got to obey me about Leonora's name. You know very well that your father always insisted on your being obedient. And, as he isn't here to punish you . . .”

His mother was small and slender, and John was broad-shouldered and sturdy, like his father. Even at twelve, he could easily have prevented her, by force, from carrying out her intention; but he was deterred by a kind of shame—shame of shaming his mother. He let her beat him. It hurt hardly at all; the sting of those rapid blows was not in their force, but in their somehow dreadful inefficiency. He thought of the two occasions when his father had thrashed him. There had been the

summons to the smoking room, a curt word or two—“You're not to tell lies, John . . .” “I told you you weren't to bathe in Lower Pool . . .” and then a beating, a brief but painfully adequate affair, administered without malice, and leaving no ill feeling behind it. But this! With all the strength of his soul John sought some means whereby he might prevent its maladroitness repetition. At the end, quite miraculously, he discovered it. He had meditated defying his mother, tiring her out with his obstinacy; but at her breathless “There! Now, to-morrow you will begin calling your sister Leonora,” he found himself answering, good-humoredly: “All right, mother. I will, if you like.”

For an instant she stared at him in amazement; then she bit her lip. But for the first time she addressed him impulsively—as an equal. “What a little beast you are, John. You—you're going to grow up exactly like your father.”

So she *had* hated his father.

And he had promised to call his sister by a name that turned her into a stranger. “Leonora.” . . . That was the word which completed his solitude, his too-early maturity. For now, although he scrupulously called Nora Leonora whenever circumstances compelled him to call her anything, he took care to leave her, as often as possible, unnamed. Nora, the little girl who had been his playmate, and who had been decent enough when away from their mother, had vanished forever, like his father. And to his mother he was only “poor, dear, stolid John”; she had no use for him because he wasn't clever, and she loved Leonora because she was. John was alone; and by the time he was thirteen he knew it.

The word that of all others he was to loathe his life long was “genius.” It belonged to Leonora, and was forever hanging over the pretty, mannered Chelsea house. Nothing now was ever jolly or natural; whatever they did

subverted Leonora's genius—turned out to be some scheme for attracting notice to her poems. Worst of all, he could not even go to a public school because (so his mother said) the Chelsea house and Leonora's education were costing her so much. So he went to a neighboring day school, and lived at home. It was all right at school; he liked some of the masters, some of the boys. But he could never allow a friendship to go really far, because he shrank from asking anyone home; he couldn't bear to let people see the way that his mother and Leonora "went on."

At first he accepted those goings-on in all good faith as inseparable from this thing, genius, that Leonora, it seemed, had got. He did not yet question the existence of the thing, and he supposed that any parent of a genius had to scheme and push as his mother did. Only, it was hateful; he revolted instinctively from it; he wished to goodness Leonora had never been a genius or could stop being one.

But Leonora went on writing quantities and quantities of things, and their mother went on sending them to editors, with Leonora's age in brackets under her name, and to famous people, with little notes in her graceful, feminine handwriting, appealing for their opinion. And the editors sometimes printed the things, and the famous people often wrote kind letters back full of words like "promise" and "charm" and "freshness," and then there would be another tea party at home to talk about it all and read the letters and Nora's newest poem; and the party would include some editor or publisher or celebrity who smiled at Leonora in her slender, buoyant prettiness, or patted her shoulder encouragingly; and who was himself plied with admiration and agreeable homage.

Their mother was wonderfully successful with her parties. She was so slim and youthful and pretty herself, and she and Leonora, who had a dusky cloud of hair and large, dark eyes, made

a charming picture together. They always acted together, too—yes, *acted*, John decided with bitter shame. It had been natural once, that affection between mother and daughter; but nowadays they showed it deliberately. Leonora would be smitten with a fit of shyness at some distinguished person's notice and flee to her mother's side. And her mother would hold the graceful head against her, and apologize charmingly to the great one: "She's rather my baby girl still, you see! Not ready yet to spread her wings! And then such sensitiveness goes with that temperament, doesn't it? *You* know it, of course." Or else it would be, playfully: "People don't seem to expect mother and daughter to mean much to each other. It's supposed always to be mother and son, isn't it? But where there is real sympathy and community of interests, I think the tie between mother and daughter is such a beautiful one. Anyhow, you and I find it very satisfactory, little daughter, don't we?"

Often John himself would be dragged in to contribute to the effect that his mother and sister were making. "This is my small boy, John. Not very brilliant, perhaps, but a good, plodding, conscientious worker, aren't you, John? We can't all set the Thames on fire, can we?—and nobody needs *two* such conflagrations in one family! John is going to earn mother's bread and cheese some day, if she needs it, aren't you, John?—and leave Leonora free to write. Because, of course, we all know that the sort of writing Leonora is going to do won't be of any dreadful 'best-selling' variety! At least, I hope not. Leonora, if you ever write a best-seller, I shall disown you."

"Oh, I won't, Mummie!" Leonora would respond with a snuggle. "I'd never dare—unless I murdered you first, darling!"

And in the ensuing laughter John would slip back thankfully to obscurity and his book.

He read voraciously. To his mother's



and sister's contemptuous pity, he exercised no discrimination and he showed no preference in his reading; he simply read whatever came into his hands. He took to reading as, in later life, he might have taken to drink or drugs—as a refuge from unhappiness and loneliness.

And then, when he was fourteen, the miracle happened: he discovered a delight greater than reading. It was a pencil, a piece of paper, and solitude.

At first he was horrified. Of course, he acknowledged, he often had the feeling which he had first had about the glistening cloud, the feeling of wanting to find one particular word and not being able to rest till it was found. But *writing*? Did he mean, then, to copy Leonora? He *wouldn't* write! He would be an engineer when he grew up, or a doctor or a lawyer; anything except a writer. Only—meanwhile—he went on writing.

For what was the good of saying you wouldn't put things down on paper, if the only result was that they piled themselves up and up in your head till it ached? You might as well stick them down somewhere, and so be rid of them. He stuck them down—taking very good care that no one should ever see him doing it or find the results, when done.

He did nothing with the results except, from time to time, burn them. And gradually he grew reconciled to the idea of writing. For, what harm did it do? So long as he kept quiet about it, no one could say he was copying Leonora or setting up for a genius. And presently, no doubt, he would get tired of writing, just as he had got tired of collecting stamps; and that would be an end of the matter.

Meanwhile, it was quite easy to keep quiet about it. There was great excitement in the Chelsea house just then, and John found that as long as he had clean hands and a clean collar, nothing more was expected of him; he passed unnoticed. For Leonora, at sixteen, was having her first book of poems pub-

lished, and the affair called for every ounce of her mother's skill and driving force.

It was wonderful—the way she managed it. First she caught her publisher, a youngish man, susceptible to a pretty woman's blandishments, but too shrewd-headed, nevertheless, to do anything rash.

"If ever Leonora's poems are printed in volume form," Leonora's mother would say to him dreamily, "how I'd like you to be her publisher. Your name—it would add such a *cachet*. Besides, as everyone knows, you aren't *only* a publisher. Your feeling for literature, real literature, is so wonderful . . . However, I mustn't bore you with these very premature day-dreams! Another cup of tea, Mr. Bevan?"

And one day, under the influence of tea and compliments, Mr. Bevan had an idea. "Why, you know, Mrs. Curnaway, it *might* be managed—if Leonora's youth were made the great feature of the affair. But only if you got a big man to write the preface."

"*Really?* You would? Oh, how can I thank—"

"A big name, though, mind! A thumping big name—or it's out of the question."

And Mrs. Curnaway got even her thumping big name. She selected a dozen such names, wrote to each of their owners—one of her graceful, appealing letters—and inclosed a poem by Leonora. From the half dozen replies she chose the most cordial, and, before he knew where he was, the writer of it found that to be willing to say such things in a letter and unwilling to commit them to print would be a piece of shabby cowardice of which he was incapable.

He hesitated; he smiled; he agreed to call on the Curnaways. Mrs. Curnaway and Leonora surpassed themselves as charming mother and gifted daughter; the great man saw, yet—half in amusement, half in genuine hope of Leonora—allowed himself to be conquered.

Leonora got her preface; Mr. Bevan got his advertisement; Mrs. Curnaway tasted the first real sweets of success. No wonder John in his solitude, with his pencil and paper, was safe.

At eighteen he went into a bank.

"What would be the use, John," his mother complained, "of my making efforts and sacrifices for you, as I do for Leonora, when you show no aptitude for anything?"

"Oh, the bank'll be all right, mother," John assured her, indifferently. "I sha'n't mind it."

But he did mind it. The confinement, the monotony, the enforced companionship of his fellow clerks, was a growing torture. It reacted on him to such an extent that even at night, when he was free, he no longer wanted to write. Somehow he was missing—had missed—his way. Something was eluding him. He was befogged, stranded, unhappy as in those first Chelsea days.

And then one evening he went to a theater.

Of course, he had often been to theaters before; but this was different, extraordinarily different. For one thing, there was the fact of his being alone, grown up, with his week's salary in his pocket, and witnessing a play that was entirely of his own choosing. And for another thing, there was the play itself. It was not a great play, but it was a good one—and it contained only four characters. That was the fact that astounded John as though it were some heaven-sent revelation. Hitherto he had thought of plays as remote, imposing things written by remote, imposing beings. But this play—the four characters were all very ordinary, modern, middle-class people, closely observed and then placed in a situation that would bring out humorously their characteristics. Anybody might have known them and written about them; *he* might have known them and written about them.

From that night he never missed

his way again. He wearied, he stumbled, sometimes he despaired; but always a star shone, marking the goal: *plays*.

Seven years he served for his love—seven years of the bank by day, of seeing plays (alone, for choice), reading plays, writing plays by night. His mother and sister were absorbed in their own struggle; nevertheless, he took no risks of discovery. While they sped fleet-foot from one celebrity to the next, from one new society or club to a newer, with here an editor bagged and there a publisher winged, there was little fear of their wondering what he did in his spare time; but he joined a club that they might suppose he used it, and then took a room in a quiet house where he could write, and to which his letters could be addressed. In the seven years he wrote nine plays. The first eight were still going their depressing rounds—sometimes coming back by return of post, sometimes lying forgotten for months, sometimes crumpled or soiled and calling for the heartbreaking labor of newly typed copies—when the ninth was accepted.

Still he said nothing at home. For he knew his mother now—her insincerity, her unscrupulousness, her devouring ambition, that, although centered on art, cared nothing for art, but was as blatantly vulgar as if she had been scheming to become a provincial mayoress. Never should his mother "run" him as she had run Leonora. She would ruin writing for him; she had the terrible power to transmute precious metals into dross. His only defense was the word that for seven years had governed his life: "*secret—secret*." That, until the last minute; then (if ever it really came to "then") escape.

It did come to it. After his play's first night, with its definite success, and after the next morning with its excellent press notices, there was no further possibility of concealment. For, although his name was assumed, his face was his own, and it was in several of the morning



papers, including the one on the breakfast table.

He had thought he was prepared for his mother, but her *volte-face*, her instant abandonment of Leonora and the voracity of her snatch at him, struck him dumb.

"Darling John! How heavenly! Oh, but you bad, *bad* boy—keeping it all dark from poor mother, who would so have *loved* to help—in her little humble way. How cruel of you never to breathe a word, dear. But you were always such a sensitive goose of a boy, and I suppose you thought you were *no good*? Yes, I can see that was it! Such modesty—like all the very biggest people. Leonora, aren't you going to congratulate your brother?"

Dreadful, dreadful change. That caressing note for him, that sharpness of impatience for his sister.

The latter raised her head. Her face was white, but her lips were smiling. "Good luck, John. Can we go to your play to-night, or will every seat be booked?"

"Oh, no—I'll see about it," he answered, awkwardly. He wanted to tell his mother that he was utterly, sickeningly ashamed of her; he wanted to show Leonora that he respected her self-control, her pluck. But it was impossible to do either of these things, equally impossible to bear the situation as it now was. He must cut loose—at once.

He got up from the breakfast table. "I'll be sleeping at the club to-night, mother."

She agreed brightly. "Of course, dear. You'll want to see your friends. But we must plan a few celebrations for here, too, you know!" she added archly. "Nora and I will be putting our heads together."

"Nora" . . . Was it done consciously or not? He couldn't be sure. But his sister, at any rate, had noticed it; he carried away with him (unwillingly) the remembrance of her short laugh, her desperate eyes.

He never went back to Chelsea. From the club he wrote next day making temporary excuses; a week or two later he had left the bank, and could say that he was going into the country to work, as he must follow up his first play with another as soon as possible. It was not altogether true; already two of his other and much-rejected plays were accepted for early production, one in England, one in America; he could afford a breathing space. But it was true that he was going into the country. A longing had come over him to see his old home, and, once in the village which at the same time wrung his heart and healed it, what more natural than to call on Roger Mayne?

He had not seen Roger since the time when, Miss Foss's day being over, Mr. Mayne had admitted him to share Roger's lessons in the vicarage study. He had never written to Roger, either; nevertheless, Roger, now a farmer, was heartily pleased to see him. To Roger, he found, he was and would always be simply "John," as of old, no matter how many successful plays he wrote. It was the antidote that he needed to the poison of his mother; at the end of a week he eagerly accepted Roger's invitation to stay on. Eventually, they came to an arrangement whereby John could share Roger's home and Roger's admirable housekeeper on equal terms.

It answered splendidly. He gave no one his address, but went to town when necessary, and had all letters forwarded from his club. Among them at first were many from his mother. When was he coming home? He should be secured *absolutely* against interruption, of course. All she asked was to be allowed to strain every nerve in furthering her darling boy's interests—in ministering to his wonderful, *wonderful* gift. And so on. He replied, from the club, to one of these letters—the first; and he made it clear that he wanted no help of any sort, that he would never willingly live in London again, that he intended to be left alone. In time she realized that she could do

nothing. The letters became plaintive, became acrid, ceased. Leonora never wrote at all.

John settled down to work and happiness. Thankfully, he put the last dozen years out of his mind, and set himself to make friends with his neighbors, old and new. He was successful; few people there knew or cared to know more than that he "wrote"; the remainder, suspicious at first of "airs," were disarmed by the absence of them, and also by the fact that he was, after all, "Tom Curnaway's boy."

He loved to hear the expression; he loved to meet people who remembered his father and could refresh his memory of old days; he loved, with that strange passion that some people feel and others do not and there is an end of it, the very stones of the place where he had been a child.

Best of all, he had a dream to nurse. Some day he would buy back the old house, and live there. At the end of a year or so he knew that he might, if he chose, do it at once—knew, but was afraid to trust his knowledge. For it was somehow terrifying, this way that money had acquired of flowing effortlessly in upon him. He could not rid himself of the idea that it was fairy gold and would vanish if he attempted to use it. He would wait awhile; there was no hurry.

And then one day, when he had been eighteen months with Roger, something happened. He got back from a long walk to find his friend hanging over the garden gate.

"You've been the deuce of a time," Roger complained.

John looked at him in surprise; it was unlike Roger to fuss. Besides, it was only between six and seven; he wasn't even late for dinner. "Why? Is anything up?" he inquired.

"Your sister's here. Been waiting for you since three o'clock."

"Oh." John's face grew expressionless. So they had hunted him down—his mother and Leonora. Well, it should

never happen again; he would see to that. Meanwhile, Roger's irritation was understandable.

"Sorry, old man," he said. "Of course I'd no idea. I'll take her off your hands now. Where is she?"

"In the library." Roger was still glowering at him. Had Leonora been as awful as all that, then? She *could* be, of course; and Roger, of all men, would loathe her insincerities and gush.

"I say—" added Roger, gruffly.

"Well?"

"You don't seem to understand—and you don't look too sympathetic, either. Nora—your sister's in trouble of some sort. I—I found her crying behind the cucumber frame."

"You did, did you?" said John, slowly. It was a little difficult to piece all this together—to get at Leonora's game. "How'd she get there?" he asked, gaining time.

"Dash it, man, you might be a fish!" Roger growled. "Some one sent her the garden way up to the house, I imagine. Anyhow, what matters is that she was wretched—is still, as far as that goes. Scared of *you*, I believe. However, you know best about that, no doubt."

"Oh!" So that was it. Leonora had made use of his absence to secure a champion in Roger, it seemed. "What's she been telling you?" he asked, bitterly.

"Nothing!" Roger was manifestly furious. "Loyal—true as steel. Couldn't get a thing out of her. Don't be a—cad, John."

In another minute they would be fighting! John realized it as, at that word "cad," a red-hot dart went through him, all but galvanizing his arm into action.

"I'll go in," he said, curtly, and did it. He entered the library.

"Hullo, Leonora! Sorry to have kept you waiting. Nothing wrong, I hope?" His voice was cheerful and courteous; nevertheless, the barrier that it erected was of steel.

And Leonora recognized it. She stood



up, pale and nervous. "John," she appealed, "I knew you'd be furious at my finding you—at my coming here. I know you want to have done with me—with us both. It's quite natural. I understand. And I shouldn't have come if I hadn't been—desperate. I *haven't* come—have I?—for a long time."

"Eighteen months," he said, crisply.

He heard her breath catch, but it was like something that didn't concern him. If she didn't want to be hurt she had, after all, only to keep away.

"Yes—eighteen months. John, can you imagine what it's been like—with mother?"

Oh yes, he could imagine that—if he had to. Not pleasant to imagine, but then—it wasn't his fault.

"The wrong horse," said Leonora. "It's not what anyone would choose to be, is it? And mother's not the person to let one forget it. She has no use for me now, you know; she hates to see me about. It's *you* she's after—"

"She'll never get me. You know that."

"Oh yes, I know that. She knows it, too, for that matter, but—she can manage. She can talk about you, you see; and she can go away and then come back and pretend she's been with you. And—oh, *you* know. But I'm in her way, an annoyance, a humiliation, a constant reminder of a bad speculation. In public we keep things up, of course; but all the time, behind the scenes, we're two sour women girding at each other."

"Two sour women girding . . . ." Yes, he could see that. His brain took in the picture, though his heart refused it. "I'm sorry," he said, without warmth. "But there isn't anything I can do. You must see there isn't."

"There is—there is!" She looked up, passionate, beseeching. And her face . . . for the first time he noticed a change in it. It was not that her dark, vivid beauty had become haggard, but it was just a faint suggestion that some day it might. Why, Leonora must be—how old? Twenty-eight?—nine? Yes,

twenty-nine; nearly thirty . . . But she was speaking.

"John!"

"Yes?"

"Give me a chance. I've never had one yet." She spoke simply and quietly now, standing there before him with her arms hanging straight at her sides. But the hands were clenched, he noticed, and there was some quality of intensity in her words that went echoing on in the silence.

"A chance . . . never . . . yet . . ."

He was astounded by the way that got hold of him. For he suddenly saw it as the simple truth. Leonora, petted, encouraged, published, had never had a chance; it was he, neglected and forlorn, who had had all the chances, because he had had that one inestimable chance of gradual development according to the laws of his own being. "The things of a man for which we visit him were done in the dark and the cold." Who had said that? The dark and the cold . . . Leonora had never known the mysterious germinating properties of either. And yet—"a chance"? What, after all, could she mean by that? Did she think she was going to use *him* now as a literary stepping-stone?

"I can't help you," he said, with an effort. "People can't be helped, you know."

"Oh, not *that* way," she protested, wearily. "Don't you understand that I've done with writing, that I hate the very thought of it—because there's nothing *there*? I don't think there was ever much there; it was just precocity—a tiny talent, at best. But, whatever it was, mother killed it. It was dead before I was eighteen. You know it was. Just when I should have been starting, I was finished. And, since then, for ten—twelve—years I've been pretending it was alive, attitudinizing before a corpse. But I'm done, John. Beaten. And I can't live with mother any more."

He thought he saw now what she wanted. "You mean you'd like a place

of your own—a flat or something? Well, I could manage that.”

Fear leaped to her eyes. “No, no—not that, John! I couldn’t bear it. Not yet, anyhow. The solitude—and the silence—and the wasted years . . . I’d go mad. Please, John, not that.”

“What, then?” It was hideous to see her like this, a suppliant, at his mercy. He wished she would say what she wanted, so that they could get it over. During these eighteen months the occasional thought of his quiet, complete revenge for the miseries of his childhood and youth had been not unpleasing, but now it sickened him. His sister was being sincere—terribly sincere, and it was his heart at last that was touched by her misery. He no longer wanted to triumph over her. But he still wanted to be rid of her.

“John, would you”—he could see in her eyes how terrified she was of coming to her point—“would you let me come here? Oh, not for *good*,” she opposed to his quick movement of refusal. “Listen—*please* listen, John. I’m so tired; I can’t fight any more. And most of all I’m tired of being a humbug. I want—” In spite of having asked him to listen, she broke off short.

“Yes?” he prompted. “You want—?”

Still for an instant she hesitated; then bravely she met his eyes. “What I want, John—really want—is to marry; to have a home of my own, and a husband who would rather talk about potatoes than poems, and—and children.”

“But—Leonora—”

She smiled faintly at his dismay. “It’s all right, John; I’m only being straight with you. What I want is not what I expect to get; I’d hardly come here to look for a husband, would I—a tiny place like this? No; what I expect to get is a secretaryship—if you’ll let me stay with you while I’m learning my job? Once I’ve started earning my living, I—I can face the loneliness. I’ll play fair—honest Injun. Give me a year—well, six months, then! I won’t slack. I’ll go every day into Silverton for

lessons. And I won’t get in your way; I won’t disgrace you; I won’t pretend to be anything at all except just your sister. Only don’t make me live quite alone yet—not just yet.”

Her voice failed, and he found that he could not trust his. He was still struggling with it when the door handle was clumsily fumbled, and Roger, after a tactful moment, looked in.

“I say—what a confab,” he protested. “Dinner’s in ten minutes.” His eyes were on the visitor. “Hasn’t John even asked you to take off your hat?” he said, disgustedly. “You’re staying the night, of course—Nora?”

It was not a question, John realized; it was a threat—to him! And suddenly, at that, he saw what was going to happen. Roger’s indignation with him in general, that shy “Nora” in particular. . . . He glanced at his sister. Yes, she had seen it, too. But it was not with triumph or calculation that she was looking at Roger; rather it was with a sort of soft shining, the awed look of a child about to be presented with some unbelievable bauble from a Christmas tree.

“Nora”—the old, pleasant word came to John familiarly out of the past—the strong, strong past—and chimed a hundred kindly memories in his ears. It was good to get it back—“Nora” . . .

He laughed and found his voice. He was glad that it was only his voice he had to find—glad that his mind had been made up before he had seen that exchange of looks between Roger and Nora.

“It’s something more than a night’s lodging that’s wanted for Nora,” he said, cheerfully. “Changes are afoot, Roger. I’ve had my eye on our old place for some time, you know, and now I’ve decided to plunge—as Nora’s willing to keep house for me for a bit. And meanwhile—could we put her up here for a week or two, d’you think?”

Guileless satisfaction was printed on every feature of Roger’s face. “Bully!” he observed, simply.



## THE JUNGLE

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

**D**OWN in the jungle of the mind,  
Under consciousness and light,  
Where all lost thoughts lie entwined  
Like growths in a tropic night,  
There are strange and awful aims  
Grasping ever at the will,  
Wanting it with all the strength  
Of dead things that are living still.  
There are panther-eyed desires  
Crouched suppressed in covert caves.  
Fears like will-o-the-wisp fires  
Wandering on each air that waves.  
There are marshes of despair  
Where imagination breeds  
Bats that have the face of care,  
Vultures beaked like evil deeds.  
Horrors and confusion cling  
Cloudy in the branching gloom:  
All things sinister or vile  
Find there ready room.

Down in the jungle of the mind  
These things are, as all men know.  
But among them what fair forms  
Out of foulness grow!  
Visions that like flowers lift  
Chalice of beauty up;  
Winged wonders magical  
As the moon's enchanted cup.  
Braveries that seize desires  
By their panther-throats and curb them.  
Genius voices so divine  
Even death cannot disturb them.  
Fawns of joy so fleet of foot  
No wild cruel fang can catch them.  
Eagle urges of the soul  
Rising where no wing can match them.  
Fronds of peace that mount above  
All the tangle growth and slime.  
Purposes liana-strong,  
Born to reach and clasp and climb.  
And, amid them all, the sense  
Of the aspiring force of Life,  
Master of them, in the end,  
And of all with them at strife!

## ENGLAND THROUGH ENGLISH EYES

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

Associate Editor of the *London Nation*

ANYONE who does not believe in recurrent moods of despair or derision that the present world is crazy, is himself probably in need of skilled attention. We have been told by one of our most acute and attentive critics that humanity gives him the impression this earth is being used by the other planets as a lunatic asylum. And Anatole France, who has kept an understanding and cynical eye upon our capers for very many years, but who remained obdurately genial and hopeful, at length gives us up. He is sure now we are going the way of the Sumerian and other once dominant civilizations which perished and are dust. It is not that we do not possess the knowledge and intelligence to put our affairs in order, but we are light-minded; our attention is easily diverted; we remain convinced we ought to be more serious till the first toy balloon floats by, and then we go after that.

But younger observers—who must count upon some years yet of continued association with their kind dare not thus throw up their hands. They are forced to try to improve us. That may be not even a friendly act, in its motive; they must do so if only to preserve themselves, just as an intelligent steerage passenger would force his advice on demoralized navigators and ignorant saloon passengers when the ship was on a reef. For, whatever else may be in doubt in this world, it is not in doubt that the complex industrial society we have built on the simple axiom of the nut-scramble is wrecked, and that no number of conferences, even international conferences of anxious and highly interested Importances, will ever get the

old notion going freely again. Men everywhere, and even whole nations, are discovering that they have lost heart for so undignified and debasing an activity; the trouble is they have no idea yet as to what they should do in its place.

There is hope, however, for the patient who at last begins to understand, though dimly, what his antics are to his despairing but compassionate friends. And the pleasant truth is we are now beginning to laugh at ourselves. Some of our ridiculous institutions and traditions, which once we regarded with the utmost gravity, now cause us to smile in the way their merits always deserved. Or else we are indifferent to them. I remember, for instance, that not many years before the war there was a by-election in my London suburb. We wanted a new member to represent us—as the uncritical saying goes—in Parliament. Now the culture of this suburb may be described as that of a semi-detached intelligence with a Virginia creeper in front. We attend the vicar's garden parties, and we see nothing curious in a major-general—famous, naturally, like all generals—telling our youngsters at the school's annual prize-giving that the privilege in their higher education is to make foremost fools of them on some battlefield. But certainly if John were to return from any wilderness he now haunts, and from our street corners were to call on us to repent, we should not stop on our way to church; we should consider him a low fellow. We should have done so, anyhow, at the time of this election. There was a dreadful doubt then that the British Navy was comparatively weaker than it ought ever to be. "We want eight," we cried in those



days, "and we won't wait." We meant eight new Dreadnoughts. To disregard the Navy was infidelity; the floating gun platform was the faith of our fathers and the altar of our gods. To speak critically of British warships and sea-power was impious. Yet see what has happened to our minds since then! One of our numerous "naval experts"—we have specialized in these, and they talk a kind of hornpipe language but never go to sea—wept recently in several deep columns of print about a shameful thing now to be witnessed at a historic naval base. A fleet of British warships, from Dreadnoughts to submarines, with all its priceless gear and appurtenances, and many of its vessels "hush" craft of the war, is there decaying at its moorings. The ships are rusty and dismantled; they are rotting. A bare hint of so monstrous an iniquity ten years ago would have swept any government out of office instantly. Yet to-day nobody was interested enough to pay attention to the sad story. It was even considered, by professional pressmen, bad journalism to print it. Let them rot, we murmured. Yet it is not easy to make such a little fact as significant to others as it is to us. But suppose the Druids once upon a time collected all the holy mistletoe and burned it! Suppose Americans ever came to feel it was necessary to revise a line or two in the Declaration of Independence!

Perhaps what gives our present outlook its resemblance to the chaos and inconsequence of lunacy is the hopeful fact that our minds have changed. What would not have surprised us at one time does so now. Our opinions are dissolving and reforming, but our circumstances are still only the reflection of our old life. In that sense our circumstances are worse even than they used to be. They were once normal and unnoticed; now they are obvious, alien, and acutely discomfiting. And in another sense, too, they are worse, for the defects in our old conception of social relationships have at last veritably produced the ruin

always inherent in them. We have changed, and we are pained to discover the world has not changed with us. Our opinions are new, but our world is still the old world. The new light we see is not reflected from material things. It is that lack of correspondence between our renaissance and circumstances which stolidly recall only what we used to be and what we used to want, which makes the world appear now as a bad and silly jest. While outward things are but the projection of what we are, while they are but the desires of the majority of us made manifest, all is well. The drums and fifes, for example, once forced me, as they did most men, into step with the soldiers. Yet a day or two ago, during a procession through central London, the flamboyance of the drum major, and the assurance of the drums, merely caused the following troops, wearing once more their chromatic and traditional uniforms, to look like a parade advertising a Drury Lane pantomime. The glamour had gone from those bonny fellows. They did not seem real. They might have been fitted out by a theatrical costumer. The pageant, counting so deliberately on its old appeal, was merely embarrassing. It made, it was evident to me, a number of witnesses feel a little ashamed. For what are these bearskins and scarlet tunics to that clay-colored figure in a steel helmet, distant, august, and statuesque though cumbered with ugly gear, forever fixed by the memory in the light of one dayfall in Flanders? How do they compare? They are an outrage. They are an impertinence and a desecration.

This discrepancy between what our awakened eyes desire to see and what is still there has a paralyzing effect upon the mind. That is why, I suppose, it is merely the debates and the advice of elder men we chiefly hear, for it is the younger men who are awake, but who are shocked into silence by what they see around them. Many of them are survivors of the great catastrophe. They were guleless at that time, credulous of



the wisdom and good will of their elders, accepted the world as they found it, and moved at once to the solution of the task which, so they were told, was especially their privilege to solve. ("I wish I were young enough," their uncles used to say, with a regret that seemed poignant, but was—and the uncles thanked God for it—idle.) Now those young minds, generous and easily fired to enthusiasm by a selfless ideal—a phenomenon seen only in youth and religious zealots—from being sanctified crusaders in a holy war which was to restore a lost nimbus to this planet, feel that they were merely the duped agents in the traditional moves of competing powers; and they cannot help comparing the lost value of their dead comrades with the living facts. They are, therefore, speechless with astonishment and dismay. Yet it is in the mind of that generation, so unreported and expressionless, but watchful, critical and disillusioned, and intent on all the important hints of tendencies which the newspaper press tucks away in unobtrusive corners, that is of more consequence to us than all the great headlines which delude us into a belief in the urgency of front-page news. It is rarely we see the underlying significance of front-page news. When the Czar's advisers insisted on that poor man signing the order for mobilization one fateful summer's day, did it occur to them that they were insisting on the admittance of Lenin with their own death warrants?

Well, our guides and governors, meddling once with the lock which shut in the Pit, inadvertently touched the secret spring, and opened it. Eblis is free, and much else. There was a night in a distant August, when, in our London suburb, the burst of news from the Continent, so far as we could make anything of it, sounded like the distant uproar of myriads of contending maniacs. This noise had broken out suddenly, and the rapidity with which its violence spread was stupefying. Then, when we began to listen in real alarm, a muffled door was closed on the noise. We sought one an-

other's eyes in an insulated quiet that was ominous. The last shout we caught was that the Germans were in Luxembourg. That news gave us reason enough to look at one another in despair. I took the item to an elderly shoemaker, a man on whom even the vicar used to drop in for an evening pipe. The virtue of the cobbler was that newspapers only made him laugh. On that occasion, I remember, his visitors did most of the talking. The cobbler merely listened. I can see now his hammer upheld, arrested in its descent on a boot to be sure he caught the right word. I should have been warned by his curious silence that night, but it happened that people like the vicar and myself were more confident than usual. The passionate conviction of plenary inspiration most of us feel in wartime is much more certain than a religious revelation ever is. We were sure, of course, that this great affair was outside the scope of a cobbler. It was essentially a matter for educated men of the world; and the cobbler did not laugh once, that evening, I remember. It was when we were leaving that he made his sole contribution to the communal wisdom.

"You think," he remarked, putting his spectacles up on his forehead, "that this war will be over by Christmas. It won't. It will last for years, and when it is over that will be only the end of the first act in the European revolution."

"And how long will that last?" cheerily asked the vicar, turning to smile at him.

"God knows," answered the shoemaker.

Soon after that our cobbler died, and faded instantly into an almost invisible phantom of the past. In those days each hour was more important than all history, and one forgot everything but what was knocking at the door. Presently a time came when it was possible to stop and look at the clock. Five months gone! Instead of averting doom, which seemed right over us, with a series of sweaty improvisations, there was a spell for a little thought, for the enemy was resting in



holes behind wire. A real understanding of our calamity, an idea that the war had dropped on the world as the reward for humanity's common behavior, was even then, the December of 1914, beginning to dawn on the soldiers. But only on the soldiers. By the summer of 1915 you might hear the cynical and weary comments of the French poilus, on war and peace, and on governments, discussed freely, and even with some approving laughter, at almost any British headquarters in the field. It was strange to hear from young British officers of good birth such casual opinions of the sort of job they had before them. Nothing like those ideas was ever entertained on the playing fields of Eton. They were more in the line of my suburban cobbler. In a way, they recalled him to life. "Only the first act in the European revolution!"

How many years ago? Call them a century. At least they make a lifetime seem long. The soldiers whose traditional notions, some as old as feudal times, were stripped from them in France, baring their minds to the inclemency of a world in ruin where was exposed the basic morals of that civilization which once even to question was blasphemy—and how nice the secret inside of that civilization looked!—were beginning to talk like sensible people whose helplessness and unimportance enable them to be candid. Enough to make a parrot talk so! But now where are those men? From a casual survey of contemporary England you might think they were all in France, populating the cemeteries. We appear unable to count any of them. They are lost, and their thoughts. We must appear to others, therefore, to be going on as before, and as though nothing had happened. Passing through Trafalgar Square, one might note, as I did recently, Nelson's column festooned with laurels for 1805, and its lions chained to the memorial shaft with evergreen. Trafalgar Day! So we keep Guy Fawkes Day. Yet only a few weeks before, on the anniversary of the opening of the Battle of the Somme, when we

lost fifty thousand men in the first twenty minutes, a battle which lasted eight months and cast a permanent shadow over most of our homes, there was but one reminder, I think, in all the British press. Why? Names like Fricourt, Thiepval, la Boisselle, Longueval, High Wood, Morval, the Butte, Guillemont, Sailly-Saillisel, Pozières and Contalmaison, probably strange and unmeaning to most Americans, convey to many Englishmen what no words will ever measure, especially if those English once saw those places; for that immense battleground looked to be the last phase of the Judgment Day. Why was there no reminder of an occasion which presaged the end of our traditions and old habits of thought and acceptances? Is it supposed we have forgotten it?

Is it supposed that that word, the Somme, with all its implications of profound change and dread, has lost its significance? No; I suppose the truth is it is feared that it has not. It is therefore natural for our newspapers to pretend their readers have no desire to hear more of the tragic years, for their proprietors dread what will emerge from the Day of Judgment, naturally.

They have gone, those years, dark, senseless, and confused. What have they to do with the light of day? They have gone, and they are as incredible as a strange dream when we are awake again amidst the familiar briskness of the morning's affairs. The smell of the garden, the cool mockery of the blackbird, the traffic in the street, the shopkeepers at their doors, the new volumes in the window of the bookseller's, the talk in the morning train—all is familiar enough, seems secure and eternal . . . yet, did nothing happen to us in the night?

So it appears. Everybody and everything seems to be the same as usual. Nothing is changed. Our morning paper, evidently, is unaware. Now, Rip Van Winkle could see he was a changeling. His white beard told him that. And his village, which he ought to have known, was foreign to him. The power of an-



other world than his had really touched him, in his familiar Catskills, with its black art. Our case, therefore, is worse than his. For, though we feel altered in nature, are sure that even the cast of the mind is not what it was before it crossed that strange midnight, yet nobody acts as though aware of the change. We have the same name. We are doing what our friends expect of us. We live in the same street.

But something has happened to us? More, much more, than is ever admitted. More than our newspapers desire to publish as common knowledge which has not yet been confessed in print. More than New York could guess from what the correspondents of the American press judge is worth the expense of cabling from London. There is an England to-day which is never in the news. It is never discussed in Parliament. The evidence of it is never telegraphed to America. You could suppose its presence to be invisible to all our popular politicians, though some of them, like the Duke of Northumberland, glimpse it as a bedtime bogie, and their ignorance is suitably terrified; they even scream their fright. The England which is still freely reported to the world is a land that no more indicates what is here than does Ptolemy's Chart the ocean to modern navigators. The England which American visitors knew in 1914 has ceased to exist; and when to-day American diplomatists and statesmen talk to the official representatives of England, they are not talking to us, but to the dead.

I suppose an American visitor who was again at Charing Cross would easily recognize the old place again. He might see some change; the motor traffic has increased. If he felt any interest in the subject at all he would search long for the faintest evidence of the Nights of the Maroons when the underground railway stations were dormitories. The same old London! In a long holiday he would certainly learn that we are hard up, notwithstanding the display of expensive

automobiles, and the pearls and diamond-studded tobacco pipes for ladies in Bond Street. Among "the best people," and even in suburbia where it was never nice to admit the body had any functions after the age of two years, an American visitor will discover that to-day we will talk as freely of sex and its curious extravagances as of the wonders of bee-keeping. When the fences and safeguards go down for the glorious adventure of war, the herd wanders loose; we have discovered it necessary to use even family newspapers to warn the young against the insidious character of venereal disease. We are very interested in spiritualism, esoteric dances and other abnormal matters, that show an unsteady temperature. Our behavior and our conversation are rather like that of a family circle where any subject will serve to keep a guest from surmising that we are preoccupied with a skeleton in the cupboard which faces him. There is a cool levity about all we say which perhaps ought to warn him that we are not normal, and are suppressing a deep mental disturbance. When men front the iron and expressionless visage of destiny itself, and they feel that nothing but unlikely good luck can give them any aid, then the mind will show itself in oblique and giddy mockery; in the same way, youngsters in a dugout used to start the sauciness of Marie Lloyd on a gramophone to hide the noise of their burial. For we realize that the foundations of the British Empire have collapsed. It was past its time, and it has gone. It is on the maps, it is in our Foreign Office, it is boldly asserted in those newspapers which are chiefly reported abroad, but it is only a romantic ghost haunting the battlements of a ruin. Our commercial greatness, nicely adjusted on an export of coal (which now our customers do not want), a staple export supporting the tonnage of our paramount mercantile marine, has gone with it. It was not the War, but the Peace and its Treaty that ruined Europe; and the infatuated English electors who



really believed in November, 1918, that important British statesmen meant what they said about hanging the Kaiser, are now aware that it is they who have been noosed.

We are beginning to see that it is useless to wait for a high tide to float our ship again. Her propeller shaft is fractured, and she is fairly on the rocks. The King is on the throne, Parliament sits and goes on with the next chapter in the serial story where it was left in 1914, and the Stock Exchange maintains the familiar silk hat and daily quotations. Nevertheless, the old sanctions for our society have dissolved, and we know it; and we know, too, that we must seek new and finer sanctions. That will take at least a generation, for the liquidation of an empire, and its reassembling as a commonwealth, is not to be accomplished like the construction of a railway track, for it will be based, like the Empire, on nothing more tangible than some images in the mind. The old image was, say, a pioneer in a slouch hat, with a gun in his hand (cynics put a Bible in his other hand), standing on a kopje under a Union Jack he had just planted there, looking to the Beulah Land whose trade and burdens he must take up, and be damned to them, as a white man. There was something to be said for that figure in the past; but as Kipling has said it, there is no need to say any more. The heroic image of the white man looking for his burden has been destroyed by its own lyddite. And that heroic image is what the Union Jack used to symbolize.

Now I am not insensitive to ensigns and symbols. They move me profoundly. I have gone through weeks of heavy weather at sea, and when the sky has lifted a little, and we have been able to see some distance into the waste, I know what the feeling is to make out a stranger passing in the murk, laboring and swept, and to see, as she emerged after an obliteration, the Red Ensign signal from her. There are men of peace who know what the Imperialist knows.

Ensigns may symbolize more than can be got into patriotic chants; indeed, one would rather not chant such feelings, nor even speak of them. And symbols may evoke other moods. They may even, by unlucky chance, change their significance, and stand for something we hate, as when a youth, an idealist who was broken in the war, thinking of patriotic chants and imperialism, said to me: "The Union Jack! It means no more to me now than a stranger's shirt hanging on the line to dry. I've had enough of that nonsense."

There, indeed, is our task. We have to give that boy, and those like him, another content for that symbol. It will never satisfy him if it is merely a national content. It will never satisfy him if it concerns only his material welfare. He and his kind have been through the travail of surrendering all, even the right to live; and they can never again put that value on material advantage which was the sole religion of the State till the State turned desperately to the young, fervently denied the teachings of the past, and implored the young to save it. Youth has had its education dismantled. It has seen the secret foundations exposed of that society which it had believed was the outcome of the righteous nature of things; it has seen with its own eyes the black and naked fundamental lies; and it is useless to expect youth to forget what it has seen and what it knows. Moreover, everybody is aware of it, though some fight desperately still against the conviction of change which is in most minds, and deny what a whole wrecked continent demonstrates to the heavens. Yet, while this conflict is going on in the mind of a nation, of many European nations, the outward semblance of society and its institutions remains, and probably is all that Americans see when they look eastward. But the England they once knew is not here. We have begun another epoch, though the towers of the capital of that new time are too unsubstantial yet to catch the light of dawn.



# THE LION'S MOUTH

## STRANGE BIRD-FELLOWS

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

ONE winter day at the seashore I met a man who typified moral courage. He was a bird enthusiast, and he carried a large telescope with which to identify ducks gathered offshore. I marveled at that man. I wondered how he stood the ordeal of carrying that telescope through the city on his way to his trysting place with the ducks. Was he fortified by the thought that people would suppose him to be a yachtsman setting forth to add to the equipment of his yacht, or a lighthouse keeper returning to reinforce the guard?

If I had been in his place, I fear I should have left the telescope at home. For I, too, have a weakness for birds; but when I set out for my favorite hills and orchards my field glass is hidden deep in my pocket, and I try to wear the aspect of a man intent merely upon exercise. It is bad enough to hear the small boys jeer at my knickerbockers without giving them reason to guess that I am going to spend the morning flirting with sparrows. Not that everybody is not most generous toward me and the sparrows. My friends assure me that it is a fine thing to learn about birds. And yet, tactful as they are, I can see what is going on in the back of their minds. The proper age for such things, to their way of thinking, is somewhere between five and twelve. This feeling dogs me wherever I go. And so, if I am engaged in observing a thrush by the roadside and a farmer comes along, I put my glass furtively out of sight and give my best imitation of a man examining the condition of the telephone wires or inspecting the progress of

the crops. Only in the depths of the forest am I thoroughly at ease, and able to enjoy the birds as if I were at the proper age.

There are others who share my tastes. Most of them, however, hunt in packs for mutual moral support. They belong to "bird clubs." They take bird walks together, each member fortified by the sense that there are others as foolish as he. And they cover over their amiable delight in the game of keeping a bird list by pretending that they are engaged in a species of ornithological research. They fool even themselves into thinking that they are advancing the cause of science. Nonsense. I would as soon believe a man who explained his game of golf as a series of experiments upon the resiliency of gutta-percha as believe most of these bird people. There may be a few ornithologists among them, but not many. To most of them, I'll wager, it is a game and little more, if they only dared admit it.

The books written on the subject have the same way of reducing a taste for birds to a scientific and utilitarian basis. One of them points out, as an argument for bird study, that "Birds are nature's most potent checks upon the undue increase of noxious insects and harmful rodents." All true, doubtless, and bravely said. I yield to no man in the severity of my attitude toward harmful rodents. Yet the garbage man, for that matter, is another potent check, and still I shall never willingly devote my Saturday afternoons to his pursuit.

The same book also lays stress on the value to science of ornithological study, which appears to consist mostly of sitting very still in the middle of a thicket



for a very long time, watching a bird on a nest. "Take a sheltered seat in some favored locality," urges this handbook, "and become a part of the background. . . . Secrete yourself near some spot loved by birds, and it may be your privilege to learn the secrets of the forest."

My brief experience at this sort of thing has taught me principally the secrets of the noxious insects. The mosquito, for instance. He never for an instant took me for a part of the background. For every thing I learned about the feeding habits of young finches, I learned several things about the feeding habits of old mosquitoes. No, I find it bad enough to have to stand motionless in a swamp for as much as half a minute getting the focus on a restive redstart, while the noxious insects settle savagely, one by one, on the back of my neck, without dragging out the sport for hours. Let those whose necks are more leathery than mine, or whose ankles are less appetizing, advance the cause of science.

From what the books say, it appears that some ornithologists are so indefatigable as not to be content merely with becoming a part of the background. They use what is called an observation-blind. This consists of a large umbrella, with a long spike on the end of the handle, which can be driven into the ground, and with a cloth covering which hangs down all around, forming a sort of miniature tent. In this tent, on a campstool, sits the ornithologist. There are little windows in the side to let the mosquitoes in and out, and through one of these windows the ornithologist observes the wild life of the neighborhood. The idea seems to be to rig the thing up close to a sparrow's nest and climb inside. The sparrows soon forget that there's a man in it; or if they don't forget him they at least lose all respect for him. So business continues as usual in the sparrow community, while for hours and hours the ornithologist sits there and takes down the evidence.

The main thing that I am curious about is what happens when the neighbors stroll by and decide to inspect this strange tentlike object. Imagine walking up to the thing and finding the gentle eyes of an ornithologist gazing out at you through the window! Would you inform him kindly that the rain had stopped some days ago and that it would be quite safe to put up his umbrella and go home? Or would you tiptoe quietly away, wondering what sad experience had led the man thus to seek the solitude of his gloomy thoughts? An interesting device, the observation-blind, but not for me. I should be too sure that the neighbors were tapping their foreheads significantly as they passed by. And my interest in birds, after all, is not scientific. For me the game's the thing.

The game, of course, is to see how many kinds of birds you can identify each time you go out, and how many you can add to your list for the season. To play it well you should select a route across country which will take you through a pleasing variety of scenes. The only drawback is that not all the scenes are pleasing in themselves. The experts tell me, for instance, that the place of all places to look for sea birds is in the neighborhood of the city dump. I went there just once. You walk along a dingy street to the waste spaces beyond the last of the factories and gas houses, and there by the water's edge, where ash carts are depositing their contents and dreadful people are picking over the rubbish for junk, is the place to pull out your field glass and look for mergansers. The whole thing seems a sordid episode. You feel that your activities must seem slightly irregular even to the men who drive the ash carts; and whenever a limousine rolls by on the road you seem to hear its occupants asking one another if that figure standing among the orange peels doesn't look strangely familiar, and whether he is searching with that field glass for a discarded shoe or two with

which to replenish his wardrobe. My one experience convinced me that I preferred the birds whose search for noxious insects and harmful rodents is pursued under less favorable conditions.

Under any conditions, however, the game has its fine points which must be carefully watched. For instance, one of the best ways of attracting birds, according to the authorities, is to place the lips to the back of the hand and make a violent kissing sound. Apparently this has some resemblance to the cries of a wounded bird; and according to one of the bird books, one may enter an apparently deserted thicket, and after a few minutes of this sort of thing, "find oneself surrounded by an anxious or curious group of its feathered inhabitants." This is valuable information, but to be used with discretion. In Central Park, for instance, one is just as likely as not, after trying this little ornithological experiment, to find oneself surrounded by an anxious or curious group of gentlemen with blue coats and brass buttons. Better keep these tactics for the open country.

It is for the open country that I am bound when you see me setting forth on a warm spring morning, with my field glass in one pocket, a manual of birds in another, and my pipe in a third. That is all the equipment I need. There are no country-club dues to pay. The price of carfare to the end of the line is all that is required. Financially required, I mean. For there are two other requirements. One is the vigorous competitive instinct which I hope my daughter will attain between the ages of five and twelve, and never lose—the instinct which makes it possible for one to secure immense satisfaction out of expecting to get three new birds on one's list, and then actually getting five; and the other is a love of the upland cedar groves where the goldfinches flock in the treetops, the old roads overhung with willows full of warblers, and the birch clumps green with young leaves, where the field-sparrows sing.

## YOUTH

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

SHE was a most expansive dowager,  
Freighted with spoils from foreign  
argosies;  
One would have guessed a score of  
treasuries  
Had been ransacked capriciously for her.

Her pudgy fingers with the slightest stir  
Betrayed a host of colored, flashing stars;  
Long ropes of pearls and diamonds in bars  
Armored her body, sheathed in lavender.

Pouting, she teased her escort with a glance  
Provocatively roguish, while she swayed  
Her massive shoulders, bare and unafraid,  
In tempo with the rhythm of the dance.

Meantime the jazz band whined: "Oh honey  
child,  
You've got to love me, for you drive me  
wild!"

## DILEMMA FOR MORALISTS

BY C. A. BENNETT

### THEN

SAY seventy-five or a hundred years  
ago.

He had been one of a group of boys aged about fifteen who had persecuted an unhappy stray dog by tying a tin can to its tail and pursuing it with stones and yells. His parents were grieved, but hardly surprised; that was the kind of boy he was. They could do nothing with him. In despair they sent him to a priest, to whom he made full confession. He said he could not tell why he had done it. The other boys proposed it and the impulse to join in had just come to him and he had acted on it. Besides, every proper boy looked upon a stray dog as fair game.

The priest talked to him about the evils of acting on impulse and the need for self-control. He said that all boys were by nature cruel. These unregenerate impulses were part of the Old Adam. The Old Adam must be driven



out by discipline and prayer and fasting, and the spiritual man put in his place. He discoursed of original sin, declaring that human nature was corrupt, distorted by an inveterate tendency toward evil. All natural impulses, he said, were bad. The only safety lay in following the voice of God and the commands of conscience.

The result of this interview was that the boy came to believe: first, that all natural joys were wrong; second, that the good and the unattractive were interchangeable terms; third, that he could be sure he was doing his duty only when he felt utterly miserable.

### NOW

Or, if you think that is hardly just, say twenty-five years hence. Same kind of boy; same kind of offense.

His parents were a little uncomfortable, but not seriously disturbed. His father said, "Boys will be boys." His mother said, "Well, he doesn't get it from my side of the family, anyway." Some of the neighbors dismissed the episode with the remark, "After all, it is only human nature." Others, whose conversation gave the impression that they had read up on these things, referred darkly to crowd-psychology and the spirit of the gang. Plainly, however, something had to be done about it. So the boy was sent to a practicing psychologist.

After recording and carefully analyzing seventeen of the boy's dreams (some of them considerable efforts in fiction), this person told him that he was suffering from a well-known form of the Gadarene complex, which, in turn, was an epiphenomenal derivative of the herd-instinct. He directed his efforts toward disabusing the boy's mind of any sense of sin, and convincing him that he was merely a victim of maladjustment. The consciousness of sin, he said, was a morbid symptom, indicating a sense of inferiority. This, if cultivated, would seriously impair efficiency. Moreover,

the idea of sin implied an antiquated and erroneous conception of human nature. Human nature was not evil; it was just human nature. It was like a body of water: if you squeezed it in one place it would bulge out in another. It was most dangerous to squeeze human nature.

As a result of the interview the boy came to believe: first, that self-control was pernicious; second, that pleasure was the sign of successful adjustment, and therefore that the good and the attractive were interchangeable terms; third, that he could be sure he was doing his duty only when he was perfectly happy (*i.e.* adjusted); fourth, that if a particular form of wrong-doing should become universal it would cease to be wrong since it could then be set down to human nature.

### HOW WE GET THAT WAY

BY LEE WILSON DODD

WHEN the cave men were shut in their caves

By winter and blizzards, they found  
That the boreal wind when it raves  
Makes a very deplorable sound;  
And their ennui was deep as the grave's  
As they sat on their heels in the gloom  
Grunting prayers to Wabingo who saves  
The earth (once a year) from its tomb.

"*Wa-waly-Wabingo!*" they groaned;  
Which, being translated, in part,  
Is: "Have we not fully atoned  
For our sins? Have the half of a heart!  
O Wabingo, in heaven enthroned,  
Our eyes are red-lidded from smoke;  
We are cold, we are frightened!" they  
moaned.

"O Wabingo, a joke is a joke!"

So, small wonder when one day the wind,  
The calamitous wind from the north,  
Ceased to howl, and the sun grew more kind,  
And the hardier cave men went forth;  
Small wonder, I say (you opined  
I would say it again—you were right),  
That one cave man, who happened to find  
A snowdrop, went mad with delight!

"Twas thus a spring poet was born,  
 The first of which history tells—  
*Pre-history* rather (your scorn  
 Will depart if you read Mr. Wells):  
 And already, I fear me, some morn  
 (Though the night, as I write, shrieks  
 with pain)  
 I'll step down to my garden forlorn,  
 Give one look—and go mildly insane!

## A BITTER ENDING

BY PERCY WAXMAN

WHEN Dr. Johnson, a comparatively old man, was on his way to church one Sunday morning, another somewhat ancient gentleman accosted him. It turned out to be a man named Edwards who had been at school with Johnson almost fifty years previous to this meeting, and after Edwards had introduced himself to his famous school-mate, they began comparing notes and talking over old times. Edwards confided in Johnson that he had made a great deal of money practising law, but had spent or given away a large proportion of his fortune.

"I shall not die rich," said he.

"But, sir," said Johnson, "it is better to live rich than to die rich."

"I see that you are a philosopher, sir," said Edwards. "I too have tried in my time to be a philosopher, but I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in."

I know exactly how that old gentleman felt, for I too have tried to be a—but I'd better begin at the beginning.

I read somewhere recently that every man has it in him to write at least one novel. That settled it for me. Although I have never done any writing of a professional character and have been too busy manufacturing wall paper to have even done much reading, I have always had a feeling of great sympathy for the writing fraternity. When I was a boy at school I once won a volume of Samuel Smiles as a prize for an essay on Addison. At least, I think it was Addison,

but it might have been Steele or one of those other whimsical chaps. It is more than forty years ago now, so I think I may be pardoned for not quite remembering. However, be that as it may, as soon as I read that statement about every man having a novel in him I made up my mind to test its accuracy. I resolved to give up the wall paper business, remain home for a few months, and write a novel.

In my business, whenever we decide to put out a new pattern, we always make as complete a study as possible of the prevailing modes in wall paper. So, having made up my mind to write a novel and being anxious to see just how they were doing it these days, I sent off an order to a bookseller for a half dozen of the most successful novels of the moment. In due course they came, and when I had examined them, I discovered to my dismay that I had never even heard of any of the writers. This only went to confirm my conviction that so far as literary matters were concerned, I had become singularly out of date. In fact, judging by the publishers' announcements on the jackets of the books, everybody in the world but myself must have read them.

I took them one by one and, with great difficulty, I finished them all religiously from beginning to end. Until I did so I had never before realized what a lot of misery there must be in successful literature. Dear me! I was overcome with the fact that if I wanted my novel to be successful it would have to be a very grim business. Every one of these books seemed to find life a most stark affair. Tragedy stalked everywhere in the most unsuspected surroundings. Not one of them had a happy ending. In fact, the tone of each writer was so pessimistic that I reluctantly came to the conclusion they must be, one and all, very young people.

I realized that I was severely handicapped by my fifty-five years, for I have long ago got over the pessimistic and revolutionary measles of my youth.



However, as I had burned my bridges, I could not go back and so I began practicing the bitterness that seems to be necessary in order to be a successful novelist.

I had rather a hard time, by the way, explaining to my wife just why I had resolved to stay home for a while and give up my business. She told me that she hoped at the worst that I was going to learn golf; but when I told her the real reason why I was neglecting my work she began to look at me in that dubious way people have when they are inclined to believe that one's mentality is not quite so robust as it used to be. An impulsive gift of something expensive and much too young for her finally overcame her suspicions, and I began my literary adventure.

Reading somewhere in a magazine that O. Henry always wrote in lead pencil on shiny yellow paper, I sent off for a box of pencils and a dozen pads. I was going to start things right anyhow. It took all the first day in my study deciding on a suitable title. Selecting a title was not so easy a business as one would think. I used up three pencils and sixty-three sheets of paper and at the end of the day had but three titles to show for my work. One was "Despair." Another was "Misery." And the third was "A Gloomy Failure." To my friends in the wall-paper business, this would seem a very small output for one day's work, but I feel sure that the ladies and gentlemen who write most of our books will understand. Wasn't it Oscar Wilde who, while staying at a country house, was asked by an inquisitive lady at luncheon one day what he had been doing all the morning?

"Putting a comma in a sentence," said the imperturbable Oscar. And at dinner that night when asked what he had been doing all the afternoon, he said: "taking it out again."

I am sure he would have understood and sympathized with my painstaking search for *le titre juste*. . . .

During the years I have been in the wall-paper business, I have found it wise on many occasions to ask my wife her opinions on some of my undertakings. So, as is my custom, I took my titles to Georgina and asked her what she thought of them. I have a great respect as a rule for Georgina's literary opinions. She belonged to a debating society in Wakenda, Missouri, when she was a girl and the very year before we were married was called upon to read a paper on Browning. I am not mentioning this in any boastful spirit, but merely to acquaint the world with the reasons for my faith in Georgina's literary judgments. I must confess, however, that I don't think she has kept up with her reading any better than I have, for when she saw the titles for my book, she said:

"Why, Henry Egbert McCurdy, what's the matter with you? You've had a happy, successful life, haven't you? You've never had a day's illness. Your business is flourishing. Both the children are away at boarding school and I've always been a good wife to you, haven't I? Whatever has come over you? What have *you* to do with Despair and Failure?"

"But, my dear," I said, "you have not kept pace with the modern trend in literature. You have *got* to write of unpleasant things to be successful in literature these days."

"I don't see why," said my wife.

"The reason," I explained, "is that happiness is not artistic. No real writer these days would dream of having a happy ending. You've *got* to be bitter, my dear. You must say life is 'dank,' 'drear,' 'sordid,' and 'fungoid,' or they'll know you're as out of date as side-whiskers."

"Well, Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope got along very well without using terms like that," said Georgina.

"Hush, my dear," I admonished her. "Don't let anyone hear you talk like that or they'll call you mid-Victorian."

"I don't care what they call me," said Georgina. "I'm too busy to worry about it just now," she added, closing the door noisily behind her.

Reflecting that on this occasion at least, Georgina was of very little assistance to me, I went back to my study, resolved to work at my bitterness alone. After laboring hard the second day, I finally discarded all the titles I had chosen in favor of one that flashed into my mind just about the time I was ecstatically ready for dinner. I decided to call my book "The Suicide of Hope."

As soon as my title had been decided upon I began working grimly in earnest on the first chapter. I gritted my teeth and made up my mind that none of these successful young whipper-snappers was going to outdo me in pessimistic contemplation of life. I'd show them I could be just as bitter as they, despite my years. I thought of every miserable incident that had ever happened in my own life or in that of my friends. I conjured up unhappy moments from that nightmare period of my life—my school days—but all I could recall was a severe flogging I once received for spilling ink on the chair our history master used to sit on. And, inexperienced as I was, I readily saw that that wasn't sufficiently gruesome to use as a sustained *motif* in competition with the authors of the "best-sellers" for 1922. . . .

At the end of the first week I sincerely regretted ever having undertaken such a task, and in my efforts to keep bitter, discouragement almost overwhelmed me. To increase my difficulty Providence has seen fit to hamper me with a naturally buoyant and optimistic disposition and, try as I will to look on the black side of things, cheerfulness always keeps breaking through. Oh! how thoroughly do I now understand old Edwards and his failure to be a philosopher. . . . Of course there have been times when I felt like doing several hours' good bitter work on my novel. For instance, take last Tuesday. It was a miserable cold, bleak morning and the

water pipe had burst in my bathroom. When I discovered it it seemed to throw me into the right state of mind for a successful novelist. For a second or two I felt almost like one of these Russian chaps, but by the time I went down to breakfast I didn't have the heart to continue when I saw my wife's cheerful countenance at the table. . . . Heavens! what lives successful novelists must live! . . . Only yesterday again I had a moment of inspiration when at lunch I found the soup was burnt beyond revival. Hope sprang up again within my bosom, and I felt bitter with less effort than usual.

"Ah," I said to myself, "I am getting into the vein at last. It only needs practice."

But alas! when I complained to Georgina, she didn't even answer back, but instantly departed for the kitchen and in a few moments returned with a perfectly fresh, fragrant bowl. My day's work was spoiled. Cheerfulness had broken through again.

I have tried spending mornings at the morgue but there is a very funny Irish attendant down there who possesses the most amazing collection of stories and jokes dealing immediately with his work. I so enjoyed listening to him that I forgot the grim purpose of my visit, and went away in disgust. How on earth can a writer keep his mind on serious work when the janitor of a morgue tells him about a farmer who thought that doctors must be getting cleverer and cleverer every year because he'd heard they were going to revive Shakespeare in New York? . . . And as if that weren't enough to throw me out of gear, he told me of a man who informed his prospective employer that his father had died of throat trouble when in reality the unfortunate man had been hanged. . . . Was ever a writer so taunted in a morgue before?

I have spent hours delving into the horrors of the police news of the day, but that only left me saturated with sympathy; I took up the better part



of two weeks listening to what went on in a divorce court but that experience upset me so much that I couldn't write a line. I tried encouraging every woman I met to tell me the details of any operation she had endured, and the net result of that experiment was to convince me that there are very few perfect interiors left in America to-day. I have visited several amateur concerts and I have consumed hundreds of reports from various Charity Organizations; but it's

no use. I cannot keep bitter. I simply cannot get any satisfaction out of writing things that will only make other people unhappy to read. After all, despite what I read somewhere, I don't think I have the material in me for a successful novelist. Perhaps I had better go back to the wall-paper business. Georgina agrees with me that I had better do so and, as I think I said before, women are often a great help to a man in business.



# EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

PARIS

THERE are easy chairs in Paris this year and tens of thousands of American tourists will rest in them from their travels, but they are not much in request at this writing by the French Government, which is sitting up quite straight and attentive and full of concern for the welfare of France. Not long ago France was in trouble, in trouble so severe that the neighbors had to be called in. Nowadays she is very alert that that shall not happen again. Think how it would have been if, even after she had been rescued, she had been left disabled and impotent, and needing to be propped up and led by the hand! Happily, she is not left in any such case, but on her legs and going strong, and attentive to her neighbors and her future.

We in the United States are apt to get an idea of France that she is just now an obstacle to the peace of Europe. She is undoubtedly an obstacle to a peace in easy chairs. She is in a way an obstacle to a kind of peace that England might perhaps be glad to see, and that would be quite acceptable to us because it would look like something which would hasten the recovery of trade. At Washington France made difficulties. At Genoa also she has been difficult. In both cases it has been not so much that she is hard to get on with, as that she is so vigilant for France. France is her great care. For France she wants safety and as much as she can get of the reparations accorded her by the treaty of Versailles. She never lets up in these desires. In the provision for her safety made at Versailles

she was disappointed, as we all know, because our Senate would not back Mr. Wilson's arrangements or ratify the treaty. That left her dependent upon her own energies to secure her own safety, and she has gone about it the best she knew how. To England the vital matter is the restoration of trade and the cure of her unemployment. England wants business as usual. So does the United States, and so indeed does France, but there is one thing that she wants more—the safety of France; and there is another thing she wants almost as much—the damages that Germany is bound by treaty to pay her for the devastations of the war in her territory and for pensions to widows and disabled men. She needs that money. As the indispensable price of safety and as a means of collecting what is due to her she keeps up a large army, much larger than in her present financial circumstances she can afford. In order to get much money out of Germany, she must let trade start up again in that country; and, in that particular, her interests are like those of the rest of the world. In her maintenance of a strong army she seems to be only a lukewarm supporter of peace, but she would not admit that, since she would claim that her army is the greatest safeguard of peace which is left to the world.

She fears the resuscitation of Germany. She has no confidence as yet in the Germans as neighbors. If she could detach South Germany from Prussia it would help her. She might then come to regard the South Germans as safe neighbors, but as yet she does not. The mere fact that the Hohenzollerns have



been turned out and that the Kaiser has to live in Holland, is by no means enough to reassure her. She hears, or dreams, that the Germans take thought of revenge, and are not so much disarmed as the treaty planned, and are by no means so destitute of the means of making war as they appear. That may be true or not, but it is what France thinks. When the German treaty with Soviet Russia was disclosed at Genoa it was like a nightmare to her—a dream of Russia organized and made efficient by German brains, and developing an overwhelming military force.

That suggestion was natural enough. France seems to believe in the continuance of the old order. To her this is not a new era. It is the same old era, and her expectations are of the same kind of behavior from her neighbors to the East of her that she has been used to in the past. One cannot yet say that she is wrong. One cannot assert that the day has yet come for her to pull in her horns and see the world pacified. If she says that she must have better proofs than she has yet received that the world has changed, that is not unreasonable.

It is held by some observers that all governments at the bottom are military machines; that their primary duty is to be powerful and hold their own in the world, and as much more as is possible. That has been considerably the idea of the governments, in Europe at least, in the past, and France is not detached yet from that notion. She is attentive primarily to be strong. She says it is not for purposes of aggression, but for defense. She is credited with a program of aeroplanes that will give her 200 squadrons of them for military use by the end of the year, and she has 116 squadrons of them already. Certainly that is a picturesque provision and gives her presumably the most protection for the money that she could get. The thing that checks France, and must save her so far as is necessary from herself, is that she is not safe alone in the world.

In Napoleon's time, when she had accumulated the necessary power and energy, she could rampage about in Europe until she got tired or used up. But the world has developed a good deal since then, and especially in solidarity. France must manage to get along with the other people and especially with her allies of the late war, and she knows it, and she wants to do it, and she will. When the new era becomes visible to her, she will adjust herself to it, but until it is visible, she will hold on to what she knows and go by that. She will not scrap one means of protection and advantage until she finds some other means distinctly better.

There are those who hold that the great job in the world in these times is not government at all, as it has been understood, but teaching. What the world needs is knowledge, all kinds of knowledge, and especially spiritual knowledge. The job of France is to teach Germany, not to fight her. Her method of giving that instruction is to keep herself so strong that the idea of fighting her will be unpalatable.

Well, that is one way, but it is the old way, and nobody denies that the old way has not worked well. It is not popular. Force is not popular. Some other application of brains and industry that would supersede it would be very acceptable. That is what the world is after: to find something which will keep order without the need of so many violent compulsions and so costly an apparatus for providing them. That is the idea of the League of Nations and the purpose of conferences.

Government is becoming almost as unpopular as force. That notion that governments at the bottom must be military machines has something in it; something difficult to get rid of, but which our present world would like very much to dispense with. The business of government ought to be to protect the evolution of mankind, to provide that people may live out their lives

on the best lines that they can discover and be free from molestations, so long as they do not molest others. That end governments at present secure very imperfectly. They spend enormous quantities of strength and money in standing one another off, and in sustaining and protecting a vast economic and industrial machinery which gives them power. The most encouraging thing about them is the growing prevalence of the opinion that, as constituted, they are intolerably stupid; but they won't be any better except in so far as the world comes to a better understanding of human life.

That is the basis of the opinion that the great job of the time is teaching. But what sort of teaching? Every kind helps that discloses truth. Whether it is truth about the powers of nature or about the mind of man, understanding of it makes for understanding of life. The increase of knowledge about chemistry and physics and engineering and medicine helps the general case because it adds to the powers of men, but by that very increase it makes it the more necessary that those powers should be directed to real attainment and progress and not fooled away on futility and destruction. The Bolsheviks started out to cure a world suffering from compulsions, and the remedy they brought was a more drastic compulsion than anything which existed. Their homeopathic treatment has failed, and as they have admitted their failure they seem to be getting back into society. They have given the world instruction in a way, but so far it has been the sort of instruction that proceeds from a terrible example of what not to do.

What seems to be going on in the world just now in the conferences at Genoa and elsewhere is an effort to gain time; to set up a tolerable machinery with which men can work along until they get more light. For light is what they need and there are signs that it is on the way to them. When they get it they will manage better. Until they get it they will muddle along.

France is fortunate in having positive views about her duty to herself and to the world. She does not seem to expect any new light, and goes ahead resolutely with such light as she has got. The United States is not so lucky. Its views of its duty to the world are not positive at all, but nebulous and divided. It does not see its duty, but at least it is very desirous to see it. It suspects that it exists and believes that it ought to find it. In one respect it is in the same boat with Great Britain. It wants trade to revive and all the world to prosper, and is without fear of evil consequences to itself from the prosperity of any other nation. Geographically, and by reason of its strength of population and industrial development, it is safe from outside aggression, but it is not safe from internal dissatisfaction. Neither for that matter is any other nation. A man's most difficult antagonist is within himself, and the same is apt to be true of nations. The United States is organized under the rules of the old order, and, in so far as those rules are defective, it will have to meet the consequence of their defects even though it has nothing to fear from any outside people. It is much the same with England except that the British are in more of a hurry than we are. Being under a greater pressure of unemployment and debt, they are the more anxious for the revival of trade. A great problem, perhaps the greatest, of both nations is to induce brethren to dwell together in unity inside their national boundaries. Any nation that can solve that problem can lead to the solution of the kindred problem of international peace and co-operation.

An outside peril to a country is a help to unity within its borders. Men are less apt to quarrel and haggle over details in the presence of a common enemy. The anxieties of France about impending dangers from outside help to simplify, or at least to minimize,



her internal problems; and just as an outside force or peril may hold a nation together, so an outside interest or hope or expectation may provide a necessary balance to human life in general. To people who feel that this life is all there is, or all at least that we can count on, the present problems of the world seem more insoluble than to those to whom the visible world, and the life that goes on in it, is all a temporary adventure connected with an existence infinitely more real, more durable and more important. It is no new thing for the people of this world to live by light and strength that they believe has come to them from the world invisible. If we are to have new light, and strength to follow it, the expectation is not unreasonable that it will come from the same source whence light and strength have come to the world before. The most hopeful people in the world are those who believe in the helpfulness and the activity and the boundless resources of the world invisible, and in the power of living people to reach those resources and use them. It is the people who have faith in the invisible world who will pull the visible world through. They are the hardest of all people to beat, the most enduring, the most diligent. Stripped of material things, they

still have spiritual possessions. In despair they still have hope; in misery, expectation.

It is notable too that confidence in the continuance of life after death does not make for the neglect of terrestrial life while we have it. While our adventure on earth lasts it is our great concern to make the most of it; to develop our powers and the bit of earth we live on, in the highest possible degree; to learn all we can, to teach all we can, to get out of earth-life as much as possible, and gain by it all that goes with the conception that the whole of existence is not in sight, nor this world our final home. The enviable people on earth are those who know that there is more awaiting and affecting than they can see, and who can draw wisdom and strength out of the invisible. It is they that are the hope of the world and the number of them seems to be increasing. Moreover, they all seem nowadays to get very much the same message, that comes by various channels to people in all parts of the world, to the learned and the unlearned, the sophisticated and the humble—a message of encouragement and of stimulation, and assurance that there is a way out of the present difficulties of earth, and that men can find it.

# EDITOR'S DRAWER

## GETTING SQUARE WITH THE LAUNDRY

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

"HELL'S bells!" is my favorite swear word. I don't consider it so very wicked—I don't think it means much of anything. I never heard of any bells in that particular place, and if there are any it can do no harm to mention them occasionally, under sudden and trying circumstances.

I did so, quite sharply, when not so long ago I observed among my freshly laundered shirts, neatly piled upon my bed, a garment that manifestly was not my own. It was the second time this thing had happened, and the first experience still rankled. The laundry had refused to redeem that errant garment—to recognize any mistake—had insisted that there could be none, that the shirt was cer-

tainly mine, even though clearly built for a smaller man. I tried it, repeatedly, nearly choking myself in the attempt to get even, finally working it off on the janitor.

In the present instance I gradually became calmer. Even the briefest examination showed it to be a shirt of excellent quality, correct as to measurements and captivating as to pattern—captivating from my standpoint, I mean. I like shirts to have a good deal of the cosmic urge in them, that gripping quality so often referred to in publishers' advertisements. I saw at once that this shirt had it—that to engage with a shirt like that would be to give life, at once, quite a new and wonderful definition.



MOST OF THE INK LANDED ON MY NEW POSSESSION



"H—b—!" I said again, as I checked off its good points, "I'll wear it—I'll wear it *now*! I'll get even with that bandit, for once."

It certainly was becoming to my style of beauty. When I was enclosed in its rather violent, almost ethiopian, parallels I had a moment of misgiving. Being a commuter, I rode down each morning with many. Suppose some co-traveler should identify his property: it would be inconvenient, even humiliating, to surrender it on the train. Oh, well, there must be more than one of those masterpieces; I would put up a bold front—shirtfront—if one were degenerate enough to make puns. I slipped out, calling good-by to Elizabeth, who was occupied with the dumbwaiter. Something told me to do this.

Nothing happened on the train—not a thing.

It was different, however, at the office. Being July weather, we were stripped for action, and the boys gathered around to admire me. One said, "It's a hummer!" Yet another said, "Hummer nothing! It's an anvil chorus!" and wanted to know how I expected to be able to sleep in the same room with it. Hammond, in his customary disagreeable way, asked if generally I did my shopping along upper Lenox Avenue.

I was not disturbed by these feeble and ancient jokes. I have the courage of my color-schemes, even of borrowed plumage, though I may have been a trifle spasmodic in flaunting it; for in a moment of testing my fountain pen, to see if it had ink in it, I found that it had—a good deal of it—most of which landed on my new possession, a bit above the waist-line.

The reader will discover nothing amusing in this misfortune, but those imbeciles did, and became less and less considerate in their remarks, the latter quite too silly to repeat, or even to remember. At the end of a loathsome day I went home gloomily—to face a situation.

Elizabeth met me at the door, with no welcome-home expression, her eye nailed to that shirt.

"How in the name of goodness did you come to put that thing on?" she demanded.

"Why—why—" I began, "Why—" and then I seemed to be unable to remember any good reason for putting on that particular shirt on that particular morning. "Why—why—hell's bells!" I wound up weakly, "what's the matter?"

"Matter! Why, the laundry boy has been here three times after it. He brought your shirt, and said he must have the one left by mistake. I told him I could not find it. He is coming again, now, any time."

"Well," I said bitterly, "he carefully failed to make any such manifestation before, when he carried off a perfectly good shirt of mine, in exchange for a miniature mockery, about big enough for a chimpanzee. How did I know he would want this one any more than the other?"

"Well, he does," urged Elizabeth, "and he's going to call for it, very soon."

"It will be necessary for him to call again," I said feebly; "it's in no condition to deliver. I have worn it the space of a long, limp July day; and besides, I squirted my fountain pen on it—quite copiously."

Elizabeth glared at me, as I opened my coat to expose the disaster.

"Heavens!" she moaned, "What shall we do now?"

"Yes," I admitted, "it's something to be thought out."

Elizabeth regarded me accusingly.

"You never got ink on one of your shirts before," she observed, apparently with a growing suspicion that for some unworthy motive I had done it this time purposely. The doorbell rang—she jumped, quite smartly. "There he is, now; what shall I tell him?"

I am rather quick in moments of danger—accustomed to driving in close traffic, as it were.

"Tell him I have been called away—sent for; that I may be back soon, but that my things are locked up—he must await my return. It will give us time—that's what we need, now."

I retreated, and presently heard the alternate voices of Elizabeth and the laundry boy. They seemed to be discussing something. I was not interested to the point even of asking her later how she modified and adapted my invention to suit her emergencies. I merely said when she sought me out:

"They have stuff to remove ink. I will get a pound of it, and work out my salvation. I will eradicate that spot from my life. Then we will send this calamity to Sam Lee's short-order laundry, and have it for that pestiferous youth when he comes again."

I did not sleep on this decision. I am prompt about such matters. I went immediately to the pharmacy and cornered the

supply of Ink-out, and, after a somewhat anxious and hasty supper, set to work on my expiation.

I did not know before that an electric bulb can furnish so much heat. But on a July night, in a still bathroom, it can become positively criminal in its energy. I scrubbed and rinsed; I perspired till my eyes were full, and the fluid of life dripped down, and perhaps helped a little, for the ink really seemed to come out, in astonishing quantities. Elizabeth sat outside on the balcony, and looked at the stars, and occasionally called through the window that there was a nice little breeze out there, and to ask how I was getting on.

"It's coming out in quarts," I told her. "I'm getting quite interested and cheerful over it."

Then suddenly, I suppose, she must have heard my favorite words, for she said:

"What's the matter? What's happened?"

I tried to be calm.

"Oh, nothing," I said, "nothing much. I've rubbed a hole in the Liberian flag—that's all!"

She came in then.

"I thought you might do that," she said, reflectively.

"Oh, you did! You thought I might do that! Well, why didn't you say so?"

She became considerate.

"It's not a very big hole," she said, "just kind of long, like; and I think the stain will wash out, now, with a little salt, or milk, or something. And maybe I can carefully draw the edges together. It seems really very warm in here."

I suppose it was my appearance that made her kind. I was a rag—a rag that has been wrung out.

"Angels could do no more," I said. "Let me get into this tub, and go to bed."

"Our shirt—" I call it "our," for it now became that—was somewhat less promising by daylight. Zones of its glory seemed to have paled with the action of the Ink-out, and there was an area of general vagueness around the former field of offense. Likewise, a very definite rift where I had been a thought too intense in my treatment. There were even other places which might also be termed



"IT'S COMING OUT IN QUARTS"

threadbare. Elizabeth said, regarding it doubtfully:

"Don't you think you'd better leave the office an hour earlier and try to find a new one like it. Sam Lee can do it up, so it won't look entirely new. They must carry such things as this in those shops along upper Seventh or Lenox, above 135th Street. Very likely, it's a favorite pattern. You can remember it, can't you?"

Remember it! I couldn't forget it if I tried. She called after me cheerfully that she was sure I could find it.

But Elizabeth was a poor guesser. I left the office even two hours earlier, and put in a season of fearful agony—the hottest hours of a July afternoon—in the shops of that care-free district that now embraces upper Seventh and Lenox Avenues and is extending in dusky fingers down the side streets. Polite clerks of both sexes exposed to me their choicest selections, but all to no purpose. They had nothing drastic enough—violent enough—to fit my case. One polite young female, of the gold-rimmed variety, after declaring that she had nothing so pronounced as I seemed to require, suggested that I try Broadway.

I caught my train at 125th Street, and tried to forget care in the evening comics and scandals. Elizabeth met me at the door,





THEY HAD NOTHING DRASTIC ENOUGH TO FIT MY CASE

unduly radiant, I thought, under the circumstances.

"No," I said, "I could not find it. They have nothing so fierce in stock."

Elizabeth looked rejoicingful.

"I'm so glad," she bubbled, "for I fixed it this morning, and took it right to Sam Lee, with a hurry-up order, and it's just come home. You never could find the place, if you didn't examine closely. It's quite wonderful, really!"

She was right: Elizabeth and Sam together had certainly worked a miracle. But then I happened to discover something—something to give one pause—an unmistakable Chinese identification mark on the inside of the neckband; not just a mark either, but an inscription: three beautifully wrought ideographic characters, probably to convey "Wantee dam quickee!" or some such urgent order.

"Elizabeth," I groaned, "the owner of this thing will see that it has been worn, and washed. He will find out from the laundry boy my shame, and probably charge me with it publicly, some morning on the train. I can never live it down—never!"

Elizabeth was startled, but she said:

"I don't believe men look on the inside of their neckbands. Besides, he may think they have a Chinaman, now, in *our* laundry, or something. Anyway, we're not going to care *what* he thinks. We're going to get rid of it."

That is Elizabeth's way, when she really takes a thing in hand. We did get rid of it—on the spot, so to speak—for the laundry boy rang the bell, just then, and Elizabeth, hastily wrapping up our shirt handed it to him, with her most winning smile. . . . One hour later the bell rang again. Something in the clang of it moved me almost to tears.

"It's that accursed shirt again!" I wailed, sweating icewater. Also, probably its owner."

It was the shirt, all right, but not the owner. It was the laundry boy, and he was grinning.

"That ain't the lost shirt, at all," he said. The boss says he never saw that shirt before, and that it must be one of your own, and that it's been to the Chinnee, 'cause it's got his mark on it. Says you might-a got it from there."

"But did you show it to the gentleman who has lost a shirt?" This from Elizabeth, quite severely.

"Yes-mam, an' he said—"

The creature hesitated and began grinning again, in a quite idiotic way.

"Yes, well, what *did* he say?"

"Why, he said—he said that as fur as he was concerned you could keep it—that *he* wouldn't wear it to a dog-fight."

But I could not permit this to go on.

"Oh, he wouldn't," I interrupted, quite haughtily; "he wouldn't wear it to a dog-fight! Well, you present my compliments to the gentleman, and tell him that—hell's bells!—*we* don't attend dog-fights. Just like that!"



## PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

**Arthur Ruhl** is pleasurably recalled as the author of many brilliant war despatches from the western front and Gallipoli while acting as special correspondent for *Collier's Weekly*. He has recently made an extended trip through our western states, and has written for HARPER'S a series of three articles upon special phases of western life. **Alexander Porterfield**, whose social comedies have brightened several recent issues of the Magazine, is preparing to return to England after a two years' sojourn in this country. **Dorothy Kennard** is introduced to our readers in a note at the head of the first instalment of her letters.

**Beatrice Ravenel** is a resident of Charleston, South Carolina, and has contributed numerous stories of our Southland to HARPER'S. **Marion Couthouy Smith**, who resides in East Orange, New Jersey, is the author of several volumes of verse, and a frequent contributor to this and other periodicals. **Dallas Lore Sharp** is professor of English in Boston University and the author of several books. During the summer there will appear in HARPER'S a sequence of delightful articles by Mr. Sharp describing his adventures as an amateur bee-keeper.

**William McFee**, as engineer of the United Fruit Company *Carrillo*, comes and goes between New York and various West Indian ports, where the editors seek to intercept him with proofs of the successive instalments of *Command*. **Charles B. Nordhoff** went to the South Seas two years ago to collaborate with James Norman Hall in writing for HARPER'S a series of articles. These have subsequently appeared in book-form, entitled *Faery Lands of the South Seas*. Mr. Nordhoff's enchantment with these distant islands has led him to prolong his stay indefinitely. The drawings which accompany the present article ("South-Sea Fishermen") are the work of Oscar Schmidt, who has recently visited the islands of which

Mr. Nordhoff writes. **Carol Haynes** will be recalled as the author of "Aunt Selina" in the March HARPER'S.

**Dr. Walter B. Cannon** has been an investigator in physiology for over twenty years. The method of using an opaque substance to show the movements of the stomach and intestines by means of the x-ray was first used by Dr. Cannon in the Harvard Physiological Laboratory in 1896, when he was a first-year medical student. It is now employed all over the world in the diagnosis of gastro-intestinal disorders. While studying the processes of digestion with the x-ray he noticed that signs of anxiety or worry were accompanied by total cessation of motions of the alimentary tract. This led him to be interested in the effects of emotion on the body and the relations of emotional stress to the activities of certain glands of internal secretion. The results of the researches at the Harvard Physiological Laboratory on these two general subjects have appeared in two volumes. The first was in a series of medical monographs and was entitled *The Mechanical Factors of Digestion*. The second was first published in 1915 and was entitled *Body Changes in Pain, Hunger, Fear, and Rage*. Since the publication of the latter book Dr. Cannon served in France for twenty-one months, working on the nature of wound shock. A monograph on that subject is shortly to appear. At present Dr. Cannon is continuing investigations relative to the control of internal secretions. **Lawrence Housman**, author and artist, is one of England's best known poets, and a frequent contributor to many periodicals.

**Miss V. H. Friedlaender** has received frequent mention in these pages in connection with her short stories. **Cale Young Rice**, poet and dramatist, is the author of many well-known volumes of drama and poetry which have placed him in the front rank of American writers.



**H. M. Tomlinson** now associate editor of the (London) *Nation*, was attached as a press correspondent to the British Staff Headquarters during the war. His ventures into too close proximity to the big guns have resulted in deafness.

**Frederick L. Allen** reveals some of his personal tastes and diversions in his latest contribution to the *Lion's Mouth*. He has been mentioned before in these columns as Secretary of the Corporation of Harvard University. **Ben Ray Redman** and **C. A. Bennett** are old friends to all *Lion's Mouth* readers. **Lee Wilson Dodd** is a novelist of distinction, as attested by *The Book of Susan* and a more recent volume *Lilia Chenoworth*. **Percy Waxman** is associated with the publicity department of the Pictorial Review Company, and is a humorist of real promise.

**Edward S. Martin** has temporarily forsaken the official Easy Chair to go abroad for a brief vacation. This month he writes from one of the multitudinous easy chairs which crowd the sidewalk cafes of Paris, and from which one watches all the world go by. **Albert Bigelow Paine** also is abroad, sojourning in Southern France and Switzerland.



Professor Thorndike's article on "The Psychology of Labor" has elicited a number of letters from interested readers. The Editors are glad to announce that they have on hand another article by Professor Thorndike entitled "The Psychology of Capital" which is soon to be published. One of the letters received by the author is reprinted here:

DEAR PROFESSOR THORNDIKE,—This is simply to say that one economist at least has read your article on "The Psychology of Labor" and finds it the best article that he has ever read on the Labor Problem. I wish a book by you could be used in the classes on labor problems in our universities and that your message could reach the widest possible audience.

Keep on with the good work!

RICHARD T. ELY.

*Department of Economics,  
University of Wisconsin.*



Here is a grateful word from an anonymous reader to which we are glad to give place as a tribute to Mr. Towne's poem in the April issue:

As you appear to be receiving criticisms and appreciations from all corners of the world, pray allow an old subscriber to add her mite by saying

that to one woman weary with the cold and work and worry of winter, the short poem "In April" by Charles Hanson Towne, was worth, at the time of reading, all the rest of the Magazine put together.

Sincerely,  
O. S.



The last word on Stephen Leacock's recent articles about "Rediscovering England" has yet to be said. Last month "A Leacock Fan" spoke up anonymously but effectively regarding the delightful humor of these articles. Now comes a more penetrating inquiry:

DEAR HARPER'S,—Your current number warns me that a vast number of your readers have been forestalled by your correspondent calling himself "A Leacock Fan"; for I am sure that a vast number have enjoyed the delightful, gamesome sallies of our Canadian neighbor, and would have liked to tell you so.

I am wondering, however, how they are taking these sallies in dear old England. Are there not many worthy people there who are puzzled over his "exportations"; some of them knitting the brow and asking, "Well, but what is the man driving at?" I think this from my own modest experiments, sometime since, in exporting a few "Yankee notions" in the line of humor. My dear hostess with whom I spent long congenial weeks found many a stumbling-block, if not a foolishness, in those efforts of mine. When I had done my best extravaganza in the way of fun, she would look puzzled, stir uneasily, and, "Would you mind repeating what you said, dear—I didn't quite get it." Needless to say that, repeated, the salt had lost whatever savor it may have had. And I then fell back upon a well-diagramed pun of some sort, and was suitably rewarded with mirthful appreciation. Oh, the pun! It was legal tender everywhere I went; and I cudgled my brain, not ineffectively, to recall what I had thought were long-meatless chestnuts. I had use for them.

Those earlier jocosities of mine, I realize it now, were just American topsyturvyvyness, exaggeration, irrelevance, and I think must have had their origin at the same source as the humor of Artemus Ward (though far be it from me to claim any ranking with Artemus).

I wish that Mr. Leacock would give us the essence of the difference between "Humour" as native on the other side and our home article "Humor." Can the retention or the omission of that "u" have worked so great a diversity? Are the English the more honest, and must they, so to speak, "ring up" the joke (not to take us unfairly), and are we the more tricky to play off our drollery unadvisedly, reaching some inner risible nerve before the outer man knows he has been shot at?

E. M. T. CLOUDESLEY.



MISS MARGARET HOGAN, TOTALLY BLIND, READING HARPER'S MAGAZINE BY MEANS OF A MARVELLOUS NEW INVENTION, THE OPTOPHONE

We reproduce this month an interesting photograph in which Miss Margaret R. Hogan, although totally blind, is shown reading HARPER'S MAGAZINE as accurately, and nearly as quickly, as a seeing person. She is reading not by *touch* but by *sound*, by means of a wonderful invention called the *Optophone*, which produces a distinct sound for each letter of the alphabet, and thereby opens up all the world of literature to the blind, who have heretofore been limited to matter printed in Braille.

The Optophone is the invention of Dr. E. E. Fournier d'Albe, of London, and is introduced in America by the Federated Engineers Development Corporation of Jersey City, N. J., as a philanthropic project. Its purpose is to enable the blind to read ordinary printed matter—such as books, magazines, newspapers, typewritten letters, etc. The instrument depends for its action upon a remarkable property of the chemical element selenium, the electrical conductivity of which varies greatly in accordance with the amount of light to which it is exposed.

Miss Hogan is the only operator and the

first teacher of the Optophone in this country. She is a graduate of Columbia University, New York City. She is a Stephen Leacock fan, and is here shown absorbed in his latest article in the June number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE.



Margaret Deland has sent the Editors a word of unqualified praise for Mary S. Watts' story, "The Reward of Virtue," in the May issue. She says in part:

I want to congratulate you on Mrs. Watts' story. I don't believe she has ever done anything more poignant, subtle and true.

Another reader, thrilled by the same story, has yet an interesting reservation to make:

DEAR HARPER'S,—I wonder if any of your other readers are bothered by the same question which has haunted me after my first thrill of appreciation for "The Reward of Virtue," by Mary S. Watts, in your May issue. As I read this story, I found myself thinking, "It cannot last—it is too perfect—the author will make a misstep at the end." I was afraid that after erecting this spiritual wall between mother and daughter, which separated them as immutably as death, Mrs. Watts would



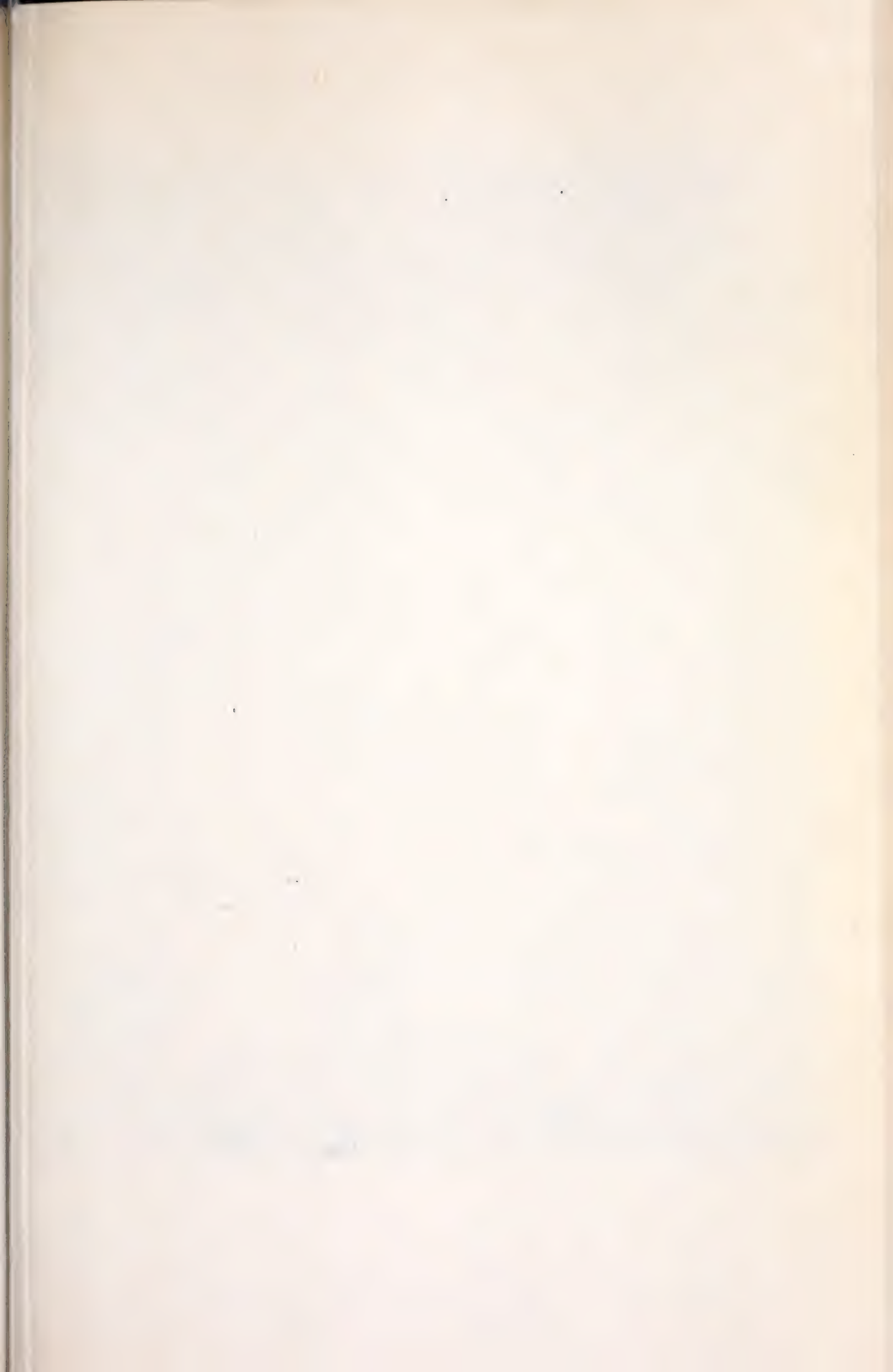
permit such a trite device as duty or self-sacrifice to influence the mother into taking the girl back East and into her life. But no! with a delicacy and satire which reminded me of Howells, and with a power as inevitable and relentless as Fate, she carried her characters through this crisis in their lives. It was one of the rare times when I found myself profoundly moved. As, upon listening to an exceptionally beautiful Beethoven symphony, or stumbling upon a particularly poignant and surprising O. Henry denouement, I felt a tingling down my vertebrae, and my arms prickling with gooseflesh!

And then—the question which, I say, has haunted me and has spoiled my enjoyment, in retrospect, of this otherwise perfect story. Isn't it unnatural, even improbable, under the circumstances of this story, that any mother would permit her daughter to grow to womanhood without communicating with her? Wouldn't she ex-

pect an acknowledgment at least of the check she sent so regularly for so many years? Some might say, "But she didn't want the girl to know about her." This explanation is spoiled by the aunt's admission that she had told Isabelle. "You ought to remember—I wrote you about telling her." Yes, the mother admitted, she had written her at the time. Well, then, granting that the mother *would* stifle all maternal instinct, and even curiosity, until this late day, wouldn't she at least have expected a letter from the daughter, once in a while, if only to acknowledge that check she sent so regularly? This is a small thing, one might think, to spoil one's enjoyment of a story. But I happen to be one of those impractical people who become very logical and sensitive about the sincerity of my fiction friends.

Sincerely yours,

"CARNEGIE HALL."







*Painting by Walter J. Biggs*

Illustration for "A Hate Story"

"DOES IT MEAN ALL THAT TO YOU, STILL?"

# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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## IN SEARCH OF LOCAL COLOR

### PART I

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

THE country in which I went seeking local color when I was twenty-two has changed, they tell me. At that time it was a rare thing to find a man in those regions who could write his name, and the women were—whenever that was possible—well below the standard of the men. Most of them were old at thirty, not by way of experience and knowledge, but old with drudgery, and childbearing.

Now "Literacy" is the slogan; and devoted and educated women have carried knowledge and sisterly friendship and conveniences, in a missionary manner, into lives bare enough, originally, of these things. I read sometimes nowadays, in the magazines, of the regenerate men and women of that community which I knew when I was twenty-two. They are, they tell me, improved by civilization; yet I miss something in the description; something, it seems to me, has been lost to them by way of their gain; so that after all these years I find myself wanting to write of them as they were; somewhat as an old friend and follower of the ruler of Fiji (was it not he?) might rejoice to recall the good old days before that potentate took to adding a top hat to his nakedness. "I knew these

mountain people," say I to myself with pride, "before missionary societies rescued them; when they hunted and defended themselves, and killed when need was; when in biblical fashion they too had no ruler over them, each man simply doing what was right or expedient in his own eyes."

When I went among them I was counted by my own people a young person, so young that I had difficulty in convincing them that it was anything better than folly for me to venture into the wilds of the Kentucky mountains. I minimized the dangers, exaggerated the safeties, but they held firm. It was, I think, by an appeal to their pride that I finally won their consent. I had chosen the career of a writer, and in this choice they took delight. Was it not natural for me to wish some day to write about my native state? And was it not a commendable ambition for me to desire to be such a writer as my native state might some day look on with approval? Yes; assuredly. But how was I to write tellingly of that state if I remained unfamiliar with its then most talked of parts?

Had not John Fox been for some time writing of the Kentucky mountain peo-



ple? Precisely! This seemed to them no argument. How could I hope to compete with a man of John Fox's powers?

With the splendid audacity of twenty-two, I set out my argument. I believed that John Fox had written of these people too romantically; what was needed, I opined, was a greater realism. These were not people who needed to be touched up, to suit the romantic ideals of an urban audience. What was requisite rather, it seemed to me, was a strong realistic drawing of them as they were. Give me but the local color, and I would paint a picture of them that would hang memorable in men's minds.

Well, I can smile at that audacity—to call it no worse—now; but it won me the argument. To it, and to the covert devoted approval of those who then guarded my ways, I owe that journey very vivid and memorable in which I went, definitely seeking local color.

The path was made easy for me. An old friend of my family had traveled extensively through the very sections and rough counties that I wished so much to enter. The people he knew there would be my friends, because of him, he assured me. He knew "hatfuls" of mountaineers. It was only a question of selecting suitable ones. He knew certain types among whom it would, of course, be impossible for me to live. He would not be party to the experiment. But there were certain others . . . Well now, there were, for instance, in Estill County, the Normans; yes, there were the Normans—fine people, even if they were in "someways related to the McCoys."

The Normans lived about fifteen miles back in the fastnesses of the mountains beyond Irvine, the county seat of Estill County. I reached Irvine about noon. It was a little town of not more, I think, than twenty houses. After dinner there I was driven, by pre-arrangement, in the most rakish of light buggies by an old man who was the unlikely saint of those parts, being a

minister who had ministered to his people within a huge barren mountain radius for all his days without money and without price. Some of the roads were fairly good, but I can hear and feel still the creak and crawling protest of the old vehicle as it crossed streams dangerously, forded creeks "indwise," or took hold now with one wheel, now with another, on rocks in the rock beds of dry streams, like a spider dragging itself scramblingly, but determinedly, across perilous places.

Toward twilight, we came to the Normans' cabin. They had been advised that I was coming and had been expecting me for a week.

The old missionary stopped his horse about a hundred yards from the cabin, and called mournfully, as though he might have been calling on the Lord.

Presently, the door of the cabin opened and old Clint Norman, a huge lank typical patriarchal mountaineer, came out to meet us, behind him his wife. They gave me a solemn, albeit a hearty, welcome. After a few questions given and answered, the old missionary fished anxiously first in one of his pockets, then in another, and in the very last of them found a tiny package, some small object done up in a paper sack, put it into Mrs. Norman's eagerly outstretched hand, and drove away in his chariot, like Elijah, and left me there between these two.

I had not known until that moment how devoted I was to that old missionary. He was going back to Irvine, and Irvine was now my one bond with civilization. That bond was, as it were, broken, and I was here in the fastnesses of the mountains, at twilight, between Clint Norman and his wife, who were "someways related to the McCoys"; alone with them in front of a tiny cabin which held God knows what else besides the probable pots of local color.

My entry into the cabin was, I fancy, pure sensation compounded of wonder, and loneliness, and nothing else; but in time the little place began to take on





THE MOONSHINE SONATA

character and personality, as all houses have for me a way of doing. It was small, rough, determined, protective, hard-used, but possessed, I thought, of a certain pride and devotion too. Crude as it was, it was of the better class, boasting two tiny windows with panes, instead of the mere shuttered spaces of the poorer habitations common in those parts.

It consisted of only two rooms and a small loft over one of these, plus a tiny lean-to at the back, where the cooking was done. One of the two rooms was generously allotted to me. In the other, in which the rough dining table was perpetually set, slept at night the old man and his wife, Hatty, their niece, a child of about twelve, and their grandchild Johnny, about five; also "Ol' Maltee," the cat, which seemed attached by an invisible string to the old man. In the low loft above this room, in which only the two younger boys of twelve and fourteen could stand erect, the entire complement of the six sons of the family amicably disposed themselves.

In the main room, lighted chiefly by a huge woodfire, feebly supplemented by a candle, the men and I sat down to supper. Neither the mother of the family, nor the niece, at that or any other time, ate with us. They served us, and had their meal later by themselves. In the same biblical and patriarchal fashion, the father of the family did all the talking.

After supper we sat about the fire, Ol' Maltee as by appointment taking up a well-balanced crouching position on the knee of the old man. Everybody seemed waiting for something. After the manner of my training, I had been taught to abhor a silence, so I made one or two onleading remarks. They were answered but not encouraged.

Presently the old man made a cabalistic gesture to one of the boys, who, as well trained as an acolyte, proceeded to mount a stool and unhook from a nail on the wall what appeared to be an almanac. It seems this was the only reading matter in the house. I learned later that it dated back eight years.



I watched the head of the family open it with his solemn old bony fingers. Presently he selected a place in it, and tracing each word with his forefinger, read slowly and laboriously one of those typical jokes in which almanacs immemorably abound. As a matter of fact, it would have been difficult to recognize in these slowly pronounced syllables anything resembling a joke; nor did anyone seem either to anticipate or find amusement. It was the act of reading and not what was read that elicited the solemn interest and reverence of the rest. When this exercise, or it may have been devotion, was concluded, the almanac was hung again by the same lad in its place.

After this, the old man began to talk, and the rest listened to his talk as solemnly as they had listened to his reading. It was only I who was bold enough

to ask a few questions. Hattie, the half-grown niece, a scrawny little mustang creature, pretty, nevertheless, kept her eyes fixed on me. The boys looked into the fire, too shy, I think, to admit themselves aware of my presence. For though I had been careful to dress suitably in my plainest oldest clothes, and had adapted myself as completely as I knew how to my environment, nevertheless I was in their eyes a "furriner."

The old man answered my questions or remarks with dignity, but I think he thought them extraneous to the real matter in hand. So, presently did I, and allowed him to pursue his own course uninterrupted.

Soon after this he gave himself to reciting, almost as a minstrel of olden times might have done, an account of a moonshine scrape between two men of



ROUGH GOING

that immediate mountain neighborhood, one a rather elderly man named Abner, the other a young man named Johnson. Abner, it seems, had not been as discreet in his moonshine partnership with Johnson as mountain tradition requires. He had, in short, either by intent or accident, betrayed Johnson's still. In return for this treason he was at the first opportunity killed by Johnson.

This action of Johnson's was so well understood and approved by the inhabitants of those parts that he had not been brought to trial for the "killing," as old Norman called it. But the hand of Fate had fallen on him concerning quite another matter. It seems he had stolen a check from Abner's body, and forged and cashed it. On this more serious charge he was soon to be tried, not by his compeers, but at the hands of the government.

It was evident that old Norman and the rest all liked Johnson.

"I hate to think o' him mebbe hevin' to go to jail!"

"Oh, he isn't in jail then?" I said.

"Oh, my, no! What would he be in jail fer?"

(What indeed!)

"He lives jest over yand' beyand the valley. He's waitin'."

So, somehow in the shadows of that small low-ceiled room in which we were all crowded, I thought I saw a pot of local color as large as those in which in Ali Baba's tale the forty thieves were hid.

Once during the old man's recital, I saw Ples, the oldest boy, get up quietly and go to the gun-rack, and take down one of its six guns. He went to the door and stood listening.

"What's the matter, Ples?" his mother said in a whisper behind her hand, so as not to interrupt the story.

"Nothing, I just thought I heerd somebody."

I learned later that none of the boys ever went to the door after nightfall without first taking down a gun from the gun-rack.

After the old man had finished his story, we all sat silent, looking into the fire. Presently, I determined to go to my room and unpack my valise. I had

a dim suspicion that it would be best for me to efface myself for a while, and leave these solemn mountain people to themselves. Not that I questioned their hospitality. But they were a clannish people, who depended more or less, I fancied, on communion among themselves.

The boys had replenished my fire. By the light of it my tiny room was charmingly cosy. Its sole furniture was a corded bed, with a cornshuck mattress, a very small table,

or stand, on which was a china pitcher filled with water and an oblong glass bowl, about the size of a very small vegetable dish. I fancy this was one of their cherished possessions. Was it in this I must perform my ablutions? Well, never mind! I was content enough; indeed, I was little less than infatuated by the strangeness and interest of my surroundings. I took out pencil and paper and seated myself. I must set down a few notes. But I had not time. The door opened and old Mrs. Norman stood looking in, curiously, anxiously.

"Oh, well, all right!" she said, as though she were relieved to find the



A MOUNTAIN TYPE



solution of a problem. "Ef you'd rather be in hyar, we like hit just as well."

Then she stepped back, and made a sign over her shoulder to the others. There was a noisy shuffling of feet and scraping of chairs. Then she and old Clint Norman, and their six sons, and their niece and their grandchild, all bringing with them their chairs and stools, and Ol' Maltee close at the heels of the old man, came trooping and crowding solemnly into my room, and disposed themselves silently around my hearth, as they had been disposed around their own.

In a few moments when the change had, so to speak, had time to take effect, the old man took up again his slow recital, only it concerned, now, not Johnson and Abner, but the affairs of the surrounding country. I interrupted him once to ask a leading question about the McCoys. His eye lit up a moment, with a sort of fire, and until what was, I suppose, a late hour for him, he continued to give solemnly and dramatically the annals of that unhappy family.

When I went to bed at last and drew the fine old coarse homewoven quilts over me, the fire was dying down somewhat. A good many nubbins of corn had been left in the cornshuck mattress, yet it seemed to me I had never been about to sleep so comfortably. My cautious and devoted people seemed very far away; and all the security and convention and tradition of my past life very dim. Were those hard places, hard places in the cornshuck mattress? Not at all. I was traveling a rough and mountainous road toward a cave; I was concealed from view, like Ali Baba; "Open, barley!" "Open, maize!" "Open, sesame!" Once I must have opened my eyes drowsily and closed them, for—you may smile if you like—but I really do remember thinking that I saw in the dim shadows in the corner, beyond the fireplace this time, great pots of local color as large as those in which the forty thieves were hid.

The next morning I was wakened by loud, cracking, ear-splitting sounds. The two younger boys were chopping kindling on my hearth. Evidently they had reasoned that this would not waken me, but their voices might, for they were talking in careful whispers. I pretended to sleep through it all, but between my eyelashes watched them curiously. Lank, earnest young creatures, with quite beautiful faces, and with a visible devotion. They built me a roaring fire, then tiptoed carefully, oh, very carefully, out of the room.

Following almost at once on their exit, the old woman entered. There was something very motherly about her. She bore in one hand a tall drinking glass filled with what I took to be water. In the other she carried a rough grater made of a piece of tin, with nail holes in it, and a nutmeg.

"Wal," she said delighted, "hit looks to me like you slep'! That's right!" Then she leaned over and put her head a little on one side and spoke engagingly, "Honey, do you take nutmeg in yore moonshine?"

It did not dawn on me at once that the offering of the moonshine was no extraordinary form of hospitality, at all, only something usual, customary; and that it was in the nutmeg, rather, that there lay all the fine distinction and aroma. I have, I believe, an associative mind, however; and soon all this became clear to me. A nutmeg in those parts! a nutmeg in a cabin in mountain wilds where the only reading matter was an eight-year-old calendar. A nutmeg! Then, as I watched her grate it, the old saint who had driven me over those perilous roads came dimly into my mind's eye, and before he drove away again in his chariot, I saw him fish anxiously in all his pockets and bring out at last a tiny package—some small object done up in a paper sack, and I seemed to see again Mrs. Norman's hand outstretched eager to receive it. Yes; here was the solution, I felt sure. He had been commissioned to bring, when



ROADSIDE GOSSIP

he brought me, fine spice for my entertainment; and over all those miles, all those rough roads, those beds of creeks, those streams forded "indwise," those rough places which that old buggy scrambled over so perilously, there went with the saint and me all the way, all the way, that nutmeg which old Mrs. Norman was now grating in the firelight into that huge tumbler of moonshine.

It would take some ingenuity on my part to dispose of all this hospitality! And there were other offerings besides, a fearful and wonderful family comb. I thought she looked a little disappointed when she saw my own. "Oh, well then, I'll go and take Ples this; he's waitin'."

Having disposed of the moonshine out the window, as soon as she left, I then hastened to splash about in the glass vegetable dish, and was none too quick about it, for she reappeared very shortly

with a battered tin wash basin, obviously also a family affair. I tried to convey that I was there to visit them, not to trouble them, and that it would make me very unhappy indeed to keep Ples or the others waiting. This bewildered her slightly, I think. She would so have liked me to accept her offerings; yet, if in pressing them upon me there was the risk of making me very unhappy indeed, lest Ples be kept waiting, the only alternative seemed to be to withdraw them. This she did with what was, I thought, a certain melancholy concession to something she could not altogether understand.

Later in the morning old Clint Norman asked me if I would not like to go across the valley "a piece"; he was going to borrow some cornmeal from a man a few miles away.

I was delighted with the opportunity.



We had gone perhaps a mile, when I saw slouching toward us a splendid looking young fellow, tall and slimpsy, with that clearness of feature which I soon came to know as characteristic of the mountaineer. He and the old man talked together of inconsiderable matters for a moment or two. They paid no attention to me. I had made up my mind to wait there quietly by the roadside by a flaming sumac until they had finished. Presently my attention was caught up into the conversation, as it were, by some allusion to the cashing of a pension check.

"Doug Heminway says that Uncle Tim Thomas says hit was cashed the last of June," said the young man, laconically, "but, of course, that hain't true; 'cause hit war'n't cashed till after I killed Abner; and I didn't kill Abner till the first o' July."

One day not long after this, when the men of the family had all gone off coon hunting, old Mrs. Norman, Hattie and I were sitting in front of my fire. It was then that I found how excellent a talker the old woman was. She had wonderful tales to tell of feuds and of mountain history; was in fact a better raconteur than her husband. She had an easy way of referring to large facts.

"Hit's a sight," she said, "the way men do quoir! so easy! Look like they'd know better; but they don't." Then with a slight jerk of her head toward Hattie, "Hat's brother's up now fer killin' two men at a dance."

"Hat," sitting on a little stool at my feet, gazed into the fire with apparent unconcern as to the subject in hand—and the old woman continued: "I always hev said I'd ruther see airy one of my



GATHERING FOR THE HUNT

boys dead than to see 'em get into no such scrape."

This was reassuring. She, at least, had some idea of morals.

"Yes," I said, "I'm sure you are right."

She bent forward and threw another piece of wood on the fire, then leaned back gazing into the spurting flames.

"Yes," she said, slowly, "*them*, mind you, mebbe in prison! *Them*, that loves freedom so!"

It was not the killing, you see, but the possible loss of freedom for her freedom-loving boys that disturbed her.

The days went by, full of interest, full of hospitality. Hospitality of this peculiar mountain kind I find it hard to describe. They said very little to assure you that you were welcome; but they had a way of adopting you, approving you and doing what they hoped would please you. One day the old man took an enormously long journey across the backs of two mountains, to get from a man who he knew possessed some white flour, a small sack of it in my honor. One day I came back from a tramp over the mountain-side to find that the two older boys had been away all afternoon, hunting bright branches and flowers for which they had heard me express an admiration. My little room was literally a bower of these. This was the hospitality of men who would readily take their part in feuds, yet who were covered with silence and confusion when I thanked them for this beauty they had brought me.

But I believe the old woman's best hospitality was the confidence she seemed to have in my sympathy.

"You come with me," she said, one day, "I want to show you where we've got our own laid."

At a short distance from the cabin, in an open and lovely spot we came to eight graves, seven full-length ones, and a tiny, tiny one, all of them unmarked in any way save one that had a little low wooden shed or roof, about a foot from the ground, built over it; and the tiny grave next it was protected in the same

manner. This latter was, I felt sure, the grave of a little baby grandchild to whom old Mrs. Norman and her husband often referred.

We stood looking down at the graves, I thinking what a stark thing death must be in those parts. She had prepared her dead, no doubt, for their last rest; and her husband and the boys had gone into the woods, I suppose, to hew what would serve for a last rough sheltering.

Yes; that was the baby's grave, of course; and next to it the grave of Sue, the baby's mother.

The wind was growing chilly now, and there were gray clouds scudding and we went back to sit before the fire in my room.

"Sue was such a simple gal," she began, without preliminary. "Her pappy an' me, we didn't think she'd be marryin' soon. But along come Jim Tulliver, fum yand beyand the mounting. Jim was quiet like Sue; an' he wanted to marry her. But I sez 'No; Sue's too young.' Sue warn't but fifteen. So he rode away.

"But she didn't fergit him, an' she pined. Then I says to her pappy, 'That's because she ain't got a hat nor nairy pretty things.' So her pappy he rode over yand to Irvine, an' he brought her a calico dress that was a sight hit was so purty, an' a white dress, too, an' some ribbon. An' Sue she tuk 'em, an' she thank her pappy. But look like she pine just the same.

"Then her pappy bime-by he rode over agin' an' he brought her a hat. Now ole' Unc' Tim Thomas—you know old Unc' Tim?" (They always gave you the generous credit, these mountaineers, of knowing all the people they knew.) "Well, Uncle Tim, he don't 'llow his gals hats. He don't *b'lieve* in hats. But I do. Hattie's got a hat! I always did say 'Hat shall have a hat.' Well, Sue's pappy, he bought Sue a hat. An' Sue liked a hat well enough, too, but she pined just the same. Then I said to her pappy one day, 'Looky here. She's pinin' fer him! An' tain't no use! We've



got to let her go. When Jim comes agin' we've got to let her go back with him, an' them thar cios'll do fer her weddin' cios!'

"So bime-by, he come; an' she went back with him, ridin' behind him on his horse, an' lookin' happy. An' I ain't see her no more till Jim come across the mountings in the pourin' rain to fetch me. Sue she never did like the rain. Well, that was when the baby was born. An' Sue, she died, like she was too tired. Then Jim fetched her over here to be buried, jest yand, an' I rode back with her an' I helt the baby, an' hit cried most of the twenty miles, like hit knowed.

"Well, sir, hit was a sight! Clint he always loved his own, an' he loves Ol' Maltee; an' he'd massacree you if you was to hurt her; but 'twarn't nuthin' to how he loved that baby! I tuk it in the day an' Clint he tuk it in the night. He'd walk up an' down thar an' the baby cryin' all the time like hit knowed its mammy was dead. But Clint he wouldn't hev it that-a-way. Clint, he'd make b'lieve the baby was cryin' cause of the colic and could be cu-ord. But 'twarn't no use. 'Twarn't the colic. That baby *knowed*. That baby knowed an' hit wanted hits mammy, just like Sue she wanted Jim; an' there warn't no use tryin' to fool hit. I used to take hit out to Sue's grave, an' I'd say: 'Yand's yer mammy! Don't you cry!' An' hit would quit, sudden, an' then hit would put its little face down flat on my shoulder an' jest' yell.

"An' hit wouldn't grow! Look like hit got littler. Hit was littler than anythin' you ever see. It was so little you could a' turned a teacup down over its years; an' hit was so thin, look like you'd say hit was a little skinned sqairl!

"But Clint, he kep' b'lievin' we could raise hit. One night he sat thar with hit in front of the fire. There was rain outside, pourin' jes' like that day Jim come to fetch me. An' Clint says, 'I must put up a shed over Sue's grave. Sue don't like the rain.' An' the baby, hit

cry an' cry, like hit couldn't stop. Clint he put hit over his shoulder, an' patted hits back, an' stomp his foot soft while he was doin' hit, an' he sang it a song, like he'd git it to stop an' think of something else. But 'twarn't no use. *Hit* knowed what it wanted. Well, that night hit died. 'Taint no use,' I said, 'Clint, hit didn't like you an' me as much as we liked hit. Hit was like Sue. Hit knowed what hit wanted. Now hit's got what hit wants. Hit's got to hits mammy.'"

She showed me its little clothes, crude, coarse, to a point of cruelty almost. She hung over them. I recalled how the old man made a sort of calendar of the baby's sojourn with them. Such and such a thing happened before the baby came or after the baby went. Ah, that baby, that baby! They would so have loved to keep it, if only it had not been so bent on getting to its mammy! And now, it and its mammy, the girl of fifteen, sixteen, who also knew what she wanted, lay there not far away, safe sheltered from the rain.

There was another experience that had evidently touched the old woman deeply; it was the going away of "Tawm," her first-born.

"He warn't like the rest. Look like he was always thinkin' of somethin' beyand them mountings, an' listenin' fer somethin'. He was bigger'n his brothers and bigger'n his pappy, and look like he see further off. Sometimes he'd say he reckon he'd like to go out West. Thar's his ole coonskin cap up thar now.

"One day he got the horse an' he say he was goin' to ride over to Irvine. Well, I was glad hit was him, not me, agoin'. I ain't use to nuthin' but these mountings; an' when I git over thar to Irvine an' see all them people an' all them houses, my head jes' gits agoin' so!" She made a slow whirling gesture with one hand, while I remembered the fifteen or twenty houses of that metropolis.

"Well, he cum back towards night. Milly she cum to me, an' she says,

'Maw, Tawm fixin' to go away. Cause he's bought him a mackintush coat.'

"Well, then I knowed Tawm was goin' to try to run away in the mornin' fer sure, 'fore we wuz up. So I took the mackintush coat, (he'd got it hangin' in the dark by the top o' the bed) and I wrap one end of it round my hand, so. Fer I know'd he wouldn't go without his coat; an' I said, 'ef he tries to go, he can't git hit from me without wakin' me up!' Towards mornin'—but it was still dark—I felt Tawm pullin' at it so gentle, you might hev thought hit was Ol' Maltee. But I turn over, an' helt it tight; an' bimeby he moved off, soft so you couldn't hear him. After a while he tried agin'; but I held on to it. After that he moved off soft, agin', an' he didn't try no more.

"The next mornin' hit was pourin' rain; pourin'. 'He won't be goin' away whilst hit's rainin' so!' I said. Look like I was never so glad to see hit rain.

"So I set myself to fryin' the bacon for breakfast, an' Milly was mixin' the cornpone, when yand come Ples runnin'. He'd done gone out to git me some wood. 'Oh, Maw!' he says, "Tawm's done tuk off!' he says.

"Well, I drop the bacon, an' I run. 'Tawm! Tawm!' I yell, but he ain't answer; an' I ain't sure noway that I could a'heard him if he had a'answered; fer it was rainin' an' thunderin' so. Look like I ain't never see such a storm. An' I run, an' I run, an' I couldn't see whar I was runnin' fer the rain.

"Bimeby I stop, an' stumble an' fell, an' ketch myself, an' thar I was twixt them two graves of Jessie and Creech yander, like they wuz tryin' ter stop me. An' I went into the house, after that, an' I set down, an' I put my apron over my head, an' I rock an' I says, 'Tawm's gone! Tawm's gone! an' he won't come back no more!'"

"And did he never come back?"

She shook her head.

"No."

"How long ago?"

"Fifteen years, come springtime."

I was thinking what I might say to

console her, when she spoke again, gazing into the fire:

"But Tawm's comin' back"—she spoke with simplicity and confidence. "Thar was a man come through hyar had seed Tawm out West, an' he said Tawm had got him a wife an' three or four children, he fergit which. So Tawm'll come back some day. Them children o'hisn'll teach him." She spoke not bitterly at all, nor sharply, rather mellowly, almost pityingly. "When they git goin' away fum him, the way he went away from his pappy an' me, then he'll know how his pappy an' me felt, an' he'll know how we git longin' fer to see him sometimes. Then he'll come. Mebbe it won't be fer a long time, but Tawm'll come some day."

There were many other tales she told, and they all had this quality of intimacy and reality. These were real people among whom I was sojourning. I had never lived on such rough fare nor slept on so hard a bed, yet never had I had so satisfying an adventure of the spirit. There was a strange moral stability—howbeit different from our own—in these people; and in their circumstances an immitigable reality, something primitive, dependable, fundamental. They held life lightly, in one sense; very deeply in another; and they had a code of their own, of such an order that you trusted them.

One other happening stands out in my memory. One morning the old woman told me the boys were going off coon and possum hunting that night. I asked if she thought I might go with them.

"Oh, no" she said with characteristic frankness, "you might git tired an' that would spile their hunt."

It remained then to convince her. I did this so thoroughly that she was ready to undertake the task of convincing the boys. Meanwhile, Hattie, the little mustang niece, begged to be allowed to go also. I thought this might imperil my chances; might not Hattie easily enough "spile their hunt" by getting tired?



The old woman seemed to think this was an extraordinary fear on my part:

"Who? *Hat?* Why *Hat* could out-climb airy one of them boys. *Hat* ain't nuthin' but a squirl."

Good! then all the better! Nevertheless I was anxious as to the outcome of the embassy. Presently she returned.

"Hit's good," she said, by way of announcement, "that you've got on a short dress. Fer them mountings is steep."

We started with the dogs and lanterns at about eight o'clock that night. The October air was keen against our cheeks, and the stars were out by millions.

Hattie and I stayed together, she with her hand in mine; and around us, and for the most part ahead of us, the great lank towering young forms of the mountaineers, their shadows moving up and down in solemn cadence or rhythm which was directed by the steady, yet slightly swinging, light of the lantern. How tall they were! Brobdingnags of a strange lank order they seemed, as long as the range of my gaze was only the moving circle of the lantern: one of them carrying over his shoulder an ax, another wearing what I saw to be "Tawm's" coonskin cap; but when I would look up instead to the mountains around about and to the face of the jeweled night, then suddenly we all seemed so tiny, so tiny that it seemed we had all been suddenly transformed into fairies of an odd sort; and the black-and-white and yellow-and-white coon dogs, running with their noses sometimes to the ground, but oftener trotting alongside, very purposeful and serious, seemed the most tiny and fairylike of all, and the whole diminutive company making forward through that vastness, bent, mind you, on hunting a still tinier creature who waited somewhere with watchful ears and an anxious heart.

When we had gone about half a mile, we were joined at the foot of a mountain by a party of seven other young mountaineers with their dogs.

There was nothing in the order of introductions. Across the dim light of

the lanterns I smiled at them and nodded. They all peered at me, I would not say curiously, rather only with a great solemnity. Were they disappointed that a girl should be of their coon and possum hunt? I do not know, but I think not, for they are a direct people, and it would be difficult to give any idea of the simplicity with which without a word they seemed to accept and adopt me.

When we got to the top of the hill we penetrated about a quarter of a mile into the forest. Then we stopped and the men gathered brush and wood and lighted a fire. We sat about it, waiting for the dogs to pick up a trail. One could hear them circling and yapping not far away.

It might have been something out of the humbler purlieus of Arden, that scene. The men sat or lay about gazing at the fire, saying never a word; occasionally one would reach and throw on more wood, or after a while, another would shift the sticks already in the flame. I respected the custom of their silence. I suppose if I went among them now and came upon such a scene, I might feel inclined to talk and to try to draw them out; but then there was story enough for me in the night, in the hounds baying at a distance, in those silent men and Hattie and myself grouped around that fire, kindled there for our comfort for a little while in all that shaggy wilderness.

Presently the men knew by the baying of the dogs that these were on the track of their prey. So the fire they had been at pains to kindle was carefully scattered and trodden out, and we set off in the direction of the baying.

The mountaineers knew those trackless mountains, it seemed, as you and I know the streets of a city; there was never any uncertainty about their direction. The light of the lantern would shine suddenly on the boles of great trees, giants of the forests that would seem to step out hugely from the deep darkness, and would stretch out their great arms as though pointing the way. Then we

would plunge again into utter tracklessness, yet not trackless to these men. From time to time one of them would anticipate some landmark:

"We're most nigh the old' simmon tree, now."

"Yes, pret' nigh."

Or: "'Tain't fur now to the shagbark, with the grape vine."

"No; just a little piece."

And presently, sure enough, we would come to what they had foreseen. There was an air of mystery and strange powers about all this.

The notes of the dogs too were wonderful to hear, booming, prolonged, beautifully concerted.

"Thar's ole Belle! Hear her?"

"Yas! An' thar's Pont!"

Their practised ears knew the slightly different cry of each.

But if the dogs had picked up a scent they soon lost it. Again the men built a fire by which to await that particular kind of baying which means pursuit.

When we had got comfortably seated one of the men went to where, at a little distance, I could see him reach up to a shadowy grape vine that was hanging with some of its branches in the dim edge of our firelight. He must have gathered about a dozen bunches of wild grapes, then he returned and without a word put them simply and shyly into my hands. In a moment more another one of them, taking one of the lanterns, went to a little farther distance. I could see the uncertain light moving, searching for something, then the bend of branches; and he came back with a handful of little wilding apples and gave them to me. The first—he of the wild grapes—who had dared so much seemed to have given courage to the others; for there were other gifts after that whenever, apparently, the locality afforded them, chestnuts, hickory nuts, and persimmons, and more wild grapes, and once a little hurt squirrel which one of the men found and carried in his pocket some time before he could make up his mind to give it to me.

Of all the happenings that I remember

there among those mountain people, I believe I have had in remembering it more pleasure of this than of any other—the way those lank silent men brought gifts in that shy but direct and utterly generous way to a girl who was a "furriner," and whom some of them had never seen before and would never see again.

We had been on the hunt a long time, though I have no idea how long, and had built four different bonfires at as many resting places before the voices of the dogs changed at last to the wild barking we had been waiting for. The last fire was put out quickly, and we hurried through the brush in their direction.

They had the coon "treed" in a hollow log, and were wild with excitement. The men struggled to hold them and pull them away, so that I might stoop and have a look at the tiny creature.

Emeralds could be no greener than its eyes; and its claws were braced stubbornly against the sides of the log, supporting a little body that was terror and determination in fur and flesh. Here was its last resort, and here the final terror awaited it.

The log must be cut. He who had carried the ax all the way came forward with it, without a word, like an actor aware of his cue; and the owners of the dogs put new strength into holding them, while the animals strained at their collars and breathed hard, whined wildly and choked.

The goal of all the mystery and beauty of the evening in which we had up to now taken part was to be this—the much anticipated fight for its life of a tiny furry coon beset by six wildly excited dogs. Thirteen lank Brobdignags and Hattie and myself, and six dogs! Oh, little coon! little coon! Meanwhile the measured thud of the ax was falling.

The end of the story would never be a hunter's delight, but it was mine. When the moment of glory should have arrived, when the log was split, and the dogs were loosed and sprang wildly to where the coon should have been, the coon was gone, vanished, spirited away, by way



of some decayed knot hole perhaps that the men had overlooked.

The dogs made off wildly into the woods, trying to pick up the trail, but their zest was, apparently, gone. A few of the men, three or four, followed them, but the rest of us started home.

We made our way for miles, it seemed, without acknowledged direction, through the forest; but by a most mysterious miracle, came out at last on the very hilltop just above the Normans' cabin. The valley lay dark below with only that one star in it, the cabin light. Above, the heavens were very fine; but the Great Bear had swung low, and Sagittarius—the Hunter—was gone from them. Then in the woods we saw another light move mysterious. The rest of the party were rounding up also. We waited for them. Jim Norman was in the lead with the lantern, then Ples wearing Tawm's coonskin cap, the man with the ax back of him, and two other rhythmic figures. I was so fascinated by the rising and falling of light and shadow that it was not until they were of our party that I saw what Ples carried. A little creature of amusing shape hung from his hand by the tail. A possum.

Without preliminary, he offered it to me.

"You kin carry it just so," he said. "Hit wont stir. Hit's playin' hit's dead."

I was delighted, but begged him to carry it for me and we trooped down the mountain side. At the bottom he insisted on giving it to me. The others said good night and went their way. Just then old Mrs. Norman, who had been dozing, no doubt, but waiting for us, opened the door of the cabin, and the light from it streamed out over us.

"Wal, I clar to gracious!" she said, leaning toward me with unfeigned delight, and peering at the little perfectly still creature that I held by the tail, "did you git a possum!"

Two days later I left the Norman cabin, and all that it had meant to me. Before I left I overheard old Clint Norman and his wife talking in the lean-to.

"Wal, I clar to gracious, I hate to see her go."

"Wal, so do I," agreed the wife, "she's such a plain, simple gal, seems like she's blood kin."

Well, I "clar to gracious," I hated to leave *them*; and was homesick for them at the thought of it. I wanted to go again across those midnight mountains under the stars, with the lanterns swinging, with those strange, chivalrous, silent men; I wanted to hear more of the old woman's confidences and stories; I wanted to hear the almanac read again; I wanted to see "Hat's" brother when he was released, after killin' two men—at a dance; I wanted to follow Johnson's fate, who did not cash the check "of course" until after he had killed Abner, and who had not killed Abner until the first of July; above all, perhaps, I wanted to be witness some day to "Tawm's" coming back, as he would, in the fulness of time. But I was obliged to go.

This, however, was not to be my last mountain experience. My next one was to be—better than I could have hoped—in Breathitt, the roughest of all Kentucky mountain counties, among a different and less gentle type of mountaineers, where the killing that was done was not usually at anything so gay as a dance.

*(To be continued)*

## AN ISLAND WINDOW

BY JENNETTE LEE

PETER COLLINS was tired. He had come to Arachne Island to rest—and since early morning he had tramped the green slopes of the Island or climbed the tumultuous bowlders that formed the rocky coast line to the east.

Now on his back, on a high gray rock, his tweed cap pulled well over his eyes to shut out the glare of light, he lay looking at the horizon and reflecting grimly that he came to Arachne Island to rest.

Above the horizon the sky lifted its arc of transparent dazzling blue, and beneath it the indigo sea rose and fell in long heaving waves that made Peter think as he watched them of sapphires . . . Sapphires both of them, sea and sky, he thought lazily as he lay and watched them, but the finest sapphire was between the two—neither the deep indigo of the sea nor the translucent lifting blue of the sky off there. . . .

His fingers sought his vest pocket and brought out a small object and held it up between him and the light. Blue fire flashed in the sun and the color of sea and sky paled swiftly. Life was prisoned in the gleaming thing—the eyes beneath the cap brim glowed softly to it; they seemed to drink in the fiery blue of the stone.

Peter was a dealer in precious stones. He ranged the world for them: opals from Mexico, pearls and sapphires and amethysts from Ceylon, emeralds from Canjargum, rubies from Satawka, diamonds from the Cape to Brazil. Wherever the divine fire had been caught and prisoned, on the surface of the earth or under the surface or in the sands of river beds, there was Peter digging and chaffering. He bought beauty and brought it home in his pocket to sell again. He had never created beauty

and he knew little of the beauty created by other men, but for precious stones he had an infallible flair and he never tired in the pursuit. To come on a rare stone in some unexpected corner of the earth, to cheat the poor native of his glittering find, carry it off to London or Paris or New York and drive a still better bargain over the table of some opulent dealer, was all in the game for Peter, and the game was played with counters of fire—gleams that ran from the facets of finely-cut gems or shimmered in the lighted rondure of opal and pearl.

He was never without a collection of precious stones somewhere on his person—little packets of them stowed away in his pockets or sewed into his clothing. If by some alchemy, Peter, lying there on the rock, could have been stripped of his clothes, he would have glittered like a temple god, twinkling with the myriad points of light that radiated from the gems concealed about him. Stones were his religion—he had no other and had never felt the need of any other. He must have them always at hand—to be bartered in trade or to hold in his fingers as he was holding the sapphire now, letting its color and fire creep subtly through him.

He turned it in his fingers and watched the light rise and leap in it and he smiled slowly. His long figure on the rock relaxed subtly. The stone seemed to have caught a richer deeper glow in the caressing touch of his finger tips as if electric fire played softly in it, and as he turned it, six glinting points of light emerged in the clouded depths of sapphire blue. They shaped a shining star. For a minute his eyes glowed to it. Then the touch of his fingers loosened and the look in his eyes grew absent. . . .



Through the star-shaped light in the stone, far within the clouded depths, he was looking into the starved eager eyes of the native who had sold him the stone—the protruding abdomen and the gaunt uplifted arm that thrust the sapphire at him, the greedy look when he held up a coin. The stone was dull and begrimed with the silt of the river bed where it had lain, but beneath the grime, its crystalline structure showed to Peter's practiced eye, and he knew the value of the jewel before he tossed the coin that made it his.

He had intended to sell it as soon as he landed in New York. But when under the swift turning rotten-stone of the polishing-wheel the true nature of the jewel became evident and the star points in the clouded disk gleamed out, he ordered the stone cut to reveal its full beauty. He would keep it a little while for his own pleasure.

Buying and selling and a good bargain were only part of the game for Peter: behind the buying and selling was always the gleam of the fire in the stones. He could not have bought and sold hogs or even woolen and copper and steel. He dickered in precious stones, and behind the stones was always the fire.

But now the fire had dulled a little for him and he had come to Arachne Island to rest. He had not given a thought till to-day to the starved eyes of the native; but through the blue fire of the stone they looked into his hungrily; the fingers that thrust the stone at him were thin as pipe-stems. . . . Men starved, did they, like that! Beneath the peaked cap Peter's eyes were puzzled. His touch on the stone was absent.

Was it only last week they brought him news of the rare stone in upper India—an emerald magnificent in size and color, a star-emerald, the sailor declared who brought the rumor, and the man who held it went in fear of his life. Peter knew the breed of man—half-crazed by a sight of the glittering thing—a fierce snatch at it and flight and there-

after living, daily fear. Peter had known a score of such cases. The stone could be bought for a song, almost for the taking, to relieve the sweating fear of the man who concealed it.

Peter did not really believe the sailor's yarn as to the nature of the stone. A star-emerald from the Orient was something no dealer had ever seen. Rumors of such stones came to western dealers, but when the clues were followed up they proved false. Star-amethysts, yes, and star-rubies and star-sapphires a-plenty—though few so beautiful as the one he held in his fingers—but a star-emerald, no! Peter privately believed that the hardness of the emerald prevents the formation of the star-shaped rays in the stone, as the hardness of the diamond seems to prevent it. But he had prepared to follow up the clue for the pleasure of the chase; his plans were made, his preparations complete, and then he woke one morning to a curious sense that the world was flat.

The round earth he had sailed over so many times had flattened in the night to a whirling disk in space . . . and pearls were no more precious than millet seed, or emeralds than cubes of glass. Not even a star-emerald from the Orient tempted Peter that morning.

He had stared at his unshaven chin in the glass and ordered breakfast. When he tried to eat his breakfast he knew to a certainty that the world was flat.

He consulted a physician who pounded and thumped him and twinkled a wagging goatee at him and charged him twenty-five dollars. He must take a long rest. . . . Nothing the matter with him, no . . . every organ sound, but safe to take a rest. Might be sorry later if he didn't. . . . Yes—twenty-five dollars.

He went out of the office a little dazed. Rest! And the only way he knew of resting was to range the globe—a new quest each time. . . . The emerald in upper India! The very thought of it sickened him—to travel a thousand miles, ten thousand miles—and hold in



*Drawn by E. L. Chase*

"I WANTED TO SEE CHISINGHAM," HE SAID



his hand at last a green stone! He put the thought aside impatiently. Was he growing fanciful, soul-sick?

And suddenly a child's eyes flashed to him. She was sitting by the sea and he filled her lap with jewels and told her their names. She raised her eyes and looked at him. The eyes glowed like stars. What were they asking or seeking to give him? Something in them eluded him. What could a child give Peter Collins?

He could not remember the color of her eyes nor where he had seen her—only the look of stars. He had seen it many times and he had come to watch for it when he was buying and selling. It came between him and a bargain once in Ceylon. And camping under the stars one night in upper India, a mysterious dim figure bent and looked at him with a child's eyes—and he had turned away and slept. . . .

Why should he see it now when he was tired? . . . The doctor had said he must rest. Had he hunted jewels too long—beautiful fiery hardness that a man could buy and sell? He held it a flashing glimmering minute and the child's eyes faded. . . . What had they said to him?—a man's soul starves if it feeds too long on stones. Or had he dreamed it sitting in the twilight and wondering where he could go and rest?

He went to bed early that night and lay awake, listening to the roar of the city below. Just before dawn he fell asleep and when he wakened he remembered Arachne Island. It was in his mind cool and fresh with the light of the sea on it.

Before noon he was on his way. He had visited the Island ten years before, on a hint from Blakeman the artist of a curious ledge of rocks jutting from the sea. Blakeman had painted the ledge many times, and dwellers in cities had been refreshed by its jagged mystery and charm. . . . But there were no jewel-pockets on Arachne. Peter, lying on his back on the gray rock, reflected that he should not see the glint of a

jewel till he set sail again for the mainland—only the fish-scales gleaming on the beach, opalescent lights that came and went on the sea, sunsets opening shining gates, and jeweled doors within the gates.

He had come to Arachne to rest. There were no jewels on the Island except those in his own pockets. India was the land of jewels, a land of mystery and strange beliefs. Peter's eyes, looking across the sapphire sea, grew absent. His fingers held the stone idly—its fiery warmth no longer filled him. . . . It was there in India he had come on strange hints of something deeper in a man's life than his individual will—some purpose shaping inexorably through the ages. Had he come to Arachne because some will greater than his own was holding him—shaping his life? He tossed it aside. He knew too well why he had come to Arachne! He lay and watched the sea rise and fall and travel shoreward. It rested him to watch it lift itself, as if beneath the blue strength a giant breathed at ease.

He had lingered on Arachne that earlier time a week and a day. Then he had gone away and forgotten it. But when he set out yesterday on the ten-hour sail to the Island he had a curious sense that he was coming home. He forgot the doctor's twinkling goatee and lounged on the deck, watching the mainland recede and the world of water come around him. Then as he lay, half-quiescent, floating in a new element, he remembered Chisingham—old Chisingham who wrought in metal.

That was the way Peter Collins put it to himself, floating in the light of the sea. Chisingham who wrought in metal was the Island blacksmith. Peter had passed hours by his forge, listening to the clink of his hammer on metal as it rose and fell and the clumsy bellows glowed the flame. Outside, the fog rolled in and closed up to the open door, and the foghorn called in long gray intervals, a somber background for Chis-

ingham's gentle high-pitched voice as his hammer clinked and struck the red-hot iron, and sparks flew in the dusky place. Again and again Peter had been drawn back to the forge, always to be greeted by the dark groping look in Chisingham's eyes as if it asked, "What news? What news do you bring? What of life?" . . .

Chisingham did not earn a dollar a day at his forge. Yet he wrought with ceaseless blows, mending, welding, shaping as if a world were in the making under his sounding blows. Scraps of talk—fiery words came back to Peter when he thought of Chisingham—they lingered hauntingly and died away before his mind could seize them. He tried to remember what they talked about, he and Chisingham; but only fragments of the talk came back, a quick-lifted glance of Chisingham's glinting eye, the flicker of a spark struck from the red-hot iron in the dusk of the shop and the surrounding fog. A subterranean place—a Niebelungen forge—that shop of Chisingham's perched on its rock with peaked roof, and the submerged clang of the bell-buoy swinging in slow distance. . . . Something of the gods in Chisingham, in his gaunt frame and half-stooped shoulders, and the dark brooding face and shaggy beard and hair and the half-wild stammer of his voice as he shook it out, as if thought crowded too thick and fast to forge, and hardened in queer shapes, grotesque and inarticulate, that flung from the uplifted chin. So gods might gape and grope in subterranean depths, caverns of the sea. . . . Peter Collins, sailing toward the Island, was suddenly glad he was to see and talk with Chisingham again. The horizon ahead of the boat seemed to round a little as the rail rose and fell. Over the horizon lay Arachne and Chisingham.

After that he slept, and through the day he dozed—until, waking, he saw the Island afloat on the sea—quite near they were come: the lighthouse on the top, the green slopes and gray rock

mounting upward and the light of the sea enfolding it.

On the deck Peter leaned forward. There to the left was Chisingham's shop, its peaked roof and pointed air-shaft dark against the spruces. He drew a long breath. To-morrow he should see Chisingham and talk and watch the curious wild gleam in his eye and the sparks from his forge. To-morrow!

Then as he lay awake that night and heard the waves wash the shore gently and draw back, he saw a star-emerald shaping in the darkness. It seemed to glow a little there in upper India—jewel-glints of light—that changed slowly to a child's eyes and glowed more softly. . . . She was sitting by the sea, holding up her apron filled with jewels. What was it her eyes asked him as the waves washed up and back? . . . The sparks from Chisingham's forge flew upward. . . . Peter fell asleep trying to catch the sparks from Chisingham's forge and prison them—fashion them in a star. . . . And between a wave that washed up the beach and receded, he fell asleep, watching a star shape dimly in the flying sparks from the forge.

When he woke his eyes rested on a curious figurine standing on the table by his bed. It was made of wrought iron clumsily forged. He reached out a hand.

He took it up. He did not remember seeing it the night before. He had tumbled into bed dead-tired, and he had fallen asleep thinking of Chisingham. He turned the figure in his hands, and suddenly he saw that it was curiously like Chisingham—not in its features, but in the spirit of it—a rudely wrought female figure, and in the hand uplifted from the straight outstretched arm was a curious implement, a tomahawk, Peter decided. He chuckled at the quaint stiffness of the figure and the uplifted weapon. There was something almost Egyptian in the severe simplicity of the lines and the pose of the miniature figure. He recalled crude beginnings he



had watched grow under the swinging blows of Chisingham's hammer, hints of ornament, vague and half-formed that leaped from his eye to the glowing metal and were effaced under his hammer almost before they took shape.

The pose of the figure had strength; it rose from the two firm-planted feet with a surety, a kind of regal dignity that pleased the fastidious sense in Peter. He put it down with a little touch of pleasure.

He would have breakfast. Then he would see Chisingham. He would watch him work. He was suddenly eager to see him, and as he dressed he glanced now and then at the figure. A dim sense of its power woke in him—in its very crudity was a hint of power. He saw Chisingham shaping the thing under swift blows of his hammer, his great eye glowing as it took shape. . . . Chisingham swinging his hammer, working at his trade for common men and women, mending hoes and spades and plows, kettles and pans . . . and then this little figurine! Peter took it up, holding it in his fingers with a kind of waking affection. Something stirred in him he had never felt before. He saw Peter Collins, a lonely figure, bargaining, chaffering, gathering up precious stones as hard and barren as himself.

He set down the figure and stared at it. No wonder life had palled for him—picking up stones. . . . But to catch life from one's own mind where it glinted and teased like that, to mold and shape it, to watch it grow and emerge from a bit of old iron till it stood firm on its two feet and faced its creator! A spark from Chisingham's forge seemed to glint and touch him. He looked again at the straight-standing figure and uplifted tomahawk and smiled at the feeling of life and pleasure it gave him.

After breakfast he took the hard-shell road that led to Chisingham's forge—Chisingham's studio, he told himself with a laugh as he quickened his pace.

A curious recurrent sense of coming

to the end of a quest possessed him. Often he had felt it—this overwhelming urge and desire when he was close to the hiding-place of some jewel. Curious that he should feel it now, on this peaceful island where no jewel had ever been found, no gleam of fire in the gray rocks or under the sheep-cropped turf. He had come to Arachne to rest—and his heart was beating strangely.

He wanted to talk with Chisingham—more, it seemed to him, than he had ever wanted anything in his life.

He turned the corner and came on the smithy, and stopped. The door was closed; there was no smoke from the peaked roof, no glint behind the shut window and darkened panes.

He wheeled and looked at a house to the left of the forge, Chisingham's house. The door was closed. But behind the window he saw a woman's head bent low over her work. He stared at the head resentfully. It had been a tacit bond of sympathy between him and Chisingham that no women had entered their lives: they were free men, both of them, free to range the world of thought unhampered by women. . . . And now a woman sat in Chisingham's window, her head bent over her work. And the door—Peter saw suddenly, with quickened eyes, over Chisingham's door a porch of lattice-work, a new little porch of delicate lattice-work. He flung away down the road, a bitter feeling of being balked in his heart.

So all the morning he had tramped the downs and explored caves and climbed over rocks, until at last the unreasoning rage roused in him by the sight of the woman's bent head in Chisingham's window had subsided.

Lying here on the rock, the sapphire in his relaxed fingers, the warm sun shining on him, he was placidly content. He knew he should see Chisingham, talk with him. But, he faced the bitter truth—Chisingham would be different—he must accept the fact that Chisingham would be different. Peter knew what

marriage did to men: tied them, bound them, hand and foot! . . . He had taken care that his own feet were not caught in that snare!

He took out his watch and looked at it and sprang up—time to see Chisingham before dinner if he hurried. Behind him the sea rose and fell, he heard its ceaseless surge as he turned away and plunged into the path through the spruces that led to Chisingham's forge.

When he came in sight of it he saw that the door was still closed, but a quick glance at the house showed there was no one in the window. He crossed the road and stood a minute under the tiny latticed porch before he knocked.

The door opened and a young woman stood in it looking at him.

Peter raised his hat. "I wanted to see Chisingham," he said.

"Yes?" A faint glow came to her face. Her eyes sought his a minute and a smile touched her lips.

"We would all like to see Chisingham," she said. He started.

"He is no longer here?"

"He is not here. He is dead."

He turned abruptly and looked across the rocks and the sheep-cropped turf to the sea. The bell-buoy swung with a long faint recurrent sound. A little breeze came in to him.

He turned back and found her eyes on him waiting.

"I beg your pardon. I had made so sure of seeing Chisingham. I wanted to see him more than you would be likely to guess." The words seemed thrust out of him. He was surprised to find himself speaking them.

For a minute she did not reply. Then he was conscious that the glow in her face deepened, as if some inner fire irradiated it.

"I understand," she said almost shyly. "Won't you come in?"

But he turned a little brusquely. He could not talk small talk with a young woman. He wanted to go away, to recall all he could remember of Chisingham, fix it forever before it should be too

late. . . . Fool—while he hunted for baubles, Chisingham had slipped away. He could never talk with him now—never watch for the curious, wild thrill of his eye and the sparks glinting from the hot iron. But he would gather every memory and stamp it imperishable.

He lifted his hat. "I will not trouble you further," he said.

The coldness of his tone did not seem to repulse her. The little glow remained, and she stood and watched him go down the path to the sea. Then she re-entered the house.

She crossed the hall to a room on the right and seated herself before a small table. The table was of rough wood, really a work-bench, and covered with bits of metal and small tools, models, papers with half-sketched designs—all the paraphernalia of a worker in metal.

For a minute she sat looking before her. Then she picked up a small mallet and struck a light blow on the bit of metal that lay on the tiny anvil. The metal resounded, it clinked faintly like echo-metal beneath the light quick strokes of her hammer.

She looked steadily at the metal she molded, but she was seeing Peter Collins' face . . . it had grown hard in ten years; there were lines in it she did not remember. Or was it that in ten years she had learned to read faces?

He had not recognized her. She smiled at the hardening metal and lifted it to the blowpipe. She took up her tongs and held the metal in the burning flame watching it glow, then her hammer clinked again lightly.

She had never dreamed Peter Collins might come back to the Island. . . . She saw him by the sea, and the girl beside him—hardly more than a child—her apron held out that he filled with jewels, taking them from his pockets and tossing them where they fell and gleamed and jostled each other and glinted while he said their names over like a chant: "Beryl and topaz and ruby; amethyst, sapphire, emerald, tur-



quiose and opal and pearl and amber and coral and chrysoprase; moss-agate and bloodstone—all the medley of color and sound that rose and shimmered and flashed in the child's apron before her wondering eyes: apple-green, heliotrope, blood-red and ruby and jade and amethyst—all the play and change of color deepening the spell in her eyes while she listened breathless.

She had never forgotten the sound of the words she heard that morning, with the wash of the sea slipping in between, coming and going through the magic of the jewel names.

Then Peter Collins had gathered them up, scooped their glittering beauty into his two hands, and gone away, and she had never seen him again. But the sound of the sea held the jewel names and crooned them to her at night, and the colors of the stones glowed in the sea at sunrise and when the sun went down. And behind the jeweled sea was the murmur of a voice, faint and growing fainter, like an echo. . . . She did not know she listened for it sometimes in the sea, saying over the names. Had she been waiting to hear it again? Her heart was beating strangely—a curious new rhythm in her pulse while she fashioned her metal with light touch.

She saw the man's face under the lattice porch. There was no glow of jewels in it—only hardness and unrest; but the sound of his voice held an echo, and she knew suddenly what his jewels meant to her. She saw them gleaming in her lap, and the child's face lifted, and for the first time she saw the part they had played in her life. When her mother died and she sold her little inheritance and left Arachne, she knew now it was to follow the glow of the jewels into the west. She had not known then what she sought, or that it had to do with the gleaming stones Peter Collins had spread in her lap. But when at last she found her niche she had settled down to learn the intricate details of jewel work: cutting and riveting and soldering, molding and casting, designing set-

tings for stones, chasing patterns in the hard metal or shaping its molten softness under the strokes of her hammer.

Then the sea called her and she came back to the Island with her jewel kit and a handful of stones. She found Chisingham's house vacant, and it pleased her fancy to buy it and set up shop in the deserted front room. She had known and loved the old man since she was a child. His wild shaggy face was like the sea—something god-made and unfathomed. Sometimes in the stroke of her tiny hammer she seemed to hear the far-off clink of Chisingham's forge. It helped her to shape and fashion the settings which summer tourists to Arachne delighted to buy. They exclaimed over the jewels and over the sea and the rocks—and they carried the jewels away to towns.

Each year on the Island she had grown more contented in the restful quiet of Chisingham's house and more absorbed in her work. She wrought in metal as he had wrought. The sparks from his forge that vanished in the dusk seemed caught again—they glinted in little points of light in the jewels she fashioned at her bench in the window. Sometimes an undertone of the sea came to her and she lifted her head; but it was only the bell-buoy, ceaselessly swinging with the strokes of her hammer, keeping time.

Deep in her she guarded something. A flame—a jewel—she hardly knew herself what it was. And no one else knew or guessed. If she had thought of Peter Collins, it was only in a flash of thankfulness that he had tossed the precious stones into a child's apron. He was hardly more than a myth who had scattered flame-jewels and gone away.

And now he was here on Arachne again—and he did not guess he had ever seen her—and her heart was beating in this curious way. . . . She did not want to feel like this! The man's eyes were hard—when he looked at her!

She put down her hammer, a little impatiently, and went out to get luncheon. She kindled a flame in her small stove and made a cup of tea and



*Drawn by E. L. Chase*

SHE LEANED FORWARD WITH CLASPED HANDS



boiled an egg and brought lettuce from the tiny garden. She spread a napkin and ate her luncheon at her work-bench before the window, looking across to Chisingham's forge standing silent among the spruces.

Peter Collins came in very late to his dinner, and his landlady looked at him with rebuking motherly eyes.

"You're all tuckered out!"

"I forgot it was dinner time."

"Folks do sometimes. It's a bad sign." She smiled. "Shows your liver's wrong. You set right there and I'll bring in a tray." She departed and came back with a heaped-up tray, and seated herself to see that he did justice to it.

"You eat all of it," she said. "It'll do you good. Where you been?"

"All over the Island—everywhere."

"Folks do—the first day. It's because it's an Island, I guess—they want to see the whole of it first-off, like you do a man. Folks can't wait to get acquainted, not if they're anyways attracted to each other." She looked at him over her spectacles and he laughed out. He felt rested with her. They were all alike, these Island people—salt with the tang of the sea.

Before she came in he had been looking at a small iron figure on the mantle and he moved a hand to it—

"Chisingham's?" he asked.

She turned. "Yes. Horace Chisingham made it."

She got up and went over to the shelf and took down the figure and dusted it with her apron. "He give it to me before he died. I set store by it. It's a soldier." She placed it on the tray, and it stood there while Peter ate his dinner and listened to her quaint garrulous talk.

When he had finished he took it up. It was a rudely wrought figure in uniform, fashioned with the same stiff precision as the one upstairs in his room.

"There is another one in my room," he said, "a woman."

She nodded. "That's Pocahontas.

He made her, too—leastways he said it was Pocahontas. I don't know how he ever could tell what she looked like."

She removed the figure from the tray and placed it on the table and carried the tray from the room.

Peter sat looking at the iron image. He was curiously excited. . . . He had patronized Chisingham, looked down on him a little and now he saw him looming a dusky figure, a creator—and beside him Peter Collins, the little man picking up pebbles. . . . And he saw suddenly the woman in Chisingham's doorway and her eyes looking at him—waiting for him to speak—a dream-woman. He shook himself.

The Island was getting in his blood! He must be off. He could almost fancy himself entering the latticed doorway, stooping a little to go in. . . . He could see her eyes, waiting. What color were they?—and the light shining in them—a mist like stars. . . . He shook himself again. He would be off to-morrow, to upper India and the emerald. . . . Of course it was star-emerald, as the sailor had hinted. He had been foolish to doubt it.

He put out his hand and closed on the little iron figure. He would take it with him for a talisman.

The door opened and the woman came in. She brought the figure of Pocahontas and placed it on the table by the soldier, and stood back looking at them.

"I don't know why he ever made 'em. He seemed possessed to—along awhile before he died."

Peter Collins reached out a hand.

"Could you sell me one of these?"

"Sell!" She stared. "Land, no—I couldn't sell it to you. Why, Chisingham give 'em to me!"

"I know." His hand fell. "I wanted to see him—talk with him." He broke off.

She was looking thoughtfully at Pocahontas. She took her up and rubbed her feet a little and set her down with firm touch.

"You can have Pocahontas if you

want her. I guess Horace wouldn't care. You're welcome to her."

"But I am glad to pay you. I want to pay."

"I couldn't let you—not for a thing was give me. And you was a friend of Horace, so to speak."

He took up the image with pleased fingers. The uplifted stiffness of the arm and the rigid tomahawk seemed remotely withdrawn—dreamlike. . . . The little image would travel with him into strange lands. It linked him with Chisingham.

He took a packet of stones from his pocket and selected one, then he glanced at the iron figure and replaced the jewel and returned the packet to his pocket. His fingers sought his vest pocket and brought out the star-sapphire. He held it toward her.

"Perhaps you will let me give you this?"

She took it in pleased surprise.

"It's real pretty!" she said. "Thank you."

He smiled drily. "You can take good care of it, you know. Don't let anybody steal it."

"Oh, nobody on the Island would steal," she said. "I'll have it set in a ring." She laid it against her work-worn finger a minute and shook her head.

"They've worked too hard!" she said. "I'll have a pin made of it."

He reached a hand. "Let me take it. I'll have it set for you."

But her fingers held to the stone. "Mary can do it for me. She does real pretty ones."

He turned a question:

"Mary Starling," she nodded. She works up in Chisingham's old house. She's got a shop."

"Mary Starling! He saw the child by the sea, and he remembered . . . So that was Mary Starling in Chisingham's door! . . . The morning by the sea came flooding back—the child holding up her apron. . . . So that was Mary Starling! He reached a decisive hand for the stone.

"Let me take it," he said. "I will show her how to set it. I know just the pattern it needs for your gray hair."

Her face flushed a little. "I know it's getting gray, but I can't help it."

He laughed a little. "It is getting beautiful!" he said. "When you wear this with it, it will be fairly white!"

"Mercy me; I hope not!"

But he only laughed again. He would see Mary Starling, tell her how the stone must be set. And then he would be off. He was a free man, free to come and go.

He was strangely light-hearted.

He had burned his ships behind him. He must find another gem to replace the one he had given her. He would be off to-morrow to upper India—it was waiting. His pulse beat quickly.

The woman was looking at him curiously.

"You look real rested!" she said.

"I *am* rested!" He stretched his arms. "I must be off to-morrow."

She opened the door to his knock. Her face flushed.

"Why—" Then she stood back. She seemed to check the words.

"Will you come in?" she asked.

He entered the low room. His eye caught the work-bench and he crossed to it.

"I have brought a jewel for a setting."

She seated herself, her tremor was gone.

"If you will let me see it—"

But he drew a piece of paper toward him and sketched a few lines and crossed them.

"This is what I want, the corners like this." He sketched swiftly. Her eyes, following the pencil, glowed a little, but her face was quiet.

"I cannot tell till I see the stone," she said.

He glared at her a full minute. Then he laughed.

He drew the sapphire from his pocket and threw it on the bench. It rolled a



little and came to rest in a gleam of sunlight.

"Oh!" She leaned forward with clasped hands. She did not touch it.

His grim little smile watched her. Emotion touched his face. He had forgotten the wonder of the stone—now it came flooding back with the wonder of her bent neck.

"It is—wonderful!" She looked up. He nodded. His eye gleamed.

"And very valuable!" she said. She took it in her reverent fingers, turning it.

"I must think!" she murmured.

"This is what I want." He touched the paper. But she only smiled dreamily.

"I want to think of it. I must watch it awhile. You will leave it with me?" She looked up.

What color were her eyes? He stared at them a minute. She flushed a little.

"You will leave it with me?" she repeated. His look left her eyes. He pushed the sketch toward her.

"What is wrong with that?"

She smiled and bent to it. "It is very pretty," she said, "almost too pretty for this!" She touched the stone.

He laughed out—grudgingly. "You are right!"

"And it makes a difference who is to wear it," she went on thoughtfully. "If I could see a picture or you could describe a little."

She had picked up the sapphire and was handling it with slow gentle touch that seemed to kindle the blue fire in it. He watched her with a little glint.

"You don't need any picture. You know her well. It is Mrs. Whitney."

The stone slipped from her fingers.

"Does she know?"

"Yes—and that you are going to set it."

"I mean—does she know its value?"

He laughed out. "She doesn't dream of it. She thinks it is 'real pretty.'"

His hand slipped to his pocket and drew out Pocahontas. He stood her on her firm flat feet on the work-bench and smiled whimsically.

"We exchanged treasures, this for that."

The girl stared at it, "Chisingham's!" she murmured. Her eyes held a look of pleasure. She took it up—her hand touched it gently.

His eye followed jealously. "I am taking it with me—a talisman. I leave the Island to-morrow." His voice proclaimed it happily. He was free—free to come and free to go—free to come and free to go. . . . The sound of the bell-buoy swung between them, swaying in the waves, submerged. He hesitated a minute and went on, as if compelled:

"I have had word of a stone more wonderful than that—" he nodded to the sapphire—"an emerald of great beauty—a star-emerald, they tell me; but, of course, it cannot be a star-emerald." . . . The word lingered hauntingly, and she saw a child with her apron upgathered to catch the gleaming jewels as they fell; she heard the music of jewel-names.

"A star-emerald!" she said musingly.

He laughed harshly. "They call it that. But, of course, it can not be!"

"Why not?" She lifted her eyes. . . . What color were they? He stared and turned away. "There isn't such a thing, you know."

"No, I didn't know." The word was quiet. There was a cadence in her voice that puzzled him. Lying awake that night, he knew it was the sound of the sea in her voice.

"The stone is too hard," he explained kindly. "A star could not form in the crystal. No one ever saw a star-emerald—and no one ever will!" He laughed.

But her lifted eyes only regarded him thoughtfully.

"If there were one, one as large as this"—her finger touched the sapphire on the bench—"it would be very valuable?"

"So valuable that I—" He broke off.

Her look dropped to the sapphire under her finger. She rolled it a little aside and watched the blue light in it change to fire, and looked up with a

smile. "I will think about it," she said, "till to-morrow."

He saw suddenly the color of her eyes. They were not gray or hazel or the green of rushes. They were emeralds, clouded emeralds, star-emeralds with a look of doubt in their depths. . . . Had he dreamed always of the child's eyes lifted, waiting—had he come home to it? . . . He wheeled abruptly. He picked up the little iron figure and put it in his pocket.

"The boat goes at two," he said almost harshly. "I will come before it goes."

He left the house and took the path through the spruces to the east. In the half-dusk of the path he wondered suddenly at the feeling of loneliness that swept him. Overhead he heard the sound of a gull calling, floating on the rising wind, and as he emerged from the spruces he heard the surf pounding on the rocks and saw the sea running high. From the cliff, far as the eye could reach, great waves came riding in—they mounted and crested and toppled and spread far up the rocks; the spray flew and enveloped him.

Beyond the sea lay India. He drew a free breath. . . . He saw a figure traveling northward, along the teeming fertile plains, by slow gleaming rivers, up great mountain sides—jewel-mountains stretching upward. . . . The look in her eyes crossed the solitary figure and blotted it out—he thrust it from him. . . . The spray flew high, drenching him and he heard below the sea booming on the rocks.

He crouched a little, watching it with glistening eyes.

Suddenly on the rocks below he saw a figure run far out and stand poised—a girl's figure swept by the wind. She lifted her face with a quick gesture and he felt the freedom and joy in the movement.

A little jealousy rose in him as he watched—fear for her, protection, a sense of danger in the fearless poise. He tried to shout to her, but the uproar

drowned his voice; the wind whipped it and drifted it in spray.

He began to climb down the rocks, going cautiously around a high projecting ledge. When he emerged from it the figure had disappeared. The growing dusk and the spray obscured the rock. He hurried stumbling, calling to her, listening—there was no response—but she could not hear in this turmoil! He leaned far over, looking down, and scrambled down the rocks. . . . Only the sea dashing itself in vastness and loneliness. . . . India lay over there beyond it—and glittering precious stones!

His breath caught as he stumbled up the rocks, calling. . . . She was gone home—she must be gone home! His hand in his pocket clutched the iron figurine. . . . Suddenly through the trees he saw a light in a window, framed in the darkness. She had come home—she was there in her window, safe!

He crept nearer, his gaze on the square of light. She was sitting at her bench, but she was not working. Her arms were dropped on the bench and her face concealed in them. He came nearer, so close he could see the moisture on her hair and the little tremble in her shoulders as she breathed. The scent of the spruces came to him pungently. He saw her poised for a flying minute on the rock by the sea—and then the shoulders and downbent head. . . . Should he go in? She seemed so small sitting there alone by the bench. . . . The lamp was smoking a little—he could go in and turn it down and slip away, touch her hair with the moisture on it. He drew back. She had lifted her head and was turning down the lamp. The light shone on her smiling face—happiness trembled in it—a little look of doubt and wonder.

He watched a minute—he must go away. He could not stand staring in a window—now he knew she did not need him. . . . She had reached into her dress and drawn out his sapphire. He saw it flash in the light. She turned it slowly and he watched the happiness in her face. The look deepened and ran



to a piece of paper and back to the stone and she began to sketch swiftly. In the light of the lamp her face was beautiful—and he had thought it plain! He saw the strangeness and beauty deepen in it—a dream-woman. . . . His hand held the little figure in his pocket. Chisingham's look flashed to him—creative fire in the peaked shop over there in the spruces—the same light was in the girl's face bent to the jewel.

A feeling of loneliness caught him—he stood upright. If he went over to the door and knocked—demanded to be let in—she would only gaze at him a moment, dazed, and the beauty would leave her face. What had Peter Collins to do with the look that created life and beauty? He had shut himself out. . . .

The sapphire gleamed on the bench, and he brushed his hand across his eyes . . . between him and the stone he saw the hungry eyes of the native, the gaunt ribs of his body stood out. A man looked like that when his body starved—What was it like if he starved his soul? . . .

Past Chisingham's shop he stumbled and along the shell-road, his feet finding their way in the dark.

When he entered her work-shop the next day he caught his breath, and walked straight to the bench by the window.

The litter of tools and metal had been cleared away and on a piece of velvet spread before the window lay a single gleaming jewel.

He stood looking down at it. He did not touch it. At last he looked up.

"Where did you get it?" he asked harshly.

"My grandfather brought it from Ceylon. He was a sea captain. . . . You said there wasn't such a thing!" The words came half shyly.

And still he did not touch the jewel. . . . He had been ready to travel half the globe—and the jewel lay here on a girl's work-bench, mocking him. He turned abruptly.

"I must have it!"

Her face flushed—his hand was seeking his pocket.

"Please!" she said,

"You can name your price."

"I could not sell it." The haunting cadence was like the sea. "It was my mother's. I have had it all my life. It is the only thing I have kept."

"Lucky you kept it—lucky for me!" he laughed. "See—I will exchange with you! He tumbled little packets on the bench—they fell apart and glittered flames. He was strangely excited.

To think of the luck of it! Lying hidden on this Island—and he had come straight to it. . . . Perhaps it was true—perhaps some deeper purpose than his own guided him. . . . Well, the girl must yield. . . . It might be a siege—but the jewel was his—he would not go till it was in his pocket. . . . It was very little he was asking—He knew now, when it was too late, how much he might have asked—if he had not shut himself out!

His eyes dwelt on her a minute where she stood looking down at the scattered jewels. Something surged in him and woke. All his desire swept to her to protect her—shield her from himself.

He seated himself by the bench.

"Tell me about it," he said. His voice and manner were suddenly changed. He was gentle and courteous and very friendly as he leaned in his chair looking across to her. He had turned his back on the stone.

"I want to know everything about it: where the sea captain found it and when—whom he bought it of—and how you've kept it secret all these years." His eyes were taking her in, all the gentle lines of her face . . . something to remember.

"There was a paper with it—I will show it to you—telling how he found it. I don't think he valued it. I am sure my mother did not know its worth."

"But you knew?"

"Of course." She lifted her eyes.

He saw the color in them clearly, shining with light. "I took it with me when I went away from the Island. They told me—but I knew before that, I think."

"But not what *I* would have paid!" His voice laughed—and shielded her.

She smiled faintly. "I think I knew that, too—I knew the day you put the jewels in my apron. You remember?"

He nodded. "I remember now."

A look in her eyes thrilled him. He seemed to smell the tang of the sea—and he saw the child in her eyes . . . her face was changing as he looked. Was she tempting him? He knew—he had known always. . . . She could not shut him out—he belonged to her—the look of the sea called. . . . Behind him lay the jewel on its velvet bed.

He leaned to her a little.

"I have been looking for it all my life, you understand?"

"Yes." She did not seem surprised.

"And you know I love you." He said it low.

She was very quiet a minute. Then her face was grave.

"You love my jewel," she said.

"Call it that if you like. I do not care so you give yourself to me!" He half reached out his hands.

But she shrank back.

"Wait! Suppose it were not mine—the star-emerald, would you still care?"

He laughed abruptly. "I have loved stones all my life, child. Do not starve me now!"

Her eyes lighted swiftly. He saw the misted points of light.

"And if I threw it in the sea—you would still care?"

He lifted a hand, but she turned from him.

"Or if I burned it in fire?" she said low.

His look caught itself. . . . Her hand had reached the tongs from her bench and she lifted the stone to the blowpipe. Her wrist was rigid and her face set in a kind of savage exaltation.

He watched—a little slow smile in his eyes—and she held the stone outstretched to the flame that leaped up and shot to white heat and purred fiercely. Her eyes on the translucent green in the midst of the flame grew dark and faltered and she shielded them with her hand and shivered. . . . She stared—in the red grip of the tongs the emerald shone unharmed. She gasped and turned.

The light in his eyes smiled. "Child!" he murmured.

She shook the jewel from the tongs with a little sob and stared at him. His arms reached out.

"Child!—Mary Starling, Child! Do you know so little of love—that *I* can teach you!"

The stars in her eyes glowed mistily . . . and she moved to him and laughed. And on its velvet bed in the window the star-emerald shone and glittered unheeded.



## UNPUBLISHED CHAPTERS FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK TWAIN

FROM time to time during the last half of his life Mark Twain wrote or dictated chapters of recollections and comment which he classed under the general head of Autobiography. The early attempts were erratic, and not long continued, but in January, 1906, in conjunction with his biographer, he began a series of dictations which continued steadily through the year, and intermittently during the years that followed, to the end of his life. The Autobiography was not written as a continuous narrative. The author wrote or dictated whatever happened to be in his mind at the moment, regardless of chronology or sequence.

THERE has never been a time in the past thirty-five years when my literary shipyard hadn't two or more half-finished ships on the ways, neglected and baking in the sun; generally there have been three or four. This has an unbusinesslike look, but it was not purposeless, it was intentional. As long as a book would write itself, I was a faithful and interested amanuensis, and my industry did not flag; but the minute that the book tried to shift to *my* head the labor of contriving its situations, inventing its adventures and conducting its conversations, I put it away and dropped it out of my mind. Then I examined my unfinished properties to see if among them there might not be one whose interest in itself had revived, through a couple of years' restful idleness, and was ready to take me on again as amanuensis.

It was by accident that I found out that a book is pretty sure to get tired along about the middle, and refuse to go on with its work until its powers and its interest should have been refreshed by a rest and its depleted stock of raw materials reinforced by lapse of time. It was when I had reached the middle of *Tom Sawyer* that I made this invaluable find. At page 400 of my manuscript the story made a sudden and determined halt and refused to proceed another step. Day after day it still

refused. I was disappointed, distressed, and immeasurably astonished, for I knew quite well that the tale was not finished, and I could not understand why I was not able to go on with it. The reason was very simple—my tank had run dry; it was empty; the stock of materials in it was exhausted; the story could not go on without materials; it could not be wrought out of nothing. When the manuscript had lain in a pigeon-hole two years I took it out one day, and read the last chapter that I had written. It was then that I made the great discovery that when the tank runs dry you've only to leave it alone and it will fill up again, in time, while you are asleep—also while you are at work at other things, and are quite unaware that this unconscious and profitable cerebration is going on. There was plenty of material now, and the book went on and finished itself without any trouble.

Ever since then, when I have been writing a book I have pigeon-holed it without misgivings when its tank ran dry, well knowing that it would fill up again without any of my help within the next two or three years, and that then the work of completing it would be simple and easy. *The Prince and the Pauper* struck work in the middle, because the tank was dry, and I did not touch it again for two years. A dry

interval of two years occurred in *The Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*. A like interval has occurred in the middle of other books of mine. Two similar intervals have occurred in a story of mine called "Which Was It?" In fact, the second interval has gone considerably over time, for it is now four years since that second one intruded itself. I am sure that the tank is full again now, and that I could take up that book and write the other half of it without a break or any lapse of interest—but I sha'n't do it. The pen is irksome to me. I was born lazy, and dictating has spoiled me. I am quite sure I shall never touch a pen again; therefore that book will remain unfinished—a pity, too, for the idea of it is new and would spring a handsome surprise upon the reader at the end.

There is another unfinished book, which I should probably entitle *The Refuge of the Derelicts*. It is half finished and will remain so. There is still another one, entitled *The Adventure of a Microbe During Three Thousand Years; by a Microbe*. It is half finished and will remain so. There is yet another—*The Mysterious Stranger*. It is more than half finished. I would dearly like to finish it, and it causes me a real pang to reflect that it is not to be.<sup>1</sup> These several tanks are full now, and those books would go gaily along and complete themselves if I would hold the pen, but I am tired of the pen.

There was another of these half-finished stories. I carried it as far as thirty-eight thousand words four years ago, then destroyed it for fear I might some day finish it. Huck Finn was the teller of the story, and of course Tom Sawyer and Jim were the heroes of it. But I believed that that trio had done work enough in this world and were entitled to a permanent rest.

In Rouen in '93 I destroyed fifteen

<sup>1</sup>He wrote a brief conclusion of one version of this story (the best one) discovered some time after his death. *The Mysterious Stranger* has now been published, both serially and in book form.

thousand dollars' worth of manuscript; and in Paris, in the beginning of '94, I destroyed ten thousand dollars' worth—I mean, estimated as magazine stuff. I was afraid to keep those piles of manuscript on hand, lest I be tempted to sell them, for I was fairly well persuaded that they were not up to the standard. Ordinarily there would have been no temptation present, and I would not think of publishing doubtful stuff—but I was heavily in debt then, and the temptation to mend my condition was so strong that I burned the manuscript to get rid of it. My wife not only made no objection, but encouraged me to do it, for she cared more for my reputation than for any other concern of ours. About that time she helped me put another temptation behind me. This was an offer of sixteen thousand dollars a year, for five years, to let my name be used as editor of a humorous periodical. I praise her for furnishing her help in resisting that temptation, for it is her due. There was no temptation about it, in fact, but she would have offered her help just the same if there had been one. I can conceive of many wild and extravagant things when my imagination is in good repair, but I can conceive of nothing quite so wild and extravagant as the idea of my accepting the editorship of a humorous periodical. I should regard that as the saddest of all occupations. If I should undertake it I should have to add to it the occupation of undertaker, to relieve it in some degree of its cheerlessness.

There are some books that refuse to be written. They stand their ground, year after year, and will not be persuaded. It isn't because the book is not there and worth being written—it is only because the right form for the story does not present itself. There is only one right form for a story, and if you fail to find that form the story will not tell itself. You may try a dozen wrong forms, but in each case you will not get very far before you discover that



you have not found the right one—then that story will always stop and decline to go any farther. In the story of *Joan of Arc* I made six wrong starts, and each time that I offered the result to Mrs. Clemens she responded with the same deadly criticism—silence. She didn't say a word, but her silence spoke with the voice of thunder. When at last I found the right form I recognized at once that it was the right one, and I knew what she would say. She said it, without doubt or hesitation.

In the course of twelve years I made six attempts to tell a simple little story which I knew would tell itself in four hours if I could ever find the right starting-point. I scored six failures; then one day in London I offered the text of the story to Robert McClure, and proposed that he publish that text in the magazine and offer a prize to the person who should tell it best. I became greatly interested and went on talking upon the text for half an hour; then he said:

"You have told the story yourself. You have nothing to do but put it on paper just as you have told it."

I recognized that this was true. At the end of four hours it was finished, and quite to my satisfaction. So it took twelve years and four hours to produce that little bit of a story, which I have called "The Death Wafer."

To start right is certainly an essential. I have proved this too many times to doubt it. Twenty-five or thirty years ago I began a story which was to turn upon the marvels of mental telegraphy. A man was to invent a scheme whereby he could synchronize two minds, thousands of miles apart, and enable them to freely converse together through the air without the aid of a wire. Four times I started it in the wrong way, and it wouldn't go. Three times I discovered my mistake after writing about a hundred pages. I discovered it the fourth time when I had written four hundred pages—then I gave it up and put the whole thing in the fire.

#### A YOUNG AUTHOR SENDS MARK TWAINE A BOOK

Another of those peculiarly depressing letters—a letter cast in artificially humorous form, whilst no art could make the subject humorous to me.

#### *The Letter*

DEAR SIR:—I have written a book naturally, which fact, however, since I am not your enemy need give you no occasion to rejoice. Nor need you grieve, though I am sending you a copy. If I knew of any way of compelling you to read it I would do so, but unless the first few pages have that effect, I can do nothing. Try the first few pages. I have done a great deal more than that with your books, so perhaps you owe me something—say ten pages. If after that attempt you put it aside, I shall be sorry—for you!

I am afraid that the above looks flippant—but think of the twitterings of the soul of him who brings in his hand an unbidden book, written by himself. To such a one much is due in the way of indulgence. Will you remember that? Have you forgotten early twitterings of your own?

#### *Comment Following the Letter*

The coat-of-arms of the human race ought to consist of a man with an ax on his shoulder proceeding toward a grindstone. Or, it ought to represent the several members of the human race holding out the hat to each other. For we are all beggars. Each in his own way. One beggar is too proud to beg for pennies, but will beg a loan of dollars, knowing he can't repay; another will not beg a loan, but will beg for a post-mastership; another will not do that but will beg for an introduction to "society"; one, being rich, will not beg a hod of coal of the railway company, but will beg a pass; his neighbor will not beg coal nor pass, but in social converse with a lawyer will place before him a supposititious case in the hope of getting an opinion out of him for nothing; one who would disdain to beg for any of these things will beg frankly for the Presidency. None of the lot is ashamed

of himself, but he despises the rest of the mendicants. Each admires his own dignity, and carefully guards it, but in his opinion the others haven't any.

Mendicancy is a matter of taste and temperament, no doubt, but certainly no human being is without a form of it. I know my own form, you know yours; let us curtain it from view and abuse the others. To every man cometh, at intervals, a man with an ax to grind. To you, reader, among the rest, by and by that ax's aspect becomes familiar to you—when you are the proprietor of the grindstone—and the moment you catch sight of it you perceive that it is the same old ax; then you withdraw within yourself, and stick out your spines. If you are the governor, you know that this stranger wants a position. The first six times the ax came, you were deceived—after that, humiliated. The bearer of it poured out such noble praises of you and of your political record that your lips trembled, the moisture dimmed your eyes, there was a lump in your throat, and you were thankful that you had lived to have this happiness; then the stranger disclosed his ax and his real motive in coming and in applauding, and you were ashamed of yourself and of your race, recognizing that you had been coarsely affronted by this person, whom you had treated hospitably. Six repetitions are sure to cure you. After that (if you are not a candidate for re-election), you interrupt the compliments and say—

“Yes-yes, that is all right, never mind about that; come down to business—what is it you want?”

No matter how big or how little your place in life may be, you have a grindstone, and people will bring axes to you. None escapes.

Also, you are in the business yourself. You privately rage at the man who brings his ax to you, but every now and then you carry yours to somebody and ask a whet. I don't carry mine to strangers, I draw the line there; perhaps that is your way. This is bound

to set us up on a high and holy pinnacle and make us look down in cold rebuke upon persons who carry their axes to strangers.

Now, then, since we all carry axes, and must, and cannot break ourselves of it, why has not a best way to do it been invented by some wise and thoughtful person? There can be no reason but one: From the beginning of time each member of the race, while recognizing with shame and angry disapproval that everybody else is an ax bearer and beggar, has all the while deceived himself with the superstition that he is free of the taint. And so it would never occur to him to plan out for the help and benefit of the race a scheme which could not advantage himself. For that is human nature.

But—let us recognize it and confess it—we *are* all concerned to plan out a best way to approach a person's grindstone, for we are all beggars; a best way, a way which shall as nearly as possible avoid offensiveness, a way which shall best promise to secure a grinding for the ax. How would this plan answer, for instance:

*Never convey the ax yourself*; send it by another stranger; or by your friend; or by the grindstone-man's friend; or by a person who is friend to both of you.

Of course, this last is best, but the others are good. You see, when you dispatch the ax yourself (along with your new book for instance), you are making one thing absolutely certain: the grindstone-man will be all ready with a prejudice against it and an aversion, before he has even looked at it. Because—why, merely because you have tied his hands, you have not left him independent, he feels himself cornered, and he frets at this, he chafes, he resents as an impertinence your taking this unfair advantage of him—and he is right. He knows you meant to take a mean advantage of him—with all your clumsy arts you have not deceived him. He knows you framed your letter with deliberation, to a distinct end: to com-



pel an answer. You have paid him homage; by all the laws of courtesy he has got to pay for it. And he cannot choose the way, he has to pay for it in thanks and return-compliments. Your ingenuities resemble those of the European professional beggar: to head you off from pretending you did not receive his letter, he *registers* it—and he's got you!

I respect my own forms of passing the hat, but no other people's. I realize that this is natural. Among my forms is not that of sending my books to strangers. To do that is to beg for a puff—it has that object, whether the object is confessed in words or not. Since that is not my form of soliciting alms, I look down upon it with a polar disdain. It seems to me that this also is natural. The first time a stranger ever sent me his book I was as pleased as a child, and I took all the compliments at par; I supposed the letter was written just to get in those compliments. I didn't read between the lines, I didn't know there was anything between the lines. However, as the years dragged along and brought experience, I became an expert on invisibles, and could find more meat between the lines than anywhere else. After that, those letters gave me no pleasure; they inarticulately, but strenuously, demanded pay for the compliments, and they made me ashamed of the offerer; and also of myself, for being a person who, by the offerer's estimate, was on a low enough grade to value compliment on those terms.

Although I am finding so much fault with this matter, I am not ignorant of the fact that compliments are not often given away. A return is expected. When an audience applauds it isn't aware that it is requiring pay for that compliment. But it is; and if the applause is not in some way thankfully acknowledged by the recipient of it (by bow and smile, for instance) the audience will discover that it *was* expecting an equivalent. Also, it will

withdraw its trade, there and then; it is not going to give something for nothing, not if it knows itself. When a beautiful girl catches a compliment in our eye, she pays spot cash for it with a dear little blush. We did not know we were expecting pay, but if she should flash offended dignity at us, instead of that little blush, we should then know better. She would get no more of our trade on those terms. But in truth, compliments are sometimes actually *given* away, and no bill presented. I know it can occur as much as once in a century, for it has happened once to me, and I am not a century old, yet. It was twenty-nine years ago. I was lecturing in London at the time. I received a most lovely letter, sparkling and glowing with cordial and felicitous praises—and there was *no name signed, and no address!*

It was all mine—all free—all gratis—no bill enclosed, nothing to pay, no possible *way* to pay—an absolutely free gift! Whenever a stranger tags his compliment with his name and address it stands for C.O.D. He may not consciously and deliberately intend it so, but that is because he has not the habit of searching his motives to the bottom. People avoid that. And that is wise in its way, for the most of one's motives are best concealed from oneself. I know this by long experience and close examination of my own.

It is not right for a stranger to send me his book himself. It is an embarrassment for him, it is an embarrassment for me. I have not earned this treatment, I have not done him any harm. Why not send it through B, and instruct B to say to me, "Take no notice of this unless you are really moved to do it, for A is modest and sensitive, and he would be offended if he knew what I am doing."

The absence of the club over me would make me feel so grateful that I should find merits in that book that had no existence there or anywhere else. But no, the author always sends it himself. He knows he is doing an unfair

thing; he is ashamed of it, and playfully tries to pretend he isn't, but his letter always gives him away. He is aware that he is begging. And not for a candid opinion of his book, but for a puff. He is aware that you will want to say that to him, but he is also aware that your self-love will not let you do it. One of two things he always puts in: 1, he admires you; 2, you probably asked and received help and encouragement yourself when you were a struggling beginner. It is a curious absence of tact. He wants a gratuity of you, and prepares the way by putting the thing at you as an obligation—it's your *duty* to grant it. It may be true, but we resent it just the same; we don't want strangers to dictate our duties to us. Sometimes the stranger does this ungracious thing facetiously, sometimes he does it in very plain English; but he is in serious earnest in both cases, and you do not like it any better in the one case than in the other.

I am built just as other people are built, so far as I can discover, and therefore I do prize a good hearty compliment above rubies; and am grateful for it, and as glad as you are yourself when I can in sincerity return the mate to it. But when a man goes beyond compliment, it does not give me pleasure, it makes me ashamed. It makes *me* ashamed; I am not thinking about him, I am thinking about myself; he may humiliate himself if he likes, it is his privilege, but I do not want to be humiliated. Adulation. Adulation—spoken or hinted. And never earned; never due, to any human being. What a king must suffer! For he knows, deep down in his heart, that he is a poor, cheap, wormy thing like the rest of us, a sarcasm, the Creator's prime miscarriage in inventions, the moral in-

ferior of all the animals, the inferior of each one of them all in one gift only, and that one not up to *his* estimation of it—intellect.

I do not know how to answer that stranger's letter. I wish he had spared me. Never mind about him—I am thinking about myself; I wish he had spared *me*. The book has not arrived, yet; but no matter, I am prejudiced against it.

#### *Later Comment*

I suppose the reader—if he is an old and experienced person—already knows what it was that I did. I followed custom. I did what one always does after searching for new spirit—quieting methods and finding none: I fell back upon the old, old, over-worked and over-fatigued dodge, trick, subterfuge, polite lie, and wrote him thanking him for his book and promising myself—"at an early date"—the pleasure of reading it.

That set me free: I was not obliged to read the book, now, unless I chose. Being free, my prejudice was gone. My prejudice being gone, a very natural curiosity took its place. Since I could examine the book without putting myself under an obligation of any sort, I opened it and began as soon as it came. It was a costly adventure for me. I had work to do and no time to spare, but I was not able to put the book down until I had finished it. It embarrassed me a little to write the author and confess this fact, right on the heels of that courteously-discounteous letter which had preceded it, but I did it. I did it because I could get more peace for my spirit out of doing it than out of leaving it undone. Were you thinking I did it to give that author pleasure? I did—at *second hand*. We do no benevolences whose *first* benefit is not for ourselves.



## THE ANGLO-SAXON

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

WE had been trying to wear out the Newfoundland fog in a corner of the smoking saloon, the Doctor, the Tinsmith, the Yankee Consul and I; and the talk had got to grips somehow with the old argument of heredity *versus* environment in the shaping of a human career. The Doctor (to my surprise) held for environment; the Tinsmith (as unexpectedly) for the blood. Before I had had a chance to air my convictions the Yankee Consul took the word.

"There's a certain fellow I'm thinking of, and I've no doubt you've all known him more or less, here and there. This fellow is a Britisher—above-decks an Englishman, below-decks a Scot. You know him: worships the God and the marmalade of the street where he was born and maybe never sees it after he's fourteen—the kind that takes to the sea, and always has, and gobbled up the globe in the process—gray-sandy-red-headed, thin-beaked, moderate-spoken, thoroughly proper to his death-bed about his nails and his tea and his king. That's the man! Well, gentlemen, if there's one man in the world you'd bank on to hang to the habits and morals his father gave him—hang like grim disaster, Equator or Pole—if there's one, gentlemen, I think you'll agree I've described him."

The doctor nodded and so did I; I know the breed. The Consul knocked out his pipe and told this tale.

When I first went out in the service (and that was a good many years ago) it was to take the broom-and-waste-basket job in our consulate at Tunis on the Barbary Coast. At Liverpool, where I'd expected to catch a steamer for Marseille, I was offered a quicker and

cheaper chance on a cargo boat leaving direct for Tunis on the following tide.

It was my first trip on a British merchantman, but it wasn't my last; I'll take the opportunity to-day when it's offered me. My stateroom off the cabin was larger and cleaner than I should have found on a P & O, at my price; the food was plain but plenty and good; the table talk (I messed with the ship's five officers) was as full of meat as I've ever found it at the captain's table in a Cunarder—and a good sight fuller, let me say.

In each of those five men, from the second engineer up to the captain, I found something to take my interest or my liking. It's the captain, though, that I'm going to talk about. He is the "hero" of the tale.

He was young; I'd hate to say how young, for they're deceiving. Young enough, anyhow; even though it was his first voyage with master's papers (as it was also his first trip east in any capacity in any ship). Young enough, at any rate, to make an American college graduate wonder.

His name was Abel Diplo. I've already described him. He didn't *conform* to the type; he *was* it. I'll ask you to mark that well.

I said "interest or liking." It was my interest Diplo took, partly because the breed was new to me, and partly because, at first, he didn't appeal to the other thing. In the breed there are sub-breeds; there are, naturally enough, Covenanters and Cavaliers. Diplo was the Covenanter. Character! there you had him. He was not a "gentleman." Eating once a day, going to night-class, keeping his collars clean and shaving close—that was what had

brought him to where he was, and at an age that would have made a "gentleman's" son turn green. Rock-ribbed, cold-blooded, Anglo-Saxon do-it-or-die! You'll begin to see why I say that at first he didn't much appeal to the other thing.

"You must have come down pretty straight from the Ironsides," I took him up one night. It was a moonlight night off the coast of Spain and we were lounging after dinner on the bridge.

"I?" said he. He gave me a queer look.

"Well, I was just thinking—you don't seem to have any of the vices. Now this very business of turning down your glass at table—"

"Do you know why I do that, Mr. Gore? Will you have a look down there, on the forecastle head. That's why! *That sort of thing!*"

I looked and saw what he was pointing at, the ship's two "characters," Old Perce and Happy Days, both of them deep in the bottle again. I knew them well by this time. They infested the decks; "infested" is the only word. I had wondered more than once how any self-respecting commander could have held his hand from dumping them both overboard the first day out.

They were as alike as they were inseparable, equally dirty, equally insolent, equally drunk. The only way you could tell them apart was that Happy Days had rings in his ears—funny old copper rings with jade beads. Happy Days was what a hard life had left of an old black bob-tailed monkey. Old Perce was what the same had left of a sailor-man. I can still see them there, huddled in the moonlight on the forecastle head, digesting their tipples in private, dreaming their dreams, scheming their schemes—two wrinkled, rum-soaked castaways.

"*That sort of thing!*" repeated Diplo. He sounded angry. "I am young, sir; I have only myself to depend upon; I can see the work of drink. That man down there, sir, once commanded a brig. Not much of a craft, perhaps—matter

of a hundred tons or so, in the Mediterranean trade, but his own. And now look at him! Old Perce! The lowest, the wickedest man in the world. Imagine! He has a son, a friend of mine back there in Liverpool (else he wouldn't be in this vessel, make sure of that). That son, by his own will and work, is beginning to do well. Now, sir, can you fancy a man being jealous of the success of his own son? Meanly jealous, drunkenly, cursingly jealous? . . . No, Mr. Gore, if you talk to me of table beer, all I can say to you is—"Old Perce!"

Now, gentlemen, you can admire St. George to almost any extent, and even pay well for a seat at the dragon fight—as a spectacle. But when it comes to an after-dinner cigar or a story to swap, you'd probably do as I did after that and pick on the second officer or one of the engineers. And so I suppose I should have gone on to this day remembering Diplo (if at all) as a kind of unbudgeable, undintable, all-self-sufficient brand of Cromwell in a suit of armor, if I hadn't happened by the sheerest accident one night to discover that the armor wasn't Diplo at all.

This was how it was. I'd been noticing, anyway, for perhaps the last third of the voyage, that Diplo wasn't looking quite up to snuff. Nothing much; a little jerky, little tight around the gills, little pale. Nothing to wonder at, seeing it was his first command, and, still more, his first trip to African waters at all. I put it down to that, I suppose, and still should do so if it hadn't been for that sheerest chance.

It was the evening of the night when we were looking to make our landfall off the Tunis Gulf, just turning dark, I remember, and I was taking a prow around the deck for my digestion, when I happened to come on Diplo, tucked out of the way behind a lifeboat amidships, and being actively and violently sick as a dog over the side. Seasick, I give you my oath! And the water as smooth as a pond of oil. And the captain of the ship!



Well, I stopped. Who wouldn't? I suppose I looked like an idiot, poking my head around the boat's stem. He saw me, and I couldn't tell from his suffering eyes whether he wanted to lay his head on my shoulder or wring my neck.

"Is there anything," I hemmed and hawed, "anything I can do?"

He didn't answer. He got himself up and out from behind the boat, and grabbing hold of my wrist (to my dumfounding), he dragged me, literally dragged me, to his cabin under the bridge. He shut the door tight, pulled the hanging over the port, sat down on his bunk in the dark, and shook.

"Good Land of Liberty!" said I. "What's up?"

Never a word. In another wink he was on his feet, grabbing the door open again, rushing out. I went out, too, to go on with my constitutional; but it wouldn't do. He had me going. After one round I turned up the ladder to the bridge. I found him standing out in the starboard wing, taut as a wire, his hands grabbed behind him, his eyes on the horizon beyond the bows. Scared! Scared, I thought to myself, to his shame, of making his first port in command. But still I had to give him a chance.

"You didn't tell me, Mr. Diplo—"

"Ah?" You know the tone. The fool was trying to cover up.

"What was wrong?" I finished it out.

"*That!*" he exploded. He stuck out an arm as long as a bean pole at the shadow line between the sky and the sea. "*That! That—Africa!*"

"Yes," I said, after a minute. "Yes, I think I know, now, what you mean. I've had it myself, a little. It's—it's just the kind of feeling of it's not being real—the old romantic pictures coming back from your geography days—and your Arabian Nights, eh?—sheiks and pampered mares, remember, and the Sahara and the domes under the palms and the veiled women—those old dreams—"

The fellow was on me in a flash.

"Did you ever *dream?*"

"Not," said I, taking another look at those pupils of his, "like *that*."

"I'd forgot," I heard him saying to himself. "I'd quite forgot, until the other day at the Straits I saw the coast, and knew that it was *it*."

"What?"

He gave me a funny, shivery look, and then he put his elbows down on the rail and turned his eyes the other way. It isn't often you'll catch a Puritan peeling off the crust of his immortal soul to anyone below the angels: he didn't want to, but he had to, all the same.

"When I was a lad," he said, "a curious thing happened. I don't know a great deal about it. I only know that I must have been taken to the theater, by some person who ought to have known better, at an age when taking me was a wicked crime. Or perhaps I may have been ill without their knowing it—some little hidden baby fever that made things dazzle a bit too bright. I don't know. I don't even know what the play was about. All I can remember is one scene, and I can remember that as plainly to-night as—as if it *were* to-night. On one side there was a moonlit city wall with half of a vast gate filled with shadow. Before the gate was a square, all white dust in the moonlight. Across it, parallel with my sight, a row of palm trees filed away along a road running as straight as a ruler to the end of the world across a dry, pale plain with little wrinkled hills against the sky. . . . Glue and cardboard and painted canvas? Yes, but how was I to know? How was I to know?"

"And the camels—I suppose there were three or four moth-eaten chaps that came out of the wings—but always after I remembered them, in those nights I lay awake or dreamed, coming by hundreds out of that distance down that painted road, grunting and bubbling and stinking and tinkling their little bells, and groaning down on their knees in the dust. And the hooded men that came with them, the veiled women, the black-

amoor thumping a drum under the arch, the ragged old beggar that ran with incense through the crowd. Adelphi supers in muslin, yes, yes—but *how was I to know?*”

He was silent a moment, his chin nested in his hand.

“Yes, I must have been ill when I saw the thing; for always afterward when that nightmare came sneaking to take me I remember the same sensation of discomfort, the same itching, gnawing, wailing wretchedness. It weighed me down with a terror I can’t name—the same terror, I suppose, that any English lad would feel for a thing heathenish, diseased and unclean. And the worst of that loathing was that I *wanted* the thing. I *wanted* to go—go and creep into that silly scene and lie in the dust under one of those cardboard palms and crinkle my toes and hear the camels grunting, the boom of the black man’s drums, the rustling of those outlandish moonlit robes, the gasps of veiled women as I reached out to touch their naked ankles, and all—all! I wanted it, craved it, craved the sweet stink of that incense in my nostrils again—lusted for it! I was so terrified I cried out loud—and all the while I *lusted!*”

He had hold of the rail, trying to twist it off the ship.

“I’d forgot! Till to-night! Till now!” His voice had gone to a whisper. There was sweat on his forehead, and somehow I knew he was nauseated again. “I lusted! I grew. I changed. As I changed the dream changed. I didn’t reach up to touch the ankles of those veiled women any longer; they gave me secret signs, and I got up out of the dust to follow them—every night—in through that vast gate—through that city—into their red-lit rooms—red-lit and secret and heavy with perfumes. I—I—I say, sir, do you make out a flash on the skyline there, almost dead ahead?”

“No,” said I, looking where he had pointed.

“Mr. Gore,” he went back, “my whole boyhood was a fight against that

sickening thing. But I did fight it—till I bled, till I almost died. I fought it and I beat it and it was gone, and I had forgot—I say, that *is* a light . . . Mr. Andrews!”

The first officer was behind us.

“Coming, sir,” he said. “Can I see Light a half-point on the port bow, sir, and five bells struck. We should be in the Gulf by one.”

I looked away at the tiny flash (I could see it now that I knew it was there) and then back again at Diplo. He had his fingers over his eyes, his temples pinched between his thumbs.

“I’d forgot!” I heard him saying to himself. “Forgot!”

It particularly wanted diversion, that moment did. Something light. It got it, too, and from a quarter where no one looked—under our very noses, that is to say. It was Perce and the ape, on the forecastle head. The funny old fool had got his carcass balanced on the capstan-drum (and not balanced too well, at that) with the monk on his shoulder aloft, and there he swayed in a kind of beery majesty with an oratorical arm ahead.

“*Hafrica!*” we heard him solemnly pronouncing, “*Hold Hafrica—’Ome of Shplendor and Delight—Hi shlutethee!*”

It was ridiculous enough; I didn’t know, though, whether to laugh or not. I didn’t have to wait long to find out.

“*Get below!*” I heard Diplo roaring. He had his body three feet over the bridge rail and his arm and fist another yard on that, and I wish you could have seen his face. “Get below, you rotten drunkard!” he yelled. “Get out of my sight, you blasphemous vile drunkard, you! *Go below!*”

It was the finest thing in the world for Diplo; it set him on his feet, clear-headed again, captain of his ship and his soul.

But Old Perce didn’t go below. He got himself and Happy Days off the forecastle head all right, and fast enough, but it was only to hide out under the bridge. I know, because I was the first



that happened to go down, and I was the one to catch it in the neck. He fell on me, literally, and literally, for a moment, I couldn't get away. I batted at his hands, but they'd been batted at before. His gin-pickled dignity had been tampered with; his boozy pride was hurt; he had words to say; he clung; he puffed; he bubbled in my face.

"Called me a drunkard, did 'e! Called me a rotten drunkard, did 'e! Christ blind me if I don't pay 'im out for that! God le' me live till the day Hi see 'im get 'isself so bloody drunk 'e can't stand on 'is bleedin' feet! God le'me live! The pretty toff! The lily-white virgin! The blinkin', bleedin' curate! Wyte! Just you wyte! Wyte till 'is gracious 'ighness gets a taste o' *bokha* into 'is coffee-cup! Wyte till 'is Prunes-an'-Prisms 'as a whiff o' the incense in the striped *souk*! Wyte till 'e see the girls in Bou Kader's shop up there! . . . Called the hold man a drunkard, did 'e! . . . Wyte! . . . Wyte!"

You'd think then that I should have known. But I didn't. I was too blown and rum-steamed and generally contaminated getting clear of him to think of putting as plain a two and as plain a two as that together—not for another twenty hours, at any rate. And in another twenty hours we were all ashore and up to our necks in Islam.

Up to our necks? Over our heads! At least *I* was. I've lived twenty-odd years in Barbary ports, first and last, eleven of them in that same screeching, scratching, jostling, jumbling dress rehearsal of a three-colored moving picture of a highly perfumed circus of a White Tunis, but I've never forgotten that day when I saw it new.

We drifted. There were three of us: Diplo (I'd picked him up at the old sea gate), a fellow named Maynard, from Melrose, Mass., my immediate superior at the consulate, and myself. Maynard was doing the honors of the sights, but Lord love you, I saw no "sights." All I saw was a daze and a maze of an end-

less rabbit warren of a bazaar crammed with outlandish creations on two legs or four legs, all colors of the rainbow, all stench from filth to hyacinth, all muck and silk and copper and clatter and hullabaloo. I simply followed where I was led, looking like an idiot (I've no doubt) with my eyes bugged out and my mouth open for marvel of it—of it, and of Diplo.

After his panic of the night before he had me guessing to-day. *His* mouth wasn't open, not a bit of it. His stalk was the stalk of the British tourist seasoned by five continents. He said "deucedly amusing!" and "not half!" He said "filthy beggars" of the men, and as for those mysterious "veiled women" he had talked so much about—"jolly curious, eh?" was all he could say for the slipper-slappers to-day. He carried it off to perfection.

Even when we came into that old arched-over vault of the perfume sellers' *souk*. I guess I must have loafed away a good many more than a hundred afternoons in that place since, and if there's any Christian honesty left in me, it's by luck and the grace of God. For if there's a spot for a man to sit on his spine and dream his soul sweetly down the rosy road to hell, it's that spot there. It's always in a sort of twilight, like a cathedral, and along the striped walls the merchants sit cross-legged in their niches like idols in ivory with their tapers and crystals of attars and essences hung around. And the air is soaked and drugged musk and amber, chypre and hyacinth for the *harem*—incense and myrrh and wax tapers for the mosque. I tell you it's like music—one full, rich, drowsy, voluptuous tone—one chord of piety and lust.

God and Flesh in a perfume. Pretty thought, eh? Well, I had it. I got it through my nose. And standing there, I gave Diplo a studying look out of the corner of an eye. His face was a mask: that is to say it looked as natural as life; he had his hands in his pockets and his cap raked back.

"What do you make of it, Captain?"

"Jolly picturesque!" He slid his tongue along his lip. "Jolly!"

That's all the jolt I got out of that. Another was on the way, though. I know now that Old Perce had been following us all along, but none of us knew it then, and when he came bursting out of the bed-auction crowd at the upper end of the *souk*, rolling like a tub in a seaway, gorgeous, eyes cocked, arms akimbo, monk aloft, it was jolt enough I say.

None of us noticed him, of course; we all stood perfectly still, all praying to luck and liquor to carry him by. It was a close thing. One close-hauled tack was bringing him dead on top of us, when another lurch and gybe brought him clear and sent him caroming against the legs of a couple of Arab gentlemen across the way.

They were really gentlemen, you know, fine old silk-and-ivory aristocrats of the True Faith, standing there innocently, hand in hand.

There was nothing violent. They merely withdrew their skirts a little from the contamination, and one of them said three words.

Maynard grinned. "Pig, he called him. 'Pig and father of a pig!'"

I wish you could have seen Diplo's face.

"What?" he gasped. "*What?*" he choked.

"That's right: '*Hallouf-bou-hallouf*'—Pig-father-pig! Serves him right, too; darn well right. By the way, Captain, if he's one of yours—"

He never finished. The old Arab had just put the only logical period at the end of his epithet; laying aside his cheek-cloth he spit calmly and truly in the sailor's face.

Maynard saw Diplo before I did and got hold of his arm, and he told me afterward it was lucky he did. I turned just in time to see the man's eyes. And it was in that wink that the lightning struck me.

"Lord! Lord!" was all I could think. "Lord, how awful! Father and son!"

It was only a wink. Diplo did get control of those give-away eyes; he did succeed, that time, in crawling to cover again. Turning on Old Perce, "Get back to the ship!" said he in a tone like a knife, and giving us all his back, he walked away.

Naturally we followed him, Maynard and I, leaving the old sinner to "get back to the ship"—which you may be sure he didn't do. He was behind us again before we'd gone a hundred yards: I couldn't see him but I could see Happy Days all right, riding over the heads of the crowd.

Well, as I say, we followed Diplo. We caught up with him. Maynard started in conscientiously to point out more "sights," but he didn't get on very far with that. Very soon I saw him rubbing his chin.

"Gore," said he, holding me back a little, "what's the matter with this man, Diplo? Anything?"

We walked on behind him, and we had to walk, too; that tourist stalk of his was gone now and he was eating up the ground in straight lines and mathematical corners like a somnambulist in a hurry to reach the edge of the roof. Chin up, cap down, eyes dead ahead—going nowhere. It's no wonder that Maynard, who was supposed to be running the party, began to feel a little bit up in the air. After a little more of it he suddenly doubled around and got in front of us.

"Look here," said he, "I guess that's about a day as far as sights go. It's getting dark, anyway, and they're beginning to shut up the *souk*! In another quarter of an hour it'll be dead as doornails here inside the wall. Eh, Captain?"

"Quite right," said Diplo. He stood there as tall as a steeple.

"Well, let's get on out to Frenchtown, then." Maynard took my arm and started cheerily. Then he stopped. "Coming, Captain?"

There was Diplo, stock where we'd left him, covering a yawn.



"Carry along, you two," he called. "I think I'll have just a bit of another turn about, if you don't mind."

"But Captain," Maynard argued, "take my word there's nothing to see from now on. And besides, you'd get lost at the first turn."

"If you don't mind!"

It was the voice of the mule. Diplo touched his cap with a deadly politeness, wheeled, struck out stiff-legged as a crane, doubled around the nearest alley turning and disappeared.

Maynard was mystified. He was also good and mad.

"That makes me tired, Gore. Do you know," said he, "what I've a damned good mind to do? . . . But no. I don't want the responsibility. It's not too safe in here after dark, and he'd be lost after two twists. Come on; we've got to find him."

We went on all right, but we didn't find him. We went at a trot after a minute or so, and we kept trotting, in and out and round about through that kennel of a labyrinth. It was dark now and as dead as Maynard had said—as dead as the tomb.

"Look here!" he protested at last, pulling me up. "You brought this fellow along. Tell me what's the matter with him, so I'll know what to do. Is he crazy or is he drunk?"

"He never drinks," said I.

"Doesn't, eh? Hmmm!" He turned his head sharply. "Well, there's somebody that *does*." He pulled me a step out of the way of an elephant shadow that came rocking down one cross-run and rolling away up another, Old Perce with the ape up and a gorgeous slant on (and not a quarter as drunk, I began to suspect, as he made out to be).

"Follow him!" said I, making a guess, "and I bet we find our man."

My guess was a bright one. We hadn't turned three corners when we were almost in collision with Diplo himself, standing as straight and as still as a fence post before the wall of a house that had a lantern lighted over the door.

Old Perce had passed him and brought up nearer the door, and he was standing with his head cocked too, listening.

I had to ask Maynard under my breath what it was all about.

"Fête of some kind—wedding or circumcision or what not. Hear the music in there? Hear the women yodelling, back there? Wedding, probably."

Old Perce thought so, too. He turned his head and wagged it at the wooden man before us.

"Hit's a weddin', hold son. Blighted Harab weddin'. Nothin' 'olier than a weddin', his there, my 'oly lad? Come along hin!" And, with that, he crooked the arm of invitation, for all the world like an old stager "taking in" the latest "bud."

Diplo didn't hit him. But he surprised me even more than that. He stuck out one wooden hand, put it on the old man's arm, marched along with him to that open door and marched inside.

Maynard got to that door in about three jumps, and I wasn't far behind him, scared good and witless by the way he stretched his neck out to see into the hole over the heads that it was full of.

"Well, I guess it's all right, Gore. I know this man—he's a courier at the Dutch consulate—and he knows me. In we go!"

We picked our way through a dense odor in a kind of entry-way and came out into a square court roofed with a striped awning, and so full of light that it dazzled after the dark. A dazzle and a daze. All I knew for the first while was that an Arab man with round whiskers (that was Si Mahmud, our host: he shifted to our shop later on and I came to know him well) cleared out a place for Maynard and me on one of the foremost benches and put a cup of coffee in my hand.

Have any of you ever looked in on an Arab's wedding carouse? If you have you'll know. They're all pretty much the same; same sardine pack of males in coats of many colors and red *chechias*

tipping farther and farther over their ears as the evening grows; same bridegroom, painted like a harlot, seated by the same mysterious door; same plank rostrum in the court; same gang of hashish-lighted musicians, funny fiddles, *taboukas*, melodians, flutes; same fat white dancing girls, twisting and clanking and sweating through the same unvarying dance; same drugged air full of staling perfumes, cigarette smoke, sickly syrups, syrupy coffee—such as I still held grabbed in my hand.

"You've got to taste it, anyhow," Maynard warned in my ear.

It was burnt and sticky, but down it went.

"I thought," he went on, "that you said your friend didn't drink."

"He doesn't. Where is he?"

Maynard pointed him out, plain enough, sitting chums with Old Perce in the forepart of the benches opposite. He had a little tumbler in his fist.

"But that looks like water," I protested.

"So does gin. But gin's a baby to that stuff, *bokha*, there. That's the Captain's second round of that fig juice, and if he's not used to liquor, Lord help him before long."

"Lord help him already!" was what came to me. It showed in his eyes. They were taking on a stare, a kind of a ground-glass stare that picked out one thing and glued on to it and couldn't seem to let go.

I looked to see what it had hold of now—and then I began to understand. It was an Arab on the bench in front of him, a place or so to the left, a youngish fellow in Egyptian fez and London-tailored tweed (they were both coming in then with a certain set of the Moslem dandies) and altogether the air of the man-about-town in New Tunis. But what got me about this fellow, and knocked all my ideas gally-west (and Diplo's, too, I gather) was that this Mohammedan boulevardier was as blond as Abel Diplo himself—just as straw-headed—just as gray-eyed.

I've seen plenty of them since: it's natural enough when you come to think that the Goths and Vandals wiped up this coast along with the rest of the Roman Empire; but the point was I hadn't then, and Diplo hadn't either.

Well, I know as well as anything what was going through his poor head, already sick enough with that "itching, gnawing, wailing wretchedness," and still farther twisted with that poison of figs—the despair, the fright, the magick-ing-away of the one last barrier to his old dream: "Here's one of *them*, and God help me! he isn't a blackamoor or a demon or hippogriff at all. He's *as* like me—he's *so* like me that if I were to change caps with him, there he'd sit an Englishman, and here *I'd* sit—"

I know. I saw him lean over, all of a sudden, right across the monkey in the old man's lap, pick the fez from that startled dandy's pate and cram it squarely and tightly on his own.

Maynard sat up straight. I felt him. "That may make trouble." He was watching under his eyelids. "Or again it may not. All according—Wait! Steady! If they'll only be amused—"

It was nip and tuck for the minute around the cheeky "Christian dog"; even I could see that. But it was hilarity that won—hilarity of fig and feast. One tittered. Another shook the finger of glee at the *roumi* in a Mohammedan hat. Still another, to pile it on, stripped off his own brown *burnous* and threw it over the shoulders of the infidel. It went even farther than that. A youngster hardly over fifteen had Diplo up on his two feet like a window image and towing away through the crowd and into a cave-looking place across the court.

"Nothing to worry about there," Maynard told me. "That's one of the sons of the house. Going to rig your friend out right, probably; that's all."

It was so. Diplo reappeared, prodded and shunted out between the benches by the delighted son; another Diplo, a gorgeous, silk, soft-slipped Diplo, hypnotized with queerness and petrified



with drink. Joy broke loose. Hands grabbed at him from all sides. The dancer on the rostrum (a huge white Algerian Jewess she was) caught the spirit of the meeting, turned her batteries on the *roumi*, and danced her dance "at" him alone.

Can you imagine Diplo—chapel and night-class Diplo—Diplo of the old dragon-fight with a red-lit dream—Diplo, fetched up there, head full of *bokha* and that screeching, boom-thumped, split-tone heathen tune, silk on his body, hyacinths behind his ears, and his two eyes bulging out to that mocking invitation? Can you imagine?

Well, all of a sudden he started for her. He went slowly, head down between his shoulders, chin out, never a word or sound. . . . It was Old Perce that furnished the music, Old Perce, come to glory at last.

"Carry on, my 'oly hoffspring! Carry on, my virgin lad! Carry on!"

In my other ear I got it from Maynard. "This," said he, "has gone about far enough."

He got out quietly but quickly. He caught the back of Diplo's purple *burnous* just as the crazy fool had got a knee up on the rostrum. I don't know what he said, but I saw the jerk he gave, and saw the look that Diplo gave him back. . . . Old Perce was throwing the monk in the air: "*Yow! Yow! Yow!*" . . . There was nothing violent. Not in the least. Diplo made up his lips and spit calmly and truly in Maynard's face, that was all.

Then there was a riot. . . . Maynard got to me. He was as white as a dead one, to his lips. "The man's drunk now. I can't touch him now. When he's sobered off he'll fight. *You* will see to that, Gore."

"All right," said I, solemn enough. "But where's he gone now?"

Maynard jumped on a bench at that. He'd got an interest in Diplo now—a personal interest to see that he came through to the day of vengeance alive and whole.

"There!" he yelled. "Out of the door there! Come fast!"

I got behind him. It was football work. Si Mahmud helped us finally, and a worried man he looked. He told me afterward he was happy enough to see us out of there. He couldn't have been any gladder than I was, I know that. I took one good drink of the outside air and started after Maynard down the street.

"Gone this way?" I called.

"Yes, running like an elephant in a tent! Saw him just now!"

Well, we footed along, raising racket enough to wake the dead in that graveyard maze. Maze it was, too. I couldn't count the corners we banged against nor the blind walls that doubled us back on our own trail. Then there was a grunt and a scuffle, and we'd caught a man.

A man and a monkey, too. It was Old Perce, the tightness (or the pretense of it) gone out of his carcass for good. He actually wailed.

"Where's 'e gone? Gord forgi' me!" he chattered and he wailed.

"That's the question," said Maynard, "where *has* he gone?"

We stood there in the dark. By and by we began to walk. There was no use running (no use even moving, for the matter of that). Figure for yourselves: there couldn't have been less than two hundred passages in that sepulcher of an old town, all criss-crossed, all blank, all alike, and all as dark as the pit itself. Hunting a needle in a haystack is one thing; hunting a man who doesn't want to be found in an Arab town—a man drunk on a fixed idea—is another.

I can't say how long it was. I only know we walked miles, and that, finally, I resigned.

"That's enough!" said I, pulling up. "Let him go hang!"

"No!" said Maynard. "Not for a million dollars I won't."

The old man had been keeping up his "Gord forgi' me!" every minute of the time. Now he put a hand to his head and changed his tune.

"'Ark, sir! 'Ark to me now. What course from 'ere would fetch us quickest to the *Bab Kebir*?"

"*Bab Kebir*? Now what in the name of the silly devil—" Maynard stopped and started to scowl at him. Then he turned his head and cocked his ear the other way. "No," said he, "but hark to *that*!"

There was a row somewhere; something had come to life at last in the town of the dead. A thump and a groan it sounded, far off. . . . Maynard was already on his way. I caught up with him, trailing Perce behind.

We went down this alley and up that one and came to the corner of a lane where there was the beginning of a light. The light came toward us; the thump and groan grew louder, coming, too. Maynard took one look, and then he put out his arms and herded us back into our alley again.

"No," said he. "It's just as well to keep on the safest side there is. Get into this doorway here."

"What's it about?" I had to ask him.

"The *Aissaoui*—the Mohammedan Society of Jesus. Bound home for their mosque, I guess. They've been out to a torture party somewhere. Get back."

They were already on us. A line of torches swung past the alley mouth, ducking to the roll of those narrow drums of theirs and that damned chant mixed up of a cough and a curse and a groan. I had to peek. I saw them ranked the width of the street, shoulders locked, faces jerked back in the glare and thrown down to their knees again with a perfect surf of their greasy scalp locks whipping the air. Stripped to the waist they were, and their hides looked green. I saw the steel skewers stuck between their ribs and through their necks. Ugh! I don't like them.

Well, on they rolled, three wild and woolly ranks, and behind them a ruck of rooters and hangers-on, going through the same motions of that hellion rite, coughing and moaning and throwing their silly heads.

It was the old tanker that saw. He was out of that door on the jump.

"There! There's my lad! Hi sawr 'im! S'welp me, sawr 'im Hi did!"

At the fag-end of the parade, grunting with the best of them, cracking his knee joints in tune, mouth open, eyes shut, loony as a living loon, was Captain Abel Diplo of the *Gravesend Bars*.

"Nail him!" That was Maynard. Even Maynard—the one of us all who shouldn't have—even Maynard forgot to think.

We nailed him, never doubt. I got him the finest of tackles from the rear, *burnous* and all. Old Perce had an ankle, somewhere below. Enough! That was where the bomb went off. I wish you could have heard the Mohammedan Society of Jesus go up then. And I wish you could have felt it come down. The last I felt was a foot on my neck. The last I saw was stars.

The longer I lived in Barbary the less I could understand why we weren't all *three* laid away. I thought I was at the time, but I woke up. Maynard was over me. Four Zouaves of the patrol were over Old Perce across the way. I got up. I felt me over. Nothing was gone.

Maynard said: "Thank God! That leaves only one."

"Who? What?"

"I'm afraid the old man's got it."

I went over and looked down between the soldiers. One of them had a bull's-eye, throwing the light on the sailor. One look was enough. He'd got a knife in the wrong place and come to the end of his cruise.

Not quite, though. His eyes opened. I got on a knee and put my ear down. He wasn't talking too loud.

"That's *my* Tom. *My boy*. My name's Diplo, too. Hi'm goin' to 'Ell, but 'e'll make a name o' that. Honly you got to find 'im. Pass me a hoath, mate. Find 'im and get 'im clear o' 'ere. A hoath, mate—"

Perce's eyes closed again. The soldiers took him up, but he was dead.

I tell you, gentlemen, it was queer.



Marching out of that dead city in the dead of night, carrying the dead. It was too sudden and tragic and pathetic and plain queer. I couldn't think why; not for a long time.

Then it came to me. It was that old fellow's sudden loneliness.

"Maynard," said I, catching up, "where's the monkey gone?"

"How should I know? Scared cross-eyed over the house-tops, probably. That's not the question, Gore. The question is; where's the *man*?"

"How about the police—or—have you told these soldiers? About him?"

"I have not. What good would it do, now he's in with that gang? And besides—it would mean facts—Gore, I hate that fellow like poison; if I'm in luck I'll beat him to death one day; but, Gore, I hate to undertake to lose a man his job, with the facts and the hulla-balloo. Look here, Gore, I want you to understand this is all bad!"

Yes, it was. If you'd gone through that night and the next day and another night and another day, even you wouldn't forget it was bad.

Every minute of that time was an hour, and an hour's a long time for men with their hands tied and gags in their mouths. All we could do was roam, Maynard and I; roam and stare at walls and chew our hearts to think of our medicine piling up with every one of those minutes, at the *Kasba*, the Residence, the British consulate, our own shop—everywhere we hadn't dared to go and raise the proper hue the first day, even, finally, the second day.

"There's something; if I could only think!" I remember Maynard saying over and over. "My God, if I could only think!"

"This Diplo is dead," he announced suddenly. "And *we* are in a mess."

That was the second evening. We gave up then. We decided to go to the British consul general bright in the morning, make a clean thing of it, swallow that medicine, and say good-by to our two careers.

That night I slept. The trouble was that Maynard didn't. He was still trying to think. He had me out at four, in the dark of my hotel.

"Listen, Gore; what was it the old man said? Was it '*Bab Kebir*'?"

"Who? When?" I was sleepy and I was sore. "Look here, it's black early yet. That consulate won't be open for hours."

"It was *Bab Kebir*," he went on with his "thinking." "It's worth a chance. Get into your things."

He took me out in the dark and the cold. There were no hacks at that hour and we had to foot it. He walked me miles around that wall, and he walked me fast. It was almost dawn when we came to the *Bab Kebir*, and that was the first I knew that *Bab* was Gate.

Maynard stopped. I stopped. "Well," said he, "here we are."

"Yes," said I, "here we are. Now what?"

There was a *kahwaji* there outside the wall; we sat down on a bench in front, called for coffee and put our heads in our hands to wait.

Well, I suppose this story would never have been told if I'd *kept* my head there; that is, if I hadn't peeked. Idly, you know, between my fingers. Then I sat up. I think my hair actually did stand on end.

On my right stood the city wall and the gate, the "vast gate," filled with shadow. Before me, before the gate, spread a square all powdered with white dust. Across the square a row of palm trees ran to pick up a road that lay away straight as a ruler to the world's end—a "painted road across a painted plain" that broke into naked, wrinkled hills against the farthest sky. . . . There it stood between my fingers, colored to the life in three dimensions, the stage-scene of Abel Diplo's dream. Even to the camels. . . . There wasn't any moon, to be sure, but that tricky cold gray before the dawn did well enough for that. There was no blackamoor pounding a drum under the arch,

but there were Soudan porters asleep there, and a nomad beggar man that might well enough have run with incense while the moon still shone, and at least one veiled female (an awful skinny old one) early at the fountain under the wall.

Yes, it was all there, gentlemen; even to a *burnous*-bundled Arab snoring in the dust under that tree where Diplo had "lusted" (remember?) to creep and lie and "crinkle his toes." It wasn't Diplo's "show"; it was the cold gray dawn of the morning after, and the "supers from Adelphi" were beginning to stretch and rub their eyes. Some of them kicked the "property camels," and the camels yawned, too, and got their hulks out of the dust, groaning and tinkling their little bells, and began to stretch out along that "painted road"—some little market caravan, I've no doubt, bound for home again behind the Zaghoun hills.

I took my hands down. I suppose I must have been puffing like a pig. "What's wrong?" Maynard jogged my elbow. "Here's the coffee come. Here! . . . What are you staring at?"

I was staring at that *burnous* under the tree. The *burnous*, upended on its inside haunches, was staring at the caravan, staring and scratching its inside head and staring again. And before I knew it, there it was on its legs, shaking out its folds and starting off at a clock-work, sleep-walk jog along that desert road, "painted" for certain now in the red of dawn. And what its folds had shaken out was following at a hop and skip in the dust—a little monkey as black as sin.

Well, I followed, too; it wasn't sleep-walking either, it was a sprint. Happy Days was the first to know. I must have put a foot on his tail; Maynard told me afterward that the little demon let out a yell, looped four loops and went up a tree. I didn't know. I'd got my hand in that purple *burnous* by that and wrapped three times around for luck.

"Diplo!" said I. Just like that.

He turned and he gave me a look. For one wild wink I'd thought I'd been fooled. The fellow had a knife-slash down one temple and cheek, a festering, fly-blown gouge; there was a three-days' growth on him and the muck of all Tunis gone to powder on the hair.

If I'd looked for trouble I was mistaken. Hestared at me a minute, clapped his eyes shut, opened them up again, gave a shiver, and "Gore!" he said, and that was all. Great big round tears squeezed out under his lids. Next thing I knew his face was down on my shoulder, and there he was, crying like the infant babe.

"Maynard," said I, "get a hack."

That's the story, gentlemen. The thing was done and it was finished. Chopped off! I saw him three days later on board his ship, the same straight British merchant captain that had brought her out of the Mersey and would take her back again, not a mark for remembrance on him but that one knife-cut, and on his sleeve a ribbon of crepe.

Yes, he'd done that. The ingrained Covenanting conscience of "the street where he was born" had carried him even to that length of honoring publicly in death the filthy old, tipsy old reprobate he hadn't been willing to confess his father, alive.

He took pains to thank me, in two words, without mentioning for what. Then the thing was finished. Finished, done, rooted out, to stay rooted out (so far as I've ever been able to learn) till the end of his days. That's the story, gentlemen, and if it gives any of you an answer to your question, you're welcome; that's all I can say.

"Environment!" That was the Doctor. "Given Environment A, tried and true! Given Environment B, bang! Algebra!"

The Tinsmith sat as firmly.

"Heredity! If you can't see how it's Heredity, given the facts, I can't bother to explain."



"Given the facts." The Consul studied us around with a quizzical air. "Well, the point is, I suppose, that I haven't given you the facts. . . . No, wait! The facts I've given are facts—all except the fellow's name, and I wouldn't tell you that for the mint—he's left a family behind. What I should have said was, *all* the facts."

And knocking out his pipe for the second time he told us the sequel to the tale.

It happened about a week after Diplo left for home. I was out for a stroll with Bird, my chief (I was glad afterward it wasn't Maynard that day), and we were just coming out of the old town through the *Bab Kebir* (and I was feeling kind of funny to see the place again in the light of day) when Bird called my attention to a wrinkled old henna-haired witch of a woman squatted under the nearest palm.

"Want to buy a monkey, Gore?" he asked me.

The dame had us in eye, straight off. She fingered us to come, grinning and jabbering and kicking her merchandise out into its best light at the end of its *halfa*-line tether. The merchandise was Happy Days.

I stopped. Who wouldn't? Bird took my arm.

"Good Lord, man, you don't want that thing. I was only joking."

"I know," said I. I told him I didn't want the ape, but that I did have a curiosity to know how the woman had come by it. Bird put it to her in dialect. It was like opening up a dam in spring. It seemed to me, waiting patiently, as if she were trying to tell the story of her life against the clock, waving her old bird claws, jerking the beast about, thumbing the jade-bead rings in its ears, scowling and grinning and making a devil of a fuss all told. When she'd be-

gun to run down a little, Bird shifted to me with a grin of his own.

"You wanted to know about that monk. Well, that monk is a romantic and historic monk—a sort of a broadcast-on-the-waters monk, you must understand. It seems that a good many years back—well, let's see; she calls it the 'starving-year,' and that *was* a while ago—in the 'starving-year,' it seems, this same woman, sitting under this same tree here, disposed of this same creature for five gold *duoro* to a rolling *roumi* sailor-man. She sold it, I gather, in a job lot, along with one painted flute, one stalk of Gafsa dates and one male offspring of her sister Aisha-bint-Bkhar—a three-year-old kid called Abdallah, with "yellow" hair. Now, it seems, very recently, the monk's come back to find her. And now she's waiting patiently for Abdallah to show up, too, eating the Gafsa dates, no doubt, and blowing resurrection on the painted flute. . . . How's that for a romance, off-hand? You wanted it, Gore. I should think you'd owe the old lady about one *sou*. Eh?"

I gave her the *sou* and we went along; and that's the sequel to the tale.

It seemed as though the Tinsmith had the word.

"After all, I didn't realize," said he, "just how right I *was*. How about Heredity now, Doctor?"

The Doctor didn't answer. After a moment the Consul did.

"Heredity?" he mused. "Yes—yes—" He put up a finger and a thumb and opened them apart, like a man releasing a feather of thistle-down in the wind. "Yes, Heredity, about *so* much. About *so* long—out of a life. . . . This man I've called Diplo was torpedoed off the Galway coast on New Year, Seventeen, and went down praying God to save his king."

# MEANDERING WHERE FLOWS MEANDER

LETTERS TO AN AMERICAN FRIEND

## PART II

BY DOROTHY KENNARD

*Lady Kennard is the daughter of a distinguished English diplomat who represented his country at various important posts. The greater portion of her life has been spent in the East—Turkey, Persia, and Japan.—THE EDITORS.*

SMYRNA, November 30th.

MY DEAR —: It almost frightens me to recall how glibly I wrote recently and told you that I would wait a few days longer before attempting to describe this place!

We have been here, now, over twenty days . . . and I have seen very nearly twenty Smyrnas besides the many other districts that we have visited.

Smyrna proper used to be called Samorne (I read that in a sort of local *Baedeker*). It is the only bit of practical information that I shall tender you, and that, solely because I like the name. It is the port that tourists view, in passing, from the decks of decrepit steamers at anchor in Smyrna Bay: an untidy patchwork quilting of plastered houses, that covers an immense area, in semi-circle, converging upon the sea from all directions. The quay frontage is as pretentious in appearance as its road-way is impassable

in actuality, yet one is obliged to accept its horrid bumps and eyesores, whether rightward or leftward, at every outing: for there is no other road to anywhere.

In fact, before I go any farther, it is as well that you should thoroughly under-

stand that the word "road," together with others, such as "bridge," has entirely altered in significance for me, since my landing here:



A TYPICAL STREET IN SMYRNA

*Road* means simply "a place where something once passed, therefore it can probably be passed again. Anyway, let's try it!"

*Bridge* is far more complicated, and may mean: "aqueduct: B.C.!" or: "what was once a bridge," or: "a nice smooth place, over which the river (or stream) can flow,

particularly easily, because so much trouble has been taken to make the structure convex, instead of troublesomely concave."

Here endeth the first lesson: but I shall occasionally revert to the dictionary



method of enlightenment, for your benefit and my convenience!

The quay is a busy thoroughfare for cabs (whose only claim to notoriety is their peculiarly musical bell which the drivers push, with their toes, when they sound a warning), motors, donkeys, camels, lorries, and horse trams. The

military control toward midnight, when the existing curfew regulations offer them scope for exercising their authority.

A perfected maze of cobbled streets offers exit and entrance between the stucco municipal buildings that hide the meaner (and major) portion of the town.

The spare hundred thousand or so people who are not on the sea front, are always in these streets. The lame, halt and blind, plus household servants, are installed on the tottering and squalid doorsteps.

This is the respectable, residential part of Smyrna, and its backbone is Frank Street, at the end of which one tumbles into the bazaars. One shops, indiscriminately, in both. The bazaars are a sample edition of all the little pictures immortalized by Loti and Farrère. Unlike their grand relations in Constantinople or in Teheran, their somberness hides genuine treasure, to be bought for dross . . . by such as have the perspicacity and patience to explore them well.

A horizontal line drawn across the back of the bazaars might mark a rough boundary to building on the level. From this point, houses, vehicles, vegetation and foot passengers start to climb, doggedly and in massed formation, the bases of those hills upon which, viewed from the water, they appear merely to have erupted casually.

It is on one of these slopes, the only one which we have, as yet, assailed, that I suddenly recaptured the elusive spirit of an East that Constantinople, revisited, had obliged me, most regretfully, to enshrine, in memory as "Past."

Pegasus, that hill was called, and I never reached the top, shall never, consequently, face a second disillusionment, for I shall not return there.

We had driven in search of a perfect



A LAND OF DREAMS

human beings who circulate constitute a positive danger to traffic! They are of every sex, age and denomination, each one of them concentratedly busy, doing nothing, and running about. A Greek army of occupation neutralizes the flickering kaleidoscope of color with a pungent distemper of khaki, stained by molded consumption of garlic, and mysterious local foods. The soldiers are individualists by day, but turn into a

sunset, and the miracle of finding, unexpectedly, something precious that one has lost was upon me almost before I realized it. A genuine Turkish town, such as I was beginning to think that I had merely imagined, where women moved mysteriously, modest and veiled, and contemplative graybeards smoked water-pipes and turned their beads. Turbans and tassels, crimson of fez, brushing the motor's window from headgear of passers-by, convivial flickering from stray charcoal braziers, coffee and varied delicacies borne on trays, familiar turmoil and well-remembered aromatic smell . . . here, in this land which is no longer Turkey, I found again the "Old Turk" and his opiate atmosphere.

Nature, too, helped him to obtrude his survival. The summit of Pegasus was elusive, because the sun went down before we were half way up: but we came to a halt, appropriately, on an open plateau that overlooked the unforgettable panorama which was Smyrna Bay. The immediate foreground was a cemetery where sprouted a veritable galaxy of the inevitable poplar trees.

It is almost uncanny, the manner in which those splendid sentinels of color manage to frame themselves, in complicated simplicity of outline, about the perfection of an Eastern view!

The moon rose over the water, that evening, just as the sun had set. The mechanism of both planetary movements was hidden at the crucial stage by other hills innumerable. But the sea caught the light of both, and shivered with appreciation, contributing blue mists and its own proud infinity.

So much for Smyrna proper. Its suburbs are many and not without in-

terest. I have given you no idea of topography; to attempt it would prove futile. A friend summed up the general perspective in a nut-shell when she exclaimed:

"Have you noticed here that, wherever one stands, one is in the middle of a plain with hills all round? On the water, the plain merely turns into a lake, and the same hills are still all round!"



EACH HOUR SHOWS A DIFFERENT PHASE OF  
THE MOUNTAINS

Luckily one cannot tire of those hills. Not an hour of the day but shows them in some new phase of iridescence, but trails across their accidentation some intriguing effect of shade and light. I have seen them look sepia, black or olive-green on bright days; ephemeral blue, or rose, or even gold, on gray, in freakish contradiction to all laws of color values, which strive for



chromolithograph in sunshine, for somberness in clouds and rain.

I have seen them tower so high that one felt one was being cheated of eternal snow on their elusive summits; so low, that they could not have felt insulted had one called them sand dunes; so mediocre, that one hardly noticed them at all.

There is a single moment when they are always uniform, the one just before daylight dies, when they turn petunia color, rich and rare; but it is difficult to grasp that instant, for the effect

This Asia Minor is reminiscent of them all: one expects to find something familiar round every corner, and yet, when one has turned it, one stands, as the completest stranger, before the curious individuality of a land which has mingled them so cunningly as to emerge triumphant, copyist no longer, sublime creator of something new.

Those rose-colored mountains and their graduated foothills of sand suggest a desert mystery of lost horizons—which is Persia. But the immediate



THE QUAY FRONTAGE IS PRETENTIOUS IN APPEARANCE

has usually faded before one understands that it has come.

Some years ago I had the temerity to state, in public, that there was little about the East, at any rate, that remained for me to learn, except of its philosophies, which are beyond greater understanding than is mine. I had seen Turkey, Japan, China, Persia, and various other countries through which one passes in traveling thither, so my utterance was not quite as presumptuous as it might appear to the casual reader. But I know better now!

foreground is black earth country of the Balkans, where riots cereal verdure, more green than the rice fields of Japan. Turkey has lent slopes and plantations of fine timber, and recurring stretches of olive trees produce effects of "moonlight in the daytime" that one has seen in Southern Italy and Spain.

And we are living in one tiny corner, near the seacoast, of such country!—able, nevertheless, to savor the impression of illimitable distance.

The fauna is as universally representative, almost, as is the vegetation.



THE SALT WORKS AT PHOKIA ARE UNIQUE

Sportsmen here do not tell one stories: they show one heads and pelts, then produce books of reference in which these figure as "record" trophies, noted by game specialists of the world. Stags (sixteen and eighteen pointers), panthers, lynx, mouflon and ibex haunt the mountains; wild boar, hyænas, jack-

als and foxes roam the plain. Edible birds there are, of every denomination, whether waterfowl or otherwise.

We were taken one day, S. and I, to shoot in a marsh called Kyass (another station on the Aidin line to Ephesus). A gun license in this country costs about one and sixpence for the year, and a good



PERGAMOS FROWNS BACK ON ITS TWO THOUSAND YEARS



average bag for a single gun would be fifteen to twenty snipe, a brace of mallards, several larks, plover, and anonymous feathered things one meets in *pilaff*, a hare, possibly even two, a goose (if one was very lucky!), and the chance of bringing down a wild boar, with shot that would have laid low the rest.

This description does not mean that S. and I counted "heads" and struck, therefrom, an average! Our "kill" was quite chimerical, for the only bird that I *know* I hit fell into the reeds, and was never found. I like to pretend that it is difficult shooting. I know we walked for five hours, and had to bet about the distance that remained for us to cover, in paces, during the last stumbled mile, or so, to the side-tracked railway carriage which was "home."

The director of the railway had lent us his private car, complete with kitchen, dining room and upholstered armchairs. The train was two and a half hours late, in a run of about eighty or ninety miles,

but that didn't matter in the least. Nothing of that kind matters here. We fed sumptuously, at five o'clock in the afternoon, on catering done by a Greek boy who, at the age of twenty or thereabout, was traveling in a train for the first time in his life, and felt extremely ill, in consequence!

It has been a revelation to discover, even in the short time that we have been here, how entirely superficially the local population is cognizant of its environment. I should not think that there exist in the whole of Smyrna more than a couple of hundred people who have covered the ground that S. and I have done since first we landed, barely a month ago. Of course we have had rather unusual facilities, due to the connection with a railway . . . still, there are innumerable places worth visiting well within the limits of a day's drive by car or carriage, which the railways do not touch at all.

Such, for example, is Nymphio. Let me hasten to add that, owing to a neophyte understanding of local interpretations of time and distance, against which my impromptu dictionary would safeguard us now, it is one of the places at which we never quite arrived. Consequently, we have never seen the carving and inscriptions on rock-facing behind the village, which had been described to us by yet another person who had heard of it but never been there. The Nymphio road leads out of Smyrna via Bournabat, over a pass, into the Nifchai valley, and is considered an "awkward" road in local designation. I will refrain from commenting further from the touristic point of view!

The radiator of our motor over-boiled some half dozen times before we reached the valley, and had to be fed at intervals with water collected



THIS CONE REPRESENTS £20,000 WORTH OF SALT

in my stepfather's felt hat. The bridges that we surmounted had been put there simply to give a good opportunity for admiring the water underneath, as they consisted more of holes than of structure.

We were stopped, halfway up the pass, by a *poste* of the Greek army, where we received a warning to proceed carefully, as there were brigands on the way ahead. N. B. (Dictionary).

*Brigand.* Something chimerical, which everyone talks about, that may prove expensive to your relations or your government if it catches you. One develops a frame of mind, in which one imagines that any man encountered in the open country, riding any kind of beast in lonely ease, is going to be a brigand. If he were an obviously respectable citizen, he would be carrying, dragging, leading or pushing something to earn his daily bread!

But we saw neither the brigands nor the carvings at Nymphio, for it took us two hours to get a bare three-quarters of the way, and nobody suggested pushing pluckily on, and risking a drive home in the dark.

One of our most ambitious expeditions was a week-end visit to a specialist farm, some fifteen or twenty miles from Smyrna, belonging to a Dutch settler of thirty years' standing, who invited our whole party to come and picnic, as he termed it, "in the rough."

Our host held title deeds for over fifteen thousand acres, of which some four or five thousand, so he told us, were under plough, for wheat, barley and maize. The remainder was grazing land, as all that was forest succumbed during the war.

A moment's analysis of the surrounding country served to bring home to one the *chef d'œuvre* that this man's single-handed effort represented there. The house we



A PORTION OF THE POPULACE OF PERGAMOS

lived in, which was the kernel of the property, was isolated, five or six miles from any station, and in winter all communication with the outer world passes over roads which are not roads at all. Any power that helped to grind his produce was water power, dependent upon the water supply of one insignificant little stream.

The only links which this family of man and wife and three small children has established with civilization are distinctly unstable, in practice as well as theory: a couple of yellow dogcarts, over ten years old, half a dozen ponies and a hefty bullock team, which has dragged 'cross country the only machinery that has been used in the working of the whole. In the two dogcarts our party was taken for a sight-seeing tour of the surrounding country, over a ten-mile area, to the four points of the compass. Those among us who had experience of "bob-sleighing" had a slight



advantage over the others when stentorian commands of, "*all lean to the right . . . and now to the left, please. Thank you!*" were bellowed by our charioteer.

Why we are not all dead or crippled, I cannot conceive! My personal impressions of those drives may have been influenced by the fact that I was unlucky enough to be, invariably, relegated to the back seat of a cart. And, unfortunately, on our first trip I heard some one say:

"There is only the breaking of one strap that could make a dangerous accident. If that breaks we shall have one. It is ten years old, but, *enfin!*—pre-war leather!"

I hate to confess it, but my recollections are not very clear, and I never really looked at anything except the coming and, invariably, superlative danger that loomed ahead. When I did, at intervals, draw breath and lift a furtive head, all that I was able to visualize were the fantastic evolutions of the cart in front, which contained people I was fond of, and whose silhouettes I could never see at the same moment that I saw the straining mules who dragged them.

Frankly, throughout our week-end, I enjoyed the times when we were sitting

still more than I did the ones when we were being moved about.

We had hardly regained our mental equilibrium and realized that an explanation of all of us being so strangely tired could be found in the systematic pummeling to which we had been subjected during our excursions about that farm, when we embarked upon another expedition along an entirely new line of country.

Merely an afternoon outing this time, to the salt-fields of Phokia.

The Italians own the monopoly of production there, and they have constructed a magnificent, macadamized track, which our little motor welcomed with almost human appreciation. Not before it had survived, however, horrors which a bigger, more expensive machine might have caviled at, with reason.

The dead horse, stretched lengthways across the middle of the highway was nothing: primarily, half a dozen pariah dogs were hard at work disposing of it, and, secondly, it could not have done us much harm if we had driven over it. But—the bog-holes and bolsters, the cavities and excrescences of Nature's formation of land, battling with antediluvian human improvements, hurt the passengers more than the car, simply



ABOUT ONE-TENTH ONLY OF PERGAMOS HAS BEEN EXCAVATED

because they had imagination enough to judge how bad the shaking was for both.

You have sat, I suppose, on some Channel boat and listened to the whole ship shudder when the propeller fought with an angry sea? Well, the car met its obstacles just like that, and we were in the car.

The salt country is unique: a flat and barren tableland, just high enough above sea-level to hide the sea at its horizon. One can study the pyramids of salt for nearly half an hour before one boards the little trolley car that runs one, along their base, to the front door of the manager's house. The cones are immense: they have an emplacement of some twenty or thirty meters square, each pyramid weighs four thousand tons, and is valued for sale at about twenty thousand sterling. We saw forty or fifty of such glistening sentinels, stretching, in ghostly formation, along the water's edge.

Systematic drainage spreads a manœuvred sea into a series of squares, divided by breakwaters, over the tableland. And evaporation does the rest. The imprisoned ocean silts itself down, and is graduated, through the breakwaters, nearer and nearer to its final solidity. When formed, eventually, the crystal deposit is ploughed, shoveled and deported, as a substance, on a perfected railway arrangement of trolley cars, to the line of massed construction.

Three hundred workmen, roughly, and an Italian manager, are responsible for a salt output that supplies one-half of Turkey.

It is interesting to realize volume as one does at Phokia. If such an insignificant item as is salt, to all intents and purposes of daily life, can appear so overwhelming . . . what of eggs?

As S. very shrewdly commented:

"It must be rather nice to have charge of this stuff! People would have to steal such a lot of it for it to do them any good. Yet it's worth a lot of money!"

Some one else said:

"Doesn't one feel as if one ought to be

dressed for winter sport when one sees those workmen knee deep in whiteness?"

And then I realized, suddenly, why everything felt so odd. Of course . . . the coloration was arctic, and the air soft, mellow autumn: impressions, therefore of sight and feeling were instinctively at war, and everything round one turned unreal.

The cones reflected evening lights in facets from their surface, and one's mind scraped out half-remembered passages from various authors—"First Men in the Moon," and universal descriptions of stalactites, and the court of the "Snow Queen," in frantic search of simile.

We drove home, almost in darkness, but there was just light enough left for us to notice that the dogs had eaten copiously off that carcass, and that some passer-by had had the forethought to drag it to a far side of the road.

That was the night your letter came. It might have worried me exceedingly, had it not been such a nice one! But let me at once eradicate from your mind any impression that I aim to "*faire de la littérature*" in these letters to you.

You are very difficult to please, you know. Do you want me to write about people whom you would certainly not like to look at or listen to? It is this country that I came to see, and it is this country that I have chosen to try to describe, because it was worth the trouble. It hasn't bored me writing, but—I worry now lest it should have wearied you to read. Can I help it if I feel places more than people, and prefer to study the steady march of things inanimate, rather than the futile gyrations of humanity?

With that I write *finis* to this bird's-eye view of Smyrna and its environment in the abstract. I have tried to suggest to you the color and the camels and the great big rest. It will be for you to conjure up emotion sufficient to see the picture, hear the camel bells and sense infinity.

The general atmosphere of social life here is just modern enough to appear ex-



ceedingly old-fashioned. Enterprise and initiative are moribund, therefore progress is worse than dead.

Everybody is hospitable, everybody is comfortable and everybody entertains. One could revolve in a whirl of local gaiety, if one so chose.

N. B. (Dictionary).

*Gaiety.* A morose revelry of one-stepping to music so antiquated that it is either poignantly remembered or best forgotten. Profuse potations of tea or coffee. Conversation about oneself or one's servants. A dull, rotatory, daily game with visiting cards.

Nearly every man one meets is either head of something like a railway, or a bank, or a ship . . . or he is second in command. This in cosmopolitan society produces quite a crowd of people, for there are a great many nationalities in the world and all of them have a foothold here. These men have wives and most of them own a great many children, who intermarry and produce more. They are all kind and rather comatose: on the whole, in Turkish currency, quite moderately well off.

Have you noticed, I wonder, that I have not once mentioned politics . . . or the war?

Believe me, it isn't because I was trying to respect your wishes! I simply haven't realized, either that a war is on, or that politics exist.

How could one? Here the belligerents (whom I believe to be Greeks and Turks), live cheek by jowl in perfect amity. The land is sent a crown prince whom other lands refuse to recognize because they don't approve his father. The railways are run by France and Britain; each country uses an individual postal system of its own. Flags of all nations patrol the harbor, men of all nations roam the streets. If ever there was a modest, modern Babel, it is the Smyrna of to-day.

Half-governed, and but half-controlled, unpaved, uncared for, and (one might judge from the European press)

unnoticed, Smyrna and its several hundred thousand inhabitants, manage to rub along to their moderate satisfaction, and please the traveling guest.

Only one more trip lies ahead of us: the one to Pergamos, of which I will write you in my next. Then, on December 8th, we sail for Constantinople, timing ourselves to arrive in London for the seventeenth.

You have upset me so by implying that descriptions bore you, that I am chary of telling of Pergamos at all!

But I salute you and you are not forgotten.

D. K.

In the train: SMYRNA-SOMA, December 2d, 1921.

MY DEAR—: The heading explains itself, but in no way describes how this has happened. In other words: how an entirely English party, belonging to the English Aidin Railway and complete with the manager of that same railway on board, has got itself (installed in two of its own private cars, and with various other railway adjuncts, forming a complete train), onto such an obviously foreign line as is the French Casobar railway track that goes to Soma.

As a matter of fact, the permission to run private trains, reciprocally, on their rival institutes, is the perquisite of both managers, provided that they are willing to pay their own expenses.

It is a pleasant method of traveling, for every home comfort walked to the platform with us. We are complete with kitchen, two bedrooms, holding three people each, and which are, respectively, dining and drawing-room Pullmans by day, a minor sleeping carriage for the men, an elevated garage for our two motor cars, a couple of luggage vans, and a most businesslike engine, plus two chauffeurs, a cook and a dozen or so Greek employees.

We left Smyrna at 1.30 P.M. for the five hours' run to Soma, a hundred miles away, which is to spell curtain raiser to the *pièce de résistance*—Pergamos.

I can't describe to you the comfort: it

combines that of a "royal" and "observation" car. And there is no shaking, for we are here on sufferance, so to speak, and run slowly, so as to fit into the time-tables of legitimately moving trains.

We are being treated to a sort of gala sunset of color riot. However, as no one could possibly credit either a painted or a written record of what, stretched luxuriously on our sofas, we are watching, I shall not waste time in preparing one. Suffice it that the heavens are on fire, and that plain and river, rocks and mountains are inspired to emulate.

*Later.*

We have arrived at Soma, and our whole train has been side-tracked into black tranquillity just outside the station. Here we are to spend the night and start off, at dawn, in our accompanying cars, for the three hours' drive to Pergamos.

That, at least, was the original program when we started, but we women have a disquieted feeling that there has been a hitch.

Hardly had we arrived when all the men mysteriously disappeared. Since then they have come back to us separately, and each one has taken immense trouble to tell us an entirely different story about "something wrong with the train." We can't quite make out why they are lying, but the only thing that is entirely obvious is that they are! If something *were* wrong with the train, it wouldn't matter in the least, because the train has brought us as far as it ever was meant to bring us anyway. We are not fools, nor are we deaf or dumb, and it is fairly easy to connect the sudden masculine outbreak of prevarication with sundry rumors and warnings *re* brigands on this road, remembered as gossip current in Smyrna. This, especially, as one man, more guileless than the rest, has just expressed a hope that we shall not be overcrowded in our motors tomorrow, because we are being given two soldiers each, instead of the promised one.

It would be maddening to be turned

back here, and the feminine contingent has sat itself to supper in offended gloom.

*Later.*

*It was brigands, but we are going!*

Apparently a party of Greek travelers left Smyrna, bound for Pergamos, along the actual road that we are to travel in the morning, barely sixty hours ago. They filled two covered native carts, of which only one arrived at the journey's end. Both were attacked by bandits before they were eight miles out of Soma, and all except one of the occupants of the hindmost cart were killed. The deathroll was six, I think, but it's hard to judge of figures, for the number of reported brigands varies between ten and sixty!

Anyway, one of the victims was a woman, and the story is not a reassuring one! Especially to go to bed on. But we have looked forward to Pergamos for weeks, and have even read books about it in several languages. Consequently, we consider that we are owed a sight of it at last, and, luckily, the organizer of this trip has sufficiently good judgment not to fear the responsibility of allowing us to go on. It is pretty obvious that local animus is directed, almost entirely, against the Greek occupiers of this country, and that other foreigners are as safe as their own tact and amiability permit of their being considered.

In other words: leave Turk or brigand well alone, and neither brigand nor Turk will bother you!

*December 3d.*

We started at 8.30 A. M.: two heavy motor loads. On the box seat of each car lolled a khaki-clad Greek soldier, nursing his rifle. That rifle worried me more than anything else, all day. He was so very casual in his hold of it, so very energetic in his movements. He told us, too, that it was loaded, probably with an idea of reassuring us about the brigands.

It would take too long to describe in detail the things we passed: the herd of bullocks and angora goats, shepherded



by the Greek army all the way from Angora, that blocked our passage, both on the outward and homeward way; the native travelers in their narrow, covered carts, that trundled along like nothing so much as grimy, white sausages, and belched forth picturesque humanity at various wells and coffee shanties on the road; the solitary graves we splashed, occasionally, with black mud from our wheels, and which bore Christian crosses and Turkish turbans indiscriminately; the repetitions of a picture called "Flight into Egypt," of which the component parts were a shrouded female figure, and a stumbling donkey, led by a bearded patriarch draped in rags of red or blue.

We saw Pergamos long before we reached it, a series of particularly derelict bridges having necessitated our crossing them on foot, while the two motors "chanced it" in our rear, thus making for slow going on the last two miles.

Even from the plain, where we first saw it, that individual, cone-shaped mountain, over one thousand feet in height, looked quite distinctive. And the ruins, showing plainly on its artificial ridges, had in no way the blinding whiteness that Greek remains are in the habit of flaunting far and wide. From a distance Pergamos is as original as it is unique in actuality: it frowns back, rather than smiles, on its two thousand sleeping years.

As soon as we reached the first, scattered hovels of the town we gathered that the authorities had been really worried as to our safe passage. Even our innate, British sense of self-importance is not equal to the egotism of attributing the welcome that our motor cars received from the entire population, turned out to line the streets, to the glamour of our imposing selves! School children, boys and girls, cheered in formation, throwing flowers, women and girls crowded roofs and balconies, English flags waved from lintels, and individuals cried "Good-morning!"

The army staff met us outside the *mairerie*, and the Governor of Pergamos

advanced, hat in hand, to greet the occupants of our leading motor and to tender provisioning and hospitality. We had very little time on hand, and refused, as courteously as was possible, to accept any of the infinite offers of politeness, beyond the essential ones of guide and escort to the summit of the ruins. Within a quarter of an hour of our arrival we had abandoned coats, cars and impedimenta, and were started on the climb, with the Governor, the military, and most of the inhabitants of Pergamos well to heel.

Any guidebook to the ruined cities of Asia Minor will give archaeological and historical particulars of what we saw. So, once again, I gratefully evade responsibility of recapitulation. Suffice it that one can still trace at Pergamos, more naturally than in any other buried remains that I have seen, the splendor and the superb tranquillity that once was Greece.

Lunch was eaten on a platform, where flowered once the hanging gardens, and where still a fresh breeze blew scents of Greek wild lavender, superlatively aromatic, and stirred the sleeping acoustics of echoes in the theater, beneath our feet. The Governor's small daughter climbed down five hundred paces, to give us a recitation from the platform, exceedingly well delivered, almost inspiring. And S. and I surreptitiously acquired two little bits of marble from amongst scattered fragments, to swell our "London" museum, when we come to set it up.

About one-tenth only of Pergamos has been excavated, and one could not but speculate, regretfully, upon the treasures that seethed, and almost cried aloud for pilfering, at every step of the descent. Just a few inches of earth to dig between ourselves and acquisition! Are you surprised that we are all incipient thieves to-day?

Sound met us two-thirds down that mountain, rising cheerfully from the hum of living in "New Pergamos," spread around its base. Barking of dogs,

clear calls from children, clutter of fowls and shouts of caravans.

The populace cheered us, in farewells worthy of their morning welcome, the Governor and officers wished us God-speed, and we drove off, leaving Pergamos to its silence and its setting sun.

Individual soldier sentries had been posted, I conclude, by order of the authorities, at regular intervals along the first hour of our run. Unfortunately for our peace of mind, this first hour was not the dangerous one! We all knew it. You see, we all remembered the place where, in the morning, we had passed that dead white horse, gashed crimson in the throat, and spread-eagled across the roadway where the attack had occurred. There had been other things scattered near the carcass, too, which made a more poignant memory, now that we were able, in the light of recent information, to explain them: stains which were not horses' blood, and fluttered rags . . . torn strips of clothing . . . a nasty mess, in fact, such as we could make, quite easily, were we fired upon, wounded and dragged away. We didn't talk about it much, but we all, in our car, at least, sat forward a little, instead of lounging back, and studied the surroundings more and more intently, as

gathering twilight increased our eyesight strain. The Greek rifleman, also, became entirely concentrated, and his shoulders gave nervous twists whenever he caught sight of moving humanity, whether mounted on donkey, horse or camel, in the shadows ahead.

The chauffeurs speeded up, unostentatiously, but by seeming telepathic consent. We only realized how scared they must have been, when we actually arrived at Soma within two hours and a quarter. It had taken us over three hours to reach Pergamos in the morning!

Of course, it was quite safe really, and we were all much too ashamed to confess having felt emotion . . . when we got home! Still, it was eerie . . . the brown gloom over what had been a sunny, iridescent plain, the memory of red stains upon what had seemed an ordinary road.

We have eaten an enormous dinner and tumbled into bed. A thousand feet is nothing . . . oh no! But when one climbs once a year, and has passed one's twentieth birthday . . . well, one does not desire, for instance, to stroll about after food!

My last letter, from this congenial environment. The next will be from a different kind of

D. K.

*(To be continued)*

## LOVE OF THE NIGHT

BY SEABURY LAWRENCE

**I**T is the night that comforts me—  
I only fear the day;  
Night's lofty, solemn silences  
Keep fearsome foes at bay.

I love the light of quiet stars  
That like old memories shine—  
It is the night that comforts me  
With what alone are mine.



## OLD GADGETT

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

THE landlord, the landlord's wife and the landlord's son were sitting in the bar of the "George" at Bullock-dean. It wanted about twenty minutes to opening time, and the potboy was polishing the glasses in readiness for six o'clock. The landlord was reading his newspaper—if he couldn't finish it now he'd get no opportunity later, and he liked to be able to talk a bit of politics with the farmers who drank in his bar; his wife was busy with her knitting and counting her stitches out loud, to the suppressed annoyance of his son, who was reading *The Blood on the Wall: a New Adventure of Detective Jim*.

There was a shuffling, scurrying sound outside, followed by a rap on the door.

"Go and see who that is, Dan," said the landlord's wife. "We aren't open yet."

The boy rose regretfully and unlocked the door, revealing an ancient shepherd in charge of some dusty sheep.

"Hullo, Mr. Gadgett! What brings you around at this time?"

"'Tis agone six o'clock, Maas' Sheather."

"Not for half an hour," called the landlord's wife.

Mr. Gadgett consulted an elderly turnip.

"My watch says three o'clock, which means ten minnut past six," he affirmed.

"And my clock says half past five, which means half past five," said Mrs. Sheather.

The old man heaved a deep sigh.

"I come all the way from Brakey Bottom, and there's a wunnerful lot of dust on the roads. Leastways, it was wunst on the roads—reckon it's all in my throat now."

"Poor old chap," said the landlord,

"I can't see any harm in serving him. It's nearly opening time."

"Oh no, it isn't," said his wife, "and even if it was only two minutes to six, you'd be breaking the law just the same. The law's a fine thing, ain't it, Mr. Gadgett?"

The shepherd looked confused and weary.

"Wot wud six o'clock and two o'clock and ten o'clock, I'm wunnerful muddled."

Dan felt sorry for him.

"Maybe we could let you have a cup of tea, since it's too early for beer," he suggested.

"Well, you go into the kitchen and make it," said his mother, "since you're the only one who's doing nothing."

Dan accepted the statement good-humoredly, though his heart yearned for Detective Jim.

"I'm a fine handy one with the tea, ain't I, mum? You come around to the kitchen door, Mr. Gadgett, and I'll give you something to lay the dust."

Life had taught Daniel Sheather to be handy at most things: he had none of the usual awkwardness and shame of a man making tea. He blew up the dying kitchen fire into a fine roar, filled the kettle with fresh water, fetched tea from the caddy and a cup from the shelf just as efficiently, and a good deal more graciously, than his mother would have done. Old Gadgett watched him from the chair where he sat stiffly, as one unused to rest.

"You're a wunnerful kind young chap, Maas' Sheather, and some day if you'll come around to my house I'll show you wot I ain't shown nobody yet."

"And what may that be?" asked Daniel.

The old man dropped his voice to a husky whisper.

"My teeth."

"Your teeth!"

"Yes, you come around to my house and I'll show you my teeth."

"But I didn't know as you had any," said Dan, with a rather tactless stare at the thin, receding old mouth.

"No, there ain't many as knows. I don't go wearing them about the place. But I've a wunnerful fine set of teeth."

"Got 'em at the hospital?" asked Dan, as he set the tea on the table.

Mr. Gadgett, with deliberate, shaking hands, emptied his cup into his saucer, and supped a few mouthfuls before answering impressively:

"No—not I. I made 'em myself."

"Reckon that was smart of you. How did you do it?"

"It's taken me nigh on ten year. They're sheep's teeth, wot I've picked up on the hill, and rubbed 'em and filed 'em till they're a proper size. And I've strung 'em on two wires, and I hitch 'em around two old stumps I've got . . . you never saw the like."

Dan was properly impressed.

"Reckon you're a hem clever man, Mr. Gadgett; and I bet you find 'em useful at supper time."

Mr. Gadgett looked superior.

"Oh, I'd never use 'em for eating. They ain't that kind of teeth—and I don't say as I can rightly speak wud 'em, I wear 'em for the looks of things. Some day I mean to have my likeness took wud them in. But if you come around to my house I'll show 'em to you."

"I'll be proud."

"Reckon it ain't everyone I'd show 'em to. But you've done me a kindness to-day, Maas' Sheather, and it ain't the fust. I often wish as my poor Ellen cud see my teeth, for many's the times she's said: 'if we cud only get you fitted for a set of teeth, maaster'. . . . Maybe it's that wot put the notion into my head, and I'm larmentable sorry she didn't live to see wot I done. Howsumdever, they may have told her

where she's gone. . . . There's my dog barking—reckon the sheep's uneasy; I mun be off, or I'll never be over the hill by sundown. Thank you kindly for the tea, Maas' Sheather."

He went out, comfortable and slaked. It was now nearly six—a few more minutes would have seen him in legal enjoyment of a glass of beer—but, reflected Daniel, a cup of tea was better for these old chaps.

It was some weeks before he redeemed his promise to "call around," and there may have been some excuse in the fact that calling around involved a four-mile tramp across the downs to Alciston. But one evening he met the district nurse, who told him that old Gadgett had taken to his bed with rheumatism, and was not likely ever to leave it again.

"Poor old chap—it ud be a kindness if you'd call and see him, Mr. Sheather. He's been asking for you more than once. I don't think he'll ever be out with his sheep again, though I tell him he will, just to keep him quiet—he's terribly worried as to how they can manage without him at Place Farm."

"I can't come to-night, but I'll come to-morrow. Will that do?"

"Oh, fine. He'll be delighted, poor old soul."

So the next evening Dan set off for Alciston and Place Farm, across Heighton Down, the playground of sea winds and battleground of forgotten armies, and then through a webbing of obscure, chalky lanes, to a small, osier-thatched cottage, huddled against the outlying ricks of Place.

The district nurse had just taken her leave, after having made the old man comfortable for the night. He was sitting up in bed, propped against pillows, in the dusky, sag-roofed bedroom, which was so full of furniture that Dan had difficulty in threading his way through to the bedside.

"Hullo, Mr. Gadgett!"

The shepherd did not return his greeting, and when he sat down within the



dim circle of the candlelight, he knew the reason. Mr. Gadgett was wearing his teeth.

For a moment Daniel, too, was speechless.

The sight before him was truly an astounding one. The old man had set out not only to supply nature's deficiency but to improve on her perfect work. Instead of thirty-two teeth, he had fifty, twenty-five in each row. The result was a grin of terrible magnitude. . . . Daniel gaped—fortunately he did not feel inclined to laugh. When he considered that the wonder had been given its proper due of amazement the shepherd's jaws worked convulsively as he freed them to express his satisfaction.

"Wunnerful, ain't it?"

"Surely, Mr. Gadgett."

"You never thought to see such a set of teeth. A dentist couldn't do it more fine."

"That he couldn't."

"It's took me nigh on ten year, getting 'em all together and fixing 'em proper. And now I mun be thinking of having my likeness took, but I'm that stiff in my bones as maybe it'll be some days before I'm up on the hill—let alone I get into the town."

"How are you feeling to-night?"

"I feel valiant, save as there's aches in all my bones, and the power is agone from my legs. I asked God how am I to follow the sheep on the hill if He takes the power out of my legs like this?"

"Reckon you'll be better for a good long rest."

"I'm not so set on that. I'd sooner be out wud the sheep on the hill. But it ain't reasonable to expect it of me, and I've always understood as the Lord is properly reasonable."

Dan said nothing, feeling uncertain of the matter.

"There's that nurse is an unreasonable woman," continued the old man—"to think of me come down to having a nurse, and I done for myself this last twenty year. She's all for putting things where they don't belong, and the trouble

I've had wud her notions you'd never believe: 'I'm biling the kettle fur your hot water, Mr. Gadgett, to give you a bit of a wash.' A bit of a wash! And she washes my chest and my back, which no mortal Christian ud wash between October and May—and she calls that a bit of a wash. . . . I'm like to take my death of cold wud her bits and tricks. . . . She's an unreasonable woman, wot shall never see my teeth. And she's agone and opened the winder, wot's never bin opened since my poor Ellen died and we let her spirit go out on to the hill."

Daniel was beginning to feel drowsy in the little room, full of the shadows of its crowded furniture. Outside a faint wind had risen and droned under the eaves.

"If I cud only get out to my sheep. There's that fool Botolph's got 'em now. . . . Reckon he'll have 'em all straggled—and the lambing not so far. . . . I mun be up fur the lambing."

"You'll be up, sure enough, Mr. Gadgett."

"I mun be up, surely; or . . . this is a tarble thing to have happened to a poor old man past seventy year. I'm fretted after my sheep; and there's my likeness I want taken. Maas' Sheather, I mun have my likeness taken before I go. So as everyone ull know wot I looked like, wearing my teeth. . . ."

The old voice quavered—evidently Mr. Gadgett felt strongly on the subject.

"Not an illness had I as boy or man," he continued, "and now in my old age it comes upon me. Howsumdever, I'll always say as the Lord ain't unreasonable, and I'd have naught against Him if I cud get out to my sheep on the hill . . . before that fool Botolph spiles their fleeces. And if you're going, lad, you mun shut that winder, and I'll tell the nurse as it shut of issself."

Daniel Sheather was courting, or he would not have allowed another long interval to elapse before he went to see Mr. Gadgett again. However, when every-

thing was settled between him and Marion Stace, he reproached himself for his neglect.

"Let's call around and see him to-night," he said to his girl; "he'd be rare pleased to see you, and it'll be a fine, friendly walk for us over the hill."

So they went out in the last sunshine of the June day, in the slow raking yellow light which strokes the Downs before sunset. Their shadows, long and clear of line, went before them to Alciston, though they lost them in the Bostal Way, where the dusk was already lying between the banks. They found them again in the big ploughed fields of Place, moving over the bright, fierce green of the young oats. . . . Sometimes they were separate, sometimes they were one mingled darkness in which Daniel and Marion stood, as it were married by the sun.

"I'd like us to live in a little house like that," said Marion when she saw old Gadgett's cottage.

"Ho!" said Dan—"I'll give you a better. Brick and slate and a couple of bow windows. . . ."

"But this is what I like best, surelye."

"Lath and plaster and osier-thatch! I'll give you better. . . ."

They went in and found the old man propped up and waiting for them. But he had changed a good deal since Daniel's last visit. The tan was fading from his hands and cheeks, leaving him the queer ghost of himself, who had always been brown as a russet pear. He was also a little inclined to wander in his mind. Daniel was unable to make him quite understand who Marion was. Sometimes she ceased to be Maas' Sheather's young woman, and became a daughter, Mary, or even once the girl Ellen Bourne, who afterward had been Ellen Gadgett for thirty-five years.

But he willingly showed her his teeth, which he kept under his pillow wrapped in a clean cotton handkerchief.

"They're to be buried with me," he said, showing his acceptance of that final unreasonableness which allowed not only

sickness but death to claim him after seventy-five years.

"Don't talk of burying, Mr. Gadgett," said Daniel, working at the old illusion, "you'll be out again yet."

"No—never again. I mun know it. I'll die in this bed where I lie. Passon he's been to see me, and he reads me solemn out of the Book. Reckon the time's come when I mun go to my own Shepherd. I'd say naun if it wurn't fur the lambing, and that I was unaccountable set on going into the town and having my likeness taken. I asked Passon and Doctor both for a lift into town in their traps, but they both said it cudn't be done. It's a sad thing, surelye—for all the time I was a-making 'em I thought of how fine it ud be to have my likeness took wud a full set of teeth—me as they've soaked the bread fur a dunnamany year. . . . My crusts in hot water, you remember, my dear—so as they shudn't be wasted. You was a wunnerful girl fur waste. . . ."

They left him a few minutes after that, and on the doorstep found the parson, come for an evening call. When he had congratulated Daniel and Marion, they talked of the old man within.

"He won't last much longer now," said the vicar, "and one mustn't hope for it. His wife, daughters, everyone—all gone before him. He says he'll be glad to follow. But he's got a queer uncontrollable fancy to have his photograph taken. He's asked both the doctor and me if he couldn't somehow be got into Lewes for it. I don't know who he wants to give it to—he hasn't a soul left."

"He was talking to us about that, sir," said Daniel.

"It's probably an effect of his illness—his mind wanders a bit. I offered to take a snapshot of him on a sunny day, but evidently he doesn't trust the amateur."

He went into the cottage, and the young couple started on their lingering walk over the Down.

They had so much in each other to absorb them that it was not till they



were walking through the village that Marion said, "Daniel, why shouldn't you and me pay for a photographer to go out and take a likeness of old Mr. Gadgett?"

"Would he ever do such a thing?"

"Of course—if he's paid. Why, photographers went out to Beddingham Court the day Miss Alice was married, and took a likeness of her and her bridegroom—and they've been to Place for the foxhounds—and I dunno where else besides, for houseparties and such."

"But that's only the big houses. They'd never go to old Gadgett."

"They'd go if we paid their price, and I don't see why we shouldn't. It'll be a dying comfort to the poor old man. Let's you and me, call in to Robins when we go to Lewes on Saturday, and if it costs a terrible lot of money, we can take it off the cake. . . ."

This might have been the reason why the Sheather-Stace wedding cake was only two tiers high. Still, everyone said it was a very good cake, and Daniel and Marion, standing flushed and stiff and happy in their respective bridal black and white had no regrets for that topmost crown with its sugar vase and silver hearts. They held secretly themselves the crowning sweetness and silver heart of life, so could dispense with sugar and paper images for their neighbors' delectation.

Besides, as Marion said and Daniel agreed, they had done the proper thing by Mr. Gadgett, poor old soul. He had had his likeness taken, as his heart desired, and they would never forget his delight, though pleasure expressed in a smile of fifty teeth is not the most beautiful thing to remember.

He was almost in his last stupor then, slipping back more and more deeply into the past—into the days of Ellen Gadgett and Mary Gadgett, and deeper still into the days of Ellen Bourne, and then right down at last to the bottom of the house of his mind, where lived another Mary Gadgett, who used to give him his break-

fast of flour dumpling and hot water before sending him out with his wooden rattle to scare the birds from the orchards of Heronsdale, over by Waldron where he was born.

But he revived when he saw them come in, Daniel and Marion, and Mr. Robins of Lewes High Street with his camera. They told him what was to happen, and with fumbling old hands he groped under his pillow for his cherished teeth. There they were, wrapped up and clean, and soon his pleasure was silent as (helped by Daniel this time) he fixed them ready for action.

Mr. Robins maintained his professional aloofness while the curtains were pulled to and fro over the tiny, hermetically shut window, and the light adjusted—a difficult matter in that low room of gleams and shadows.

"Now, quite still, please—while I count thirty. . . ."

And the marvel was accomplished.

The old man's work had been given its immortality: "Now everyone ull know I had a set of teeth as fine as anybody's."

It was the memory of those words which made Daniel and Marion put his photograph with its terrifying smile in a conspicuous place in their new parlor. Otherwise, it would have been excusable of them to have buried it in an album, or at least have hidden it behind the wedding-group on the chiffonier. . . .

"But he wanted himself to be seen," said Daniel.

So the neighbors saw what old Gadgett himself had never seen, for by the time the proofs were ready he had sunk back so far into the past that it had closed over his head, and neither the present nor the future, with its promise of survival for the work of his hands, could reach him where he drowsed in the old days—strange old days when the railways had not come to Sussex and the stage coach still rolled and lurched in the ruts of the Lewes road . . . bad old days when farm laborers were paid eight shillings a week, and Mary Gadgett had

tearfully sent her children out at dusk into the fields to steal turnips. . . .

The Sheathers made their selection from the proofs, doing their best to choose what they thought the old man would have wished. They still hoped he might come back to them for a little

before the end, but by the time the prints arrived he was dead. He had followed his Ellen and his two Marys; and the little window of the stuffy room at last stood open, for old Gadgett had gone out on to the hill, to meet his own Shepherd.

## COUNTRY LARGESSE

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I BRING a message from the stream,  
To fan the burning cheeks of town;  
From morning's tower  
Of pearl and rose  
I bring this cup of crystal down,  
With brimming dew's agleam,  
And from my lady's garden close  
I bring this flower.

O walk with me, ye jaded brows,  
And I will sing the song I found,  
Making a lonely rippling sound  
Under the boughs:  
The tinkle of the brook is there,  
And cowbells wandering through the fern,  
And silver calls  
From waterfalls,  
And echoes floating through the air  
From happiness I know not where,  
And hum and drone, where'er I turn,  
Of little lives that buzz and die;  
And sudden lucent melodies,  
Like hidden strings among the trees  
Roofing the summer sky.

The soft breath of the briar I bring,  
And wafted scents of mint and clover,  
Rain-freshened balms the hill-winds fling,  
Sweet-thoughted as a lover;  
Incense from liliated urns a-swaying,  
And the green smell of grass,  
Where men are haying.  
As through the city streets I pass,  
With their shrill clatter,  
This largesse from the hills and streams,  
This quietude of flowers and dreams,  
Round me I scatter.



## THE PHILANDERER

BY ALEXANDER PORTERFIELD

MR. GEOFFREY JONES—everybody called him G.J.—was sitting beside Mrs. Travers on the sofa in her drawing-room, looking into the fire. It was a cold, wet winter's afternoon, foggy withal, twilight already darkening the windows. The sweet, thin, ghostly fragrance of some Japanese lilies filled the room; firelight played delicately over the smooth polished surfaces of old brass candlesticks and Georgian silver, the gilt bindings of books on long white shelves, tea cups, and bright Chinese embroideries; it was very warm and comfortable and quiet. A vague uneasiness, however, haunted Mr. Jones. He knew that Mrs. Travers was watching him, much as a cat watches a mouse, and he was trying to think of something to say—something tactful, or charming. In this he was not exceedingly successful. Thus, the silence of the room was unbroken—pensive, expectant, and prolonged. It was what Mr. Jones, in a more lucid moment, would call a “silent minute of remembrance.”

“I'm told,” said Mrs. Travers at last, “that you've been back for several weeks. I must say I think it's—it's odd, G.J., you haven't come to see me earlier than this, considering—”

“That's it,” interrupted Mr. Jones, looking at Mrs. Travers and then into the fire again. “That's it—considering—”

“Of course it is!—very odd indeed.”

“Oh, I don't mean that!” exclaimed Mr. Jones.

“Then, what *do* you mean, G.J.?”

Mr. Jones coughed and continued to look steadily into the fire. As a matter of fact, he meant something suspiciously like it, still, he could hardly say as much; the trouble was, he could think of noth-

ing else to say. Consequently there was another appreciable pause; and then, suddenly, a stroke of pure inspiration occurred to him—one of those adroit little romantic essays in fiction every woman likes to hear and never wholly disbelieves.

“Well, I thought it better,” Mr. Jones said slowly, “*not* to come and see you. Better, that is, so far as I'm concerned. You see, it's *too*—but then you understand, Mary. You—you always have,” he added, breaking off abruptly and staring into the fire as if rather uncertain of his self-possession.

“Have I?”

“Yes,” said Mr. Jones, simply.

“How very clever of me,” remarked Mrs. Travers.

Mr. Jones paid no attention at all to this, but frowned faintly into the fire. Presently he went on, his face averted, his head bent reverently, his voice low:

“Wasn't it Browning who wrote—

“Then, dearest, since 'tis so,  
Since now at length my fate I know,  
Since nothing all my love avails,  
Since all my life seem'd meant for, fails,  
Since this was written and needs must  
be—

My whole heart rises up to bless  
Your name in pride and thankfulness!  
Take back the hope you gave—I claim  
Only a memory of the same.—”

“I don't know whether it was Browning, or not,” said Mrs. Travers, “It's very beautiful of you, G.J.”

“Ridiculous,” said Mr. Jones, rising, visibly overcome. “Must go—making an idiot of myself, of course. Still—”

He turned away, and polished his glasses rather violently, superbly unhappy, distraught, distinguished, acqui-

line, his profile dark against the last gray ghostliness of light haunting the windows.

Mrs. Travers sighed. "I—I hardly suspected," she said, untruthfully. "I—" "Please!"

Mr. Jones made an agitated movement with both hands. "Please," he repeated urgently, in a voice more and more agitated, and very earnest and insistent, "*don't!* It's—it's more than I can bear."

"Naturally, you don't mean a word you say," said Mrs. Travers, "but that doesn't make it any the less charming of you. You know, I've noticed when people do say what they mean, they usually mean to say something very unpleasant indeed—and succeed. In fact, isn't there a phrase about the brutal truth?"

"Is it—brutal?"

"No. But then it isn't the truth."

"It is!"

"Nonsense—"

"You're the only woman I've ever cared for."

"But exceedingly nice nonsense."

"I—I thought you understood, Mary," said Mr. Jones.

Mrs. Travers laughed. Yet the look she gave him a moment or two later was neither discouraging, nor particularly skeptical, although, as a matter of fact, she was not taken in by Mr. Jones's air of tremendous devotion—that is, not entirely. She allowed him to kiss one of her slim white hands, and, slipping an arm through his, escorted him to the door.

"If you must go, G.J.," she said. "It's absurdly early."

"Must," replied Mr. Jones. His tone suggested depths of unimaginable dejection. He groped rather blindly for his hat and coat and stick. "Can't—can't stay."

"Come and dine to-morrow then."

"I'd love to."

"At eight. Don't forget, G.J. Eight o'clock."

"Forget!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, with

the eloquent helpless gesture of one much misunderstood; "I might as well try to forget to breathe."

His very tone was itself a masterpiece of hurt reproach.

"Oh, G.J.!" said Mrs. Travers.

He went—slowly, miserably, like a martyr marching to the stake. . . . In Park Avenue, however, he adjusted his hat to a jauntier angle, hailed a taxi, directed the driver to take him to a number in West Twelfth street, climbed in with gay alacrity, and lit a cigarette. From his corner he gazed cheerfully through the window. Night was closing in—New York vanishing in a mistiness of gray and smothered gold; buildings were ghostly things pricked out vaguely against the dark by tiers and tiers of lighted windows; street lights twinkled topaz-yellow in the rain. Forty-second street was an exciting stream of traffic; faces gleamed a moment under dripping umbrellas and disappeared; there were suggestions at every corner of strange encounters and adventures. Mr. Jones puffed contentedly at his cigarette. . . . He remembered a purchase he wanted to make. He reflected hastily. A book? Flowers? Or some chocolates perhaps? He resolved upon a book, poetry, of course, with one or two things marked; he rapped on the window and told the driver to stop at Brentano's. He wondered directly whether Miss Evelyn Brewster liked poetry or not. She was such a clear-eyed, slim, contrary being, she seemed capable of almost anything even of *not* liking poetry. Not that it mattered, really; the implication that she did, that she appreciated all that was best and beautiful, that these were secrets they shared, this was the important thing; and Mr. Jones sighed, and smiled, and soon his imagination evolved a picture of their friendship, stimulated by these delightful measures, becoming as radiant as a result as some remembered and romantic tale of long ago.

The truth was, Mr. Jones found women the most irresistible and exciting events of existence. He was about



five-and-forty, slight, dapper and distinguished in appearance, urbane of manners, and admirable of morals—kindly, cultured, affable and chivalrous. He was one of the most right-minded of men. He entertained the strictest of notions; he believed earnestly in all kinds of goodness; he was consistently on the side of the angels. But—he *was* tremendously attracted by women. He liked to be with them, to say things to please and impress them, to philander with them in a mildly exciting but wholly innocent way, to adore and be adored by them, and, to achieve these ends, he would say almost anything. He could make tears come into his eyes. He had an astonishing facility for gesture—indeed, an actor of undoubted merit had been lost to that great profession when Mr. Jones elected in his youth to undertake the study and practice of law. The difficulty was that he was gifted in a limited way. He was tremendously attracted by women, and found them lovely and exciting, and was given to saying as much, gracefully and continually and successfully, but he could not, however he tried, say it variously. In this respect he resembled the British Expeditionary Force at the beginning of the War—his ammunition was effective but it was short: he said the same things to every woman he met. Usually he had two or three of these little affairs under way at once. They were never serious; nothing ever came of them; indeed, Mr. Jones would have been horrified if such indeed had been the case. He would bombard the lady—or ladies—of the hour with books, verse chiefly, flowers, notes composed at his club, sweets, his established and skillful *obiter dicta*; these were the beginning and the end; the formula never varied. He acted toward each as if she happened to be the one woman in the world so far as he was concerned; they liked it; it was, perhaps, the secret of his extraordinary success.

And it was, perhaps, with some inking of this uppermost in his mind that Mr. Jones followed a sedate maid into the

drawing-room where Miss Evelyn Brewster was waiting at the piano. An air of bland amusement was reflected in his face; under one arm he carried a copy of *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, which he had bought at a bookshop; as a matter of fact, Mr. Jones was not without a sense of humor. He was, however, extremely interested and attracted at the same time, and had written in the flyleaf of that little collection of poems:

“The jealous gods, who brook no worship  
save their own,  
Turned my live idol marble and her  
heart to stone.”

To this he had added the date, and blotted it carefully. He presented the little book to Miss Evelyn Brewster when he had kissed the hand she had given him with a slightly deprecating air of irresolution.

“I’m afraid I’m rather late,” he explained, “so I’ve brought you a burnt offering.”

“But, G.J., how perfectly slick of you!”

“Slick?”

“Yes. It means—”

“Oh, quite,” hurriedly interpolated Mr. Jones, who had repeated this expression merely by way of rhetoric, and was not at all interested in its interpretation. “By the way, *do* you care for poetry?”

Miss Evelyn Brewster glanced at the ceiling in ecstasy. “G.J., I simply adore it!” she said with immense enthusiasm. “And it’s adorable of you to—to suppose I did.”

“Why?”

“Well. . . .”

“Besides, I always think a woman who doesn’t love poetry necessarily lacks a soul.” Mr. Jones looked at Miss Evelyn Brewster, and smiled. “And, naturally, I—” He coughed. “Naturally, I don’t think that of you.”

“Don’t you?”

“Of course not—how could I?”

“I can’t think, G.J. But don’t let’s argue about it. Argument always sug-

gests marriage, or Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and the spiritualists. I don't feel equal to either this evening."

"No, nor I," added Mr. Jones truthfully.

"Are you aware, G.J., you're still holding my hand? I'm quite incapable of pouring tea with my left hand, and I'm positive you'd like a cup, late as it is."

Mr. Jones sighed.

"Don't be silly," she said, sitting down at the tea table. "Cream—or lemon?"

"Neither. But, if I could—"

"Of course. While there's life, there's dope. Whisky and soda?"

"Thanks, awfully."

"And now," she said, when the sedate maid brought in a tray occupied by a decanter, some tall glasses, a syphon of soda, and some cracked ice, and retired, "I must look at this lovely little book."

"I've marked one or two things in it for you," said Mr. Jones. "'Love in the Valley,' you know—

"Under yonder beech-tree single on the  
green-sward,  
Couch'd with her arms behind her golden  
head,  
Knees and tresses folded to slip and  
ripple idly,  
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade."

Meredith at his best. Marvelous thing."

"So—so—"

"Exactly." Mr. Jones made an upward movement with both hands, and went on: "And a little piece called 'Hercules'—"

"I wept as I remembered how often you  
and I  
Had tired the sun with talking and sent  
him down the sky."

You'll like *that*."

"I'm sure I'll love them all," said Evelyn. "Especially 'Love in a Wood'—"

"In the Valley," corrected Mr. Jones.

"But then Meredith was always a great poet—greatest, perhaps, in his prose."

"Oh, *wonderful*!"

Mr. Jones sipped his drink leisurely,

and looked in contented silence at the slim, youthfully lovely person of his hostess. He liked her extraordinary composure, the duskiness of gold in her hair, her pointed oval face, and the way she wore her clothes; he approved of the bangles jingling delicately at her wrists; he was rapidly becoming more and more interested and attracted and expansive. The rain outside splashed fitfully against the curtained windows; the pine logs in the fireplace crackled drowsily; it was exceedingly pleasant sitting there, looking at Evelyn Brewster. In every detail mood and moment met deliciously. The very room itself was pleasant; the prints on the wall, the vague shiny bulk of the piano filling one corner, the shaded lights, the books, the old furniture, everything, seemed to make the most appropriate sort of setting. . . .

"But I don't know why I'm talking about poetry," said Mr. Jones suddenly. He looked at his glass, and listened to the ice tinkling gently.

"But why not?"

"Because, though you have a soul, you're utterly heartless."

"I am?"

"Yes—you."

He displayed a handsome profile, and was very silent.

"What do you mean, G.J.?"

"You're—you're willful," he demurred.

"I'm not good at riddles."

"You won't see."

"Isn't it really rather silly?"

"Silly! Good heavens!"

Mr. Jones made another romantic gesture and lapsed again gracefully into silence. Miss Evelyn Brewster gazed at him in bright-eyed uncertainty; she was conscious of a faint scent of lavender water and Russian leather; there seemed to be something very distinguished about the smell of lavender water and Russian leather. There was something very distinguished too about the profile Mr. Jones displayed, something haughty and aristocratic and handsome, and something singularly compelling in the thought that



here at least was the experience of a lifetime. . . . These reflections flitted vaguely through her mind—but very vaguely. Somehow or other, appreciation marched in advance of actual perception.

"You're *so* quiet," she said at last.

"A little silent moment of remembrance," said Mr. Jones. "Besides I—I hardly know what to say."

"Am I difficult to talk to?"

Mr. Jones took possession of her hands. "Difficult to—to convince," he said. "And yet you—you *must* see."

"What?"

"That I care."

"Oh, G.J.!"

"Hypocrite!"

"I'm not. I'm merely sensible."

"*Je t'aime, et j'en meurs. . . .*"

He kissed her hands with impressive fervor yet with an even more impressive restraint. She was touched. There were tears in his eyes. There was a boyish simplicity about his voice. She noticed, as she glanced at his bent head, that his hair was crinkly. She wanted to rumple it. She was perplexed, pleased, happy, half amused. Of course, she understood; still, there were stories. . . .

"You're the only woman I ever cared for," said Mr. Jones. "But—" He broke off and looked away a moment. Then he went on, gently:

"'. . . Since 'tis so,

Since now at length my fate I know,

Since nothing all my love avails—'"

"Oh, G.J.!"

"Don't you understand?"

"But there are so many reasons—"

"One, for instance!"

She was silent.

"Don't you understand?" he pleaded, with almost irresistible persistence. "Evelyn—

"thy beauty is to me  
Like those Nicean barks of yore  
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,  
The weary way-worn wanderer bore  
To his own native shore."

Don't you?"

"There are *so* many things—"

"Well, one, for instance?"

"What's one—among so many?"

She drew her hands free, smiling, undecided, radiant. "I think you ought to go," she said. It was all charming, suave, romantic, but it was also late. She looked at the watch on her wrist. "It's almost seven," she announced.

"Good heavens! I'm dining at half past!"

"I don't know about that, of course, but it *is* almost seven."

He caught her to him as she turned away. For a moment she fended him off. "Don't you?" she whispered.

"What? Know about your dining—"

"Believe?"

"No."

He drew her gently to him. "Ah, I adore you," he said, and kissed her. . . .

As a matter of fact, he was three quarters of an hour that evening in arriving at Mrs. Van Tuyl's, where he was dining, though immaculate and urbane as ever. A gardenia occupied the button-hole of his coat. A great serenity enveloped him. He bent over the hand of his hostess with the air of one granted the most unexpected and superb of favors.

"I'm *so* sorry to be late, dear lady, but," he looked up with an air of respectful devotion and regret, "I've been trying to get away all afternoon. Business, you know—one tiresome thing after another."

He smiled as he followed Mrs. Van Tuyl into dinner.

Certainly, Mr. Jones was not without a sense of humor.

Meanwhile Miss Evelyn Brewster was thinking about Mr. Jones.

She dined alone, her father having telephoned that he would not be home for dinner. The silence which filled the house seemed a very desolate sort of silence after Mr. Jones departed. Regret, tenderness, relief, and irony were victorious in her mind variously; she thought about Mr. Jones and the more



HE TURNED AWAY, AND POLISHED HIS GLASSES VIOLENTLY

she thought about him the more uncertain she became; he seemed so delightful, practiced, and romantic. Too delightful and obviously too practiced.

Still, it *was* very charming and touching and lovely, and, as the evening wore on, she discovered she was thinking more and more about Mr. Jones and a good deal less about other people and other things. She looked through *The Oxford Book of English Verse* and read the pieces he had marked. She came to the conclusion they were very difficult and complicated pieces and was tremendously proud that Mr. Jones had marked those particularly involved and precious specimens of English verse. She tried to understand them—in this she was not entirely successful. She wondered what Mr. Jones was doing; a certain restlessness descended on her finally; and at a little after nine she resolved to ring up

Mary Travers and find out what she happened to be doing.

She was determined to say nothing about Mr. Jones—after all, she was not sure she cared.

It would be rather ostentatious, anyhow.

The arrival of Mrs. Travers upon the telephone interrupted any further reflections on the subject. She would be in all evening—alone. She would be delighted to see Evelyn. What a perfectly ghastly day; it was colder; perhaps it would freeze before morning. Mrs. Travers went on to say that Evelyn had better wrap up well before she ventured out. Would she be up soon?

Evelyn replied that she would be up immediately, and rang off and sent the sedate maid out for a taxi. As a matter of fact, the rain had stopped; it was,



however, very cold and bleak and dismal; and as she came downstairs Evelyn thought how extremely pleasant it would have been if Mr. Jones had remained for dinner and they could have sat in front of the log fire afterward, talking about interesting and delightful things. Still there was no use thinking about that. . . .

It presently occurred to her, as she was half-way up Fifth Avenue, that Mr. Jones was swiftly assuming the most tremendous proportions in her mind. The things he said! The way he said them! Indeed, she was aware of a slight but noticeable sense of excitement; she resolved that this should be a jealously guarded secret of secrets; and then it further occurred to her a great many women must have entertained some hope of Mr. Jones at one time and another—this reflection she very firmly tucked away in some convenient recess of her mind where it would not be too evident and easily forgotten.

Then she was at her destination.

"My dear, you've no idea how cold it's becoming," she said to Mrs. Travers. "*Wintry!*"

"I looked at my calendar this morning just to refresh my mind," said Mrs. Travers. "Besides, I haven't quite lost all sense of hot and cold yet."

She led the way into her comfortable, warm, and quiet drawing-room where the firelight and the soft shaded glow of a reading lamp caressed the gilt backs of books, the old brass candlesticks, the silk embroideries, and the pale flowers of those Japanese lilies. Evelyn started to yawn, and stopped. On the table, in the full radiance of the reading lamp, lay a copy of *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

"How—how odd!" she exclaimed.

"What? That I can still feel heat and cold?"

"No. That little book."

Mrs. Travers glanced carelessly at the table. "Oh, *that!*" she said. "It's such a splendid collection—anthology I think it's called. But what's odd about it?"

"Just the coincidence," explained

Evelyn. "You see, I happened to be looking through it too this evening."

"A great friend of mine gave me that," said Mrs. Travers rather more carelessly than before—rather too carelessly. "He's marked two or three little things in it for me."

"Oh!" said Evelyn.

A sudden, irrational premonition of revelations flashed across her mind.

"It's—it's more and *more* odd," she said presently. "A—a friend gave me a copy. This afternoon."

There was a thoughtful little pause.

"He wrote something in the front—a quotation I think."

Mrs. Travers struggled visibly against insidious speculations—suspicion is a very contagious sort of thing. She tried to talk about something else but ever and again her thoughts came back to that little inoffensive copy of *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. Despite its size, it was a formidable barrier to conversation. Evelyn continued to watch as if she half-expected some astounding manifestation on its part; there was another but rather more prolonged and thoughtful silence. Each considered her own suspicions absurd and each could not contrive to get rid of them, try as she would.

"Such—such sweet things are marked in mine," remarked Evelyn finally. "'Love—Love in a Wood.'"

"'In the Valley,'" corrected Mrs. Travers, "Doesn't it start something like this:

"'Under yonder beech-tree single on the  
green-sward,  
Couch'd with her hands behind her  
golden head,  
Knees and tresses folded to slip and  
ripple idly'

—or words to that effect, anyway?"

"Oh, *how* abominable!"

Evelyn paused.

"I—I can't believe it!" she cried indignantly.

"Believe what?"

"That wretch—G.J." said Evelyn, rather inaccurately.

Then Mrs. Travers began laughing. She sat down by the fire, crumpled up with helpless amusement. Evelyn looked at her in hurt, baffled irritation.

"Really, I can't see anything to laugh at—it's simply disgusting!" she said.

"Disgusting? My dear, it's much worse than that—for us. But it's very funny too, and the trouble is, I've always suspected it—at least, almost always."

"Why, he's probably given away hundreds of those vile little books."

"Thousands!"

"But there's only one thing to do, my dear," Mrs. Travers went on. "And that's to get even."

"I've *some* pride left," said Evelyn stiffly, "if you haven't."

"Oh, I've got something much better than that," said Mrs. Travers. "I've got a plan."

It was quite a large dinner party but Mr. Jones did not know any of the people there—except Evelyn and Mrs. Travers, whose affair it was. The fact might have caused him some uneasiness, and indeed ought to have done so; and only the remarkable perversity of human nature and a normal state of valiant self-

satisfaction could explain that such did not happen to be the case. He was a little late, of course, but he arrived in a glow of tremendous elation, and was immediately a great success. "You look more beautiful than ever," he said to Mrs. Travers in his rapt romantic way. "But who on earth are all these people?"

Mrs. Travers smiled.

"People who are dying to meet you," she said. "However, you'd better speak to Evelyn first. She—er—she *seems* to expect something."

A faint twinge of uneasiness racked his perception and passed as he made his way toward Evelyn Brewster. Seldom if ever had he seen her looking so well. He said as much, gracefully and adoringly, and pressed her hand and looked away.

"Never saw you look so well—never!" he said in another moment. "You're as triumphantly beautiful as a daffodil in April sunshine."

It occurred to him later that her answering smile had been singularly enigmatic, but it was only when he went into dinner that his first faint suspicions became rapidly convictions. At each place there was a favor, neatly wrapped up in white tissue paper and red ribbon



"I SIMPLY MUST LOOK AT THIS LOVELY LITTLE BOOK"



with all the solicitude of a chemist's counter, or a Christmas present. Mr. Jones was sitting immediately between Mrs. Travers and Evelyn Brewster. He opened his little package with immense good nature. He put it down instantly as if it had been dipped in some deadly poison. It was *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

The first course passed into history in a certain haziness of dizzy apprehension. Those people!—who on earth were they? How much did they know? Mr. Jones gulped at his champagne and opened his book. On the fly-leaf had been written:

"Yet this inconstancy is such  
As thou too shalt adore;  
I could not love thee Dear, so much,  
Loved I not *Humour* more."

He closed it hurriedly and looked round the table, faintly crimson, self-conscious, and uncomfortable.

"Don't you like that little book,

G.J.?" asked Mrs. Travers. She leaned forward, resting on her elbows, and talked more across the uneasy Mr. Jones than to him. "But, by the way, *do* you care for poetry?"

"Don't say you don't, G.J.!" said Evelyn. "I always think that a man who doesn't *love* poetry necessarily lacks a soul."

"Oh, so do I," said Mrs. Travers.

Mr. Jones choked. . . .

"What shall it profit a man that he gain a soul and lose the world?" he asked Evelyn with an appealing look. "Anything?"

"Not a great deal, G.J."

"But these people!"

"They're frightfully interested. You see, like Sherlock Holmes, your methods are simple but misunderstood. These people, as you call 'em—"

"G.J.!" exclaimed Mrs. Travers suddenly.

"Yes, Mary?"

"Do you think Meredith's prose, or



THEN MRS. TRAVERS BEGAN LAUGHING



"THIS WAY, SIR," SAID MRS. TRAVERS' BUTLER COLDLY

his poetry, is his greatest work—a poet greatest in his prose?"

Mr. Jones mopped his brow. There seemed to be no other conversation at the entire table worth mentioning—excepting this frightful business! He coughed and tried to think of something to say and could think of nothing at all. And presently Evelyn's clear cool voice penetrated his distressed preoccupation. She too bent forward the better to talk to Mrs. Travers.

"Oh, I thought *you* understood!"

The tone was itself a masterpiece of hurt reproach.

"As a matter of fact," Mrs. Travers replied, "I thought it better *not* to, so far as I was concerned, my dear."

"I see."

Evelyn made a preposterously romantic gesture and looked in the distance. Mr. Jones gazed desperately straight ahead of him; he hardly noticed the flowers, the gleaming silver and the other faces; he gulped at his champagne. It was an infernal evening; he was caught like a rat in a trap; there was

nothing whatever to do but grin and bear. And, after all—

"I—I thought I might forget," Mrs. Travers said, "but I might just as well try to forget to breathe as to try to forget Meredith."

Mr. Jones returned dizzily to earth.

"You're very quiet," Mrs. Travers said to him; "are we all so difficult to—convince?"

"A moment," remarked Evelyn airily, "of silent remembrance."

Mr. Jones mopped his forehead and refused something which was offered him and tried to think of some tremendous lie that would enable him to escape immediately after dinner. He was huddled, rather than sitting, in his chair; there was a kind of bent wariness about his back; he wondered vaguely but not very hopefully what was coming out next. He thought about Mrs. Van Tuyl and Lady Eleanor Chatterson and Mrs. Burley Browne. . . .

The atmosphere seemed inexplicably close and stifling.

A grave bearded man was saying





"WHAT AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN THAT MR. JONES IS"

something to him—Mr. Jones tried to listen, though he was far too confused for anything but the most formal attention—

"Mrs. Travers told me you were writing a Life of St. Anthony, with certain new reflections on the subject of his temptations," the grave bearded man was saying. "I must say, Mr. Jones, the idea strikes me as one of great importance for our day and generation."

"As a matter of fact—"

"Mr. Jones is our greatest expert on—on such things," adroitly interjected Mrs. Travers.

"Really!" said the grave bearded man.

"It's a very large subject," continued Mrs. Travers, "and, in its relation to modern life, never properly appreciated."

"Oh, quite, quite."

Mr. Jones pushed his chair back violently from the table. He stood up. He mumbled some hurriedly invented and utterly inadequate excuse and started for the nearest door. Before he could be stopped he was in the butler's pantry.

"*This* way, sir," said Mrs. Travers' butler coldly, and ushered him back into the gay, cheerfully festive dining room once more. . . .

"What an extraordinary man that Mr. Jones is," said the grave bearded gentleman afterward to Evelyn Brewster. "He seemed—well, quite *overcome*."

"Poor G.J.!" exclaimed that lady with an air of making vast allowances. "You see, since he's undertaken this new work of his he's just discovered that it's best to be off with the old before you are on with the new. . . ."

"I see," said the grave bearded gentleman gravely.

"He'll be perfectly all right in a little while," continued Evelyn, "when he's—er—settled down completely to the *new*. I rather think he's managed to be off with the old to-night for good now. He'll be quite all right I expect."

As a matter of fact, it was some time before Mr. Jones was all right again, or could be induced to dine either with Mrs. Travers or Miss Evelyn Brewster.

## HONEY AND THE HONEYCOMB

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

HE came out of the wilderness, eating locusts and wild honey, and wearing for raiment a girdle of camel's hair—signs that this John was a prophet. Scribes and Pharisees make broad their phylacteries, enlarge the borders of their garments, and take the uppermost rooms at feasts. Prophets live apart, not far apart. They hear

“the people's troublous cries,  
As still are wont to annoy the walled town,”

but theirs are quiet ways, among eternal things, where, sweet and near against the troublous cries, they hear the little murmur of the bees, the still winds whispering in the sedges, and overhead the calling of the silent sentinel stars.

Prophecy is not a voice in the wilderness; it is the voice of the wilderness heard crying in the noisy streets what time their tumult and confusion cease. As every splashy fountain in the city is piped from mountain springs or runnels in the pastured hills, so out of the hills, and the solitary place, the prophet comes, wearing in place of pontifical robes, a girdle of camel's hair; nor eating the meat of kings' tables, but having locusts and wild honey for his fare.

Poets, too, are fed on honey, as Homer was at the breasts of the priestess who suckled him; and if Pindar's songs are sweet, perhaps it is because there is something in the fable of the bees bringing honey, and while he slept dropping the sweet, wild nectar on his lips.

They have brought me honey, too, and put it in the hives. I had it on my lips this morning for breakfast, honey in the comb from the flowers on my Hingham hills. I should have had locusts, also, had they grown sizable last sum-

mer. I had milk with my honey instead, and a baked apple from my orchard, cream from my meadow, and an egg from the water-glass jar in the cellar. The bees never dropped honey on my lips, as on Pindar's. And mine are Italian bees, too! Do they know that I am an American, and that I had rather have my honey in the hives?

American I am, but in spite of that I might have been dedicated to poetry. How often I have wished that the bees had brought a single drop of honey and mingled it with the milk of that first breakfast! Should not modern American children, as much as ancient Greek and Roman children, be given to the muses? Or is there no need any more, and in our land, for poetry? We must cradle more of our children in the clover that the bees may sweeten their lips for song.

I have always known the biting sweet of honey. Every autumn father would bring home from some bee tree in the woods, or from my uncle's apiary, a great tub of chunk honey, the heavy amber drip mixed with the broken comb. And this present autumn my bees gathered more than a quarter of a ton of honey; stored it and sealed it in little pound cards against the winter. A quarter of a ton of distilled mint, and clethra, and goldenrod! And my only song for it all is the grace we say at meat.

Yet not without some soul does one eat the honey of his own hives. One cannot assist his bees in all their sweet work without learning many a lovely thing among the meadows, without hearing many a sweet wild note within the woods, which only John's tongue, or Pindar's pen, could have turned to prophecy, or set to song.



The lore of the honeybee is very great. The bee people are among earth's little people, whose ways are quite past finding out.

There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise:

The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer;

The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks;

The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands;

The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces.

And just as exceeding wise in her way is the bee, who, if she is not in kings' houses, is in every poet's heart, on every prophet's table, in every philosopher's dooryard. For he needs her—among his cucumbers, to carry the pollen from blossom to blossom, lest the flowers go unmarried, and, hapless, fail of fruit. Thus his bees pass between him and his flowering fields, marrying flower to flower, and marrying his soul to the soul of nature with every scattered pollen grain and every drop of nectar borne home to the hives. No March catkin in the copse of hazelnuts wastes its sweetness on the desert air, nor spray of pussy willow, nor spotted spathe of skunk cabbage; for the bees are out in the fitful sunshine, yellow from tip to toe with the golden dust, sacking it on to their carrier hips, shaking it out for the chill winds to blow over thicket and swamp, every dusty mote of it mighty with the thrill of life. Soon the golden willows are in bloom, then the red maples in gold and garnet, and now every hive in the apiary is ahum with busy song.

From this day on until the last purple aster dies in October, till even the crinkled yellow straps on the witch-hazel stems are rimed with the breath of November, the honey maker is afield with his bees, sharing with them the mystery of pollen and pistil in the sweet overflow which we call "life."

Whatever takes me straight to nature makes me wise—with the wisdom of the

spider, it may be, or the grasshopper, or the ant, or the little brown beetle asleep for the winter in a crack of the oak tree's bark. These show me many a secret; teach me many a cunning trade; let me see many a bloody battlefield. When I go with my bees, however, I come very close to the heart of nature, out among her lovelorn flowers, finding her hidden passions, her wells of deep desire, and many a lovely thing kept from ants and spiders and the coarser creatures of the woods.

Bees and blossoms and the birth of things! The bees know life only in the bloom. They know the flower, not the dried stalk; the poppies, not the little crosses that grow in Flanders' Fields, and in all fields. And yet, so wise are they that as they glean among the crosses they work as if they understood how frail the flower is, how great the hazard of the seed; for hurrying from cup to cup, tasting the sweet of the opening bloom, they scatter the pollen as they pass, as if it were theirs to sow the very winds with this immortal dust, that life may last.

The honey flow is always fickle, and short, and swift; and the coming cold is sure, and is sure to be mortal long; but the bees are swifter than the sun; and, sealing the nectared summer in their fragile waxen jars, they work ahead of early autumn, and, flying far beyond the winter, dwell forever with the spring.

I cannot escape this sense of perpetuity, this feeling of the future, this presence of eternal springtime that hangs over the hives. This is the meaning of all the bees' eager work afield, the principle of all the ordered life at home, symbolized and incarnated in the mother queen.

The perpetuity of the tribe is the religion of the bee, both faith and works. It is the religion of all nature, often reaching a degree of passion that passes into frenzy, as in the salmon coming up the Columbia to spawn; but nowhere in nature does it more beautifully, more constantly pervade and dominate the

life of the individual, as well as the whole social order, than among the bees. It answers to the immortality of my own religion, a hope I never hold so fast as when I move among the hives. For, whether the bees are working in the sun, or dreaming under the mounded snow, they work and wait the eternal spring.

The bees do not take me far from home—not more than three miles from the hive in any direction. They cannot fly three miles away and store honey, for they are gone so long and they burn so much of their load for fuel on the journey, that there is nothing left over when they get home. We do not go far, but how thoroughly we go! "He is a thoroughly good naturalist," says Kingsley, "who knows his own parish thoroughly." Does anyone know his parish better than the bee? We creep through the earliest open tepee flap of the skunk cabbage, even sipping at the sappy spiles of the sugar maples, on the sunny sides of the slopes, before the snows are all melted in the spring; we finger every fuzzy catkin of alder, willow, and poplar, slighting none, forgetting none of all the flowering throngs that march from spring to meet the hosts of autumn, bannered blue and white and gold. And even after the first frosts,

When come the calm, mild days as still such days do come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,

even then we shall fly out to the persimmon trees and suck the candied fruit that clings to the bare boughs, and, finding behind some spider-snared leaf a cluster of wild fox grapes, we shall drink deep from their wrinkled skins, now baggy with the rich old wine of Indian summer.

This is the true harvest of the hives—this sharing with the bees in the sweets and colors and perfumes of the blossoming fields; this sipping of the lips of flowers is as truly the harvest as the honey in the cells. Lover you are and more, for with your bees you are mate

and begetter with every flower you visit, sharer in the silent, secret work of life, brushing with a breath of pollen the faces of the tiny, dreamy things, to see them stir in their sleep, and rub their lovely eyes, and wake.

Standing in my hillside apiary with my bees streaming away in a golden storm across the fields, I seem

To feel the sentiment of being spread  
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still,

to touch with shaping hands the souls of apples, of unborn berries, acorns not in cradles yet, all little seeds and fruits, and the tender cobs waiting my coming with their infant corn. All these need my bees, and so need me. The winds and the wild bees also help, but the orchard would weep like Rachel for her children without my bees, as would thicket and garden, and the deep swamp where the sweet-pepper bush blooms.

A Southern poet sings:

It isn't raining rain to me,  
It's raining clover bloom,  
Where every buccaneering bee  
May find a bed and room.

Buccaneering bees indeed! Do we not give for all we get—bring to their mothers the unborn babes of flowers; little squashes, clovers, quinces, little thimbleberries, even every starry one of all the wayside goldenrods? Not buccaneers, but priests and physicians we are, blessing these lovely unions, and helping into this dear world the fair, sweet children of the flowers.

I cannot make clear this great mystery. Every sailor, every woodsman, every farmer feels it, every gardener who puts a seed into the soil and loves it into life; but, most of all, every mother knows it. And he knows it, too, who, moving among his bees, bids them harvest the hills and glean the faded roadsides—gathering the attar of joy where the summer before they sowed the golden pollen of life.

I can still recall the awe I felt when,



a little child, I used to watch my uncle with his bees. Lying safely under the currant bushes, like a small Caliban watching Setebos, I would see him moving quietly in and out among his hives, a grave, stately man, with reverent mien, who loved his garden and everything that lived; and as he gently did this or that, or stood with clasped hands behind his back, and head bowed intent upon his minim multitudes, while they hummed eagerly all about him, he seemed to me a god—a very kind, big god, among his tiny, swarming peoples.

And I wished to be a god, too, with so many peoples to love and care for, tribes and tribes of them—Canaanites, Hittites, Amorites, Jebusites, Perizzites, Hivites—myriads of the tiny Hivites in neat, white-walled cities to forage for me, bringing down from all the hills and up through every valley this rich booty of the hive.

I have kept a hive of bees in my heart from that day to this; and for many years now I have kept one hive, or more, in my garden—twelve hives of them there to-day, snugly packed in double walls, their chambers crowded with the honey of the goldenrod against the cold of coming winter.

I bought my bees nineteen years ago, and paid forty-five hundred dollars for three hives of them—at least I am twitted of having bought this place in Hingham in order to get the three hives of bees that went with it. They exaggerate, of course. That is really more than three hives of bees are worth—not more than the joy I have had in them is worth—but I was buying the house as well as the bees, though I do remember now that I spent more time looking at the bees than I spent looking at the house, the day I went out to inspect the place; and I do believe, as I think of it, that I probably shouldn't have bought the place if it had not been for the bees! And if I were going into the real-estate business, handling suburban and farm property, I should put a hive of bees on every place, if I could find so much as a

lilac bush to put it under! A hive of bees, and less, has often sold a bigger place than mine in Hingham.

I do not know how long the bees had stood on their ancient stands under the hickories, but on opening the hinged door at the back of one tall hive I read in a cramped, but clear hand, "This colony swarmed May 3, 1862"—and there within the glass wall, behind the wooden door, were the bees at work that June day, as they had been working for forty years and more since that entry was made! More than forty generations of bees, more than forty dynasties of queens, perhaps, had come and gone in those years, yet the bees and the queen were here! The Queen is dead, long live the Queen! And I sat thrilled at the thought of life—how steady, how immortal it is! And yet the living, how swift they pass! How their swarming multitudes fade away!

That was nearly twenty years ago, and still the colony lives on, as for the forty years before it had lived on, as for the thousand years to come it will live on and on! Ten thousand years ago Egypt was a great nation, and thousands of years before that, before the Egyptians had built their pyramids, beekeeping was known among them, their most ancient hieroglyphics showing that the "king bee" was taken by them to represent the human king.

And far back in those dim and distant times this colony in my garden, that swarmed with their old queen, "May 3, 1862," was at work among the flowers. Older, incomparably older than the oldest civilization we have record of, is this bee community in the hive. Bee civilization, queen and drone and worker—the theory and practice of the supremacy of the state—is the oldest civilization in the world.

Bee civilization is communism carried to its last logical conclusion. It is socialism perfected. And there is something terrible, almost appalling, from the human point of view, in the perfection of the instrument and its inexorable working.

In bee-civilization the State is everything, the individual nothing. Each one exists for the Whole, but the Whole exists for no one. The individual is born to serve, and the moment he ceases to serve, that moment he dies—worker, or drone, or queen, even the unborn young in their cradle cells. For let hard times come knocking at the door, with more baby mouths to feed than there are stores to feed them from, and the tender young are torn from their warm beds and hurried into the outer cold. Let the last virgin queen of the season be mated, and not only does that drone perish in the act, but all the drones in the hive no longer needed are bundled, bag and baggage, outside, to fumble for one pathetic moment before they die at their own door. Let the worker come home with frayed wing, failing never so little of her full capacity production, and she is set upon, never to be seen again in the hive; let the queen-mother, in the height of the honey flow, come short in her prodigious task of keeping the colony at its maximum strength; let her fall off from laying her two thousand to three thousand eggs per day, and a new queen is deliberately prepared for, the old mother, like any drone or worker, falling a victim to the pitiless polity of the State.

But the most dismaying aspect of this perfectly reasonable, beautifully logical system of government is the actual perversion of nature that has become necessary to its successful operation. To serve the State is well; to be maimed, to die for the State, indeed, is thinkable and maybe highly reasonable; but to be unsexed for the State, to be aborted for the State, is a revolting thing. Yet that is what the socialism of the hive has come to; and what some of the more daring of the communists see coming for our human society.

In the original economy of nature, before the bees had perfected their ingenious and merciless system of government, it is reasonable, as Tickner Edwardes says, to suppose that every male bee was destined to fulfill his pur-

pose as mate, and as father of a family, instead of only one doomed drone in all the hundreds that may inhabit the hive; nor is it hard to believe that every worker bee was originally some drone's mate, the mother of children, and not this pinched, perverted thing, "reduced by the science of starvation to little more than sexless sinews and brains," until her very ovipositor has been turned from its natural purpose into a sting. The pitiless logic that reduces a normal female to an atrophied, sexless worker by starvation, takes, by a system of over-feeding, the same normal female grub and develops her into an exaggerated mother, a creature lacking almost all initiative and mentality, but "possessing a body capable of mothering the whole nation."

All of this denial, this renunciation, this perversion of the individual—of the very body—for the good of the State is as far as sacrifice can go. But it is no farther than the absolute communism, sovietism, socialism, or any other absolute logic is sure to carry society. And I turn away from this terrible, but marvelous little State, the oldest of all civilizations, wondering how far we shall dare to try the logic of brute nature in our future human affairs! Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise. And if I could give a hive of bees to my communist neighbor, and have him ponder its polity, perfect as it is in theory, eternal as it is in operation, he would shrink in horror from its stern and merciless machinery, and come back to the American Constitution as one waking in the morning from some awful dream.

There is a profound wisdom to be had of the ant, and another wisdom to be had of the bee; we are of the dust as they are, and subject like them to the inexorable, but yet divine, laws of nature. We human bees are also subject to a set of higher laws—superimposed upon these, interpreting them in terms of love as well as logic. We are to consider the lily for its own lovely sake, and we are to remember that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these; we are



to consider the ravens for their curious ways, as also we are to think how God provides for them.

So I should like every man to have a hive of bees, for they will cause him to think of more and stranger things than lilies or ravens; they will take him farther afield; they will pay him for his care; they will teach him to go softly, and they will reveal to him more of the poetry, more of the wonder and romance of nature than almost any other thing he can have.

And Heaven knows we need every touch of poetry, every glimpse of beauty, every possible thrill of romance in our efficient, unimaginative, money-making lives. Pioneer American life had plenty of adventure and wild romance; but the frontier is gone; we are clearing up our stumpage now, and our present ways and days are deadly dull. Even beekeeping with us has little of its ancient poetry. Our poets are not our beekeepers as they were in classic times. My bees are not in the lovely little garden so typical of the English home, nor do I know such honey farming as Virgil knew in the orange and lemon groves of his "Sweet Parthenope," where he not only kept his bees, but where he also wrote his "Fourth Georgic"—the most beautiful poem on the real poetry of the apiary that has ever been penned.

We Americans know too much of the prose of life, and all too little of life's poetry—even when that life is the very essence of poetry, as it is in all things connected with the bees. But what crops of honey we raise!

A recent English writer on bees exclaims:

Modern beekeepers athirst for the Americanisation of everything give little heed nowadays to the writings of one whom Bacon called "the chastest poet and royalest that to the memory of man is known." And yet, if the question were asked, "What book should first be placed in the hands of the beginner in apiculture to-day?" no wiser choice than the fourth book of "The Georgics" could be made.

And what book would the American beekeeper name? The one that I have often named, *The A B C and X Y Z of Beekeeping*, by A. I. Root of Medina, Ohio. There is your American point of view! Our attitude toward bees and everything! *A B C and X Y Z* is a good book. It tells you everything about bees—except the poetry. Not even under the head of "Profits in Bees" is mention made of poetry. Perhaps the authors take the poetry for granted. But I suspect that poetry and profits are much the same thing in their minds. I have had profits—that is, salable honey; I have had poetry, too; and incomparably the more profitable crop was the poetry. And that book which tells me how to get the poetry out of my apiary, and so out of my living, is the first book to put into my hand.

Honey is not an easy crop to grow; poetry is still harder. American honey farmers are very successful with the first crop. Indeed, American honey methods are so superior that our English brethren, while hating these methods for their lack of poetry, are accepting them, as we have seen, for their great efficiency. We are efficient, inventive, practical, and unpoetical. We have neither the time nor the mind for the poetry of life—of farm life particularly. Even now, the country over, we have better barns for the cattle than farm-houses for the wives and children. If I had to choose either to be the average farmer's wife, or his driving mare, I should choose to be the mare.

The whole work of keeping bees is instinct with wonder and beauty and romance. Its history is the history of poetry; the myth and legend that have attended it, the myrrh and incense used in the smoke about the hives are redolent of poetry. Since Jupiter was saved from his devouring father by the honey goddess, Melissa, down through the "Idylls of Theocritus," the "Georgics" of Virgil, to Leigh Hunt's "Jar of Honey," to Bryant's "Telling the Bees," and our own present-day poets, like Rob-

ert Loveman, bees and honey and the humming hives have been the property of poetry. Then let us keep bees. If anything can add a touch of beauty to our matter-of-fact lives, can touch our imaginations, and give us poetry with our profits, we Americans must have it. And bees are pure poetry.

So in my going to and fro I carry a hive of bees—a hive to give to every man, for the health in it, the happiness, the philosophy, the poetry. A hive of bees is a big gamble, too, and more downright rest and distraction, not counting the stings, than any other plaything I know.

Life for us all has too narrow a margin of leisure and loveliness, it has all too little play. The days of most of us are without selvage, except some forced freedom come upon us. But I have man-

aged to bind some of my days with an edge of hours in my garden with the bees. I have spent many an hour about the hives—blissful, idle hours, saved from the wreck of mere work; hours fragrant of white clover and buckwheat and clethra, and filled with the honey of little to do—or what was pure fun to do—every minute of those hours capped, like the combs within the hives, against the coming winter of my discontent.

Show me the beekeeper, even the American beekeeper, and I will show you one who might have been a poet, one who is bound in time to become something of a philosopher—a lover of life, and of waters that go softly, like Siloam; one with the breath of sage and of pennyroyal about him, a lover of nature and of his fellow men.

## YOU ASK ME NOT TO DIE

BY ALINE KILMER

YOU need not fear,  
 You need not dread that day I shall be dying;  
 I shall not leave you, dear.  
 Others more tender, with more hope than I,  
     Lift thrush-sweet voices lyrically crying  
 That they are soon to die;  
 But I shall live to see each starry head  
 That I have loved go down to its low bed,  
 And I shall wander through a ruined land  
 Where there will be no dear accustomed hand  
 To ease my sorrow.  
 Nay, sweet, to-morrow  
 Your flowerlike beauty may have failed and fled  
 And I shall weep you dead;  
 Then rise to face the grim and hooded years,  
 Each with his vase of tears,  
     That move majestically by,  
 Till the little I had of beauty will be but a withered mask  
 And the little I had of wit will be bitter and dry—  
 Dear, you do not know what it is that you ask!  
     How can you love me and bid me not to die?



## A HATE STORY

BY BEATRICE RAVENEL

"NO," said Mrs. Neville quietly. To the girl who stood alert, nervous with expectation, almost fidgety, on the threshold, the words had the obstinate irresistibility of some natural force. She had the vision of an overflow of fine sand, surging over a rock and choking every crevice of argument, every point of protest.

The old lady who sat facing her was, she thought, not unlike an image of sand, compressed into stability. She was so white, so delicately made. The shape of her cap, the waved bands of her hair, the wrap of Iceland wool that curved crisped folds over her shoulders and lap, her gaunt, beautifully modeled features, gave her the look of an archaic goddess. In a wave of rebellion the girl's consciousness cried out, "But I am not going to be the sacrifice.

"But, Grandmama, you don't understand. There's nothing against him. There couldn't be. What have you to object to?"

"As I have never met the young man—" The voice would have startled one who was not used to it, it was so in contrast with the immovable figure, so vibrant. It went with the deep-sunken eyes. Neither had the repose of age, only the disquiet of something which had not been lived out. As the not too reverential spectator might have recognized, there was plenty of fight left in the old lady. And she would be hard to fight. One did not care, nor dare, to take liberties with a personality like hers.

The girl seemed to be experiencing that difficulty now. Her manner betrayed the exasperation of timidity. "You mean that you don't know him well enough to dislike?" she broke in.

"I suppose your real reason is that you don't consider his family good enough for exalted people like us." Her hand made a sweeping gesture of repudiation. "As though all that wasn't the greatest nonsense! After the war, and all. People go now by what you are, not by what your grandfather was."

Mrs. Neville shut her eyes and leaned her head, with a curious, straining movement, against the back of her chair. The girl dropped on the floor beside her in a swift revulsion of feeling.

"O Granny, does your head ache? I'm so sorry. But . . . this means—this means . . ." Her voice rose again like an accusation. "Old people don't remember how it feels to be young."

"Yes, they do," said Mrs. Neville. The girl looked up hopefully and began stroking the long line of the shawl that was so like the striations on beach sand.

"I thought," she murmured, with the unconscious egotism of her years, "that my happiness was more to you than anything. You've always behaved as though it were." She spoke diffidently. The spectator, had he still been hanging about, would have gathered that life in this house had passed in so equable, so well-bred a manner, that anything violent was alien to it. And what can be more violent than a confidence? "After all, I'm everything you have. You lived your life. You married the man you wanted. Don't you want me to be happy too?"

The slight shoulders made a movement. It was faint enough, but the girl's hand dropped away. "Oh," she cried, outraged in the depths of her tenderness. "You do care for me—it would be ridiculous to say you don't. But you care for some other things

more!" She sprang up and swung away, straightening her hat with two sharp, resentful touches. She wanted to get outside. The very beauty of the room irritated her. Its very quality of selection, of richness that was never muggy, as some modern rich rooms are, its sure luxury, where every corner was full of precious things, and there was nothing too much, made her realize how much had been kept out of it. It was perfect—and supercilious.

"Wait one moment, Marian," her grandmother stopped her. "Are you—have you accepted this young man?"

"No. He hasn't asked me yet."

"What!" Mrs. Neville sat upright in amazement. "Then this highly dramatic scene has been about nothing at all? You don't even know—"

"Of course I know," returned Marian calmly. "I don't have to be told a simple thing like that. It gets into the air. If a girl didn't know long beforehand, how could she possibly take a man when he asked her? It would be too outrageously immodest."

"In that case," observed Mrs. Neville with relief, "the case is very much simplified. You need not allow him to declare himself."

Her granddaughter regarded her with that baffled expression which the representatives of two utterly divergent civilizations might turn upon each other. "As though I could stop him now," she ejaculated, as one explaining an elementary fact. "And I don't want to stop him." She gave a whimsical laugh, a half sob of affection running into it. "O, Granny, you've always given me what I wanted. Won't you give me Joe? Can't I have him?"

She was in herself an appeal difficult for any grandparent (their hearts being notoriously softer than those of lovers) to resist. She looked, not as though she were going out into the garden whose greens and pinks formed a sort of drop-scene behind her, but as though she had blown in, like a spray of flowering rose vine.

Mrs. Neville watched her, her look full of a lurking supplication. It was as though she were begging, "Spare me. Don't make me as cruel as I must be." Then she noticeably hardened her heart.

"I cannot consent to this marriage," she said, formally, as though to a stranger.

Marian shut the door behind her with an assiduous restraint that was more eloquent than a slam.

As she went down the street the evidences of the full-blown spring, intruding from every nook and cranny, put an edge upon her rebellion. The varnish trees and sycamores had acquired delicious new tips. Ripples of green, sometimes of purple or yellow, tumbled over tall brick walls. When you half shut your eyes the iron fences presented a striped effect of black and pale green. Cardinals that come before the daffodil dares had long ago chosen desirable building sites. All the young things were, with a decision and inevitability which took no cognizance of ancestors, minding their own business. Even the grass tufts forcing their assertive way between the blocks of the pavement, were importunate for living.

It was at this favorable moment that a car of the less expensive sort drew up beside her, on the wrong side of the street, and a voice suggested, "Since you're not coming my way, suppose you do."

"O Joe!"

"O Marian! That expresses my feelings exactly," responded the young man at the wheel. There was little to mark him from other pleasant-looking youths, unless a couple of curves about his eyes and mouth hinted at a capacity for seeing and feeling that was rather exceptional.

"Where are we going?"

"Out to the old Gleason place."

"He hasn't—"

"Yes, he has. He's given the contract to Blimber and Joy. And I'm to draw the plans. I'm a rising young man.



Somebody had better catch me by the wing before I rise too high."

"It will be an immense thing."

"You bet. Old Gleason wants a house that will be the *house* of the vicinity, that tourists will be taken to to gape over. Money no object. It's like his pride in the town to give it to a local firm instead of getting in a big man from outside. Awfully decent of him. He's helped to make the city grow more than anybody."

"Where is the house to be?"

"Logical place. On the hill. Terrace the top in front. Let me show you." He turned the car into a rough country road that ran between live oaks. "Natural avenue." They stopped at the foot of an irregular declivity. His light, thrilling touch on her arm guided her out of the car and up the slope. Blackberry vines caught at their ankles and their footsteps crushed the odor of mint and fennel from the grass.

"There," he announced. "It's a view over three counties, rolling out like an avalanche. River, woods. You can almost catch the sea, but not quite. Shame some of those trees will have to go for a mere house."

"That's a nice thing for an architect to say."

"Houses are built by fools like me, but only God can make a tree!"

"What's the style to be?" She lifted her hands lightly from her sides like a dancer. It was marvelously free up here. The sky was lavish with windy white clouds.

"Colonial, of course. Don't you know that when a poor boy makes a fortune he wants a replica of what the big men in his town had? Our old houses are all domesticated Georgian. 'Filthily Georgian,' as an English architect I read about calls it. Their men are going back to the Tudor, or else forward into their own twentieth-century imaginings. One of these days, Marian, I'm going to build a house for you. It may be Moorish with an inner court, or it may have gargoyles, I'm not sure which."

"Thank you. I'll invite you there for week-ends."

"The devil you will," he retorted with a side glance from his twinkling gray eyes. "But one thing it will have and that's a tower, because of the sea view. You've heard of secret staircases. This tower is going to have one, only it's going to be an elevator."

"And you get to the wash tubs through an oubliette?"

"I see you catch the spirit of the thing." He flung the laprobe he had brought from the car against the roots of a huge live oak, and settled himself beside her. He wound his arms around his knees and let his glance follow the lines of the fresh-colored meadows until the green stopped short at the silver sheet of the river.

"Aren't you going to take any measurements or things?"

"Not to-day. I am going to be responsive, that's all; imbibe, absorb, suck in the landscape. Then the plans will draw themselves."

"You are clever." The girl gave him a soft, admiring glance.

"I hope to God I am." An almost religious undercurrent came into his voice. "I never know. . . . If this thing is a hit they'll take me into the firm. Old Blimber is willing, and Ben is keen for it." He paused. The air was heavy with fate. The commonplace words were like leaves flung before a storm. The girl sat tensed, her profile set like a cameo against the sky. "And then . . . Marian," he added throatily, "I'll be what they call . . . a marriageable young man." His hand slid over hers. He had held them before, but this was altogether different.

She leaned away from him. "Oh, it isn't any use," she breathed.

"What do you mean? Don't you—care?"

"It isn't that. It's—Oh no, wait!" She warded off his approach with both beseeching palms. "It's Grandmama. She wouldn't let me."

"How do you know?"

"I asked her."

"You darling!" His onrush bore down the wavering defense. "You utterly delicious thing! Before I asked you. That's the sincerest compliment I ever received in my life." He held her off for an instant, gloating over her.

"If you really cared," she said with quivering lips, "you wouldn't treat it like that . . . as though it were *funny*."

With one of his sudden changes, his voice sank into mystic wonderment. "Funny! It's just because I'm so damned happy! To feel as romantic as this at eleven o'clock in the morning! Funny! I could cry just as soon as not . . ."

"But Granny—"

"She can only speak for herself. I admire her type of all things, but I don't want to marry your granny."

There was a wonderful interlude. Then Marian began on a high, defensive key. "It's all very well talking, but how can I behave like that to her?"

"Did she give any reason?"

"No, but—"

"And you took for granted that her objection was grounded on—well social position, didn't you?"

"I told her it was all nonsense. We have exactly the same friends."

"Thanks to Ben and a few other college chums."

"And if you did work your way, everybody respects you for it."

"No reason why they should regard it one way or the other. But, Marian, I'm going to tell you something that will cause your proud, high Neville blood to turn in your veins, and hike in the opposite direction. Your grandma isn't the only one. My grandma has the honor to object also."

"What?" cried Marian. "Well—"

"I thought that would get you," observed Joe with grim satisfaction.

"Our positions are similar. Each of us is the child of an only granny to whom we poor orphans owe everything. Well, I'm willing to cancel grannies and marry you anyway. I can't say fairer

than that. After all, each generation must shift for itself."

"Yes," declared Marian with clairvoyance, "you say that because you know you can talk Mrs. Bates over. She looks so good-natured. But you don't know my grandmother."

"I'm not so sure about talking mine over. She's built on a foundation of steel. She's a good hater."

"Hater?" repeated the girl wonderingly. "Does she hate us? Why on earth should she?"

Joe's mouth twisted in a manner rather strange, considering its recent agreeable employment. He drew his arm away and folded it again over his knees. He looked steadfastly into the distance, considering and discounting beginnings. "Don't you know the real reason why those two old ladies never meet?"

"I thought—"

"Their spheres aren't the same? No, but they do cut across each other. Lots of the people in one know people in the other. But these individuals take a certain amount of pains so that Mrs. Neville and Mrs. Bates shall not be brought into contact. It's understood."

"I never heard of such a thing," cried Marian.

"You, of course, would be the last to hear." He felt for her hand again, not able to do without her immediate nearness, and held it very tenderly. "Dearest love, don't you know that in every community there is a Forbidden City, a collection of traditions and rumors, that people don't generally speak about, least of all to those concerned? I only heard it from good old Ben. He thought I ought to know. He didn't believe the popular version and, naturally, I don't either."

"But what *is* it?" she insisted.

He tucked her head under his chin, avoiding her disconcerting gaze. "Do you know anything about your grandfather?"

"I've heard that he was an awfully attractive man."



"He was. As Tom Moore says, 'believe me, he had those endearing young charms.' Especially for women."

"Oh," said the girl, enlightened. "Perhaps they were rivals. Did he ever want to marry your grandmother?"

"No, not at all. It was—afterward."

"Afterward?"

"Remember," said Joe loyally, "I don't believe this one bit. But it is what most people did believe. Have you ever heard how he died?"

"It was sudden, I know."

"Particularly sudden. His good horse came home riderless, just like a ballad. They found your grandfather in the road, quite dead, shot through the chest. The coroner's jury brought in the usual verdict—persons unknown, motive robbery. His watch and pocketbook were missing. It was a lonesome neighborhood . . . near my grandmother's farm."

"Oh!"

"Exactly. People began to whisper that he often rode in that direction. And what a pretty young married woman Mrs. Bates was. Trouble with her husband too. He had gone away a few months before, nobody knew where. It was not said aloud, because of your grandmother. She was a beautiful creature, with a young baby—your father. She was very much admired for the Christian resignation—or was it pride—with which she bore her tragedy. There were rumors that her happiness hadn't been unclouded. . . . Other women."

"No wonder," said Marian warmly. "Oh, poor Granny!"

"Then a dreadful thing happened. When he was buried my grandmother appeared at the funeral dressed in deep mourning."

"Oh," gasped the girl. "How could she—how could she?"

"Hush, my dear. She lost a sister in Kentucky just about that time. But the gossips didn't know it. Then rumors began that her ne'er-do-well husband had been seen in the neighborhood again.

Nothing definite to swear to. The Forbidden City tale is, of course, that he had slipped back, seen enough to convince himself that Neville was his wife's lover, shot him from ambush, and slunk away again. When my father was born the knitters in the sun began to count upon their fingers. Plenty of them were willing to opine that the baby had a look of the Nevilles. . . ."

Marian put her other hand over his and held it hard. "Well," she ejaculated with astounding simplicity, "after all, that would only make us first cousins."

The young man jumped. "Great God," he muttered under his breath. "Girls! You tell her, with fear and trembling and the utmost diffidence, something that ought to shock her down to the center of the earth, and all she thinks about is that it doesn't absolutely prohibit us from marrying each other!"

"Because," said the girl, with the same profound naturalness, "that's the only thing that really matters."

He drew her in his arms and held her tight, in a sort of rapturous incredulity. "You're right, you're right! You've hit the nail on the head. You wonder!" He took the circumambient air and a couple of floating buzzards to witness. "Goes to the point with the well-known heavenly intuition. Eternal Womanly that leads us upward and on—and into—most especially, bang into things!"

"But, Joe." She shook him by the shoulder, stemming his rhapsody. "Why does she hate us? She took Granny's husband from her, her beautiful young husband. We have every right to hate her. Oh, I know you detest the people you've injured, but—"

"Marian!" He returned the shake. "Wake up. You don't mean that you've swallowed that Forbidden City yarn at one gulp? It isn't true, I tell you. My grandmother is the best woman in the world."

"Then why does she hate us?"

"Can't you understand that she might resent being misconstrued all her

life? Wouldn't it rankle? Not to be able to justify yourself because nobody accuses you openly? She wasn't ostracized, she was only looked at askance. They were glad enough to have her on their societies because she's such a splendid organizer and worker. But there's always been the hint of the doubt, the shadow of the pointed finger."

"Oh, but my poor granny," the girl argued pitifully, "how can I give her any more trouble? . . . I can't think but about one thing at a time. When I'm with you you swallow me up; I have to hunt for what I do think."

"You're not going to let this come between us? You saw so straight."

"I don't know. I have to go home and be by myself . . . O poor Granny!"

She said it again, silently, as she sat with Mrs. Neville that afternoon, on the small, hedged lawn behind the house. It was cut off from the "big lawn," and had the cosiness of indoors. Under the central Roman laurel (which Mrs. Neville called the spice tree) a rug had been spread, and the afternoon sun sent mellowing reflections from it upward over the old woman's pale skirt, and the long, slow hands that moved through a delicate bit of sewing. Beside her chair, on the light table, lay a faded green book.

The picture was full of reminders of guilt for Marian. That collar was for her. The book was one of the old Dickens set. When Granny was worried she went straight to Dickens, as some women wheeled to their prayer books. Southern women had always adored Dickens. With husbands in Lee's waning armies and privation at home, they had laughed over the chance numbers, infinitely precious, that successfully ran the blockade.

She studied the familiar figure in the new, curious light. Love, and estrangement, and the violent ending, and the long loneliness. Granny. After a while Marian got up and drifted through a gap in the hedge to the orchard beyond.

The silence that hung heavy between them was becoming unbearable.

The peach trees forked out rueful and discouraged branches. They had ventured out in February and been nipped by an untimely frost. But the pear trees stood like brides, opulent, at the very point of desirability. They stretched into the meadow, and one stood, like a bride waiting for her lover, all alone by the low stone wall that separated the place from the highroad. Marian dropped on the bench and opened the book of poems which she carried. She began to read obstinately. She had promised Joe to think about everything, but she did not want to think.

The shadows told her that she must have read a long time when a more substantial and ambulant shadow fell across her page. Joe leaned over the wall. His glance went from her to the foamy splendor above her, then settled with a more poignant comfort on her face. "Not half bad," he drawled. He vaulted the barrier. "Well?"

"O Joe! Think how abominable it must seem to her. It would wake it up for her again—all the tragedy."

He drew a long, patient breath. "I've got a tragedy in front of me too, if you throw me over, Marian. Why—I love you. You had the right idea this morning. What would become of the world if each generation stopped to find out what the one behind it wanted it to do, before it dared to take a step?"

"I'm not thinking about the world. It's just about hurting Granny." She got up. "It's time to go back."

Under the fruit trees the blue haze was deepening to purples. As they approached the warm belt of blossoms that were changing from white to the saffrons and grays of mother-of-pearl, Joe threw out his free hand.

"Yes, it's just like that."

"What is?"

"That cursed Forbidden City. Lovely, everyday things, like those flowers, on top. And inside, colors you



can't catch and verify, and wrong angles, like those tormented peach twigs. And something fascinating about the whole thing, because it's shifting and mysterious, and—you have no right to be there. Well, I'm going right into and *through* it. I'm going to appeal to Cæsar."

The outrageous courage of this made her gasp. Then, as women have always done before the masculine purpose which will not be gainsaid, she meekly pressed her cheek against his sleeve. In the shelter of the orchard he took her into his arms and held her strongly for a long moment, as though trying to impose his will upon her, to transfuse his point of view through the dominant pressure of his hands and lips.

As Marian disappeared through the opening in the hedge Mrs. Neville put down her work. It had, after all, been less sewing than a screen against unprofitable talk. She was an adept in screens.

As the implications of the situation came again to her mind, a slow, difficult color seeped into her cheeks. Out of all the young men in the world her only granddaughter must needs pick out this young man! . . . That woman! If Marian persisted in marrying him they must, unless they wanted a public scandal, receive that woman.

Mrs. Neville suddenly grasped the arms of her chair and rose stiffly to her feet. Her first thought was that much brooding had made her mad. She was having impossible hallucinations!

Along the drive which led through tall iron gates from the street a figure was coming. It had a curious air of mingled timidity and resolution. At the same moment old Hosea, the butler, opened the pantry door and stood appalled. His mouth flew open; the tea tray rattled in his hands. Then, without waiting for orders, he popped back like a startled rabbit. The stranger stopped, her mouth twitching with wry amusement. For the first time Mrs. Neville believed the apparition real.

"No, I don't care for any tea, thank you," she uttered sardonically.

Mrs. Neville had regained herself. She waited, with the detached calm of her caste, for the intruder to go. Various unsought impressions came to her. The woman looked older than she was, the remains of a bustling, free-spoken housewife. A mesh of fine wrinkles . . . stooped shoulders. Nothing in the least elegant about her, yet something that demanded consideration; a kind of thoroughness, perhaps.

With a gulp the visitor broke the silence. "Now, you needn't look at me like that, Mrs. Neville! I've come here to do the hardest thing a woman ever undertook to do. You don't need to make it any harder."

Mrs. Neville's finger tips, resting on the table, seemed there less for support than for the completion of a harmonious pose.

"Oh well." Mrs. Bates made a gesture of desperation. "Of course you know why I've come. You can pretend after I've gone that none of this really happened, if you want to. Now, you needn't suppose that I like the match any better'n you do. But I've managed to put my own feelings to one side. Joe's set his heart on it, and Joe's happiness is about everything I've got to live for." She waited. The answer came, as cold and concentrated as a bit of marble.

"I shall never give my consent," said Mrs. Neville.

"Won't you hear what I've got to say first? I've come to tell you things—awful things, I guess you'll think them." A peculiar gentleness came into her voice. "You haven't aged so much. . . . It must be dreadful to keep as young as that, and caring, and unsatisfied all the time. . . . One day I woke up and found that I didn't hate you any longer. I'd been living on that hate, just as young girls live on a love affair. It gave me something to think about—a sort of hot interest in life. . . . And he . . . he seemed like a man out of a book, not real exactly. I couldn't bring

back what he looked like, just. Then I knew that I was old. . . . But you've gone on caring. You could hate still."

The implacable eyes acquiesced.

"Now, listen. You've thought all these years that I took your husband from you. . . . Well, I meant you to think so. I wanted everybody to think so. . . . Will you let me tell you the truth?"

To Mrs. Neville the blue-green hedges, the yellow-green grass, the substantial black-gowned figure, so obviously in its best clothes, before her, blurred and ran together. A sickened wave went through the air. She sank into her chair, hearing herself mutter, "Go on," in a sort of terror, terror that the woman would stop speaking.

"You never knew that he'd been friends with us, I guess. Very likely you'd have been sniffy over lots of his friends. He was real democratic. Maybe if they were pretty he'd be all the readier to help them, because he was that sort of man, there's no denying it. But he was a *kind* man. He tried his best to patch up things between me and my husband. After Chris quit he'd ride by sometimes, just to cheer me up and pass the time of day. There wasn't anything more in it than that . . . to him."

The listener dragged herself forward, fascinated. "You mean—" She motioned, half unconsciously, toward the other chair, which stood under the laurel. Mrs. Bates slid into it and leaned forward too. "You remember that night . . . O Lord, how could either of us forget it! I called him into the piazza as he rode by. I saw something was the matter. . . . Now, don't look that way. I guess he had to tell somebody, and I was the nearest. It wasn't the first time you and he had had a tiff, but this time you'd taken your baby and gone to your brother's in Richmond. I never saw a man so unhappy. And I said straight out, the way I do, 'You ought to be glad. She's not good enough for you.' We were

standing at the piazza steps, and he took off his hat and looked up at the sky, and said, like he was prayin', 'There's not an angel in heaven fit to sweep the stars out of her path.' I thought he was the grandest-looking man in the world. And in that minute I knew what I wanted most. I wanted him to be happy . . . and there was only one way. I said quick, before I could repent of it, 'Charlie Neville, you go to your wife and tell her that. All she wants is to be sure you love her. And tell her to-night.' 'You think so?' he says, like I was an oracle. 'But I can't get to her to-night.' 'Then,' says I, 'telegraph. Isn't there something between you, some poetry or little saying or so, that she'd understand and others wouldn't?' He thought, and then he laughed like you do when a thing is real funny and yet means a lot to you. 'Yes, there is; yes, there is,' he said. 'She'd be sure to understand this.' He pulled out a notebook and scribbled on a loose bit of paper in it, and shoved the book back in his pocket. When he rode away . . . it was the last time I saw him on earth."

"The message—"

"You never got it. I know. On his way back to town—"

The heavy silence settled over them. Out of it Mrs. Neville's voice came like a thrust. "Your husband killed him!"

The other's head lifted in a flash of resentment. "My husband had nothing whatever to do with it. He never came near this part of the country after he left me. It was robbers, like the inquest said. You know how unsettled it was, —carpet-bagging time."

Mrs. Neville's mind had cleared. In spite of the serene disguise that she kept for the world, she had a taste for a hard sincerity with her own soul. She braced herself against this plausible torrent. How much truth was there in the woman's story? Of course she had a powerful motive in telling it. She was trying to heave immovable rocks out of her grandson's path, to advantage his cause. And yet . . . and yet . . .



"Why did you—"

"Why did I let them believe what they did?" Mrs. Bates' tone rose into a defiant insistence upon being understood. "Why, woman alive, can't you see that? I loved him! I thought it was mighty noble in me to bring you two together again. Haven't you noticed often that when people manage to do one sublime thing in their lives there's a reaction, and they take it out in all sorts of self-indulgence afterward? And besides I got it into my head that if you'd been the right kind of wife he'd have been safe at home, not running distraught about the country those dangerous times. I hated you—oh, I hated you fine! Everything worked in. When I got the news of my sister's death I didn't tell anybody; I just put on mourning. I knew what people were thinking, then and when my baby was born. I didn't care. I was wild. I had one fixed idea . . . to make you understand what you'd made him suffer. You seemed to me like a block of granite that has to be *hit*, over and over, to make any impression. . . . Do you remember when I changed my church and sang in the choir of yours?" A grudging smile transfigured the lined face. "That was when I began to admire you. I wanted to be a living reminder. But I couldn't get between you and your God. Then I heard things about you. You've done a lot of good in your time."

The listener sat, her hand shading her face, weighing the chances. What could she believe? She held off the temptation.

"After a while I got ashamed of myself. You made me feel inferior. For a long, long time I've felt mean, but there didn't seem any way to put things right. Then Joe told me about your girl. It seemed like my chance. I said to myself, 'I can be better than she is, I can be above her, in one way. I can show that I'm a better mother. What's a grandmother but a mother and then some? I can sacrifice my feelings to the

children's happiness, even if she can't. I can humble myself as she isn't capable of doing, for my boy. And maybe when she knows the truth she won't be so set against him.' He's a fine boy, Joe is. . . ."

As though she had not heard, Mrs. Neville put out a shaking hand. "Wait. Did you know what was in that message?"

"I'll tell you. After he was gone, too far to call back, I looked down, and there was a scrap of paper glimmering on the ground. It had fallen out of the book." With the other's impatient fingers trembling before her, she opened her silk bag and, with maddening deliberation, produced a clean, cheap envelope. "I never could make head or tail of it, but I kept it." She read aloud, her eyes, that had been full of supplicating tenderness, taking on the craftiness of one who sees the fruition of long curiosity close at hand. "'Remember promise. D.C. 172. Always yours.' . . . I used to think it might be a date, and D.C. an oversight for B.C. . . . Oh, Mrs. Neville, don't take on so! Oh dear, sha'n't I call somebody? There, now . . . there . . ."

For Mrs. Neville had put her head down on the table and was sobbing with a wild under-ripple of laughter. It had the terrible, unnatural quality of a statue come alive. In the effort to control herself, her fingers crisped on the old green book. She began flicking the pages wildly, then held the volume out to the astounded spectator, her quivering touch indicating a line.

"I never will desert Mr. Micawber," read Mrs. Bates in accents of solemn awe. "Now whatever on earth—"

"We were reading the book together . . . on our honeymoon," gasped Mrs. Neville. "*David Copperfield*. He asked me, laughing, 'Can you promise me that, Eva?' And I answered, laughing too, 'Yes, I promise.' He said, 'I'll remember the number of the page, 172, so I can remind you if necessary.' . . . Oh, isn't it like him . . . isn't it like him?"

"Ain't it though?" cried Mrs. Bates in admiration. "A voice from the tomb, as you might say. He always could put serious things in a humorsome way—and not spoil them." She added humbly, "You see he did care for you, up to the last. . . . Now you can say anything you like to me. I know I deserve it."

Mrs. Neville dried her eyes. In a little while she would be the accustomed symbol of reticence, but for a moment more her soul forgot its decent veils. "I don't want to say anything," she answered. "That doesn't seem to matter. I haven't room in me but for one feeling."

The quiet that fell was like a thanksgiving. Mrs. Bates sighed. "You're letting me off mighty light." She added in a sort of wonder, "Does it mean all that to you, still?"

"It means everything in the world," said old Eva Neville.

The two young things who appeared in the hedge gap behind her heard the utterance and stopped. Then they came on with a spurt, the motive power of which was a vigorous if trepidant hardihood. A feeling of vernal ex-

citement hung about them. One expected whiffs of thyme and wild smilax, and to see birds skimming around their feet. The evening star glimmering faintly over their heads was well placed.

"Mrs. Neville," the young man began. He recognized the presence of his own grandmother, but curbed his surprise and returned to the charge. "Marian has promised to marry me. She—I—we would hate to do anything to hurt you, but we feel—"

Sheer shock arrested him. The redoubtable if friable-looking old lady was standing close in front of him, her hands on Marian's young shoulders, a light in her eyes not so different from that in Marian's own.

"My dear child," she said tenderly, "I hope that you may be as happy . . . as I am."

She included the other guest in her gracious smile. Mrs. Bates felt suddenly for a sentimentally-needed handkerchief. Mrs. Neville kissed her granddaughter on both cheeks, then gave her a little push.

"Run and tell Hosea to bring the tea," she said. "He is very late this afternoon."

## CURRANT BUSHES

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

HIGHEST Heaven and hardest Hell  
She went through,  
Far as I can tell,  
Round the time that I was two.

I look at her wistfully,  
Sitting sewing, pleasant, mild,  
Hoping she may show to me  
How one's steps should go through Hell. . . .

All she has to tell  
Is how currant bushes grew  
In a garden that she knew  
When she was a child.



## PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH ANTHONY

IT is a sad pleasure to present to the readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE the engraving by Henry Wolf of Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Elizabeth Anthony, wife of the painter's cousin, for it is in truth the valedictory of this incomparable wood-engraver to his life's pursuit—his life was ebbing away as he completed the block. It is quite fitting, too, it should be so, for of all the painters whose work Henry Wolf interpreted and translated into black and white, there is none whose work he loved and appreciated as he did the paintings of Gilbert Stuart, or that so delighted him to engrave as a woman from Stuart's brush. He was fascinated with the rare art and subtle execution in Stuart's portraits of women. Into each in succession he strove to put more and more of the painter, until no one at all familiar with Stuart's masterly canvasses could fail to recognize the limner of the original of Wolf's masterly engravings. Indeed it was Wolf who made known to the art-loving world what dainty, graceful portraits of women had been painted by Stuart, until then regarded generally only as the painter of robust, virile men, and no engraver on wood that I know could have attained the truly marvelous results that Wolf did with them.

Wolf's feeling for color was keen and delicately refined, so that he never accentuated the color scheme of the painter—a common trick by which engravers attain effects in black and white. He gave the color sense itself, preserving to a nicety the values in the original so that the tonal qualities were never lost. This he has done in the portrait of Mrs. Anthony, using his knowledge of Stuart's methods to make the picture as he felt and knew the painter had left the canvas before cleaners had robbed it of much of its original charm.

This portrait belongs to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which owns other portraits by Stuart of Joseph Anthony, Jr., the husband of Elizabeth Anthony, of David Sears, Henry Rice, and the Gibbs-Channing-Avery Washington.

CHARLES HENRY HART.



PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH HILLEGAS ANTHONY. BY GILBERT STUART  
*Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting*



## FAST AND LOOSE WITH THE HOMESTEADER

BY ARTHUR RUHL

THE Flathead country—where the Flathead Indians had their reservation before their land was thrown open for settlement in 1910—lies in north-western Montana, just beyond the Continental Divide. It runs up to the great Flathead Lake, out of which flows one of the tributaries of the Columbia River, and is bounded on the east by the snow-capped Mission Range.

This jagged spur of the Rockies, suggesting the Canadian Rockies in its austere beauty, rises like the steep wall of a tent from the seemingly level valley floor. The lower flanks are pine covered, the gray granite shoulders snow covered even in midsummer, and down the wrinkles flow various small streams.

There is no more beautiful country in America than this Flathead Valley on a bright summer day. The other-worldness of the snow-capped peaks—the whole bulk of the mountains not masked by any intervening foothills; the very practical this-worldness of the level valley and soft, deep soil; the dazzling sunshine and limpid air—all combine into something calculated to fire the heart of any homesteader. You can imagine a pioneer of the old prairie-schooner days, working westward down the Jocko River Valley, turning in at what is now the station of Ravalli toward the Jesuit Mission of St. Ignatius, and saying, as Brigham Young said when he looked down on the valley about Salt Lake, "*This is the place!*"

Well, the government also thought it was the place, and in 1909 there was a land-drawing and the country was turned over to white settlers. Some 450,000 acres of bench land, valley, and upland range were opened, of which close to a hundred thousand acres were

to be irrigated. The Cœur d'Alene reservation, of which I spoke in an earlier article, was opened at the same time. The drawings were boosted with all the arts of modern publicity; settlers came pouring into the Northwest by the hundred thousand; and, as the Flathead had no forests to be cleared and seemed the more workable of the two, it filled up with a rush.

The government made no definite promise as to when it would deliver water, but the settlers assumed, naturally, that it would be soon. People were just beginning to be enthusiastic, moreover, about "dry farming." They had a notion that here was a magic for all dry-country troubles, and that even if irrigation didn't come at once, they might get along well enough without it. Land that had been "sheeped" over or used for cattle range—stony flats and bare hills, beautiful to look upon when burned a tawny brown in summer, but about as easy to farm as an ash heap—was divided into homesteads and labeled "agricultural land." Families flocked in here, put up their little pine boxes of one-room houses, got a plow and team of horses, and started in to fight a living from the desert.

The water did not come. The building of reservoirs and canals was simply "wished" on the Reclamation Service, while the matter of appropriations for the work was left in the hands of the Indian Commissioner. His annual estimates were based largely on what could be spent on Indian reservations as a whole, and not on what the Reclamation Service needed to complete the work properly. For twelve years construction has dribbled along in this fashion, the inadequate appropriations scattered over

the whole project instead of concentrated to finish up each section as they went along.

And the settlers waited. Where the water came little towns have sprouted and farms are in good shape, although even now only about 50,000 of the 100,000 irrigable acres are actually in use. Where the water did not come a few, with especially good land, succeeded by dry farming in getting a crop once in every three or four years, perhaps. Those who had taken up the stony claims could not do even this. The father plowed the unwilling earth; mother and children picked up stones and piled them in little pyramids over the bare fields. They scratched and waited; threw together a shelter for the horses and themselves; hauled in timber from the distant foothills and built fences; harvested their handful of grain and hay; dug in for the winter, and with the spring went at it again. But it was a losing fight, and most of these little family plants shriveled up and died, like pots of flowers forgotten and left behind when people go away for the summer.

With Moody, project manager for the Reclamation Service, I motored up the valley from St. Ignatius to Flathead Lake, and next day round through the Big Draw and south to St. Ignatius again. We left Poulson, on the shore of the lake, after an early breakfast, and swung to the northwestward through a succession of these abandoned farms.

It was a frosty September morning, bright with the lifting clearness of the three-thousand-foot level, and the little car bored ahead between tremendous smooth, brown hills—an even leonine brown but for the stubble of pines in their folds and along the summits, and so majestically sloped and seemingly smooth that all one could think of was how enchanting it would be to shoot down them in winter on skis! Great country to run cattle in before the days of fences, or to use as the stage for some movie battle, but the end of the world as a place in which to make a living by making things grow.

One after another we passed them—the empty pine shack with broken windows, the bit of tumble-down fence, the



THE HOMESTEAD OF A "DRY-LANDER" ON THE FORMER INDIAN RESERVATION





MEMBERS OF A BOYS' AND GIRLS' CLUB IN MOIESE VALLEY

rusty, abandoned hay rake, the row of tiny trees, stunted or dead—pitiful ruins of hopes and homes. . . .

Presently I picked up on a distant hillside, pasted there like a stamp on brown paper, a house that seemed alive. Smoke was rising from the chimney, there were outbuildings and haystacks, and up the noble slopes stretched the faint patchwork of fields.

"That's Potter's place," said Moody, who knew every inch of the project, and we drove over and saw what a man might do with this country, water or no water.

The land here was only slightly less hostile than that we had just passed through, but this quiet little middle-aged man and his wife had dug in and fought, gaining an inch now, sitting tight in the years of drought and going at it again the following spring, and in the end had built themselves a fairly comfortable home and raised a family of eleven children. He brought us water-melons, although you would not think that there was enough water on his whole place to fill them. He took us out to a little barn and showed two large

work horses, so huge they almost scraped the low roof. "Thoroughbred!" said Potter, smoothing their big quarters. "Not a flaw on them!" And he pointed out his fields and told about the yield.

The precipitation here—snow and rain together—varies from 12 to about 25 inches in a year (about quarter or half of that in such neighborhoods as New York); and in 1915 and 1916, for instance, when they had 21.88 and 25.15 inches, they succeeded in getting a real crop. Prices were high then and they could afford to haul grain over the forty miles to the railroad, three days to go and come. In 1917, 1918, 1919, and 1920 the fall varied from about 11 to about 14 inches, and they got practically nothing.

And as the dry farmer spoke of these failures, of frosts and "hoppers," the moles that killed the tap roots of his precious apple trees, all the active and passive enemies that lurked behind the brown, impassive face of these lonely hills, one got a notion of the sort of qualities demanded for a job like this. "Yes, Mr. Moody!" "No, Mr. Moody!"

he would say, very polite and respectful to these unexpected guests from the outside world, but underneath that almost apologetic courtesy was the real farmer's quiet craft, watching for every loophole in a stubborn nature's armor, and meeting the most disastrous attacks with the passive resistance of rocks and trees.

He would have had a crop this year but for the "hoppers." He had mixed poison with bran and scattered it by hand over and over again through his wheat—"but, you see, Mr. Moody, it's hard to make much headway against them. They breed on these deserted farms and on the hills and come across as fast as you can kill 'em. It would be different if the neighborhood was all settled up and we were fighting 'em together." As it was, they had only succeeded in poisoning some of their own chickens.

Some of his apple trees were doing well, but others had been killed by moles just as they were beginning to bear. "I've put in some new ones and scattered broken glass all round the tap root; the theory is that it will cut their noses."

Well up the side of one of the bare slopes was a strip of green. A spring? No, a bit of seepage; that's where the watermelons had come from.

I asked what they used for fuel. Hauled in wood from the mountains, said Potter, pointing to some hills on the horizon. It was a long haul, but they could do that in winter. Schools? There was a school about two miles away. The young people got together for dances now and then. And how about sliding down those magnificent hills? Potter grinned. They weren't so smooth as you might think when you got closer to 'em—all over rocks, as a matter of fact, and then they didn't have a great amount of snow—not much more than enough to dust them.

Potter himself was the only sign of life in this dry-land ocean until Moody unlimbered his camera and asked for some of the family, and then the little house suddenly and miraculously yielded Mrs. Potter and four grown daughters. One had the notion that a prestidigitator had but to wave his wand and bouncing young ladies would come pouring out of



FLATHEAD FARMERS ARE NOT DEPENDENT ON CITY CONFECTIONARY





AN ALFALFA FIELD OF GENEROUS PROPORTIONS

the shack, as festoons of paper unroll from the magician's hat. One of the daughters, in high heels and lace dress with transparent yoke and sleeves, seemed, indeed, an illusion, until it was explained later that she had a job at a hot-springs hotel some thirty or forty miles away, and was just about to repair thither. In her case the cycle was turning cityward again, and one of Potter's sons had gone to the war, married a girl he met while in camp on Long Island, and now was working in an office in New York.

I have seen much dry-country magic, but the trick was usually worked by water. Here it was simply human pluck, wit, and patience that neither drought, frost, nor "hoppers," nor the never-ending loneliness and silence could batter down or dismay. The pioneer stock is still with us, in spite of mail orders and movies—it seemed as if a flag of some sort ought to be flying above that unpainted shack as we looked back at it from the top of the slope half an hour

later, lying there as alone as a boat on an empty sea.

But enthusiasm over Mr. Potter must not lead me into putting the wrong accent on the Flathead project as a whole. More than four and a half millions, of the seven and a half millions originally estimated as necessary, have been spent; there are several thriving towns, and those parts of the project where the water has been delivered compare favorably with any of the reclamation neighborhoods. We stopped at a number of thriving irrigated farms on our way down the valley that afternoon.

One tall young Iowan, with as neat a lawn and bungalow as you would find in a Los Angeles suburb, had made no money as yet—his elaborate improvements sufficiently accounted for that—but he declared he would never go "back East." He liked the climate, and then here you could always get away for a day up in the hills for a deer or something. Nothing like that back in

Iowa. Lots of the younger men feel the same way.

On the other hand, a farmer's wife on a thriving homestead near by was homesick for the prairie. She was a comfortable, capable woman, not complaining, but she hadn't been out of the valley since coming into it eleven years before, and it "seems like we do nothing but work." I suggested that the mountains made the country "more interesting." Well, maybe, she assented. The mountains *were* pretty, but when you've been brought up in prairie country, you miss it.

"I'll tell you," she said. "I wouldn't mind the mountains if there was just one place to see *out*!"

Inasmuch as the snowy shoulders of the Mission Range were about thirty-five miles away, and their farm a mere speck of green and yellow on the vast, gray, valley floor, the average city flat dweller might have been puzzled by this remark; but the Nebraska or Kansas farmer will understand.

At another place strawberries and cherries, peaches and apricots, had been coaxed out of the gray, pasty-looking soil, and we went away with our pockets full of big yellow apples; but the real

thing was found about sundown when we dropped in on the Eckstroms, down in the alfalfa below Lone Pine. Being Swedes, as Moody had remarked, they would surely have coffee for us, and there it was, simmering, on the back of the kitchen stove. But Mrs. Eckstrom was not content with that, and we must go into the parlor and wait until she could get us some real supper.

She was a jolly, round-faced woman, with a broad Swedish accent, and before coming out to Montana she had been cook in a Wisconsin summer hotel whither gathered millionaires and all sorts of fashionable people from "Saint Loo-oo-ey . . . and Indian-*a-ap*-olis . . . and Chi-*ca-aw*-go," Mrs. Eckstrom explained, mouthing the names of these great cities with pride. Her husband had come to America as a youth, worked in the Middle West as lumberman and engineer, and he brought to his pioneering a sound farming knowledge learned in the old country.

Like many immigrants, he had much to talk about that the customary condescending native knows little of; and after he had found that I knew something of Sweden he chatted of the novels of Selma Lagerlöf, and of the



A "DRY-LANDER" AND HIS FAMILY ON THE FLATHEAD RESERVATION



Crown Prince and the poor Crown Princess (it happened that I had seen the funeral of that gentle English lady the year before), and of the beauty of the Swedish lakes. It was very different country he was in now, and Sweden seemed a sort of bright dream, a place forever good and bright, but, as with most of these Swedish-Americans, it was only a dream—he was real American now, and would never go back.

The daughter, a tall, shy young girl, in rather impractical white shoes and stockings, and with an air of being already turned cityward, brought up some canned fruit from the little box of a clay-lined cellar, and Mrs. Eckstrom, breezing in from the kitchen at that moment, went off into a roystering story of the day of the big wind, when Pa was caught mending fences and could scarcely beat his way back to the house again.

"Ve yump in cyclone cellar . . . and Pa his hat blow away . . . and vind it blow . . . oo-oo-oo! . . .

"But ve don't have no storms here!" concluded Mrs. Eckstrom, suddenly, shaking her head vigorously as patriotism for the country got the better of her narrative enthusiasm. "No-no-no!"

With her, everything was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. She stuffed us with food and coffee, and after supper took us out to see the three new white-faced calves, and Pa's alfalfa, just stacked, and the other sights. "Some farm," Mrs. Eckstrom thought, but just wait until we saw it in three or four more years!

The daughter had gone for the cows, but she was long in coming, and the moon was up and the air sharpened with frost when she came at last hurrying up the lane. She spoke to her mother, and a moment later Eckstrom, with a hay fork, started across the fields. Moody was just cranking the car.

"What's up?" he called to Mrs. Eckstrom.

"Another calf!" she bawled, with delight.

Through cold moonlight, the mountains lifting their silvered peaks high on the eastern horizon, we drove southward along the course of the Little Bitter Root River toward St. Ignatius again. Somewhere along the silent way—it was a good sixty miles—we came to a dimly-lighted shed. Saddled horses were drowsing outside it; it was like a picture of Frederic Remington's, but for the gaso-



TWO EX-SERVICE MEN CLEARING THEIR HOMESTEAD

line engine coughing alongside. Inside, before an audience of homesteaders and their babies and children, a movie was flickering.

Broadway could scarce have endured that grotesque travesty of the old West—the syrupy heroine, the “gun fights” and claptrap—but these real Westerners were a good deal less critical, and the two young men behind us, in their “chaps” and spurs, found the hero a “real guy” and had no quarrel whatever with the plot. But of course they themselves were not without pose. For this was no “cow country,” but a place for intensive farming, where there was nothing more dangerous to fight than drought and loneliness, and success was won not by being quick on the trigger, but by sloshing about in irrigation laterals and cutting down freight rates.

In our two days’ drive we met and talked with various townspeople as well as homesteaders. Some were of the familiar dithyrambic type, like the gentleman in Poulson, for instance, who, hearing that a stranger was in town, repaired to our hotel accompanied by a sort of Greek chorus of youthful city fathers. We formed a circle in the hotel office, and for the better part of an hour he held forth with the air of one practicing a technic of which he was master, and fulfilling what all agreed was his traditional function.

“We have here, sir,” he would sing, while the chorus nodded their heads solemnly, “what we may claim without fear of contradiction is the world’s garden spot. Our climate . . . our soil. . . . In Flathead Lake, the largest body of fresh water entirely within the confines of . . . As for our schools, you are doubtless familiar with the Rocky-feller report. . . . In short—” and so on to the splendid conclusion.

At another of the little towns the proprietor of a general store, where you could get anything from plows to *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*, brought in a basket of enormous potatoes. “Quite ordi-

nary,” he said, and they had come “from a single hill.”

“What,” said he, raising a monitory forefinger, “is the great problem of the world to-day? The answer is not far to seek. *Food!* The millions of starving Russia, the broken empires of central Europe. . . . The world faces a scarcity of millions of bushels of potatoes—of root crops, of precisely the commodities in which we, in this valley, can meet and vanquish all competitors, bar none. *Bar none!* We feel that we have the opportunity, sir, in this Flathead Valley, not only for a great commercial, but for a great humanitarian service to the world. We have here, sir . . .”

In quite another vein was the talk of the young banker who gossiped by the side of our car for half an hour in front of his own one-story bank. And he interested me particularly as I recalled some of the anti-banker propaganda of the Non-Partisan Leaguers in North Dakota which I had heard a few winters ago. It was fashionable in North Dakota at that time to picture the small-town banker as a sort of white-collared Simon Legree, who sat behind a plate-glass window in the only really warm and comfortable house in several hundred square miles of wind-swept prairie, and gouged the poor shivering farmer who had to drive forty miles to town.

There are such bankers, undoubtedly, but it didn’t strike me that this was one of them. He was a clean-cut, tanned, blue-eyed young man who had come out from Minnesota to grow up with the country. He couldn’t succeed unless the farmers succeeded, and his business was not merely to collect deposits and loan them out again, but to be a sort of business partner to men whose eyes were necessarily too closely riveted on the soil and its immediate problems to permit them his own broader survey of conditions at large.

“I keep pounding it into ’em that they’ve got to get more dairy cows, feed their hay and grain on the place, and ship it out as butter fat or something



that won't eat up its own profit in freight charges. That's the solution of a proposition like this. An eighty-acre farm with about twelve milk cows, and half the acreage in alfalfa. . . . Of course a lot of the boys have had hard sledding, but they're not in bad shape. As a matter of fact, they're doing mighty well. But they get restless. One of 'em came in yesterday and told me he was going to sell out—and he's just blown in a lot in improvements. I said: 'Bill, you're crazy! Nobody's making money anywhere now in the West. Look at the sheep men; look at the cattlemen! All you've got to do is dig in and wait. These prices aren't going to last forever.' . . . But they've got to watch all the corners and *save!* There's nothing to spend money on here. Why, as I said to him, I put a quarter in the contribution plate last Sunday and I haven't spent a cent since. My wife and I have got a cow for ourselves now—a first-class Guernsey. That cow not only gives us all the milk we need for ourselves and the kids; she makes us several dollars a week besides; we have to stay at home to milk her now instead of joy riding all over the country every Saturday and Sunday!"

There is not much secrecy in the personal finances of the settlers on a project like this. They all start from scratch, with the bare land. And every new cow, every fresh coat of paint, every bit of machinery and addition to the original shack, is known of all men and appraised accordingly. It's a very different sort of thing from living in a city flat where you don't even know the name of the family in the apartment overhead; and a banker like this, with common sense, humor, and sympathy, has it in him to occupy a position about midway between that of a friendly legal guardian and a small-town family doctor.

The Shoshone Dam rises 328 feet above the bed of the river which the Indians used to call—because of its hot sulphur springs—the Stinking Water.

The river flows northeastward from Yellowstone Park, and a few miles above Buffalo Bill's old town of Cody cuts through a mountain of yellow and terracotta granite in a cañon so narrow that at its base you could almost throw a stone across it.

The Reclamation Service engineers came into this cañon, and, hanging on by their eyebrows, cut a road into the side of it, found a place for drafting offices, stone crushers, and so on, carried the river into and out of a tunnel through the solid rock, and eventually raised this dizzy monolith of concrete, as high as a thirty-story office building, blocking the cañon tight.

The site seemed to have been created for such use. Simply dam your cañon, and here, in a region too dry to grow anything, was a lake more than six thousand acres on its surface and three hundred feet deep, and unlimited electric light and power.

I saw the Shoshone Dam when the engineers were throwing their first cable footways across the chasm, and I saw it again the other day, finished but for its power plant, and sending water down to desert farms fifty miles away.

It was a cold, bright autumn day, and the wind howled down between dark walls that climbed from the river up to where the pines—mere stubble against the sky—caught the sun several thousand feet above. It was a gale you could lean against. It swooped across the lake, flinging spray high above the crest of the dam. And the shrieks and beating of it, the arms of spray writhing skyward, seemed to give voice and a sort of active malignancy to the dead, stupendous weight of water imprisoned there.

The engineer in charge, howling against the wind, led us along the road that skirted the lake to a boxlike cradle, about breast-high, suspended near the dam crest from a cable, which hung in turn from another cable, stretched, sagging, across the cañon, far overhead. He motioned for us to climb in and swung

aboard himself, legs dangling over the side, like a small boy sitting on a board fence.

The cable tightened, the car lifted under us, and, swinging slightly in the gale, crept out over the abyss. I had just come from flying with the air mail from Salt Lake to San Francisco—seven hundred miles over mountains and deserts—but not even there had I been aware of quite so poignant a good-by feeling as at the moment we left the edge of the rock and dangled in the gale above Shoshone Cañon.

The little car—a spider running out its thread—dropped slowly past the sheer gray concave face of the dam, down to the spray and thunder of the river, for the water, with its three hundred feet of head behind it, came hurtling out of the mountainside like a small cross section of Niagara. We saw the turbine intakes down there; compressed-air drills were thumping; men carrying dynamite. Ladders, slippery with spray, and held by wires to iron rods driven into cracks in the cañon wall, ran up the face of the rock to the top of the dam—fit for circus acrobats, you might think, rather than for ordinary men in overalls and heavy boots. And yet they, as well as the cradle in which we had descended, were all part of the day's work.

At one place the cañon wall, a sort of conglomerate here, had begun to give way, and men, fastened by ropes to solid crags farther up, were prying loose the boulders, to send them crashing down to the river. These boulders were supposed to go under a footway across which workmen constantly passed, and generally they did go under, but sometimes they smashed full against it, and now and then smaller chunks shot over the bridge like cannon balls. Nobody paid the least attention to this, except that the harder the boulders shook the supports of the footway and the nearer they came to hitting somebody the more the genial trolls working up above seemed to be amused.

Everything about Shoshone seemed to

be done with a similar Brobdingnagian humor. It was a man's-size job, and man's-size men were doing it, from the quiet giant who was superintending the work to the roomful of huskies whom we joined in shoveling in beef and beans and bread pudding and coffee. And the whole thing, from the great dam itself to the spirit in which the men were working, all set in this magnificent background of towering cliffs and rushing water and wind, seemed to show one side of America—what one might call our altruistic materialism—at its best. One was glad of a government which planned and undertook such beneficent enterprises, and of the husky, cheerful men who were carrying it through.

That was one side of the Shoshone project. We saw another next day.

We were huddled in the lee of a haystack on Frannie flat—two ex-service homesteaders, one of the Reclamation men, and myself—nearly fifty miles from the dam, down the wide, shallow valley. Behind us, in the west, were the mountains from which the Shoshone came; over in the east the Big Horns; and on the horizon, north and south, a range of bare, low, wrinkled hills that might have been made of ashes.

The same Wyoming gale was whistling, but it swept unchecked now, over miles of desolate flat, bare as it had been from the beginning of time except for the occasional spot of a homesteader's one-room shack. Some of these shacks were stuck on the gray sagebrush like thumb tacks on a drawing board; round others could be discerned squares of yellow or green where the desert had been beaten into crops. They and the two somewhat sardonic young men snuggling into the stack and recounting their troubles were the ultimate fringe of the promise that began in that imprisoned lake fifty miles behind us in the hills.

They were fairly typical of the little army of ex-service men who had come out the year before to take up homesteads on the Shoshone and North



Platte projects—men who, as often as not, knew little or nothing about farming, and came with the vague notion, inasmuch as the openings were restricted to ex-service men, that a grateful government was “giving” them something. And so it was—the exclusive right to be Robinson Crusoes on land much less hospitable than Crusoe’s island, and without any well-stocked ship conveniently beached in the offing and filled with biscuits and nails.

They had to pay for this land, and pay for clearing and leveling and plowing it; pay for the lumber for their shacks and their bacon and flour and nails; pay for their horses and plows and seed; and pay for the water with which, after three or four years’ grubbing and waiting, they might hope to get a decent crop.

Now the Shoshone soil is good soil, once it is tamed and civilized, and the farms round about the little city of Powell, where the homesteaders have been working for ten or twelve years, are as good as those in most prosperous irrigated neighborhoods in the West. But 1921 is not 1840, or even 1900. The snaps were all gone long ago—the places where the pioneer had but to turn over the virgin soil to see it blossom like the rose. Even the easily irrigated neighborhoods—those naturally rich, easily leveled and drained, and *close to a market*, are also gone. Men can succeed in country like the Shoshone, and they have succeeded, but it takes time and farming knowledge and some capital, and even then the problem of a market is not completely solved.

Imagine yourself, for example, starting through the homesteader’s mill in a neighborhood like this. You are dumped out, with a few hundred dollars in savings, perhaps, on a bit of land which would look to the average Eastern city man rather like an ash heap, sprinkled with tufts of gray sage. You first haul in some lumber from the nearest town, or logs from the hills—perhaps forty miles away—and build a shack. Then

the land must be cleared. If a “Fresno” is used for this purpose, four horses are needed, and, while horses are cheaper now, the homesteaders a few years ago in this region were paying as much as fifteen dollars a day for a team. Then the land must be plowed and disked and leveled, and if you have never seen water “run uphill” in the West you will not realize just how much a trick it is to prepare a field for the water.

Grain and alfalfa may be sowed together for the first crop. The former may yield enough the first year to pay for the seed or a little better, and meanwhile it acts as a cover crop for the rather cranky alfalfa. The second year the grain will be worth nothing, perhaps, but the alfalfa will possibly be “set” by this time. Meanwhile you will have paid 5 per cent of your total share of the construction cost of the irrigation project; from about \$2.50 to \$5 an acre for the use of water; \$300 to \$500 for house and furnishings; \$150 for horses; \$250 for machinery; \$125 for a wagon; \$150 for fencing; \$60 for feed—roughly, a minimum of about \$1,000 for the first year.

The soil gradually acquires humus and becomes “civilized.” It becomes also watersoaked, and, unless the drainage is perfect, alkali is likely to come to the surface or to be washed down with the seepage from the high-line canal. There were homesteads near us that afternoon where the ground was frosted with alkali like a coconut cake, and quite useless until it could be drained out again. But with hay at forty dollars a ton, as it was at times during the war, even new homesteaders made money. With hay at five dollars a ton and wheat at eighty-five cents a bushel, as it was at the moment in the Shoshone neighborhood, it is quite another story.

“And now,” I said to one of the ex-service men after we had gone over the cost of getting started, “how much do you suppose you made last year?” It was their first.

“Well,” he replied, “I made about



sixty dollars out of my wheat, forty-four dollars from my potatoes, and ten-thousand-dollars' worth of experience!"

"They call this an 'investment,'" put in the other. "I'd have made six times as much working for wages. I'll say it's a damn fine thing for the government to have us come out here and clear off the land for 'em and get it ready for some square-head to make money out of ten years from now! We'll be lucky if we can keep going long enough to operate another year. 'Investment'? Ha!"

There is no reason for weeping over the fate of these young men. They were certainly a long way from tears themselves. They were still typical American doughboys, as ironically humorous as they would have been in France over rain and mud. A few years' pounding would do them no harm. They might even win through to the snug cottages, silos, and electric milking machines one saw round Powell, although before these came they would doubtless have to get themselves wives who liked pioneering and keeping chickens.

As an adventure, this dash at pioneering had much to recommend it, but as an economic measure or a *beau geste* on the part of a grateful government, this dumping of a lot of boys, many of whom were without capital or experience, on raw land of rather unusually forbidding character, left a good deal to be desired. The Reclamation Service was aware of this fact and recommended that Congress do something toward clearing the land and possibly building houses or lending money, but nothing came of it.

We drove round the flat all that chilly afternoon until after nightfall, hunting up one little drygoods box after another. Many were empty, their owners either inviting their souls in the urban charms of Powell's one business street, or "gone back East" for the winter to Kansas or Nebraska. Those who had no stock, of course, might as well go as not. Once a girl came to the door, dish towel in hand—a pleasant, small-town girl, who evidently knew no more of farming than of

harpooning whales. She had always thought it might be "kinda fun" to homestead, but she didn't see how anybody "could keep from going in the hole here."

Her husband came up while we were gossiping, a railroad clerk by trade and able to hang on to his job thus far by going on leave. He had got \$56.11 for his first year's wheat—the seed alone had cost him \$65. It was impossible to make anything the first year, he said. His neighbor, a tall farmerlike-looking man who had built silos "until I had this job wished on to me," talked in similar strain.

Another homesteader had brought a tractor with him and had made money by renting it to his neighbors. His wife, a Middle-Western college woman, chatted with us for a time in the parlor of her two-room house, with a certain air of calm and complacency as one not unaware of "doing well," and possibly acquiring merit more rapidly than her neighbors. They had good alfalfa already and fifteen or twenty bushels to the acre of wheat. Her husband, she thought, intended to "stick," though she at least was going back East for the winter. Potential capitalists they, one of the "best families" of a few years from now.

In one or two places on the flat, alkali had risen badly and the Reclamation Service's big Bucyrus drag-line excavator was coming to the rescue. A drag-line is similar to a steam shovel except that the shovel, instead of scooping, up and outward, is dropped out and hauled in. Picking up and laying its own log-mat track as it went, dragging its own huge weight over the soggy ground, scooping and dropping neatly on the bank above its couple of tons of earth at each bite, it would have been a fascinating monster in any place, and here, where it was coming to save desperate people from ruin, it was more than usually human.

The homestead through which it was gnawing its way was frosted white with



alkali. The abandoned house lay like a stranded ship.

"I had a place like this myself, once," said the boss in charge. "A layer of shale and hardpan below the surface soil stopped the drainage and sent the alkali up. I cleaned it out at last, but it took three years to do it."

By digging a deep drainage canal below the level at which the alkali comes out it is generally possible to wash the soil clean. It is a long, slow process, but nature generally moves slowly, and those succeed who can adjust the tempo of their lives to that of the land itself, and oppose to its stubbornness and occasional enmity a compensating patience and sustained intelligence.

Here, as in the case of the Flathead country, I must not—by accenting difficulties—give a wrong impression of the project as a whole. Frannie flat will be like Powell flat one of these days, and Powell flat is an even green, with pleasant bungalows and trees. And when the motor buses come rumbling up to the Powell "consolidated" school at nine in the morning, bringing in their scores of children from all the valley round, you might think you were in a city ten times the size.

No, the Shoshone country is all right, but it is a place for regular farmers, like Potter on Flathead, for instance, and not for boys without capital or farming knowledge who come West with the notion that they are somehow to get something for nothing.

Nothing is the matter with the Shoshone country that is not the matter with most of the unoccupied land left in the West to-day—it is far from a good market and it demands a lot of work and patience. A good many people in the government and out of it have begun to realize this change in our pioneer conditions and to act accordingly. In California, the state, led by the university and Dr. Elwood Meade, has passed a Land Settlement Act providing that the

state shall buy up tracts of unused or ill-used land, divide it into farms, and resell these farms to settlers on terms much more favorable than those hitherto offered by the federal government. At the state colony at Durham they have a resident manager who gives advice of all sorts and acts as a sort of central dynamo for practical suggestions and general encouragement. Not only are the payments stretched over longer terms, but the state lends money for improvements and sends its agricultural experts from time to time to talk to the settlers.

When private capital wished to dispose of a large tract of raw land in Idaho last spring and brought the much-talked-of Brooklyn "caravan" across country for that purpose, the promoters had the land cleared, lumber ready for houses, and did all sorts of things to make the newcomers feel at home. In North Carolina a group of public-spirited people are undertaking an experiment similar to that already put into effect by the state in California. They are to buy a large tract of land, drain and divide it into farms, with intelligent arrangements for a community center, and resell the farms to settlers on long-term payments, with no profit to themselves beyond a normal interest.

In short, the time has come in America when the cost of raw land and the difficulties of beating it into shape are such as to demand something more than the old *laissez-faire* habit of dealing with homesteaders. Such fast - and - loose methods as those by which settlers were attracted into the Flathead country to whistle for their water, or by which ex-service men were dumped on the Shoshone project without realizing just what they were up against, are, if nothing more, uneconomical and out of date. Nothing untried or unduly paternalistic is suggested. We have merely to do what has been done in Europe long ago, and loan to the individual, for the ultimate benefit of all, some of the state's surplus capital and expert intelligence.

## A GROUP OF POEMS

BY WILFRID GIBSON

### A NORTHERN HOMESTEAD

**F**OUR bleak stone walls, an eaveless bleak stone roof,  
Like a squared block of native crag it stands  
Hunched on skirl-naked windy fells, aloof;  
Yet was it built by patient human hands:  
Hands that have long been dust chiseled each stone,  
And bedded it secure; and from the square  
Squat chimneystack, hither and thither blown,  
The reek of human fires still floats in air,  
And perishes, as life on life burns through.  
Square-set and stark to every blast that blows,  
It bears the brunt of time, withstands anew  
Wildfires of tempest and league-scouring snows,  
Dour and unshaken by any mortal doom,  
Timeless, unstirred by any mortal dream:  
And ghosts of reavers gather in the gloom  
About it, muttering, when the lych-owls scream.

### JOCELYN

**L**ITTLE flame that, barely kindled,  
Flickered low;  
Little flame that paled and dwindled  
As we watched you, grieving so  
That the life our love had wakened  
To the dark again should go:  
  
How we strove and strove to win you  
From the night!  
Till the baby spirit in you  
Slowly conquered, burning bright;  
And the jealous shades were routed;  
And our hearts were filled with light.  
  
Little flame that laughs and dances  
All day long,  
Little flame that soars and glances  
Clear unquenchable and strong  
As the light that springs for ever  
From the burning heart of song!

### AN EPILOGUE

**G**HOSTS of my fathers, while you keep  
On ghostly hills your ghostly sheep,  
If for a moment you should turn  
The pages of this book, to learn  
What trade your offspring's taken to,  
Because my exiled heart is true  
To your Northumbrian fells and you,  
Forgive me that my flocks and herds  
Are only barren bleating words.



# COMMAND

## A NOVEL

BY WILLIAM McFEE

*Author of Casuals of the Sea, Captain Macedoine's Daughter, etc.*

MR. DAINOPOULOS, who was always well aware of things very far away ahead, was much occupied in his mind, but he kept up a good flow of conversation to cover his anxiety. He had been approached that day by the authorities with a proposal. The new Provisional Government was like most governments of the kind—frock-coated, silk-hatted, kid-gloved politicians with extensive vocabularies and limited business experience. The agriculturists of the hinterland were in dire need of implements, machinery, and fertilizers. What was needed was a responsible person or syndicate who would act as purchasing agents, financing the operation against the harvest. The government proposed to authorize an issue of half a million drachma to a duly constituted syndicate. It was an alluring prospect. His friend Malleotis was in it, too, and thought it a good thing. Mr. Dainopoulos, while he talked to Mr. Spokesly, was developing the plan of campaign in his head. He was, so to speak, flexing his mental sinews. His extremely financial brain was working, and the more he considered it, the more lucrative the thing appeared to be. Malleotis had insisted on a two-year agreement, as there might be losses on the coming harvest. Longheaded man, Malleotis. . . .

Here is presented in moderate contrast the divergent temperaments of Boris Dainopoulos, a man of business, and Mr. Reginald Spokesly, a man of a type much more common than many people imagine. Mr. Spokesly had no business ability whatever. It simply

was not in him. His *metier*, when he was fully awake, was simply watchkeeping, which is a blend of vigilance, intelligence, and a flair for being about at the critical moment. Out of this is born the faculty and the knack of commanding men, which is a very different thing from bossing men in business. And so, while his employer was already immersed in a new and fascinating deal which might make him much richer than he had ever hoped to be in so short a time, Mr. Spokesly had forgotten that money existed, save as change for the pocket, and was devoting his whole spiritual energy to the contemplation of an affair of the heart.

Another thing which preoccupied Mr. Dainopoulos was his responsibility toward Mr. Spokesly. He didn't want anything to happen to him. His wife was always talking about him. Of course that baggage Evanthia was after him, but Mr. Dainopoulos was not worrying about her. He was anxious that Mr. Spokesly should not get into trouble over this trip. There might be something about the latter part of the voyage that the chief mate wouldn't like at all. If anything miscarried, he might not be able to prove he did not know what was going on. Mr. Dainopoulos mentioned it in the garden afterward.

"Don't you interfere with the captain, Mister," he remarked, over a cigarette.

"Eh!" said Mr. Spokesly, wondering very much. "How can I interfere with a man like him? He sets the course, and I run it off. No business o' mine what he's doin'."



*Drawn by Harvey Dunn*

"DON'T YOU INTERFERE WITH THE CAPTAIN, MISTER"



This was so exactly in accordance with Mr. Dainopoulos's views and so exactly what Mr. Spokesly ought to say, supposing he knew everything, that the former looked hard at the mate and uttered a cackling snarl of astonished satisfaction.

"Why, that's just it. You let him settle everything."

"Except the work about the deck."

"Ah-h!" Mr. Dainopoulos was not lying awake at night worrying about the condition of the deck of the *Kalkis*.

"And the accommodation has got to be kept clean while I'm there," babbled Mr. Spokesly.

"Why, certainly, certainly," assented Mr. Dainopoulos.

"I ought to tell you I tried to get a passport for Miss Solaris," said Mr. Spokesly in a low tone. "They wouldn't hear of it."

"I told her three or four times it was no good," said Mr. Dainopoulos, irritably. "What does she think she is?"

"Well, she's got the idea she wants to go to Athens and—"

"She won't go to Athens."

"You mean the ship don't go to Piræus?"

"I mean she won't get to Athens."

"Well, I done the best I could for her. She could have my cabin, and I'll sleep in the chart room."

"How can she get on board?" asked Mr. Dainopoulos. "Does she think I'm goin' to get myself into a lotta trouble for her? Why, let me say to you, Mister, I do plenty business with these peoples, but I could not get a passport now for Mrs. Dainopoulos. No! How can I get one for a girl who nobody knows nothing about? Such foolishness!"

"Just what I told her, and she laughed at me and told me she'd manage it."

"She may do that. She can get one of these officers to fix it, very likely. You know how they are, these French officers. Anything for a pretty young lady."

"She wouldn't do that," said Mr. Spokesly, with a troubled air. "She's a friend of Mrs. Dainopoulos, remember."

"I remember, all right. But plenty of women do that sort of business all the time in war. Every war the same. Something—I dunno what you call it—gets 'em. They go crazy, a little. They like the uniforms and the tom-te-tom-tom-tom of the music. You know what I mean. I tell her she oughta get a job in Stein's. But she don't like anybody to tell her anything. She ain't nothin' to me. Her mother!... Humph!" And Mr. Dainopoulos flicked his thumbs outward.

"What I told her was, if she did get aboard, she'd have a trip down to the islands and back. But she don't understand."

"She don't understand nothin' only buyin' clothes an' thinkin' she's one of these here grand-duchesses in Russia," snapped Mr. Dainopoulos. "Don't you take any notice of her nonsense stuff."

"Well, I'm supposed to be disinterested in this," said Mr. Spokesly, with a slight smile. "I mean, I will say she's been straight about it."

"About what?" said Mr. Dainopoulos, somewhat mystified.

"That sweetheart she had, who went away."

"Oh, him! He's gone."

"She reckons he's in Athens."

"She reckons anything she hears and she can believe anything she wants. It don't hurt nobody."

"That's right, but what do you think?"

"Nothin'. What's it got to do with me? I'd be a fine sorta fool to mix up with her business, me doing business with the English army, eh? Whatta you think I am?"

"She's neutral, I s'pose."

"Yes, but *he* ain't. He was assistant vice-consul, and he used to go aboard the ships and talk his English. He was in London years. Talks English better than you do. And he was sendin' reports all the time in the consul's bag." Mr. Dainopoulos gave a curt chuckle. "Nothin' to do with me. They thought he was a Y. M. C. A. feller. Made them

laugh. And they used to tell him where they been and where they was goin'. . . . Yes, he was all over the place. She's crazy about him, I know. But he's forgot all about her long ago. You no need to worry about him."

Mr. Spokesly was not worrying about him. One does not worry about rivals who are in all probability three or four hundred miles beyond the battle line. But he was pained at Mr. Dainopoulos's estimate of Evanthia. He felt sorry for a man who was unable to appreciate the flavor, the bouquet, so to speak, of so delicious a personality. When Mr. Dainopoulos said, warningly, over his shoulder—his scarred and unlovely features slewed into a grin—"You watch. She'll fool you," he did not deny it. What he wondered at was the failure of his employer to appreciate the extreme pleasure of being fooled by a woman like Evanthia. For Mr. Spokesly had of late discovered that a man can, in some curious sub-conscious way, keep his head in a swoon. Like the person under an anæsthetic, who is aware of his own pulsing, swaying descent into a hurried yet timeless oblivion, whose brain keeps an amused record of the absurd efforts of alien intelligences to communicate with him as he drops past the spinning worlds into darkness, and who is aware, too, of his own entire helplessness, a man can with advantage sometimes let himself be fooled. For Mr. Spokesly, who had always prided himself on his wide-awake attitude toward women, it was a bracing and novel experience to let Evanthia fool him. It was really a form of making a woman happy, since some women are incapable of happiness unless they are fooling men. But he was unable to get Mr. Dainopoulos to see this aspect of the affair. Mr. Dainopoulos was not the man to let anybody fool him unless it might be his wife. It may be doubted if even she managed it. He was very largely what we call Latin, and the Latins are strangely devoid of illusions about women.

He walked down the road with Mr.

Spokesly, who was going to take the car along and then go aboard. He said:

"I'll be on board the ship to-morrow morning early. Anything you want, let me know and I'll have it sent over in the afternoon before you sail. This will be a good trip for you, and when you come back, by that time I'll have a good job for you."

Mr. Spokesly decided to take a carriage. As he bowled along, he turned over in his mind the chances of seeing Evanthia Solaris again. He had no faith in her ability to make an effectual departure from Saloniki. Yet he would not have taken a heavy wager against it. She had an air of having something in reserve. He smiled as he thought what an education such a woman was. How she kept one continually on the stretch matching her moods, her whims, her sudden flashes of savage anger and glowing softness! And he thought of the immediate future, moving through dangerous seas with her depending upon him. If only she could do it! This was a dream, surely. He laughed. The least introspective of men, he sometimes held inarticulate conversations. He had often imagined himself the arbiter of some beautiful woman's fate, some fine piece of goods. There was nothing wicked in this, simply a desire for romance. He was a twentieth-century Englishman in the grand transition period between Victorianism and Victory, when we still held the conventional notions of chivalry and its rewards. It should not be forgotten that when a knight actually did win a fair lady he had some voice in her disposal; and it was a vestige of this instinct which appeared in Mr. Spokesly as speculations concerning Evanthia's future.

## XII

"WHERE'S your ship?" growled the chief petty officer, sidling along the engine house and taking one of Mr. Spokesly's cigarettes as they were borne swiftly over the waters by the launch.



"*Kalkis*, little Greek boat just ahead," said Mr. Spokesly, slipping a couple of shillings into a waiting palm. "And look here, can you wait a second when I get aboard? My skipper wants to go ashore."

"Tell him to double up then."

Captain Ranney was standing on the grating at the head of the gangway, charged with a well-rehearsed monologue on the extreme lack of consideration experienced by some shipmasters. Mr. Spokesly ran up and cut him short.

"Hurry up, sir. Boat's waiting," and before he was aware of it Captain Ranney, with one of his shins barked in getting aboard, was halfway across the gulf.

"Now," said Mr. Spokesly to himself, looking toward the houses, "I wonder what's going to happen."

At first it seemed as if nothing would ever happen again. There were no electric lights on the *Kalkis*, although she had a very fine dynamo in her engine-room, because one of her engineers in time past had cut away all the wiring and sold it. The donkey-boiler fire was banked, and the donkeyman gone ashore. She swung at anchor in absolute silence. The launch was half a mile away. Over the Vardar valley was a glare as of distant conflagrations, and along the front shore the sparkling entrances of the palaces of pleasure from which Mr. Spokesly had just come.

He went down and unlocked the door of his cabin. It was much cleaner than it had been for years, but smelled of new paint. He opened the scuttles, hooked back the door, and lit the brass gimballamp. His tin trunk was stowed under the bed-place. Clean fresh canvas was on the floor and a rag mat by the bunk. A piece of lilac-tinted toilet soap, which is almost indispensable in an English guest room. A clean towel, which he had bought himself at Stein's. The next room was a bathroom, but it was not yet in an entirely satisfactory condition. It had been used to keep chickens in at some time, and had also served as a store

for the steward. And fresh water had to be carried from the pump as all the plumbing had been cut away and sold.

Well, it would do. Mr. Spokesly opened the trunk containing Evanthia's clothes and began to lay the contents in different drawers. He did it clumsily, as a matter of course, so that things of silk and cotton were crumpled and twisted, and he regarded his results dubiously. He decided he would be a failure as a lady's maid, and lighting a cigarette, ascended to the deck. A fine thing, he reflected, if she never came, and he had all those fal-lals and frills to carry about the ocean!

There seemed to be no one on board. And it suddenly occurred to him that this might be an actual fact. He looked into the galley and found no one there. He walked forward to the bridge-deck rail and blew his whistle. Presently up from below, and framed in the doorway of the scuttle, appeared an alarming phenomenon. Its hair stood in conflicting directions, a large mustache cut across between two round black eyes and a red mouth full of yellow teeth, one cheek was covered thickly with lather, and the other, already shaved, was smeared with blood.

"What's the matter?" said the bosun.

"Where's the watchman?" asked Mr. Spokesly.

"He's down here talking to me."

"What are you doing, shaving?"

"Of course I am. What did you think I was doing? Cutting my throat?"

"Looks damn like it," muttered Mr. Spokesly, and sauntered away aft to look at the shore. The indignant apparition in the fore-castle scuttle gradually sank from view like the phantoms in old-fashioned grand opera, and was replaced by a lumbering creature in a blue jersey, with curling blond hair and a bucket of soapsuds. Mr. Spokesly heard him presently, banging about in the galley.

There was a seat aft near the hand-steering gear, one of those old-fashioned affairs with curiously molded cast-iron ends and elaborate teak slats, and he sat

down there with the telescope to his eye, watching the dark mass of trees and roofs where Mr. Dainopoulos lived. Except for a street lamp shining among the trees and a blue spit from a trolley-car, he could discern nothing. Even the room where Mrs. Dainopoulos usually lay was not lighted. It was just about this time that Mr. Spokesly reached the lowest point of his confidence. The magnetism of Evanthia's personality, a magnetism which made him feel, in her presence, that she was capable of achieving anything she desired, and which is sometimes confused with the faculty of command, was wearing away in the chill dark emptiness of the night. There was a quality of sharp and impersonal skepticism in the air and in those glittering shore-lights beyond the black and polished surface of the Gulf. There was now no wind; the evening current and breeze had faded away, and both the water and the air were hanging motionless until the early morning, when they would set eastward again, to bring the ship's bows pointing toward the shore. And it was slack water in the minds of men floating on that dark and sinister harbor.

There were other men sitting and looking toward the shore, men whose nerves had been worn raw by the sheer immensity of the mechanism in which they were entangled. They were the last unconsidered acolytes in a hierarchy of hopeless men. They had no news to cheer them, for the ships sank a thousand miles away. They endured because they were men, and the noisy lies that came to them over the aërials only made them look sour. Great journalists in London, their eyes almost popping from their heads at the state of things on the sea and at the front, thumped the merchant mariner on the back in bluff and hearty editorials, calling him a glorious shell-back—and earning his silent contempt. The stark emphasis placed upon his illiteracy and uncouthness did more harm than good. The great journalists accepted the navy and the army

on equal footing, but they felt it necessary to placate the seaman with patronage. They were too indolent to find out what manner of men they were who were going to sea. And while the politicians fumbled, and the navy and army squabbled with each other and with their allies, and the organized sentiment of the world grew hysterical about Tommy and Jack, the seaman went on being blown up at sea or rotting at anchor. And of the two the former was invariably preferred.

Mr. Spokesly, setting down the telescope to light another cigarette, was following this train of thought, and he was surprised to come on the conviction that an active enemy who tries to kill you can be more welcome and estimable than a government without either heart or brains who leaves you to sink in despair. Indeed, he began to carry on a little train of thought of his own, this habit having had more chance to grow since the London School of Mnemonics had gone to the bottom with the *Tanganyika* and a good many other things. He said to himself: "That's it. It isn't the work or the danger, it's the monotony and feeling nobody gives a damn. Look at me. Now I'm on my own, so to speak, gone out and started something myself, I feel twice as chipper as I did when I was on that darned *Tanganyika* and they didn't seem to know where to send her or what to do with her when she got there. I wonder how many ships we got, sailing about like her and gettin' sunk and nobody any better off. They say there's ships carryin' sand to Egypt and lumber to Russia. That's where it is. You trust a man to boss the job and he can make a million for himself if he likes; you don't mind. But if he muffs it, you want to kill him even if he is a lord or a politician. I must say we got a bunch of beauties on the job now. Good Lord!"

It might be imagined that, having found so fertile and refreshing a theme, Mr. Spokesly would have abandoned everything else to pursue it to the ex-



ceedingly bitter end. But he no longer felt that cankering animosity toward authority. He saw that authority can be made exceedingly profitable to those who display dexterity and resilience in dealing with it. Mr. Spokesly had associated long enough with Mr. Dainopoulos, for example, to conceive a genuine admiration for that gentleman's astute use of his position in the midst of diverse and conflicting authorities. Mr. Dainopoulos might be said to be lending the government the tackle to pull down the branches laden with fruit, and then charging a high price for the privilege of putting that fruit into his own pocket. Mr. Spokesly would have been even more impressed if he had been aware of the ultimate destination of the freight he had been stowing so industriously into the *Kalkis*, or of the total emoluments accruing to Mr. Dainopoulos from that freight from first to last. The old adage about turning your money over was not often so admirably illustrated. Archie's absurd speculations and traffic in villainous drugs seemed microscopic compared with the profits to be made by a good business man.

Keeping company with these general fancies in Mr. Spokesly's mind was a speculation concerning his own part in Evanthia's adventure. He looked at his watch. Ten o'clock. By looking hard through the telescope he could make out a faint radiance from the upper window of the Dainopoulos house. No doubt it was closed and they were sitting there as usual with one of the Malleotis family to keep them company. Then what was he supposed to do? In the novels he had read the hero with projecting jaw and remarkable accuracy with firearms was never in any doubt about what he was to do.

It was at this moment that he thought of the bosun.

He liked that person more than he would have admitted. Invariably toiling at something in his immense canvas apron, his globular eyes were charged with an expression of patient amazement

at a troublesome world. If Diogenes, who lived in this part of the world, had revisited his ancient haunts and encountered Joseph Plouff he would have made the acquaintance of a peculiar type of honest man. The bosun was honest, but he had been born without the divine gift of a bushel to conceal the blaze of his probity. But in spite of his virtue Mr. Spokesly found him congenial. In the midst of the little community of seamen he was the only one who spoke even passable English. He was the man-of-all-work, bosun, carpenter, lamp-trimmer, winchman, storekeeper, and sometimes acting second mate. For the engineer with his Egyptian donkeyman and two Maltee firemen, Plouff and his Scandinavian sailors had a fierce contempt. For "the Captinne" Plouff entertained an amusing reverence, as though Captain Ranney's mastery of monologue appealed to the voluble creature. In his own heart, however, there was neither bitterness nor that despair of perfection which made Captain Ranney so uncomfortable a neighbor. In his own view Plouff was an ideal bosun who was continually retrieving his employers from disaster, but he attributed this to the fortunate fact that "he had his eyes about him at the time" rather than to the hopeless incompetence of the rest of the world.

So it occurred to Mr. Spokesly suddenly to enlist the bosun in this enterprise. Apparently he was going ashore. Mr. Spokesly wondered how he was going to manage it. He blew his whistle, and the bosun, who had his head in the galley door talking to the watchman, withdrew it and called out.

"What's the matter?"

"Come here, Bos', I want you."

Plouff knew by the sound of the word "Bos'" that a friendly conversation was contemplated, and he went aft stroking his pomatumed mustache and licking his chops in anticipation, for he loved to talk to his superiors.

"How are you going ashore?"

"Me?" said the bosun, amazed. "In



*Drawn by Harvey Dunn*

MR. SPOKESLY FLEW OVER THE GATE AND CAME DOWN ON THE FLAGS BELOW



a boat of course. How'd you think I was goin'? In a flyin' machine?"

"Well, where's the boat?"

"Why, down there. Here's the painter," said Plouff, laying his hand on it, very much bewildered.

"But I thought they didn't let you use the ship's boats after sundown."

"Yes, they got all them rules, but there's always easy ways," said Plouff, with gentle scorn.

"Where do you land?"

"Why, right here," and Plouff pointed to where Mr. Spokesly had been looking with the telescope.

"Is that so? But I've seen no jetty."

"No, there's no jetty. It runs alongside of the garden, you see, and there's big doors where the old feller used to keep his boat."

"What old feller?"

"Why, do you mean to say you don't know? I thought everybody knew that place."

"Well, go on. Spit it out. I don't know all the joints in this town."

"Neither do I, but I know a good many of 'em. Well, you see that house with the corner like a turnip, Turkey style? That's the house. It used to belong to an old guy who lives way over there," and Joseph Plouff waved his arm eastward toward Chalcidice. "Big farm for tobacco, he got. Old Turk he is, I s'pose. Well, he has this house here and he had it built with a boat-house so the boat can go right in and out o' sight. And there wasn't any other way in. He comes down the mountain, gets into his boat and sails over to his house when he wants to have good time. Now he lives out there, blind and rollin' in money since the war, and his wives keep him at home all the time. And the house was sold. You can get a drink there now. I was there last night. American bar with Greek drinks."

"And are you goin' there to-night?"

"Sure I am. What did you think I was shavin' for?"

"Well, listen to me, Bos'. I wish I'd known it was as easy as that. You see

I've got a friend who wants to make the trip with us, but we can't get a passport."

"Why can't he come back with me?"

"It's a young lady, Bos'."

The bosun started back as though in horror at these words.

"Is that the way the wind blows?" said he. "Well, this is what you'd better do—"

"But she said she'd come aboard some time to-night, you see, and that's why I'm sitting here. Can she get a boat at that place?"

"She might, easy enough. She can come in by the garden and there's a boat in the old boathouse, if she had any help. Where's she goin' to sleep?"

"In my cabin."

"And all that work I done down there for a stranger."

"No, you done it for me. And I done it for this lady friend o' mine. She's goin' to meet her sweetheart in Athens, you understand."

The bosun, whose eyes had gradually assumed an expression of having been poked out and replaced by an unskilful oculist, now gave an enormous smirk and drew himself into an attitude of extreme propriety.

"Oh-ho! But the captinne—"

"Never mind him just now. I have a reason for thinking he won't mind. In fact, I believe he knows all about it but pretends he don't, to save himself trouble. Skippers do that, you know, Bos'."

"You bet they do!" said Joseph Plouff with immense conviction. "And then come back at you if things go wrong. I been with hundreds o' skippers and they was all the same."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked the chief officer, calmly. "You talk a hell of a lot, Bos', but you haven't said much yet."

"Because you ain't give me a chance. You ask me all about that American bar where there ain't any American drinks, and I had to tell you, didn't I? And I was goin' to sugges' something, only you wouldn't listen."

"What?"

"Go yourself. You can get out into the street by the garden. It used to be a movin'-picture place, but they stopped it because of the lights. And it's mostly French sailors go there. American bar, see? What the *matelots* call *hig' lif*. I speak French, so I go there. Now you come along and see what we can do."

"And leave the ship?"

"The ship won't run away, I can promise you that. And the watchman's there in the galley, ain't he? I'll get my coat."

"And how do I know when she'll come, supposing she does come to this place you're talking about?"

"You want me to tell you that!" said the bosun in a faint voice, lifting his broad features to the heavens in protest. "I thought you knew," he added, looking down again at Mr. Spokesly.

"Some time before daylight," muttered that gentleman, getting up. "I'll go with you, but mind, you got to stand by to row me back whenever I want you. Understand? No going off with your *matelots*. Nice thing, if anything should happen and me out o' the ship."

"All right, all right. You don't need to get sore with your own bosun," said Plouff. "I can tell you, you might have a worse one. Here's me, sits all the evening playin' rummy, and one eye on the ship from that American bar, and all you can do's get sore. What do you think I am, a bum? If it hadn't been for me havin' my eyes about me in Port Said, them A-rabs would ha' stove her in against the next ship twenty time. Me sittin' up half the night makin' fenders. Oh yes!"

"Come on, then. You're as bad as the Old Man when it comes to chewing the rag. Can you talk French like that?"

"As good as English. Faster. More of it. I know more French words than English."

"Lord help us." Mr. Spokesly poked the tiller-bar into the rudder and hung the latter over the stern of the boat which Plouff had been hauling along to

the gangway. "Now then. Got a lantern? Don't light it. Bear away."

Instructed by Plouff, Mr. Spokesly steered due east away from the ship and concealed by it from the eyes on watch on the warships. Then after half a mile he turned sharply about and Plouff slowed down until the boat just moved through the water and they were quite lost in the intense darkness.

"Now we got nothing to be scared of except searchlights. But it's only Wednesday night they work 'em."

"Why do you get only Frenchmen at this place?" asked Mr. Spokesly.

"Because it's near their hospital and rest-camp. The English are all down by the Bersina Gardens. So the Frenchies go to talk to the poilus. French sailors don't have much truck with English sailors, you can bet."

"Well, you wouldn't if you couldn't talk to them either," retorted Mr. Spokesly. "Now where do we go in?"

"Ship the rudder," said the bosun. "I'll fetch round myself."

They were now in the profound shadows of a short backwater formed by the corner of the old café chantant and cinema garden which had been fashioned out of the romantic dwelling whose earlier history Plouff had recounted with such relish. The big doors of the water entrance had been removed and the shed itself partly boarded over. There was no one in sight, and only a small tin lamp on the wall, but there was an air of recent occupancy, of human proximity, of frequent appearances, about the place. A boat was thrust half under the planks, and the door at the back had a black patch where many hands had polished it in passing through. Beneath the door shone a crack of bright light. Plouff, shipping his oars, brought up softly alongside the other boat, and stepped ashore across the thwarts with the painter in his hand.

"Here we are," he chuckled. "Snug as a bug in a rug. Bring her in under. Make fast."

The door was opened about six inches



and a face with an exceedingly drooping mustache peered out from beneath the slovenly looking cap of a French petty officer of marine.

"*Qu'est ce que c'est?*" he demanded.

"*Comment ça va, mon vieux!*" retorted Plouff, advancing. "*Mon lieutenant—bon garçon. Oh-h, mon vieux, il faut que je vous dise que nous avons une grande affaire. Où est la belle Antigone?*"

"*Chez elle,*" muttered the other. "*Entrez. Bon soir, Monsieur lieutenant.*"

Mr. Spokesly walked through into a lofty hallway. A door on the left led into the darkness of the garden, another on the right opened upon a large chamber, dimly lighted and bounded by a lattice-work terrace, and in front ascended one of those imposing staircases which the Latin inserts into the most insignificant edifices. The room on the right, was simply a rough-and-ready café, with a small bar in the corner, set up in an unfurnished residence. Upstairs was a select gambling hell for officers only. And practically French officers only. There was only one reason why English officers, for example, did not visit this place. They did not know of its existence. It was a club. Madame Antigone was the caretaker who also managed the canteen on the ground floor and encouraged, by her formidable discretion, the maintenance of a small corner of France in an alien land—the France of the *Cercle* and the Casino, sober-minded devotees of roulette and connoisseurs of sound liquor.

Some of the latter was immediately forthcoming. Even Mr. Spokesly, whose conception of a drink was that of most English and Americans—a decoction of no ascertainable flavor and with the kick of a vicious horse—even he appreciated to a small degree the body and generous vintage of the wine brought to their table by a soldier in hospital dress. He looked round as he drank. They were men of all ranks of the land and sea forces, clean-shaven and boyish, ferociously mustached and obscured by short truculent beards. They played

dominoes or cards, smoked and sipped, or conversed with the grave gestures which are the heritage of a thousand emotional years. Among them Plouff was accepted as a weird variant of undeniable home stock, a creature who led a double life as Englishman and Frenchman, *un monstre*, a grotesque emblem of the great *Entente*. They stood about him as he sat, his head far back on his shoulders, his large red mouth open beneath the great mustache, telling them the story of his lieutenant's incredible gallantry. They listened in silence, glancing deferentially toward Mr. Spokesly from time to time, as though he were acquiring a singular and heroic virtue in their estimation for his audacity in fumbling with a woman's destiny. But Mr. Spokesly himself felt neither heroic nor audacious. He was uneasy. He interrupted the eloquence of his bosun as soon as he had finished his drink. He had a picture in his mind of Evanthia waiting somewhere, waiting for him with her amber eyes smoldering and ready to break out into a torrent of reproaches for his sluggish obedience. She had achieved that ascendancy over him. He was conscious of a species of mingled terror and delight in her personality. He rose.

"What's the matter?" demanded Plouff, astonished.

Mr. Spokesly regarded him with considerable impatience.

"How can I stop here?" he inquired. "You ought to have more sense," and he walked away toward the garden.

Plouff looked round at his circle of listeners, as though calling them to witness the strenuous nature of service with the English, and followed. He found Mr. Spokesly pausing irresolutely by the foot of the stairs.

"I wonder what Dainopoulos 'ud think if he saw me hanging round," the latter mused. "Nobody on the ship, too! Well, here goes." And he whispered to the attentive Plouff.

"Do you know where the cars are, Bos'?"

"Of course I do. What do you take me for?"

"Go on then, go on. I'll know the house if I see it."

Plouff was getting excited.

"And she come down with you?" he demanded.

"I don't know yet, man. Wait."

And suddenly they emerged upon the street.

Mr. Spokesly paused in the shadow of the wall enclosing the house they had left. On either hand extended an obscure and empty street. From that retired vantage the suburbs of Salonika were wrapped in a peace as complete as that of the harbor. A faint hum, as of a distant trolley-car, came along the wires overhead. Mr. Spokesly reflected quietly, noting the landmarks, getting his bearings. The Dainopoulos house was a little farther on, he guessed. As he took a step forward, a door banged some distance off, and a dog gave a few ringing howls.

"Is it far?" asked Plouff, in a tense whisper. Mr. Spokesly looked at him. He was very much excited, and looked foolish, with his round eyes and extraordinarily pretentious mustache.

"No, I don't think it is," said Mr. Spokesly. "I got an idea it's just along on the other side." And then, as they moved up the road and the view changed somewhat, opening out a familiar clump of trees, he added, "Yes, it's just along here," and mended his pace.

And he advanced upon the place where he believed Evanthia to be waiting for him, in a mood of mingled fear and pleasure. Perhaps there was shame in it too, for he almost felt himself blush when he thought of himself sitting there on the *Kalkis* waiting. And but for an accident—Plouff was the accident—he might have been waiting there still. He grew hot. He saw that his long habitude of regarding women as purchasable adjuncts to a secular convenience had corrupted his perception of character. Why had he not seen immediately that she would expect him to carry out the whole

enterprise? Where had his wits been when the amber eyes smoldered and broke into a lambent flame that seemed to play all round his heart? That was her way. She never supplicated, evoking a benign pity for her pathetic and regretted womanhood. Nor did she storm and rail, getting what she desired as the price of repose. She simply accepted the responsibility with a flickering revelation of her soul in one glance from those amber eyes, and left him to divine the purpose in her heart. He thought of all this in the few moments as he moved up to the house with the active and enthusiastic Plouff at his heels like a shadow. And he wondered if she would keep him waiting. That, at any rate, was not one of her faults.

There was no light in the front of the house. That was not promising. He crossed over and took an oblique view of the windows behind the trees of the garden. And she was there. He saw a shadow on the ceiling, a shadow that moved and halted with leisurely deliberation. He walked to the gate and tried it. It was shut.

"Listen Bos'," he said, holding that person's shoulder in a firm grip. "You've got to give me a leg over. Then—listen now—go back and get the boat out, and lay off the end of the garden. Savvy?"

"Yes. Now, up you go," said Plouff. "What do you want to hold me like that for? Over?"

There was no need for the question or for a reply. Mr. Spokesly, assisted by an energetic heave from Plouff, flew over the gate and came down easily on the flags below. He heard Plouff depart hastily, and went round into the garden to discover what he might have to do. It was easy to push along the path and look up at the lighted window. She was there. He could see her arms above her head busy with her hair. While he stood there she took a large hat from her head and presently replaced it by a black toque with a single darting cock's feather athwart it. Once he saw her face, stern and rigid with anxiety over



the choice of a hat. And he saw, when he flung a small piece of earth gently against the window, the arms stop dead in their movements and remain there while she listened. Again he flung a piece of earth, a soft fragment that burst silently as it struck the glass, and the light went out.

Mr. Spokesly bethought him of the gate over which he had come and he made his way back to see if it could be opened from within. It could, and he opened it. And then, just as he was preparing for a secret and stealthy departure, bracing his spirit for the adventure of an *enlèvement*, the door behind him opened and shut with some noise, and Evanthis Solaris, buttoning a glove, stood before him, a slender black phantom in the darkness.

He was dumfounded for a moment, until the full significance of her action was borne in upon him. She had surrendered her destiny to his hands after all. Athens was far away. It was with him that she was willing to venture forth into unknown perils. What a girl! He experienced an accession of spiritual energy as he advanced hurriedly in the transparent obscurity of the garden. She did not move as he touched her save to continue buttoning a glove.

"Ready?" he whispered.

She gave him an enigmatic glance from behind the veil she was wearing and thrust her body slightly against his with a gesture at once delicate and eloquent of a subtle mood. She was aware that this man, come up out of the sea like some fabled monster of old to do her bidding, was the victim of her extraordinary personality; yet she never forgot that his admiration, his love, his devotion, his skill and his endurance were no more than her rightful claim. Incomparably equipped for a war with fate, she regarded men always as the legionaries of her enemy. And that gesture of hers, which thrilled him as a signal of surrender, was a token of her indomitable confidence and pride.

"For anything," she said, smiling behind her veil. "What have you done?"

"I've got a boat," he whispered. "It's all ready. Where are they?" He pointed to the house.

"Asleep," she said, pulling the gate open.

"Don't make so much noise," he begged. She stopped and turned on him.

"I can go out if I like," she said, calmly. "You think I am a slave here?"

"Oh, no, no. You don't understand—" he began.

"I understand you think I am afraid of these people. Phht! Where is the carriage?"

"It's only a little way. You can't get boats down at the landings. Just a little way."

"All right," she pulled the gate to and the latch clicked. And then she put her gloved hand lightly on his arm, trusting her fate to him, and they walked down the road in the darkness.

"Have you got everything?" he asked, timidly.

She did not reply at once. She was looking steadily ahead, thinking in a rapt way of the future, which was full of immense possibilities, and which she was prepared to meet with a dynamic courage peculiarly her own. And at that moment, though her hand lay on the arm of this man who was to take her away, she was like a woman walking alone in the midst of perils and enemies, toward a shining destiny, her delicate body sheathed in the supple and impenetrable armor of an inherited fortitude. She smiled.

"Everything," she murmured in French. "Have I not thee?" And she added, so that his face cleared of doubt and he, too, smiled proudly, "Ah, yes. What do we need, if we have each other?" He strained her suddenly to him and she stood there looking up at him with her bright fearless amber eyes smiling.

"The boat?" she asked.

They reached the corner and for an instant the dark unfamiliarity of the lane daunted her.

"Down here, dear," he said, holding her close. "I have a man I can trust in the boat. He's waiting."

They advanced silently, turning the corners of the lane and stooping beneath the boughs of the trees. Her faint adumbration of doubt inspired in him an emotion of fiery protectiveness. For a moment, while they were among the trees in the garden, they halted and stood close together. The door swung open, letting out a long shaft of yellow light for an instant, showing up in sharp silhouette a chair, a table, some garbage, and a startled cat. And closed again with a bang and a rattle that mingled with the steps of someone going off up the lane.

"What is this place?" she whispered, looking up into the sky for the outline of the roof. "Ah, yes!" she said, noting the bulging cupola on the tower. "I see."

"You know about this place?" he asked, as they reached the low parapet at the bottom of the garden. She pressed his arm in assent. She did. Women always know those facts of local history. Evanthia recalled, looking out over the obscure and shadowy waters of the Gulf, the tale of that old votary of pleasure. Men were like that. Behind her infatuation for the gay young person supposed to be in Athens, she cherished a profound animosity toward men. She stood there, a man's arm flung tensely about her, another man cautiously working the boat in beneath where she stood, the blood and tissues of her body nourished by the exertions of other men, meditating intently upon the swinish proclivities of men. She even trembled slightly at the thought of those proclivities, and the man beside her held her more closely and soothed her with a gentle caress because he imagined she was the victim of a woman's timidity.

"It's all right, dear," he murmured. "Now I'll get down." He stooped and cautiously lowered himself into the boat, which rose and fell in a gentle rhythm

against the sea wall. And for a moment Evanthia had a slight vertigo of terror. She found herself suddenly alone. That arm—it had sustained her. She looked down and descried Mr. Spokesly standing with his arms extended toward her.

"Quick, dear! Now!" his face showed a white plaque in the darkness; face and hands as though floating up and down below her disembodied, and the faint tense whisper coming up mysteriously. She felt the rough coping with her fingers and leaned over toward the face.

"Hold me!" she breathed, and swung herself over. She felt his hands close firmly on her ankles and, closing her eyes, leaned backward into the void and let go.

"Now push off, Bos'," said Mr. Spokesly, holding her in his arms. "We're away." He set her down and took the tiller. "Easy now, Bos'," he added, breathing hard.

Plouff, his eyes protruding with decorous curiosity, pulled out and began to row cautiously into the darkness. It was done. She sat on a thwart, her gloved hands folded in her lap, demure, collected, intoxicating. It was done.

"All right now?" he whispered, exultingly. She looked at him, an enigmatic smile on her veiled face, and touched his knee. His tone was triumphant. He imagined he was doing all this, and she continued to smile.

"Ah yes!" she breathed. "Always all right, with you."

He pressed her hand to his lips. She let him do this.

"The ship?" she said, gently.

"Soon," he said. "We must be careful. Tired?"

"A little. Where is the ship?"

"That is her light. We go this way—keep out of sight."

"How long?"

"Soon, soon."

She became trustful as they turned and made for the ship. Plouff, stifling his desire to proclaim his incomparable efficiency, brought up imperceptibly against the grating and stepping out,



crept intelligently up the ladder to make sure of the watchman. That person was, as Plouff expected, drowsing comfortably over the galley fire. He tip-toed to the bulwarks and whispered.

"Come up. All clear!"

Mr. Spokesly drew Evanthia upon the gangway and guided her steps upward. Plouff stood at the top, his head thrust forward and his hand gripping the bulwark as though about to fling himself upon them. His globular eyes and glossy curling mustache made him look like some furtive and predatory animal. He slipped down the gangway, got into the boat and pushed off. Plouff was off to have a night free from responsibility. His chief officer was on board. *Sacré!* His chief officer had *joli goût*. And he, Plouff, had his eyes about him. And his wits. There was something behind this. So, not a word!

And the two passengers, whom he had transported so neatly and without arousing either the watchman or the suspicious picket-boats, went into the cabin and, after closing the door, Mr. Spokesly lit the swinging lamp. Evanthia looked about her.

"A ship," she said, absently, revolving the novel idea in her mind.

"You must go to bed," said he, gravely. "And you must stay down in there until I tell you it is all clear. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand."

"I'll show you," he said, and he carefully piloted her down the companion. She leaned forward daintily to peer as he lit her lamp.

"It's the best I could do," he whispered.

"Beautiful. Tck!" She saw her clothes in the drawer he opened, and patted his arm. She regarded him curiously, as though seeing him in a fresh light. "You are very good to me."

"Easy to be that," he muttered, holding her and breathing heavily. "Good night!"

He closed the door and strode away to the companion, and he was about to mount when a thought struck him. She must keep her door locked, in case somebody came down. He walked back.

And as he put out his hand to open the door again to tell her this, he heard the key grind in the lock.

He paused, and then went away up, and very thoughtful, turned in.

(To be continued)

## BY NIGHT AND DAY

BY RICHARD BURTON

I FEEL you in the amber evening hour,  
And in the dearest moment of a song;  
A stronger fragrance floats from every flower  
Because fair thoughts of you to it belong.

And in the deepest darkness of the night,  
Your soul, a star, flames forth to mock the day;  
Along the poets' page you shed a light,  
A sweet and secret gloss to all they say. . . .

The roads are many that we toilsome take,  
And seem to lead nowhither; yet I know  
At every journey's end you stand, to make  
A morning gleam, a sundown afterglow.



# THE LION'S MOUTH

## WHEN IS A FORD NOT A FORD?

BY PHILIP CURTISS

**J**OHN DOE, that litigious person, is dead. The Supreme Court of the United States has decreed that fact and refuses to listen to any more actions brought in his name. Happier still are the many signs that the John Doe law which, for generations, has been one of the absurdities of American literature, is gradually losing its grip, or at least is being enforced in a more elastic and common sense manner.

The John Doe law in literature is that code of professional ethics which requires that names of actual persons, places, and especially proprietary articles, shall never be mentioned in fiction. Under a strict application of the John Doe law there can be, for instance, no such thing as the Erie Railroad in an American landscape. It must be thinly disguised as "The E.I. & Q." The Waldorf Hotel may no longer stand in New York at Fifth Avenue and 34th Street. As soon as it goes into print it must be moved up two or three blocks and hang out a new sign of "The Asdorf" or "The Saint Romulus," thereby splitting the hazards of fiction with the Saint Regis, which lies farther north. Only the three "story cities" cited in O. Henry's rule (What were they, New York, San Francisco and New Orleans?) may appear in fiction in their own right. All others must figure as "Brookdale" or "Ironton" or "Bridgewater." Especially may no Fiat cars course up and down Riverside Drive or Franklins climb through the Ozarks. Only "Lightning Sixes" and "Fanhards" are licensed by the automobile inspectors of American fiction. An author who drives a Marmon or a Buick between the covers of a book does

so entirely at his own risk. In short, an American story is the only place on earth where a Ford can ever be anything but a Ford.

If, a hundred years hence, some philologist should make a critical study of this archaic survival in American literature he would probably find that the John Doe law did actually break down on this one single name of "Ford," thus making the man who is quoted as saying that he wouldn't give two cents for all the art in the world the greatest benefactor that American writers have ever known; for if there is one feat in literature which is more hopeless than that of finding a word which looks like a swear word and sounds like a swear word but is not a swear word, it is this feat of manufacturing synthetic names which really give the connotative impact of such actual names as David Belasco, the Plaza Hotel, Enrico Caruso, *The New York Sun*, The Follies, The White Star Line, Newport, Reno, Cripple Creek, or Hoboken.

John Doe ethics have always obtained in all literatures to a certain extent. That absurd figure "The Governor of Boston" appeared in Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera" only after the authorities had blue-penciled first "a king" and then "the Duke of Mantua," going on the theory that enough kings and dukes were killed in actual life without killing any in an opera. But never, in England or on the Continent, has a voluntary John Doeism exercised the grotesque tyranny that it has enforced in American fiction.

If a character in a French romance wishes to go to the Café de la Paix or to Maxim's, he simply goes, and that is all there is to it. Tartarin lived openly in Tarrascon but "Cape Cod Folks" had an awful time on Cape Cod. For generations, characters in English fiction have



been buying their horses at Tattersall's, just as Englishmen have in real life, but no American author would ever dare send a fictional horseman down to Durland's or Fiss, Doerr & Carroll's, even if he were sure of the spelling, as to be frank, I am not. In one of J. C. Snaith's novels, sold openly in this country (*The Principal Girl* if I am not mistaken) several of the characters wore Jaeger underwear, yet our own native B.V.D.'s or Munsingwear are seized and deported whenever they try to break into American letters. Even an American writer would not hesitate to put up his hero and heroine at the Ritz in London or the Ritz in Madrid, but when the unhappy couple returned to their native New York he could find them no place to lay their heads except in a shadowy structure known as "The Harlton" or "The Spitz."

Like most extreme customs, John Doeism had once and still has many solid foundations in reason. Its first foundation, is of course, the law of libel. Any author would hesitate a long time before he would write a novel with me, for instance, as its hero, or Annette Kellermann as its heroine, greatly as the emotional qualities of either of us might tempt the realist pen, but what possible dictates of jurisprudence or taste can forbid that a character in a novel spend a casual evening at a theater watching Al Jolson or Fred Stone?

There is also, it is true, a genuine literary foundation for the John Doe law. A distinct grating element is almost certain to be introduced by any attempt to mix fact and fiction. The tendency of reality is always not to heighten, but to destroy, realism. As G. K. Chesterton would probably say, the death blow of the motion picture was, without any question, struck by the invention of the motion picture camera. Instead of its strength lying in the fact that it can reproduce anything on earth, its weakness lies in the fact that it can reproduce nothing else. An attempt to introduce fact in fiction merely for the sake of

introducing it, is a fatuous effort to recut an old coat when the unlimited fine, new cloth of imagination may be had for the asking. A novel laid, let us say, in Oil City, Pa., would be crippled at the start without any compensating advantages. The very use of the name would bind the imaginations both of those readers who were acquainted with Oil City and those who were not. An absurd effect, moreover, seems to be indissolubly linked with most actual names. For instance, the phrase "Clayton was one of the cleverest men in Brookdale" is convincing enough, but there is something funny in the phrase "Clayton was one of the cleverest men in New Rochelle."

The third basis for John Doeism is the one which has always made the law in America more rigid than anywhere else. This, it is hardly necessary to say, is the theory and practice of advertising, the basic principle that the good of both is best served by keeping advertising and "reading" matter sternly apart. This is a problem far more complex and far more subtle than would appear to the cynical eye, and most American writers, being themselves graduates of newspaper offices, are sufficiently grounded in the dangers of the law implicitly to respect its etiquette.

In any sustained attempt, however, to give a buoyant and vivid picture of contemporary American life, there must inevitably arise occasions on which the John Doe law, in all its phases, is merely irritating without being in any sense necessary. There is a point in art at which certain proper names, both of persons and things, cease to be proprietary and become vernacular.

Take the case which has already suggested itself—the names of automobiles. An automobile as soon as it goes out on the streets becomes a part of universal experience, of contemporary consciousness. Its name and general appearance are indelibly stamped on the public retina and no two brands of cars leave just the same image. A Rolls-Royce by any other name is not a Rolls-Royce. The

poet knows that as well as the manufacturer. To deny, in literature, their distinctive appellations to a Buick and a Hudson would be to insist that a blue-bird and a robin pass simply as "birds," a trout and a salmon merely as "fishes." Every kind of car has certain allied associations for the reading mind. The Packard has one connotation, the Ford has another, and the Stutz has still a third. It is by arousing such mental associations, by stimulating such pictures that the novelist exercises his art, but the clear image of either a Packard or a Ford cannot be evoked in any way except by writing the actual name. Say "Reo" and you create a distinct, invariable picture. No other word would have satisfied Flaubert.

The most rigid custodians of the John Doe law, the editors of daily newspapers, have themselves been forced to compromise in its application. In strict terms, a cake of soap, a summer hotel, the fame of a popular actor and the copyrighted works of a contemporary poet, are equally merchandise, subject to the rules of advertising. That is to say, the proprietor of each has something financial to gain from every mention of the name in the public prints; but editors of all periodicals have found it necessary to place them in different classes. The name of a soap in a "straight" reading column would be inexorably blue-penciled. The name of a hotel would be classified as doubtful. The name of an actor would merely be scrutinized for the fine Italian hand of the press agent, while the name of the poet would be allowed to roam through the columns at will.

Automobiles however, like resorts, professional sports and commercialized fame persistently defy classification in journalism as they do in liberal fiction. The utter futility of trying to apply the rule scrupulously was shown some years ago by the ridiculous attempt of the Associated Press to report the Vanderbilt races without actually mentioning the names of any of the competing cars.

Instead of saying "The race was won by the Fiat, or the Lozier," which was what the public wanted to know, the reports read, in effect: "The race was won by Smith in an Italian car, second Jones, in an American car," when fully half the competing cars were American, the drivers were mostly obscure mechanics, and even keen followers of motor sport were not quite certain as to whether the famous Mercedes was French or Italian. It was actually German! It would have been no more silly to have reported the Dempsey-Carpentier fight without naming the contestants or the exploits of the New York league teams without mentioning Babe Ruth.

As regards fiction, the John Doe law is at present very much like the Volstead law, rigidly on the books but rather notable for its violation. For years individual writers have been nibbling into it and of late both editors and book publishers have been increasingly lenient as to enforcement. In novels at least the word "arrowcollar" is to-day quite frequently used as a common adjective instead of a proper noun. To a large group of young rebels are due the thanks of the nation for restoring real names of historic American schools and colleges to their proper place in the national literature, for killing off such monstrosities as "Yalevard" and "Harwell," "Saint Grotmark's" and "Exover." Imagine English schoolboys thrilling over *Tom Brown at Rugby*!

How far the liberal movement will be allowed to continue will depend, I imagine, on the discretion which the rebels against the law use in its violation. Occasionally an actor introduces a refreshing note by suddenly stepping "out of character," by talking over the footlights to his audience and making confidential remarks about the other members of the cast, but if every actor did it the very essence of the feat would be destroyed. In similar fashion, if buoyant young writers show too much license in spreading the names of Shanley's and



Palm Beach, Sapollo, and one another, over their fiction, rigid enforcement will come again, like the present threats against tobacco. All of which indicates where the test of John Doeism should really lie—in the individual tact and individual taste of the writer in question.

## CONSTRUCTIVE LEGISLATION

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

SINCE the advent of the eighteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and the sequent attempted enforcement of prohibition, our press has been filled with articles announcing that we are fast becoming a nation of lawbreakers. The majority of writers accept the cellar-distillery, the kitchen-brewery, and the family bootlegger as protests against a law which is peculiarly obnoxious to the generality of citizens. So far as they go, these writers are sound; but their journey should be longer. They treat the reaction to prohibition as an isolated phenomenon, whereas they are really dealing with an impulse which is one of the mainsprings of human conduct. They have, apparently, made no profound study of their subject.

Man has been variously defined by divergent philosophers: he has been dubbed the reasonable animal (supreme irony!); he has been acclaimed the laughing animal (supreme egotism!); and he has been accused of being numerous other sorts of an animal. But, after long and sober reflection, I think he may best be defined as the legislating animal. Above all living species, he evinces an ability to conceive and pass laws, to hedge his conduct with prohibitions, to block engaging bypaths by the erection of taboos. But, be it well understood, his tireless legislation is only a means to an end. He does not make laws for their own sake, but for the sake of keeping sin alive upon earth. Since the first bite into the memorable apple, man has cherished his ability to sin. He has done everything in his power to in-

crease the scope of this ability by the multiplication of laws. It is obvious that no act is sinful in itself; the briefest examination of the varying codes of history will confirm this statement. Pascal said that good and evil are matters of latitude and longitude: if he had included the time element, his definition would have been more inclusive. An act is sinful at a certain time, in a certain place, in violation of a certain code.

With every law that he creates man makes a new sin possible. When a law is abolished or passes into desuetude, some possibility of human conduct loses its piquancy. Hence man's desire to replace an old law with a new one, to multiply his laws, to push his legislation into new fields. The impulse is universal, and when Stendhal's countess, eating a delicious sherbet, remarked how much more delicious it would be were it a sin to eat it, she was voicing a sentiment which is eternal and which will insure the existence of laws so long as man exists. There have, indeed, been periods in the world's history when man has displayed a listlessness toward sin, but in each period a saviour has appeared in the shape of a great creative legislator—a Manu, a Hammurabi, a Draco. A new code has been born, and mankind has taken a new lease on sin.

Considering these facts, it is remarkable that legislators in general have displayed so little constructive ability. They have shown imagination, to be sure, in the creation of their codes, but it has been an inutile imagination. It has lain in their power to direct man along whatever road they willed. And what have they done with this power? They have incited him to shoot a troublesome neighbor; to get himself shot by an irate husband; to ruin his constitution with gnawing liquids. By an ethical confusion they have made sin destructive instead of constructive. Doubtless they have been obsessed by the idea that sin is something opposed to a universal ethics; they have forgotten that sin is only a violation of a code. They have



failed to comprehend that sin is whatever a legislator chooses to make it. In the whole of history there is only one really valuable example of inspired constructive lawmaking, and that example lies buried in the little read pages of Virvenius. Because this example is unique, and because it has been forgotten, it seems wise to resurrect it for the enlightenment and instruction of present and future legislators.

The lawmaker, whose memory has been preserved by Virvenius, was Akmet, King of Abyssaria, the neighbor and contemporary of the great Egyptian pyramid builders. This worthy monarch viewed the mighty monuments just beyond his borders with a deep chagrin; for they inspired him to go and build likewise. But there were no myriads of slaves to give form to his ambition, as Abyssaria was a land of free men. Akmet, with jealousy to goad him, pondered the question for many years, and then one night a great light burst upon him. The morning following the royal illumination an edict issued from the palace. Thence forward, decreed the king, no subject of Abyssaria should, without special permission, place one stone upon another under penalty of life imprisonment. And, continued the edict, thereafter the arrangement of stones in pyramid form would be punishable by death. Coincident with this proclamation, the wise Akmet appointed all the morons of Abyssaria enforcement officers of the new law, thereby killing two birds with a single brick.

When this proclamation appeared simultaneously in the great cities of Khet, Btreth and Korsak, the free men of Abyssaria were aghast. A protest arose simultaneously from ten million throats. The radical journals exploded in scathing cuneiforms. Mass-meetings were held in every city, town and hamlet, at which frantic orators appealed to their inalienable rights and the sacred memory of their forefathers (who, incidentally, had never had the slightest interest in pyramids). Indignation was fanned to a

white heat, and the flame swept the country. A League for Pyramid Building was formed, headed by the most prominent men of Abyssaria, and immediately set about its nocturnal business. Meantime King Akmet, armed with a telescope, spent his days on the palace roof, while the enforcement officers ran about bleating feebly. And, after the passage of five years, Abyssaria was dotted with pyramids higher and fatter of base than any Cheops ever boasted.

The confirmation of Virvenius would have been extremely simple—every traveler to Abyssaria could see the pyramids standing to-day—had not the Egyptian general Anometeph invaded the land of Akmet. When this warrior conquered Abyssaria, razed its temples, and put its people to the sword, the pyramids of Akmet stood before the Egyptian as emblems of a vanished glory. Wherever he looked their silhouettes cut the horizon. And Anometeph was annoyed; having destroyed the reality, he had no wish to spare the symbol. But he was at a loss to know how he might accomplish his desire; the pyramids were masterpieces of solid workmanship, and his troops, wearied from an arduous campaign of slaughter and pillage, were in no mood to play the part of wrecking crews. The general was puzzled, but he was a man who could read a lesson when it lay before him, and he knew something of the history of those troublesome pyramids. And so it occurred that the troops of Anometeph were treated to a Special Army Order, which I will quote as the text has come down to us; "It has been called to the attention of the Commander in Chief of The Army of Occupation that all ranks have been indulging in the practice of chipping small souvenirs from the pyramids of Abyssaria. This practice will discontinue forthwith, or severe disciplinary measures will be taken."

And that is why Virvenius remains uncorroborated by stone, and the plains of Abyssaria lie unbroken by the tower-



ing pyramidal masses which delighted the soul of wise Akmet. But I am convinced that Virvenius does not lie.

## THE SELF-CONSCIOUS SEX

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

MY friend Thompson, who is a banker, was coming uptown on the East Side subway one evening at about ten o'clock. He had spent the evening at his office, merging railroads or floating stock, or doing whatever bankers do, and his idea was to go by the subway express to Grand Central, and there take a train for his home in Westchester County.

He boarded the subway express all right, but through one of those trifling errors to which all of us are liable, even bankers, he stepped off at Fourteenth Street instead of at Grand Central.

The minute he found himself on the platform he saw he had made a mistake. But it occurred to him that it would look silly for a man to step off the train and immediately step on again. If the car had been crowded the situation would not have worn this foolish aspect; but there were only a few passengers, and Thompson didn't quite like to present himself to them as a man who got his exercise by stepping off on station platforms and then leaping back into the car. He hesitated only a moment, but meanwhile the doors closed. The train slid off without him.

Now, naturally, there were two courses open to Thompson. Either he could wait for the next express and proceed by it to Grand Central, or he could take a local from the other side of the platform.

The express would be quicker; but Thompson felt that the other people on the platform, and the very authoritative guard, and the man who was amusing himself sweeping sawdust up and down, might notice this and wonder why he had ever got off the first express. After all, sane people, and above all bankers, do not proceed uptown a station at a time, enjoying stop-over privileges at

each station so as to breathe the invigorating air and get the full flavor of each pretty scene on the way. Sane people who get off expresses do so either to climb to the surface or to change to locals. A local came booming in, and Thompson boarded it.

The local was even more sparsely populated than the express. There were just two passengers dozing in corners. And a guard. Almost immediately Thompson began to have the guard on his mind. What would the guard think of a man who chose a local to ride in from Fourteenth Street to Grand Central, when so obviously an express would serve better? A beautifully persuasive idea entered Thompson's head. He would get off at Thirty-third Street and walk to the Grand Central Station. A fine evening, a pleasant walk, altogether an excellent idea. So he argued speciously to himself. But in the back of his head was the small yet insidious thought that his getting off at Thirty-third Street would complete the picture of a noted banker pursuing a logical and reasonable course uptown.

Thompson fought a little battle with himself, right there in the subway car. At one moment he was thinking what a lovely evening it would be for an invigorating walk from Thirty-third Street to the station, and at the next moment he was saying to himself that to leave at Thirty-third Street would be the act of a coward. "Are you afraid of a guard?" said he to himself. "What is this guard to you? Be a man!"

The train stopped at Thirty-third Street. Thompson bit his lip and held his ground. He didn't dare look at the guard. But he stayed on that train to Grand Central. It was a famous victory.

Now Thompson would have been scornful if you had charged him openly with being afraid of the opinion of a subway guard. And yet behold him, so full of a foolish pride that he almost deceived himself into thinking that his health and general welfare would profit by a totally unnecessary walk of nine blocks.



One might suppose Thompson to be exceptional, but there is also the case of Payson. Payson was not a banker, but a chicken farmer, ignorant of the intricacies of the New York subway system, but conscious of being a mature and intelligent citizen who should be able to get about anywhere. He also was riding in the subway, but in this case it was morning and he was going downtown. He was bound for Wall Street, where he intended to call on a business friend (who might even have been Thompson).

Suddenly Payson found the train stopping at a station called Brooklyn Bridge. "Help!" said he to himself; "I know this train goes to Brooklyn, and if we've got to the Bridge, I'd better get off. Probably I've missed Wall Street or I change here or I took the wrong train or something."

So he hopped off. The train rolled on. Laugh at his mistake if you must, you who know all about lower New York; but we from Cambridge and Cedar Rapids and Little Rock can testify that there is a nervous moment in the heart of many of us when we find we are at Brooklyn Bridge station and imagine that our train is about to climb over the river or dive under it forthwith, without taking us to Fulton Street or Bowling Green or any of the other merry places that we seek.

Payson accosted a guard, a magnificent creature. "How do I get a train to Wall Street?" said he.

The guard pointed to the track on which Payson's train had just departed. "Any train on that track," said he. "There's one coming in just a moment."

Payson withdrew, satisfied. But almost at once doubts assailed him. He wondered if the guard had misunderstood. The train came in. The signs on the windows said "Brooklyn." But Payson didn't want to go over the Bridge to Brooklyn. He hesitated. He decided to wait and ask somebody else. He let the train go, walked way down to the other end of the platform, saw a

guard—a magnificent specimen—standing there, and approached timidly.

"How do I go to Wall Street?" he asked.

The guard wheeled round.

"Didn't I tell you to take that train?" he said.

It was the same guard!

"I—I just wanted to make sure," stammered Payson. He was too completely cowed to ask any more questions. He simply slunk away. It was a humiliating moment. Payson says that he still squirms when he thinks of it.

Now it happened to be subway employees before whom Thompson and Payson quailed. But I am aware of no connection between subways and self-consciousness. The tendency to be afraid of looking foolish to obscure people whom we don't know, who don't know us, and whose opinion of us cannot conceivably make the slightest difference in our lives, is not manifested below ground only. This absurd pride crops out in all sorts of other places. We like to feel wherever we go that strangers see us as normal and rational people.

You who read this may deny ever being the victim of such pride. But let me ask you what you do when, at a railroad station, you ask the man at the information desk how to find the telephone booths, and then suddenly realize that before telephoning you must check your trunk? Do you march off to the baggage office in plain defiance of the man's directions, oblivious of his eyes fixed on your retreating back, and caring nothing whether he is shouting after you, "Hi! the other way!" Or do you set out plausibly in the direction of the telephone booths until you think you are out of sight, and then circle craftily round toward the baggage-room, keeping well out of range of the information desk and filled with a sense of duplicity?

When you ask a question of a department-store floorwalker, haven't you a similar anxiety to be seen by that correct gentleman to do the correct thing? If he tells you the shoe department is in



the next building, and it doesn't occur to you until too late to tell him that under the circumstances it is hardly worth while to go such a long distance, that all you wanted was shoe laces anyway, that you remember now that you have an extra pair in your bureau at home, and that what you really crave is a new necktie, do you dare to walk brazenly off in the opposite direction, bound for the gentlemen's neckwear department? What, you say you do? Then, sir, you are a braver man than I. Or rather, I don't believe you. I miserably follow the floorwalker's outstretched forefinger until I am out of his sight in the crowd, be the neckwear never so alluring and the shoe laces never so distant and unnecessary. I feel his eyes upon my back, and I must do what seems right to him.

When you walk into the wrong shop by mistake, and the best-dressed man in the city sweeps up to you with an expectant smile and asks you what he can show you, do you never plunge madly on and buy—anything, a toothbrush, a belt, a bottle of vanilla—because you don't know how to confess that you owe the pleasure of his acquaintance to a mere mistake? Confess that at least you go with him to look over the toothbrushes, and leave the shop only after expressing a vague dissatisfaction with his stock, as if some peculiar facial conformation rendered any ordinary toothbrush useless for your purposes.

Somewhat akin to this embarrassment is the foolish pride which seizes me when I am at the wheel of my flivver and makes me unwilling to ask anybody which road to take. I suppose it is a feeling that intelligent people have a topographical sense, and use maps and brains, and that only ninnies ask the farmer by the roadside how to get to Portsmouth.

I confided this weakness to a friend the other day, and his answer surprised me. "Of course," he said. "I feel just the way you do. But that is because we are men. A man is supposed to have a

bump of locality. Women are not. Women ask the way. Don't you know that the roads are full of automobiles with husbands at the wheel doggedly refusing to ask the way, and saying, 'My dear, I know perfectly well where we are; we take the next road to the right,' while their wives are saying, 'Henry, why won't you stop and ask this nice-looking man?'

"Haven't you ever," continued my friend, "watched American couples traveling in Europe? The husband studies his Baedeker before he sets out in the morning, and tries to memorize the way to the *Rathaus*, and to lead the family there without showing to even the lowliest native that he comes from Detroit and doesn't know his way round. But not the wife. No sooner have they reached the front door of the hotel than the wife asks the porter how to get to the *Rathaus*. 'You needn't do that, Martha,' says the husband in an irritated voice; 'I can find the *Rathaus* perfectly well myself; I've just looked it up.' His topographical pride is touched. But not his wife's, for she has none. 'Of course,' she replies tolerantly, 'but what's the harm in asking? These porters know everything.'"

Since my friend threw this light on the subject, I have been wondering about Thompson and Payson and the people who shrink from the disdain of floorwalkers. If foolish pride in matters topographical is a masculine trait, how about foolish pride in other things? Is it peculiarly a masculine weakness that makes me start for the telephone booths when the information man points the way, and then circle darkly round to the baggage-room? Would the feminine inquirer at the information desk be more concerned with the rating given her new hat than the rating given her ability to follow simple directions? Or would she simply not care at all what the man at the information desk thought? Are men the self-conscious sex?

I leave it to the psychologist and to the candid reader.



## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

SIR JAMES BARRIE, in the whimsical and altogether delightful address that he made as Rector of the University of St. Andrews, called upon Youth to come forward and take charge of the world. And it is coming, not suddenly or immediately, but inevitably; and it is to be congratulated on having a man's-size job. That surely, and no less, will be the charge of the world in the next generation. There is so much to do, so much that must be done, and so much to hinder its accomplishment! And the course of progress on the chart of civilization is so much to seek! Nobody can quite guess where it will run, but it is for youth, the youth of our day, to nose it out and follow it.

Sir James was fairly cheerful at the prospect. He believed in youth, our current youth, and that it would get the world somewhere where it ought to go. Another mind spoke upon the same problem somewhat less cheerfully, less cheerfully at least so far as concerns England and the Empire that centers there. Dean Inge in his Cambridge lecture on the Victorian age disclosed his feeling that the influence of Great Britain on the destinies of the world had passed highwater mark and was declining. As regards the fortunes of his own country, he said, "The signs are that our work on a grand scale, with the whole world as our stage, is probably nearing its end. Europe has sacrificed its last fifty years of primacy by an insane and suicidal struggle. America has emerged as the *tertius gaudens*."

Perhaps so! Perhaps so! America, meaning the United States, has certainly emerged, and her importance has been

increased by the damages received by two great competitors for trade and power in their tremendous struggle with each other. Besides that, the Dean considered that, as the primacy of England had grown out of the Atlantic trade for which she had a favorable position, so now "the Pacific stage, which is now beginning, must inevitably give the primacy to America." When he says America he seems to mean United States. Well, we shall be rich. We are rich now. We have a great population and an immense territory favorably situated for the development of civilization, but will the leadership of the world go to wealth and extensive territory and geographical position, or will it go to character, to the power to think, to courage in taking responsibility, to the power to agree, to the power to keep the peace and help the world? One may guess that it will go to ideas and disposition more than to material means, though, of course, material means are power of one sort and make the minds in charge of them the more potent and important.

Undoubtedly some political ideas that were new have been tried out in the United States since the Declaration of Independence and have influenced all the nations, and particularly England. That influence is apparent in much that has happened since the war. The British Empire is already a federation of self-governing states. That has been one of the outcomes of the war that Dean Inge calls an insane and suicidal struggle. But he would hardly call England's part in that war either insane or suicidal. The cost of it was terrific. It left her frightfully bereaved and depleted and stagger-



ing under an enormous load of debt, but there were gains for all her losses: territory here and there, but most of all unity—a great manifestation of the strength of a family relation extending all over the world, and of the disposition of people of that family, whether or not of the British race, to succor Britain in time of trouble, and maintain relations with her afterward. The war demonstrated that connection with the British Empire was recognized as an asset by most of the people that had it.

On almost all of the monuments of the great war that one sees in England there is somewhere a cross. Many of them are simple crosses with names and inscriptions. There is very little brag about them, but a good deal of grief, and apparently a strong sense that the main object of the war was something else than the extension of the British Empire.

Somehow that is very significant. All the hatred seems to have gone out of England, and the great desire is to get the world going again. There is an economic reason for that, of course, because England must have trade, but besides that there is a very notable good nature, good nature in its highest sense, the sentiment that is reflected by the crosses on the war monuments, a sentiment that British lives were spent and Britain's resources poured out, not to destroy the world, but to save it.

Surely, that is a great spirit. So long as that prevails no one can say that Britain has shot her bolt. The primacy in the concerns of the world may go to the United States, as Dean Inge predicts, but not by default, and not unless there develops in the United States a larger appetite for world adventure than she has shown thus far, and a larger capacity to think of all this world as one family.

As for these States and their relation to the British Empire, there is this to say: they are two great families speaking the same language, derived primarily from the same roots, living under like laws developed, with differences to be sure, from the same beginnings, having

interests in some cases competitive, political policies in some cases antagonistic, but joined by a great sympathy of general purpose. It is a mistake to think of the Americans of the United States, and the British of the British Empire, as two separate groups of people. They are separated, of course, politically, but for every group of political thinkers in England there seems to be a corresponding group in the United States. In both countries there are supporters of the world that was, there are die-hards, there are irreconcilables; there are people who still believe in force and other people who have acquired a deep aversion to it and would minimize it, and believe that civilization must get along in the main by other means of settling differences. In both of these great families there are forward-looking people and backward-looking people, so that there seems to be no group in the United States that cannot be understood by some group in Great Britain. Besides, there is a great community of interest, and all these things make for co-operation in the concerns of the world.

The two great parties in the world are the party that believes that old things have passed away, and the one which thinks that changes in human life must be very gradual, and that things for the most part are going on very much as in the past. Those are the great parties that run through all the nations. In some countries one is in power, in other countries the other. Soviet Russia certainly belongs to the party that believes that old things have passed away, but its notion of the new things that are to replace the old is not accepted by the members of that party in other countries. England in the main belongs to the party that thinks the world has fundamentally changed. It sees universal revolution proceeding, and it practices to have it proceed in Great Britain in the most orderly and least destructive manner possible. It has been said that every great revolution has involved a redistribution of property. That is going on

in the United Kingdom, not at all as it has gone on in Russia, but slowly and without bloodshed (except in Ireland) and without upsetting unduly the economic apparatus by means of which the British Isles have contrived to support a population of forty millions. The redistribution is contrived by taxation, and is plainly coming to pass, and the people affected are adjusting themselves to new conditions of life with as little fuss as possible.

No doubt, the recognition that old things have passed away makes it easier for British statesmen to negotiate with the Soviet statesmen from Russia. The British politicians totally disbelieve in the Bolshevik doctrine, but few of them cling to the delusion that what has been can be restored, or want it restored in Russia. They recognize that there is a vast new deal proceeding and that it must go through somehow, and they are solicitous that Russia shall not be destroyed in the process. They do not want any country destroyed—they want every country to go on and presently to prosper and buy and sell. That is the condition of the world that is most advantageous to the British Empire, which is fortunate in that its vital interests are enlisted in the true restoration of peace and the building up of commerce. No nation is so used as Great Britain to thinking of the human family as a whole. It has habitual relations, many of them very close, with a great variety of the members of that family. So have we relations with them, for representatives of all of them come here to live, and we trade with as many of them as we can, but no great and distinct member of the human family has the kind of association with us that India has with Great Britain. We have, to be sure, responsibilities that we have lately assumed, such as the Philippines and Porto Rico, and in a less degree Cuba and Hayti, and in still lesser degree the responsibility for our neighbors on this continent; but politically we have never been adventurers like the English, making settle-

ments in all parts of the world, and affording government to great detached nations.

Speaking of his countrymen, Dean Inge asks, "Where shall we be thirty years hence?" and the tone of the inquiry seems a bit despondent because he thinks he sees a supremacy of wealth moving away from the British Isles to the United States. It is an interesting inquiry about Great Britain, but almost as interesting about any great country in the world. What will France be thirty years hence, or Germany, or Russia, or the United States? What will happen in Asia? What will happen in south-eastern Europe? It is like looking over the children of a large family and guessing how they will turn out. Dean Inge seems to have picked the United States for a winner, but, gracious! what is to control the United States in the next thirty years? Youth, to be sure—what is now youth; but what minds—working to what ends, seeing large what purposes? What is the leadership to be? How intelligent, how spiritual, how unselfish? What is the government to be? Are we to be governed by the Senate? By Congress? By powerful interests seeking commercial favors? By popular majorities with rather narrow conceptions of life? The British have been great travelers—seafaring people—and trained to invade the world in order to support life at home. We, Americans, have not the same motives for vagrancy. We do not wander so much, and for that reason among others we are particularly shy of mixing up our concerns with those of other peoples. A great mass of our population will live a thousand miles from the seaboard. Boeotians in old Greece got the reputation of being stupid because they lived out of sight of the coast, but nobody accuses the inland Americans of being stupid. Nobody suggests that those who live in the middle of the continent are less active-minded than those who live on its shores. There is enough going on in all parts of the United States to keep people alive in mind if



they can get at it. There is no sign that we are going to be a dull people. The question is what we shall want to do and how far our system of government will permit us to attempt it.

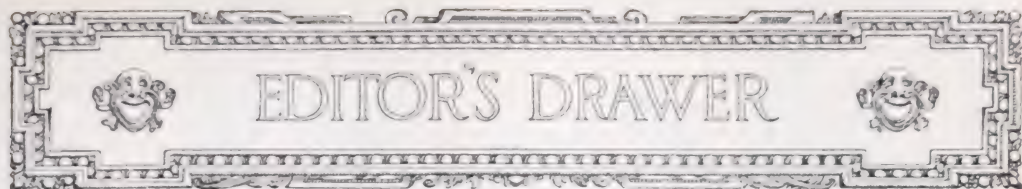
The Senate would not let us get into the League! Our written Constitution holds us fast in some things. Our Congress does not seem to be as good a body to deal with world affairs as the British Parliament, but those are matters that are subject to change, and thirty years may see great changes in them all. Dean Inge would probably hold that the British Parliament has lost its efficiency. Congress has not. It did not have it to lose. The efficiency of our system seems to be in its executive department, and that at any time in the face of emergency or opportunity is liable to develop great talent and effective action.

There may be coming an entirely new phase of adventure in human life. Exploration of the earth is about through. The explorers like Shackleton and Scott who went to the South Pole, had all the ardor that explorers ever had and were dauntless spirits, but the field of their efforts seemed hopelessly barren. The most interesting exploration nowadays on earth is excavation, but there is another field opening—the invisible world, out of which there seems to be something to be got, and the investigation of which is difficult and dangerous enough to satisfy the most aspiring. People are apt to think that if this world can be composed so that it will work along without war, life will cease to be interesting and folks will get fat and stupid. But that will never happen. As fast as one problem is solved, another will compel attention. As fast as one aspect of human energy comes to be understood, there will be new aspects to be studied.

It is hard to guess about the world in the next generation because knowledge is extending at such an extraordinary rate. Men do not seem to change much, but the knowledge at their command and the circumstances they live under,

and their standards of conduct change enormously. There are limits to Earth, quite strict ones, but there is no limit to knowledge. The more men get, the more additional knowledge becomes accessible. The great adventure nowadays is the adventure after new knowledge. The people who win in that—who can get the knowledge and gear it to deportment—will be the leaders in the world, though they may not be its governors.

Some one was saying that one of the qualities of the French mind was an insistence on truth; that it was less credulous, perhaps less held by inherited belief; more insistent on knowing the facts of human life; perhaps slower to accept religion merely as something that has come down from the past. It is critical, and being so, no doubt, it has rejected much that is true; but this very critical competence in the French mind makes it interesting to see some of the new knowledge gaining the attention of the Sorbonne. The strange experiments with a medium by Madame Bisson, following and continuing the Notzing experiments, now well known, have been followed by the scientists of the Sorbonne, and their impressions of them have just begun at this writing to be published. They are extremely curious. Madame Bisson, who has prosecuted the experiments, is said to be convinced that human life is about to be thoroughly explained to mortals. She is quoted as declaring that intellectual progress has reached such a stage that a full understanding of the foundation of life and its aftermath is required by the human race if it is to continue its development. That development, she thinks, has gone so far that it cannot get on without further light on the mystery of existence, and, as the papers report, her quest after that light is respectfully followed by the learned doctors of the Sorbonne. They do not object that it is dangerous; they do not assert that the devil is back of it; they look on attentively, examine, report and try to make out what's up.



## THE BITER BITTEN

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

SHE (*despondently, speaking into the phone*).

—Of course, now, with the warm weather coming on, all the fur coats are reduced, ridiculously—it's the time to buy for next winter—but nothing will persuade Harry to see my point of view.

A VOICE (*in reply*).—Don't be silly—you do as I've told you. Harry simply can't be any closer than my Edward, and I worked it beautifully last winter. Make him go with you to buy his birthday present—put every penny you can scrape together into it—it'll pay you in the end. Do exactly as I've told you and you'll get the fur coat. Better go this afternoon—there's a horrid cold wind and you can shiver better in it. Ring me up to-morrow morning and tell me I'm the best adviser you ever had. I know men, my dear. Good-by.

Later:

SHE (*snuggling against his arm as they start out*).—This is so jolly having you go with me to pick out your birthday present.

HE (*uncomfortably*).—I wish you wouldn't spend your money on me—it doesn't seem right, particularly when we owe such a coal bill.

SHE.—Nonsense! No one expects you to pay bills with winter hardly over and Easter nearly here; nobody has any money left—it's perfectly simple.

HE (*with a snort*).—Nice honest reasoning.

SHE (*stopping stock still*).—Harry Dean, do you mean to intimate I'm not perfectly honest?

HE.—No, dear, no, of course not, but—

SHE (*still smarting*).—You know that's one thing I can't stand—to have my motives questioned! If I was one of those hateful, catty, scheming wives—(*thinking better of it*). Anyway, speaking of coal reminds me—br-r-r-r—I'm cold.

HE.—Why it's the warmest day we've had in ages—a regular record-breaker. Look at me, I've got my overcoat unbuttoned.

SHE (*petulantly*).—Well, what on earth has that got to do with my being cold? I tell you I'm freezing—(*prolonged fit of shivers*).

HE.—That's the way with you women—you never dress warm enough.

SHE (*with a pounce of triumph*).—That's just it—no woman can keep warm at this time of the year without a fur coat. Now I—

HE.—Rubbish! You women ought to dress warmer underneath, instead of piling everything on the outside for show.

SHE (*repressing herself with violence*).—Harry dear, don't let us be nasty with each other. Remember we're out to buy your birthday present, and I don't at all mind being a little bit chilly (*an excellent imitation of chattering teeth*) provided I can find what you want.

HE (*with the uncomfortable feeling of being beaten—he doesn't know why*).—Oh, well—(*under his breath*)—hang it all!

SHE (*briskly*).—Now there are two of the loveliest cigar boxes you ever laid your eyes on in a shop just off Broadway—I forgot the name but I can find it. One is all silver, with some sort of business on it, and the other is some sort of business with silver on it—oh, yes—tortoise shell. You are to pick out whichever one you like best.

HE (*helplessly*).—But I don't care for a cigar box like that. I don't want it—I—I—

SHE (*firmly and sweetly*).—Yes, you do want it, Harry. You may not realize at this moment that you want it, but I *know* you do—you just *think* you don't want it—you don't *know*.

HE (*struggling*).—Besides, you know how seldom I smoke a cigar. I prefer a pipe.

SHE.—Yes, and scent the whole place up



with that smelly, disgusting old thing. Pipes are vulgar anyhow.

HE (*doggedly*).—No, they are not.

SHE.—Now Harry, are you going to be horrid just now when I'm so happy over buying your first *really* nice birthday present I've ever given you? My mind is set on giving you one of those beautiful cigar boxes.

HE (*making a last stand*).—But you shouldn't spend the money.

SHE (*promptly*).—It's my own money. I've saved it up. I was going to buy some selfish thing for myself, and then I thought, No, I won't—Harry shall have something decent for a present this birthday—something he really wants. . . .

HE (*interrupting eagerly*).—But I don't want—

SHE (*continuing calmly*).—A really handsome present he will be proud of.

HE (*defeated, sullenly*).—And with that coal bill—

SHE.—Good gracious! I hope you don't want me to pay the bill and give it to you for a birthday present! That would be a nice thing!

HE.—No, no, of course not. Don't be absurd.

SHE (*as a motor car whizzes past*).—Did you see that lovely fur rug which that woman had over her? She must be so nice and warm. There's nothing like fur to keep the wind out.

HE.—For motoring? Oh, yes, you need a rug of that kind; but how would you look wearing a thing like that about the streets?

SHE.—Don't be ridiculous—I meant a coat, fur coat. (*Presently*.) What a cold breeze has sprung up!—quite suddenly. Aren't you cold with your overcoat open?

HE.—No, not a bit. We've been walking slowly—that's why you feel the air. Let's walk quickly now and you will get warmed up.

SHE (*with annoyance*).—You know I hate to walk fast—it makes me boiling hot.

HE.—Well, you just said—

SHE (*impatiently*).—Oh, never mind what I said. I know what I mean. (*They walk on in silence for some moments.*)

HE.—If you're still cold, perhaps we'd better take a Broadway car and you keep an eye out for the shop you're looking for.

SHE.—No, I would rather walk. (*Halting in front of a display of heating devices of various descriptions.*) What a warm, rosy glow those grates give out—you can almost feel the warmth through the windows. (*They continue on.*)

HE.—Aren't we nearly there?

SHE.—Oh, yes, why here it is. Just where I didn't think it was.

[*They pause before a brilliantly lighted and magnificently set window. A sign prominently displayed, reads: "No presents exchanged."*]

SHE (*excitedly*).—There they are, two boxes, right side by side!

HE (*gasping*).—Good heavens! Those would cost a pot of money. And look at that sign . . . do you suppose they mean it?

SHE.—Well, and if they do or they don't? Harry, you don't mean to say you would try to exchange anything I gave you?

HE (*resignedly*).—No, no, of course not.

SHE.—Now you are to have whichever one you like best. Which do you prefer?

HE (*weakly*).—Well, which one would you like?

SHE.—Oh, Harry, don't be silly—it isn't what I like—it's what *you* like.

HE (*with sarcastic intent*).—Oh, is *that* the way? I thought it was . . . (*Breaks off.*)

SHE (*coldly*).—I don't know what you mean.

HE (*hurriedly*).—No, no, dear, I didn't mean anything. (*They stand in silence looking at the boxes.*)

SHE (*at length*).—Well, aren't you going to make up your mind?

HE (*as though rousing from sleep*).—Why, I was just waiting for you to make up my mind . . . I mean I was trying to make up my mind.

SHE.—Well, do hurry. I'm nearly frozen standing here.

HE.—All right, if you don't care which one I take it will be that one.

[*He closes his eyes unperceived, and points straight ahead. When he opens his eyes he finds himself indicating the tortoise-shell box.*]

SHE.—Very well. Now you are perfectly sure you prefer the tortoise shell to the other?

HE.—Yes, perfectly sure.

SHE (*as they are about to enter the shop*).—Oh, Harry, that was Alice Harcourt just went by in their new car and wearing that magnificent fur coat. George gave it to her for Christmas.

HE.—Well, why shouldn't he? George Harcourt has plenty of money. He can do as he likes.

[*After a time they emerge from the shop, and Harry is carrying a carefully wrapped parcel.*]

SHE.—Now mind you don't drop it, Harry. Don't you think you'd better let me carry it?



"WHICH DO YOU THINK WOULD SUIT ME BEST?"

HE (*with forced cheerfulness*).—Not likely—I won't drop it.

SHE (*pausing again in front of the window*).—Now, you're quite positive you wouldn't rather have the silver one? You know they won't change it once we've taken it away.

HE (*with a forced smile meant to denote a look of proud possession*).—Yes, perfectly sure. Shall we take a taxi home?

SHE.—Why, no, Harry, I don't want to go home just yet.

HE.—Just as you like. (*He wheels to go in the direction they came.*)

SHE.—I don't want to go that way.

HE.—Well, is there any particular place you want to go?

SHE.—Oh, no, I just thought—

HE.—We can't stand here blocking up the pavement. Which way do you want to go?

SHE.—Let's go this way. (*After proceeding a little distance.*) Why, there's a fur shop!

HE.—What's extraordinary about coming on a fur place in this district?

SHE.—Well, it is because this is the very shop where George bought Alice's coat at Christmas. (*Shivering.*) I had no idea until to-day how thin this jacket was—it hasn't a bit of warmth in it.

HE.—Then don't stand here any longer. We'll go into the first restaurant we come to and get you a hot cup of tea—that will heat you up quicker than anything.

SHE (*dreamily, lingering in front of the fascinating window*).—I wonder which I would look best in if I were going to have one—the gray one with the gorgeous collar or the sable one. Which do you think would suit me best, Harry?

[*But Harry does not hear as he has moved on a few paces to the next window, wherein is displayed a galaxy of waxen ladies, whose unbelievably perfect outlines are covered by a new type of woolen undergarment guaranteed to defy the severest Arctic cold. He gazes, absorbed, then returns to his wife who still contemplates the fur coats with unabated rapture.*]

HE.—I say, old girl, you've been a brick to buy me that cigar box, just out of the goodness of your heart, and I can't stand your being cold like this any longer—hang the expense, and—

SHE (*emitting a shriek of delight*).—Oh, Harry, you darling!

HE.—Come along, I'm going to bundle you into a taxi and you go home and just wait for me—that's all. Sha'n't be long.



[Arrived home she dashes to the telephone and, with a voice quivering with excitement, calls a number.]

SHE (*over the wire*).—That you, Marian? My dear, it's all worked just as you said. . . . I couldn't wait till to-morrow to ring you. He's sent me home ahead and I'm just waiting. I'm so excited I can't talk any more. Come over in the morning and see it. You dear thing, I can never thank you enough. Good-by.

[In about twenty minutes he returns carrying a large and interesting looking bundle which he drops with a plop in the middle of

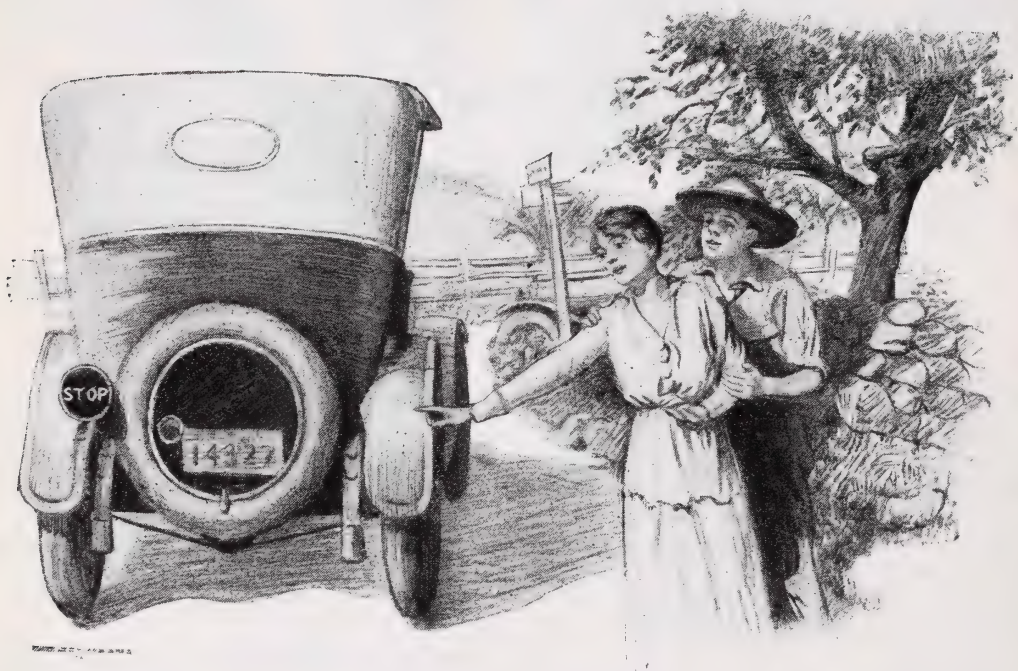
the drawing-room floor. He beams with the consciousness of a good work, well done.]

HE.—There, I guess if George Harcourt can buy his wife fur coats I can—

SHE (*with gurgling rapture, tearing off the paper and string*).—You blessed darling of a (the wrappings give way and she holds up to view three sets of the Arctic-defying cold extinguishers. She gives a scream and falls limply into a chair).

HE.—There, dear, I knew you would be pleased but don't upset yourself. George Harcourt, indeed, I think if he . . .

[She continues to moan feebly.]



### The Danger Signal

"Look, Henry, you must behave. I told you someone would see us"

#### Youthful Critics

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Janie, and Bobbie, her elder by two years, were discussing literature.

"I don't like descriptions," said Bobbie; "I like stories with lots of conversation in them."

"What do you mean by 'conversation'?" queried Janie.

"Well," explained Bobbie, "I mean stories that start out something like this: 'Ouch! Hurrah!' said Jim, in a low voice."

#### Overcoming Difficulties

THE proprietor of a summer boarding house was asked by a musical guest to have the piano tuned.

"But why should I do that?" he said. "It sounds good enough to me."

"But there are two notes in the treble that don't even play."

"Only two!" repeated the proprietor, sarcastically. "Why, man, if you were any kind of a player, you'd know enough to skip those!"

## The Sabbath Breaker

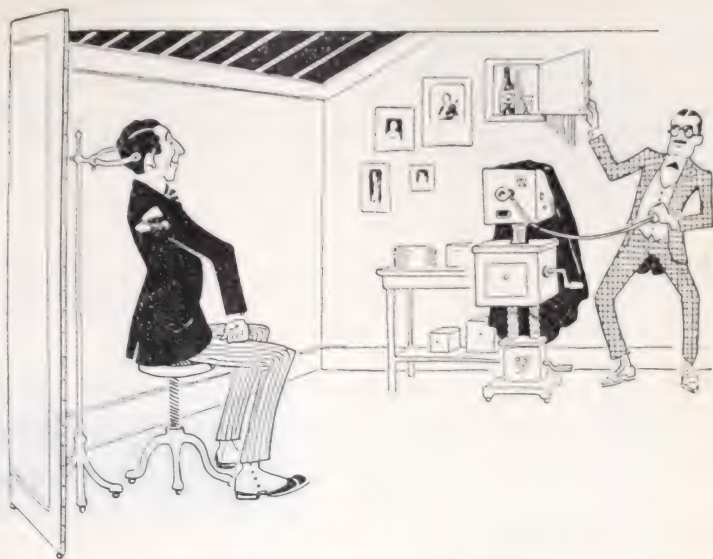
OF Sabbath breaking north of the Tweed there are many stories, and an American who has spent a bit of his time there adds one concerning a Scot and his wheelbarrow.

Donald was hammering away at the bottom of his barrow when his wife came to the door.

"Mon," she said, "you're making much clatter. What wull the neebours say?"

"Never mind the neebours," replied the busy one. "I maun get ma barra mendit."

"Oh, but, Donald, it's vera wrang to wurk on Sabbath!" expostulated the wife. "Ye ought to use screws."



## The Anticipation Smile

*Smythe, the photographer, has an unfailing method of securing a pleasant expression*

## Before Prohibition

A NERVOUS gentleman rushed up to the Boston ticket office: "I want a ticket for—for—I can't remember the name of the station; it's near here. All I can think of is 'whisky straight.'"

The ticket agent hesitated for an instant, then replied, "Here you are!" as he handed him a tiny pasteboard marked "Jamaica Plain."

## Promise and Performance

A YOUNG man had assiduously courted a young woman who lived a few miles from his own home. He had popped the question on various occasions without success, but at last his lady love accepted him. He went home in a state of exhilaration—at least mentally—and he could not contain himself until he had penned the following note to his fiancée:

DEAREST ARABELLA,—I love you devotedly, passionately, madly, and would sacrifice everything I have for you. I would swim the deepest waters; I would climb the highest mountains; I would go through fire to be at your side.

Lovingly,

JOHN.

P.S.—I will be around Saturday night if it doesn't rain.

## Despondent Bell

MRS. BROWN, needing a maid, requested Mrs. Jones to ask her colored cook if she knew of a good one looking for a place.

Miranda thought for a time and then said: "Yessum. There's Bell. Mrs. Brown might git Bell."

"Well, tell Bell to call and see Mrs. Brown, will you?"

Days passed, but Bell did not appear. Meeting Miranda on the street, Mrs. Brown stopped and asked:

"What about Bell, Miranda? Why doesn't she come to see me?"

"Well, you see, Mrs. Brown," said Miranda, earnestly, "I wasn't just sure you-all 'd want Bell."

"Why not?" She is a good worker, isn't she?"

"Oh, yassum. But you know Bell's kind of despondent. . . . You see, Bell murdered her first husband and she just don' seem to be able to git it offen her mind."

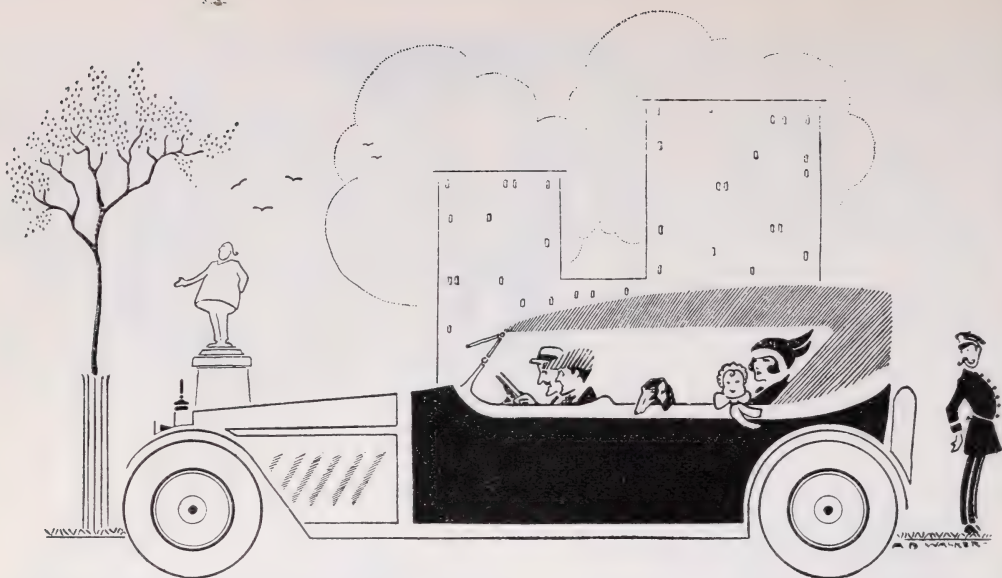
## He Had Not Lost It

A LONDON bus driver had shouted, "Igh Oborn!" until an American could no longer resist the temptation to make a joke.

"Excuse me," he said, "but haven't you dropped something?"

"I see wot you're driving at," returned the cockney, keenly, "but never mind. I shall pick it up when we get to Hoxford Street."





*"Great Scott! why do you honk your horn all the time? There isn't a car or pedestrian ahead."  
"But the baby's behind us. It keeps him quiet."*

#### Speeding the Parting Guest

ARTHUR and Willie were playing noisily, though peacefully, when Willie's mother came out to tell the visiting Arthur that he had better go home to dinner. She had just turned to re-enter the house when her offspring threw a stone that sent Arthur howling in the direction of home.

"Willie," she demanded, sternly, "why did you throw that stone at Arthur?"

For a moment the inhospitable Willie stood abashed, watching the flight of his playmate. Then he sighed deeply. "Well," he said, "Arthur had to go home, anyway."

#### With and Without

ELSIE had been taken by her uncle and aunt on an automobile trip and had spent several nights at hotels. Upon her return she was rather boastfully relating her experiences to her young friends.

"We always had two bedrooms," she announced.

"And did you have a bath, too?" asked a girl who had also had some taste of hotel life.

"Oh no; mother gave me that before we started."

#### The Proper Procedure

LITTLE Harold had as his vis-à-vis at the table a young lady cousin, who was anxious to set his infant feet in the paths of knowledge. Just now, in her intense way, she was trying to teach him how to divide an orange into quarters.

Again and again she led up to the point that she wished him to think out, and as often, he failed to follow. As she leaned forward, wholly absorbed in her desire to make the idea clear to him, she asked once more, "But how would you get a quarter of an orange?"

Harold, blissfully unconscious, replied with a beaming look, "I would say please."



*"Henry come away from there with that pipe. Don't you know better than to smoke near powder?"*

## PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

**Laura Spencer Portor** is a poet and prose writer of distinction who has frequently contributed to the Magazine. She is associated editorially with *The Woman's Home Companion*. **Jennette Lee**, formerly professor of English language and literature at Smith College, now devotes herself to writing. In private life she is Mrs. Gerald Stanley Lee. **Wilbur Daniel Steele** has returned to America after an extended sojourn abroad, and the present story ("The Anglo-Saxon") is the first he has written for HARPER'S. The Editors regret to say that Mr. Steele's health has suffered as a result of exposure and unsanitary living conditions in the African lands he has visited. **Dorothy Kennard** was mentioned in this column last month. **Seabury Lawrence** is on the staff of the *New York Sun*, and an occasional contributor of verse to the magazines.

**Sheila Kaye-Smith**, already known to the readers of the Magazine by her short stories ("The Mockbeggar" and "Good Wits Jump"), is an English writer whose latest novel, *Joanna Godden*, is at present achieving in America a distinct success. **Richard Le Gallienne**, an old-time friend of the Magazine, writes from the seclusion of his home at Woodstock, New York. **Alexander Porterfield** has had frequent mention in this column. **Aline Kilmer** (Mrs. Joyce Kilmer), poet and prose writer, occasionally favors the Magazine with her charming work. **Beatrice Ravenel** writes of the Southland, which she has pictured in numerous stories that have appeared in HARPER'S. **Margaret Widdemer** is an American poet of distinction, and an author of short stories.

**Arthur Ruhl** has long been associated with *Collier's Weekly* and has proved himself in many fields one of the most competent of press-correspondents. **Wilfrid Gibson**, one of the best-known English poets, has published several volumes of verse. **William McFee** plies between New York and Carib-

bean ports as Chief Engineer of the United Fruit Steamship *Carillo*. The success of "Command" among West Indian tourists has made him a most popular officer aboard his ship. **Richard Burton** is head of the department of English at the University of Minnesota, and the author of numerous critical works.



The design of the Magazine cover this month, which we feel sure will impress the readers of the Magazine as one of both beauty and distinction, is the work of John Mead Howells, a distinguished New York architect, who is also the son of William Dean Howells. A note from Mr. Howells explains the decoration employed and its sources.

The figure of Enlightenment at the top, with the garland and cherubs, is taken from the frieze of Giulio Romano in the Villa Madama at Rome, which McKim admired so much.

Romano's garlands are then simply carried down the sides and allowed to fall heavily on the base of the design.

The cherubs perhaps recall in a way the cherubs on the good old HARPER cover.

The lettering used is the alphabet of Tagliente, 1524, just before the better known alphabet of Albert Durer.

The McKim referred to in Mr. Howells' note is the late Charles F. McKim of the great architectural partnership of McKim, Mead & White. Mr. McKim not only admired the figure that Mr. Howells has used, but it was through his personal investigations that it was discovered to be the work of Romano.



We are indebted to Mr. Victor Murdock, of the Federal Trade Commission, Washington, for the following extraordinary narrative—an episode of homesteading days in Oklahoma, which Mr. Murdock brings to our attention in connection with Mr. Ruhl's recent article "Fast and Loose with the Homesteader."



WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR HARPER'S,—Bearing upon Mr. Arthur Ruhl's views of the inspiration of the homesteader, which I have read with interest and sympathy, those of Mr. Veblen, with which if quoted accurately, I am not in accord, let me tell you a story which will be a vehicle for my view.

In September, 1893, the Cherokee strip, now a part of Oklahoma, writhed like a long yellow snake, in a welter of dust. Tens of thousands of land-hungry pioneers on a certain noon plunged through the arid fog, and, as figures moving darkly in many directions, painted a dull picture of disorder; and as they came to rest, as all of them did by sunset, seemed to spell a certain order. Indeed they did spell just that.

John Falker, a bearded farmer from Indiana, had staked out a farm in a shallow swale: beyond him Elizabeth Gordon, also from Indiana, had claimed a rolling farm with outcroppings of gypsum, and beyond her, near a tree-lined creek without water, Ivan Dubosk, a naturalized Russian, was in possession of a patch of prairie grass.

The two men and the woman went to bed that night in their covered wagons with a peace which, if not beyond understanding, is very close to it. They had satisfied a vast hunger—the land hunger—a primal, prodigious passion.

Falker, before he turned in, walked over to the woman and asked her if she were afraid. She said she was not, but with hesitation. He reassured her and went away. A little later Dubosk, blonde and blue-eyed, came across the prairie and asked her the same question. She answered quickly and confidently that she was not. He went away reluctantly.

In the months which followed, the relation of these three homesteaders emphasized the hunger which consumed them. The conditions which were put upon the satisfaction of their appetite were heart-breaking. Each had set out to develop a farm virtually without anything except the land. But the possession of the land outweighed every hardship—outweighed water which gagged them, poor and insufficient food, exposure, sickness and everything. It was evident in the course of a year to the new neighborhood, which exercised that terrible but salutary surveillance which rural neighbors do exercise, that Falker and Dubosk were rivals for Elizabeth. It was generally known that Falker was not greatly smitten, but was completely confident: that Dubosk was madly in love, and that Elizabeth was curiously confused.

One day Dubosk, breaking the prairie sod under a blistering sun, suddenly threw himself into the cool black furrow and screamed, once, twice, arose and ran across his farm, his eyes distended, his head thrown back, his mouth agape. Elizabeth saw him and placed herself in his way. When he came to her, he fell at her feet and sobbed. She stroked his head as she held it in her lap.

"It is Russia," he told her. "It is homesickness. I was city-born—Moscow. It is homesickness—do you understand?"

She did understand. Their meeting was seen by Falker and that evening he came over and asked her about it.

"It was his homesickness," she said.

Falker grunted. He did not understand.

The next evening Dubosk called upon Elizabeth. He remained late, that is until nine o'clock, was reserved, diffident, and, having departed, came back again, and taking Elizabeth's hands cried: "I love you."

Sobbing she fell into his arms, immediately released herself and said soberly enough:

"You have your answer. You knew anyway. Now you must go—and you must never come again. Don't you understand? Quick. Go away."

Dubosk, after feeble protestation, did go away.

From this time onward, Elizabeth failed in health. Falker called with greater frequency and the bride he led later to the altar, a probate judge's office at the county seat, was a frail, nervous little woman who was known to the neighborhood as "ailing" and not one who could do much with the gypsum farm.

A year or two after this marriage, Falker died—typhoid. Elizabeth saw Dubosk at the funeral. From that day her health crept back to her. She had been young, wholesome, pretty. She became so once more. She held Dubosk off with rigorous convention for a year—to a day—and then they were married.

In the yellow sunset which fell like a benediction upon their souls, she asked across the veranda from which they viewed the evidence of their land-poverty—480 acres:

"Did you understand the night I sent you away?"

"Yes," he answered, "I understood."

"How did you know?" she asked.

"I just knew," he said. "It was the land—the land-hunger."

That is the end of my story. I have told it to demonstrate how deep the hunger for land is. It quite overrides avarice, sex, and those other primal engines which are supposed to drive the world. It fixed the conspiracy in the minds of John Falker and his wife back in Indiana, it reconciled him to his state as widower for years, it tore a woman away from the man she loved.

That the neighborhood knew that John Falker and his wife were married when they settled in Oklahoma, that they came as single people to acquire adjoining farms—more land than they were legally entitled to—and that their Oklahoma marriage was superfluous, this I doubt. But Dubosk with the clairvoyance of the land-hungry and of love and his Russian soul, knew that before land-hunger all else, in the range of human emotions and economics fades.

What is land-hunger? Pecuniary interest? Oh no. A struggle for existence? The cities seem to offer the popular specific for that, not the frontier.

No. Land-hunger is compounded of the hopes of the centuries, of villain and crofter clinging to the manorial landscape, of Sir Edwin Sandys with the dream of a Virginia fifty-acre land dividend afire in his brain, of the trudging, tree-blazing George Washington, of veterans of 1776 with warrants, of Mexican survivors with scrip, of Yazoo opportunities, Connecticut reserve offerings, of pre-emption, squatter sovereignty, homesteading, of a vast army of the vigorous vanguard of the race, moved mightily forward not by necessity or by hope of wealth but by the vision that is born of traditional desire and commands men not to the measure of dollars and cents, but to the throbbing drum-beat of a mighty instinct of dominion.

It will not respond to the direction of sentiment, nor can adventure lure or necessity drive it.

I know the poets paint for the pioneer a picture with warmth of sun, the scent of flowers, the caress of gentle winds, the fragrance of new-mown hay, the stimulation of rain upon a dusty field, the song of birds, the satisfaction of achievement, the comforts of earned repose, but I doubt the efficacy of the advertisement.

I know that the economists balance birth-rate against available land areas and graph population pressures to prove that necessity is in command.

But it is not so. The pioneer is moved by something more than economic necessity, greater than adventure, deeper than poetry, that is to say, he is possessed by the magic of a vision born of an age-old desire—to have and to hold—

The echo of it trembled in Touchstone's nimble brain, as he surveyed and presented Audrey:

"An ill favored thing, sir. But mine own!"

I thank you for calling my attention to Mr. Ruhl's article.

Yours truly,

VICTOR MURDOCK.

❖ ❖ ❖

The Editors anticipated that Professor James Harvey Robinson's article on the present status of Darwinism would provoke a multitude of replies from interested readers. Space forbids our reprinting the discussion which has resulted and we can give space only to the following letter from Father LeBuffe of Fordham University, and a note in reply by Professor Robinson himself.

DEAR HARPER'S.—In the June number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, there appeared an article, "Is Darwinism Dead?" by Professor James Harvey Robinson. In that article he mentions an article of mine which appeared first in the New York Times, and which is now in pamphlet form. I would like to call attention to two points in this reply of Professor Robinson:

First. He quite misrepresents, I know unintentionally, the said article. He mentions one minor point as though it were my main argument.

He takes up the few words that I wrote showing the dissimilarity between man and monkey and offers these as the gist of my article. This is quite false. In my article I discussed every argument offered by the Evolutionists, showing that these arguments were either worthless or were boomerangs.

Secondly. In reply to the example given by Professor Robinson from the books, his conclusion that because all the books on the shelves are not of the same size, form, etc., I should therefore conclude that they are not books, is not a good example. According to the Evolutionists, since they are all books, though of varying sizes, I ought to conclude that they were all printed and published by the same firm, because likeness is an argument, according to the Evolutionist, for oneness of origin. No one ever denied that man, as far as his body is concerned, is an animal. The question is whether, part-animal that he is, he has a mere animal ancestor.

Thanking you for your courtesy in publishing this reply, I beg leave to remain.

Sincerely yours,

(REV.) FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE, S.J., *Reprint.*

DEAR HARPER'S.—I certainly regret that I gave the impression that the arguments of Dean LeBuffe were confined to the quite subordinate instance which I cited. This was used merely to illustrate the difficulty of assigning appropriate weight to resemblances on the one hand and differences on the other. My illustration of the books was designed to bring this out and had no further significance. It seems to me that the facts of paleontology, comparative anatomy and embryology which establish the conclusion, admitted by Dean LeBuffe, that man, "so far as his body is concerned, is an animal" are paralleled by a series of arguments derived from comparative psychology and intellectual history which convince me that his mind, if the slow accumulations of civilization were stripped off, would prove to be essentially that of the higher animals.

J. H. ROBINSON.

❖ ❖ ❖

Carolyn Wells's poem, "Girl of To-day," in the April issue brought in a delightful rejoinder from a reader signing herself "Peter Pater." We reprint her lines in order to add an antiphony which we have just received from Carolyn Wells.

TO CAROLYN WELLS

Oh, poetess! How could you  
Be rude to little us!  
You scold and rave and sputter  
And make a frightful fuss  
About our gauzy, slender legs,  
Our bob, and carmined lips,



Also about our shineless nose  
 And the way our bowler tips.  
 But—have you never noticed—  
 You smart and dapper thing!—  
 How, when your ilk its sail unfurls,  
 We young uns all take wing?  
 'Tis well we know our bobbed curls  
 Fall flat against the strains  
 Of the lyric voice and limpid eyes  
 Of the woman who has brains!

PETER PATER.

TO PETER PATER

My dear little girl, you don't know mayhap,  
 That I simply adore you Flappers who flap.  
 I jest at your make-up and togs—but, in truth,  
 I longingly envy your impudent youth.  
 Though it bores me to talk to you—yet I admit  
 I admiringly gaze at the silliest chit.

I like your fool clothes and your pigmented face,  
 Your silly bobbed curls and your sweet, slender  
 grace.

And I didn't intend, dear, to sputter and fuss;  
 But here is a secret, now, just between us—  
 The reason I flung those ironics at you,  
 Is—the Editor gayly invited me to!

CAROLYN WELLS.

❖ ❖ ❖

We are glad to announce to the following  
 correspondent and other interested readers  
 that Harrison Rhodes's beautiful tribute to  
 his mother will appear in book form during  
 the coming autumn under the title *A Gift Book  
 for My Mother*.

KINGSTON, New York.

DEAR HARPER'S,—I lingered long and lovingly  
 over the two sketches "Memories and My Mother"  
 by Harrison Rhodes, published in the May and  
 June numbers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It is a  
 beautiful tribute to his mother, and written with  
 such a gracious tenderness. As I read I smiled,  
 and my eyes were filled with tears as I finished.

My mother, too, was a mid-Victorian lady and  
 every word appealed to me. Many touches in it  
 brought vividly to mind my dear mother, her

love of a garden, the daintiness of her dress, the  
 wonderful affection and loyalty between my father  
 and mother. They walked side by side for forty-  
 three years without a jar. My father planted a  
 rose tree in her garden, a Jacqueminot—the  
 children always called it "father's bush." It was  
 my father's joy every year to pluck the first rose  
 that bloomed and place it by my mother's plate  
 at the breakfast-table, its crimson heart filled  
 with morning dew.

The sketch is a gem. It has lingered with me  
 ever since I read it, and I wish it could be published  
 in book form so those to whom the memory of their  
 mother is precious could own a copy.

Sincerely yours,

MARIE ANTOINETTE DuBOIS.

❖ ❖ ❖

The following letter is from a graduate  
 student in chemistry at Cornell University:

ITHACA, New York.

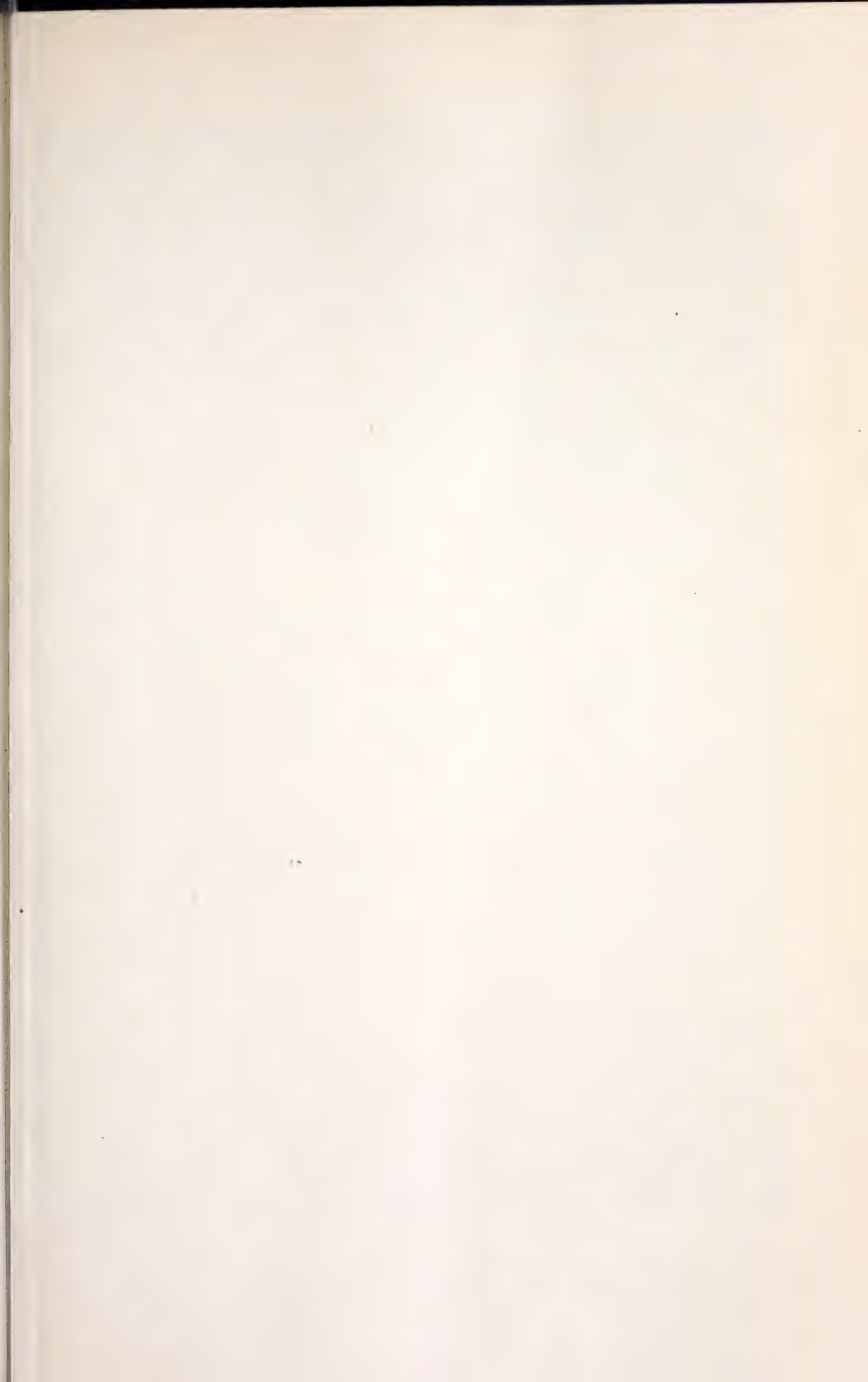
DEAR HARPER'S,—I have just been reading Mr.  
 Hollington's letter in regard to Dr. Steinmetz's  
 article "Science and Religion." Your editorial  
 remark that "narrowness of outlook and intense  
 specialization" may apply to the pulpit just as  
 well as to the laboratory is, to say the least, very  
 pertinent in this case.

If Mr. Hollington would read Dr. Steinmetz's  
 article intelligently and with a perfectly open mind,  
 I do not think that he could come to any other  
 conclusion than that Dr. Steinmetz was merely  
 giving a scientist's conception of what immortality  
 may be. As such it certainly appeals to men  
 trained in habits of scientific thought and reason-  
 ing.

It is well that occasionally a scientist in the  
 atmosphere, and amid the surroundings, of his  
 laboratory should turn his mind to the "larger  
 matters of life," and it is right and fitting that a  
 magazine such as HARPER'S should give the read-  
 ing public the benefit of his reflections. I con-  
 gratulate HARPER'S on having obtained Dr. Stein-  
 metz's splendid article for publication.

Yours very truly,

GILBERT B. L. SMITH.







"You have but dropped one mask of two you wear,  
Drop that which hides your heart, O lady fair."

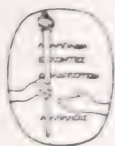
*Painted for Harper's Magazine by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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## CRUDE-OIL RELIGION

BY ROBERT S. LYND

THE stage lurched up out of the last coulee and crawled heavily on to the edge of a level wilderness of sagebrush. The driver, a powerful fellow wearing a "hard-boiled" sombrero with a silver-studded hatband, hadn't much to say, evidently taking me for a drummer—and I suppose I did smell of the East. To heighten my disadvantage as I straddled mail, freight and groceries, my teeth began to chatter: it was late May and I had come through Chicago two days before where everybody was sweltering in Palm Beach suits. But southwestern Montana is a mile up in the air and its climate, as I was to learn, consists of "nine months of winter and three months of damned cold weather." I ventured a remark about its being cold and my taciturn companion remarked, "hope you aren't sellin' summer underwear, friend, because we only buy one suit a year out here—by the time it's dirty it's winter again."

For fifteen bleak miles we cut into a cold wind off the snow-covered Bear Tooth range to the west and then pitched abruptly down over the rim rock and began a winding descent. "There she is," remarked the driver in an offhand manner. And there she was! A handful—perhaps a hundred—of tents, tarpaper shacks and battleship-gray company bungalows huddled five hundred

feet below in a raw hole a mile wide and three miles long gouged out of the naked clay and sandstone. Not a living, green thing in sight: oil derricks, straggling houses, raw ugliness everywhere, hemmed in by putty-colored hills over which a gray sky fitted down like a lid. This was Wolf Basin, where I was to spend my summer preaching! It was a bitter ten minutes as we wound down into the Basin: three months in this hole seemed like a life-sentence.

To the dismay of my friends, I had left a good business connection a year before to study for the ministry. Mine had always been the conventional attitude toward preachers—I suppose most of us have had it. Then, the friction of life in New York, followed by an enforced idleness in an army hospital during the closing months of the war, had set me thinking: Life simply isn't a quantitative affair, it is the texture of the thing as it passes through one's hands that counts. Of course, I had never questioned that, and yet, precious few of us were really living that way—I wasn't. Then why not go out and sell that idea to more people? Be a preacher? Not if I knew it! But I kept returning to the question: *could* this sort of religion be sold? I didn't know. Finally I had resigned my position and enrolled in a



theological school to find out. By spring of that first year I had been ready for a show-down: I wanted to get out somewhere and kill or cure. I had gone down to one of the denominational boards and signed on for fifteen weeks as a home missionary preacher, calmly choosing the rawest job the board had to offer. It had all seemed so logical that warm March afternoon back in the sunny office in New York with spring coming in through the open windows: Wolf Basin, a Montana oil town of five hundred people, had *looked* like an interesting place—on the map. But! Well, anyway, here I was.

I climbed down stiffly from my perch on top the freight and groceries, hauled forth my civilized-looking bag and struck off down the middle of the one muddy, unpaved street. There was no hotel or boarding house of any description in camp, apparently, and after an hour of plodding about I decided that my personal housing problem was serious. Accordingly I was in none too cheerful a mood when, first scraping a small snowshoe of gumbo mud off each foot, I entered the Post Office and general store. The news of the preacher's arrival had evidently spread: as I tried to ask casually for mail, the sudden stillness that had fallen upon the long room was shattered by a stage whisper behind me, "We-e-el-ll, what the hell does a preacher expect to do in a hole like this?"

What *did* the preacher expect to do? The first round with the Basin had left him a bit groggy. As he stood in the door of the Post Office looking out over the unpaved gray sea of flypaper stickiness before him, there flashed to mind the story of the darky they were hanging one cold gray morning down in Louisville who responded to the sheriff's question as to whether he had any last words to say, "No suh, 'cept I wants to tell you-all *this here's goin' to be a mighty good lesson for me.*" Then the preacher picked out a house—any old house—waded across, and knocked on the door.

"I'm the preacher. Just got here. Wanted to say 'hello' to you all."

The thirteen-year-old girl opened the door a few inches more. A voice from the depths said, "Let him in, Rose Anna," while the owner of the voice could be heard making a precipitate exit to the rear room. It was my first "pastoral call," and it somehow or other didn't seem like much of a job for a full-grown man in the middle of the afternoon.

"Rose Anna," came the mumbled voice again from the rear, "look in the Victrola and see if my teeth are there." And forthwith a complete set of false teeth was removed from the security of a sophisticated-looking talking machine to reappear a moment later in the smiling face of the mother of the family.

The preacher heard himself telling egregious "whoppers" of how enthusiastic he was about Wolf Basin: it was "real" country, and wasn't the air "great"?

The next house I tried was a two-room tar-paper shack sheltering a dragged mother and four children, all in various stages of the whooping cough. The steaming interior reeked with an odor of creosote that made me choke. A barking youngster unearthed a chair for me from under a pile of miscellaneous clothing. I held the baby, was liberally "pawed over" by the older children, showed all and sundry my watch and Eversharp pencil, and talked with the mother about her home back in Iowa. She seemed about ready to quit, and I was as lonesome as she was discouraged. The stumbling prayer that struggled spontaneously to my lips as I stood up to leave came *de profundis* from both of us—and it brought tears to the mother's eyes and fresh nerve to me. Then I opened the sagging door on that monotonous world drenched with the odor of crude oil and started across to the store to get them another bottle of cough medicine. I plodded across the bleak camp in a kind of dream, thinking of my work of the year before in New York:



it seemed a far, far cry to lunching in the correct gray dining room on the twentieth floor of the Yale Club and discussing sales campaigns and advertising contracts.

In the course of the afternoon I obtained a helterskelter room for the night with a family who perplexed me by insisting upon treating me like some sort of supernatural visitor. The children, in particular, seemed to set no bounds to their expectations of what the next moment might bring forth provided they eyed me closely enough. A freckled neighbor boy, evidently lured in like the rest by the presence of the strange visitor, finally brought a laugh which eased the tension all round when, overhearing me ask if there was anybody in the Basin sick or in need of help, he confided with an engaging grin, "We haven't got very much money."

The stuffiness of it all was beginning to get on my nerves badly by supper time. The women all seemed pathetically enthusiastic over the prospect of having a real, live preacher all their own, but the men eyed me suspiciously. I learned at the supper table that the men did not like the idea of my calling upon their womenfolk while they were off in the field; one fellow had suggested that I ought to be run out of the Basin. The question overheard in the Post Office kept re-echoing through my head with increasing persistence: "Well, what the hell does a preacher expect to do in a hole like this?" I began to realize that if I was to have any standing at all in a man's town it would have to come from the men.

A clerical friend in New York had warned me not to seek any gainful occupation to supplement the eleven dollars a week—over and above my traveling and living expenses—which I was getting from the denominational board because my parishioners might regard me as a grafter for holding down two jobs at once. During supper that evening, however, I decided to take my chances as a grafter rather than run the risk of

becoming the sacred calf of the women-folk of the Basin. Accordingly after supper I pocketed my glasses, changed to an "o. d." shirt, and set out to make the rounds of the foremen of the various operating companies in the field. The evening yielded a job as roustabout with the local producing subsidiary company of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana: a chance to breathe, smell, wear, handle, eat, dream crude oil six-and-one-half days a week at \$4.05 a day, together with title to a seven-by-nine cubicle in the bunk-house and the right to buy board at the big company cook shack.

I shall never forget lying there shivering in that old sway-backed bed in my rented room that first night, listening to the cold stillness of the Basin broken only by the dry screech of the rod-line to a nearby oil well as it crawled back and forth over the ground. It was going to be a long, long summer, and it certainly was "goin' to be a mighty good lesson for me!"

Silence fell with a thud upon the noisy crowd of men assembling at the blacksmith shop at seven next morning, preparatory to checking out for the day, when the preacher appeared, minus his glasses and dressed in a rusty army uniform, and took his seat with the others upon the floor—a piercing silence broken only by the rasp of the blacksmith's heavy file as he sharpened a pick over in one corner. Then Dutch Gus—bless his friendly German grin—punctured the silence by asking if the "Mister Preacher" wasn't from New York and whether I knew his brother who kept a delicatessen shop on 123d Street. Somebody else asked a question—the inevitable question the West asks of every newcomer, "How do you like the West?"—and the thaw had begun. By the time I was detailed to a sewer-ditch digging squad and set off with pick and shovel balanced uneasily over one shoulder, my status had changed noticeably. Suspicion had given way to a friendly curiosity. They were at least going to give me a run for my money.



We were a quaint crew of oil field misfits on that ditch: nine of us, all American-born and all known and addressed solely by our first names, including even the preacher after several false starts of "Mister Preacher." Next me on the one side was the irrepressible "Shorty," a boy from the West Virginia coal fields, whose gayety never once broke even under the strain of the last back-breaking hour before the five o'clock whistle. Then there was "Erni," our "straw-boss," who with the "Missus and six kids" had drifted to Montana from Missouri and was living in a tent house; Carl, a steady-going Yankee who got up at four-thirty on his dry-land homestead five miles out on the bench and walked into the Basin; "Dee," an oldtime cowpuncher left high and dry by the receding range, later to become one of the "pillars" in my church; "Old" Charlie, a Socialist of fifty-five with a grouch against everybody, particularly preachers; Sam, a wiry Mormon from Mississippi with a passion for theology; the genial "Slim" from Tennessee, whose hilarity was soon to "send him down the road talkin' to hisself," to use the easy western slang for being fired; and Bert, a shy, quiet soul who hummed snatches of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony as he threw enormous quantities of dirt out of his end of the ditch.

Like most physically active men, I have always looked upon pick and shovel work as merely a question of getting used to it. But I soon discovered that that is precisely the one thing which you can never succeed in doing. The sheer monotony of raising a pick, lunging with it, raising it again, and so on and on, broken only by periods of shoveling away in order to begin to pick again, becomes increasingly intolerable, until you understand why the casual laborer tells his boss to "go to hell" often in order to get fired and have a chance to break the monotony by moving on somewhere—anywhere—to a new job. We would leave the blacksmith shop at seven and be digging fifteen minutes later. My

pick and shovel would be just an ordinary pick and shovel when I began. Maybe the cool night air still lurked in the coulee and I enjoyed the feel of my muscles as they tightened and swung to the rhythm of the work. Straight ahead beyond the head of the ditch, forty miles as the eagle flies, a tantalizing triangle of the snowy Bear Tooths was framed by the steep gray sides of the coulee. Thump, said my pick—I was probably whistling—thump—whistle continues—thump—"Shorty" telling another of his jokes—thump—still the joke—thump—thump— . . . The sun was beginning to fill a monotonously empty sky—for some days in this shadeless pocket in the ground were blistering hot, despite the cold nights! I stopped to peel off my shirt and get a "shot" of stale, badly condensed alkali water from the water bag. Perhaps I looked unconsciously at my watch—and came to with a start, noticing that it registered only 8:40. A bit crestfallen, I would climb back into the ditch . . . pick notably heavier now . . . another stop—9:25. . . . Then 10:05—Lord, what a heavy pick! Less whistling and hilarity now. . . . Why didn't 11 o'clock come? . . . Then came that last bloated hour till noon, with my pick feeling the size of a steam shovel and the nerves in my forearms and hands jumping raw. As "Shorty" expressed it in one of his inspired flashes, "If you want to live a long, long life, you want to be a ditch digger, because every minute is an hour long." I was amused to find myself soldiering on the job like all the rest of the men when the foreman was not around. Don't ever again try to tell me a day laborer—even a religious one—*ought* to be interested in a job like digging ditches six-and-a-half long days a week, it's ag'in human natur'!

All week the people turned out to watch the preacher in the ditch with his shirt off getting his hands dirty—and blistered! First came the small boys, intrigued by the rumor that there was to be a Scout troop; then mothers with



small children; then an occasional passing wagonload of workmen would stop and adjure me good naturedly to leave some of the ditch for the other fellows to dig, saying the dirt coming out of my end of the ditch looked like a Kansas "twister." To all of which I grinned, meanwhile swearing to myself at that blamed hard-pan dirt. Saturday noon as we were sitting in the washhouse waiting for the dinner gong, a mahogany-faced oldtimer balancing on the edge of a tub surprised me by announcing to the assembled crowd that "Religion don't hurt nobody." That night when I dropped by the shack of a Mormon family to get acquainted, the wife greeted me by saying, "Most preachers wouldn't take a job if you gave it to 'em, but here you've gone and got one, first crack out of the box." The Basin evidently approved—but the next day was to tell the tale.

I was up at four, finishing my first sermon; in the ditch at seven; caught a hurried shower at noon at the only warm-water shower in camp; dinner with a family, the wife nervous at cooking for the preacher and burning the wiry chicken, the husband celebrating in my honor by putting on a pair of "city" shoes without the formality of socks; Sunday school at 2:30; fifteen minutes lying across my bed in the blessed remoteness of Butcher and Lang's *Odyssey*; a noisy supper with a family of seven. Finally, at 7:15 I slipped the key into the lock of the schoolhouse door and looked about with a decidedly "gone" feeling at the pit of my stomach. I lighted the gas, swept the floor, and finally, holding my scantily drilled sermon open in one hand, laid hold of the fatal bell rope. The first dull clang of the bell terrified me. I wanted to run. With each yank on that rope I was digging myself in deeper for fifteen long weeks of this! But after the first half-dozen devastating peals, I yielded to the inevitability of it all. "I haven't come out here to preach theology to you all"—dong!—"You and I have problems that look as big as a barn to

us"—dong!—"and the thing we've a right to expect religion to do for us"—dong!—"is to show how to meet these practical problems"—dong! They told me afterward that nobody ever rang the bell for school or other occasions for more than half-a-dozen tolls, but in my ignorance I had determined that, even if people did not come, they should at least know that a church service was being held, and so I rang—and rang—and rang.

The first arrival was a stuttering boy of six who sidled in with the bashful question, "P-p-p-preacher, is t-t-there going to be anyth-th-thing to eat?" Perhaps I can best summarize that service by quoting the scrawl I made in my notebook before turning in dog tired that night: "Got away with it!—despite fact that a baby in front row tried to out-talk me. 55 on deck, every seat full, 21 men, including my foreman, the surveyor, 5 of the 9 men from the ditch, and a lot of hard-boiled birds in shirt-sleeves."

But preaching, taken by itself, is likely to be a greatly overrated affair. Where people work six-and-a-half and seven days a week (approximately, one man in three in the Basin works a twelve-hour-day seven days a week) in a raw hole in the ground without grass and trees, and where the only water is alkali water from a well two miles away, a preacher has to do other things than merely preach in order to justify his existence. The recreational problem was critical: with the exception of the shabby pool hall where the men gambled mildly and the boys hung about trying to grow up fast, there were no recreational facilities of any description. It was twenty miles over bad trails to the nearest "movies." Somewhat reluctantly, I decided at length to try out an informal, free-for-all community "sing," hoping by card tricks and similar home-brew vaudeville stunts to attract the men. One of the men in the ditch with me admitted that he played the piano "a little bit"—it developed that he had aspired to



become a professional accompanist—while “Shorty” strummed a wicked banjo. So I headlined the two of them as the “World Famous Gandy-Dancers<sup>1</sup> Duet” for the first Friday evening. We had also a trombone solo, a violin solo, and a couple of vocal solos, including Andy’s famous—to judge from the applause its announcement evoked—

“We’re off for Montana, the land of  
the free,  
The home of the bed bug, the gray  
back and flea”—

In addition to these solos, we sang such old favorites as Old Black Joe, Three Blind Mice, and the choruses of the latest ragtime hits which were hastily chalked on the blackboards about the schoolroom. Hymns were purposely debarred so as not to offend Mormons and Catholics. Everybody took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and went to it with every bit of lusty syncopation in him. Late that night an oily roustabout stuck his head in at my door in the bunkhouse and announced that it had been the best evening he had spent in the two years he had lived in the Basin. People evidently wanted more—and they got it. Once we even had visiting “artists” from a town twenty miles away, and on more than one Friday evening the schoolhouse was so crowded that the overflow stood outside and sang in through the windows.

A Boy Scout troop was started as a matter of course, and then, taking my life in my hands, I organized a Girl Scout troop and plunged into the ticklish job of being a Scoutmistress—or whatever they call them. I used to laugh to myself over the spectacle I must have presented, in the weeks before one of the women took over the troop, sitting in the center of a semicircle of eager girls, giving them elementary lessons in manicuring, building camp fires, mounting the blossoms of native weeds, starting a savings-bank

account and passing spoons by the handle instead of by the bowl!

The Sunday school, which had been in existence for some time before my arrival, seemed prosperous and I was inclined to let well enough alone—that is, the only thing I did in connection with it at first was to act as superintendent, and teach the adult class, and occasionally play the piano, and shinny up the roof in my sock feet every few Sundays to fasten the clapper back in the debilitated bell while the pupils flocked in below, and clean up the debris after the school was dismissed. Then, suddenly I discovered one Sunday that nobody below the adult class knew where to look in the Bible for the story of Jesus’ life. So we started through the Gospel of Mark, two chapters a week, discarding completely the antiquated lesson leaflets that arrived weekly from a Mid-Western publishing emporium. A personally-administered question “spell down” back and forth between the boys and girls on the points in the chapters covered at the end of each lesson put further life into the hour—in fact into the whole week, for I was alternately besieged by boys and girls to give them private coaching. There was still a shortage of boys, however, until in an inspired moment I clinched the matter by hitting upon the happy plan of taking all who came to Sunday school twenty miles cross country in a borrowed Ford to the nearest swim after Sunday school. It was decidedly questionable pedagogically, but thereafter Catholics, Mormons, Christian Scientists, Seventh Day Adventists, and all the rest appeared regularly on Sunday with hair slicked down and a general air of expectancy.

On Wednesday evening we held a small study group on the value of prayer, using Fosdick’s *Meaning of Prayer* chapter by chapter as a basis for our discussion. The attendance at these hours was naturally small—at times discouragingly small; but the spiritual cutting edge of the summer’s work was in these meetings. On more than one occasion

<sup>1</sup>One of “Shorty’s” slang terms for pick and shovel hands, borrowed, I believe, from the authorized parlance of the railroad section crew; at any rate, whatever its origin, it was officially used by all hands on our ditch, except “Old” Charlie, who refused to be a party to such hilarity.

the talk refused to be turned off when nine o'clock came, and half a dozen of us sat about on top the schoolhouse desks rambling from subject to subject—Christian Science, the race question, nationality, the need of organized labor in the Basin.

The preacher's energy was a never-failing source of quiet amusement to "Old" John, the bunk-house "crumboss," who swept out, and mothered the men generally. John had crossed the plains in Custer's day and herded cattle from Texas to Montana—one of Kipling's "explorers" who discovered the West and left other men to make the money. Then had come several years as proprietor of a saloon in Red Lodge, a mining town, in the roaring wide-open days. A fire had cleaned out the saloon, and now all that was left was a fiery little old man who, one moment, went into apoplectic fits of rage and tried to murder the boys in the mess shack when they stole his hat, and, the next, allowed all the children in camp to wheedle poker chips from him that they might cash them in at the pool hall for candy. One unique and imperishable heritage he had retained from his early days: the neatest tongue for turning an oath that I have ever known. I used to sit in my room mornings and listen to "Old" John coming down the line pounding on each door at six o'clock: "Hi there, ye damned old slobberhead, roll out" . . . (Next door) "Git up, ye good fer nothin' skunk, cuss ye." Then he would flatten his nose against my window and stare in at me—dressed, shaved, and already at work—with a perplexed twinkle in his eye, as though he never quite knew what to make of a roustabout like that. He was little short of flabbergasted when one of the most inert boys in the bunk-house, and the subject of some of John's most rousing expletives each morning, caught the early rising fever and began to study law before breakfast.

The work on the ditch had set the tide flowing in my direction, and much of the remaining opposition was broken up—

even among a few reluctant Catholics—when I performed as a black-face comedian in a minstrel show given by the Catholics in the Basin to raise money toward the erection of a little chapel for their monthly masses. After that the West opened its arms to the preacher, together with many of the problems in its heart.

Supper was always over by six, and on evenings when there was nothing scheduled at the schoolhouse, I might get out with a ball and glove for a game near one of the bunk-houses; or, more often, I would dress up—that is, put on a necktie—and fare forth to enjoy the flaming Montana sunset from some neighborly doorstep. The friendships begun in those hours bring a catch to my throat to-day as often as a letter arrives bearing the rude handstamped post-mark of the Basin. Perhaps they were right—those folk with their honest pride—when they said that no one who lives awhile in the West can ever again settle down to life in the East. Yet it is not the West I get so homesick for as it is for Ben and Andy and the Gallaghers and the Skidwells and Lawrence and his wife and the ecstatic halloos of the children—"Hel-l-l-o-o-o-o Preach-er-er-er," "Hel-l-l-o-o-o-o Mis-ter-r-r Lynd"—that used to turn me into a gesticulating semaphore whenever I moved about camp.

At the occasional parties the "goose hung high": I taught the Basin the mysteries of "Going to Jerusalem," and spun the plate until I would go home to dream wildly of trying to catch the moon before it stopped spinning. Always at these parties there was the delicate question of whether to be a ladies' man or a man's man: a choice seemed inevitable, for the parties always broke up into a ladies' room and a men's room. I would come in by the front door to find the women in a proper circle in the front room, while from the back room came the uproarious guffaws of the men. I never succeeded in developing a satisfactory technic for this situation, but would usually sit down among the womenfolk for a decent interval and then bolt for the back room.



The friendliness of the West is apparently without limit toward those who qualify as its own: we raised thirty-five dollars in fifteen minutes one evening in the mess shacks to help a stranded woman and baby get back to relatives in Minnesota; a family was wiped out by fire one afternoon, and within twenty-four hours the camp storekeeper had donated a new bed, the Ladies' Aid had ordered new sheets, table linen and silver, and the men had raised a purse of one hundred and fifty dollars; and when "Shorty" was rushed to a hospital thirty miles away, apparently dying of appendicitis, and a hundred-dollar guarantee was needed for the operation, it was "Old" John, our "crum boss," who wrote out a personal check for the amount before anyone could take up a collection. And the relationship is even closer in the case of a minister, for in the precarious catch-as-catch-can of this rough life he represents much of the enduring element in their lives which these people left behind when they drifted West.

Perhaps it would be in a quiet talk about a doorstep while the western sky made sober things emerge almost before one realized their nearness, or possibly down in my room in the bunk-house when some man would wander in ostensibly to have a smoke before turning in, that bit by bit troubles great and small began to be laid bare: there were letters to write; indignant people who wanted to give other people "hell" to be laughed and advised out of their cussedness; husbands and wives worn raw and nervous by teething babies and fear of the impending lay-off; a daily class in arithmetic to be conducted for a group of the children conditioned during the preceding term; the problem of interesting the State Federation of Labor in sending organizers into the Basin to save the men from the admittedly unnecessary six-and-a-half and seven-day week; bootlegging to be stopped on the urgent plea of certain of the wives; gambling to be checked in a certain case by inducing the proprietor of the pool hall to deny the

man the right to play there; a Mormon family perplexed because a "blessing" (prophecy) for which they had paid one of their elders a dollar had not come true; the boy who wanted to go back to the Middle West to get a technical education and spoiled it all by going off on a wild drinking party one night to relieve the drab monotony of twelve hours on and twelve hours off, and turned up next morning, grown a man overnight, swaggering and indifferent.

Meanwhile I was turning out my sermons week after week, chiefly from material suggested by this intimate association with the daily life of the Basin. It was heavy going at times; I find an entry in my memorandum book, "Friday night and nothing but the subject of my sermon as yet. W—— dropped by this evening and it cost me a badly needed two hours. Haven't been to bed before 11:30 any night this week—up between 5 and 6 every morning." Naturally, sermons turned out under such pressure were often uncouth, but they were direct and as locally applicable as I could make them; one on gossip, "Am I my brother's keeper?" seemed to bite especially deep.

I always tried to avoid talking shop in the ditch, but occasionally some point would come up naturally, and we would go to it. My seeming unorthodoxy was a constant source of perplexity to Sam; he had been born a Southern Baptist and turned Mormon late in life, with resulting frequent theological indigestion. One morning he walked up the line to get a drink and stopped by me with a half-bantering question regarding the necessity for the "Blood of the Atonement" before one could "receive Grace."

"I don't know much about all that, Sam," I parried.

"But you're a preacher, aint you?"

"Uh-huh," grinning, "but not that kind."

A couple of the men within earshot were leaning on their picks, evidently amused. "Look here, you fellows," I said, turning to them, "what's all this 'Blood of the Atonement' and 'receiv-

ing Grace" mean to *you*? What's it got to do with the fact that your real worries are what you'll do if you're laid off when this next cut in production comes, how you can keep shoes on your children, and how a fellow on a job like this can keep from going over to Red Lodge occasionally and getting 'stewed'?" Both men grinned, and one of the two, a Catholic, turned up at church the following Sunday, while Sam came, bringing a Mormon friend.

I purposely set the preaching service for Sunday evening in order to encourage everybody who could do so to break the blistering monotony of life in the Basin by getting away after work Sunday noon. Trout fishing was the passion of both men and women. Sleep was as nothing to some of the men as compared with a chance to wade a mountain stream after the speckled mountain trout. One man used occasionally to come off his shift at midnight, climb into his rickety Ford, drive forty-five miles over sage-brush trails to the nearest trout stream, crouch on the bank until it was light enough for the fish to begin to bite, fish until noon, and then come scorching home in time to check in for his shift in the afternoon. On Sundays in July and August whole families would trundle off in a sagging Ford with fish baskets and lunch piled high on the running-board; it would have been a queer preacher who would not have joined in the crowd of friends who called after them, "Have a good time, and bring home lots of trout"—and meant it.

When the long-dreaded lay-off came, I fired myself rather than hold down a job when married men were out of work. This widened my cruising radius considerably: I began to get acquainted with scattered dry-land farmers, struggling to wrest a crop of scrawny corn from a quarter-section of cracked earth, and hoping each year that the government will put the water through their arid region.

The coming of the lay-off had been long and breathlessly awaited by the

Boy Scouts, for it had been agreed that when it came the Scout hikes would begin. And the first one nearly killed off the whole troop! Ten excited boys met me at seven o'clock in front of the store—each struggling under a large and lumpy blanket roll. An hour later, as we were topping the saddle to the west, a frantically gesticulating speck far below developed into an eleventh blanket roll and boy—an apprehensive parent had weakened at the last moment as we made our triumphal exit from camp. For sixteen, blistering, waterless miles I urged my army forward, despite sun, thirst, ill-fitting shoes, lumpy packs and rattlesnakes. It was heavy going: no trail, straight up and down much of the way, traveling by compass over treeless sage-brush ranges. As we crossed the big divide, half a thousand square miles, without so much as a homesteader's shack, lay bleaching to right and left. Straight ahead—and a long way off!—lay the narrow strip of the river for which we were heading. As we topped the ridge I instinctively felt of the desert water bag to appraise its contents: only half full, there would be trouble before we got in. One by one the boys began to bleat for water. Twice we stopped and, solemnly holding my thumb on each Adam's apple in turn, I marked off one swallow round. Then, with the bag empty, it was just a question of biting down hard and slogging ahead over ridge after ridge under a brassy sky. I brought up the rear, relieving small stragglers of their packs occasionally and cheering them on generally. Quite unexpectedly, late in the afternoon, we emerged from a last deep coulee and beheld, tucked in a fold of the hills on the river bank before us, a *green field* and *trees*—the first I had seen in six long weeks. With a whoop, the leaders broke and ran—through a fence, across the corral, swarming over the five-bar gate to the ranch-house beneath the cotton-woods. That night we slept, rolled in blanket and poncho, under a full moon in the deep grass—real, live grass—by



the river, an honest-to-goodness mountain river, with more water rushing past in a minute than all the people over in the Basin saw in a year.

Two weeks later I packed thirteen boys into a truck and took them forty-five miles for a whole week of camping and fishing.

Then came September—and leave-taking. That last Sunday evening service was to many of us like a funeral. The preacher had dropped out of nowhere into the Basin three months before. He had come to see if people really wanted religion. He had believed that a man's religion should be the dominating concern of his life, the integrating mood of the whole, that as such the idea of religion could be "sold" to people just like anything else worthwhile—and he had come to the Basin to find out. And now, he was emerging from his baptism of fire: he had made mistakes; his sermons had been often enough but halting affairs; he had lost his temper at times; he realized now that he should have done more systematic work with the men; he had intended to study during the summer but was taking his books back unopened; one of the women sitting before him, who had disapproved of his attendance at the dances in the Basin, had remarked only the week before that he did not have "any more religion than a fish"; and one of the men back there in the corner had paid him the rather dubious compliment that had he "preached about the Bible like most preachers he wouldn't have gotten half so far." And yet, he had got somewhere: the skeleton organization of an undenominational community church had been formed and an able minister forty miles away secured for one service a month throughout the winter. The "sings" and the boys' and girls' work were to go right on. Across the back of the schoolhouse that evening sat a solid row of ten men who had broken up their card games in a nearby house long enough to come to church in a body, shirt sleeves, suspenders and all; the children were out *en masse*; while

the women—those heroic, patient, loyal women of the West—many of them with their husbands, crowded the room. Between the minister and individual after individual before him were ties which had been wrought out in the daily glare of life together in the Basin. In one sense his summer had proved nothing: Wolf Basin in its isolation and lack of the varied distractions and intellectual and artistic opportunities of the more sophisticated community had not been a typical test of the appeal of religion *qua* religion; then there was the problem of gaining recognition among the men, which had proved comparatively simple through the expedient of the job on the ditch, but elsewhere might be vastly more complicated. And yet, there was something portentous in the capacity of the people of the Basin to become interested in the more enduring aspects of life; the extent to which the latent religion in this community of five hundred souls had responded, had reached out, to anyone who could offer it spiritual and social leadership, had startled him again and again; it had been impressively indicative of a human un-satisfaction that was deeper than the local conditions in the Basin.

They were singing the last hymn, "*God be with you till we meet again.*" The piano ceased. The minister bowed his head; it was not what is commonly understood as a benediction, but just a simply expressed hope that we as friends might try to hold fast to one another and to the things we had tried to make more real in our lives during the summer. Then the waiting Ford—handshaking—"Good-by"—"Write sure"—"Next summer"—"Good-by"—"Good-by." The car started, the last boy dropped off the running board. I leaned out waving my hat, even after there was no hope of seeing or being seen—they couldn't all be gone, not yet. The car raced at the first steep pitch of the Mormon Hill. A solitary pumper appeared momentarily silhouetted in the doorway of the last power house—and they were gone.

## ADELAIDE'S LION

BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

PHILIP TRACEY wondered, when suddenly he heard her voice through the corridors, why Adelaide was up so early. Shaving brush in one hand, with the other he opened the bathroom door to listen:

"Miss Pether? Miss Pether?" Adelaide was clarion and irresistible. "Did the piano tuner come? If he hasn't, telephone for him not to till the other piano arrives. Have that piano, the regular one, you know, carried down to the cellar, and order them to send over another immediately. Say it's for Monsieur Drang. I forgot. Monsieur Drang never could play on ours. *Mon dieu*, no!"

Tracey could gauge by the reverberations exactly where Adelaide was. She was now in the drawing-room, moving about in that flimsy pink dressing-gown and those turquoise slippers probably, figuring out how to make the drawing-room look well enough for Monsieur Drang, as she called him. To-night, concluded Tracey, sadly used to getting used to these things, was going to be his night.

Miss Pether was undoubtedly in the breakfast room, superintending the children's mouthfuls between trying to listen to Mrs. Tracey. The poor woman did do pretty well considering that Adelaide treated her less and less every day as a governess and more and more as an impresario's understudy.

"Miss Pether? Be sure to order lots of those big candles, the cathedral size, you know, and have that extra man sent over with his clothes pressed from Mrs. Donovan's employment agency, and don't forget to order the new coffee Mr. Tracey spoke of. The silver must be thoroughly cleaned. See that every-

thing's dusted here and swept. I seem to be the only person in this house who minds dirt."

Tracey shut the bathroom door with a bang. His thoughts were not tuned to tonsorial exigencies. Squinting at his poor distorted visage in the glass, he felt all at once that he deserved revenge. What would come of it if he allowed M. This, That and The Other Thing to go on at their present pace? Of course he could duck out and leave them alone to Adelaide. The possibility of such a course caused him to cut his ear.

But really, he pursued, stanching the awful blood as best he could, M. This, That and The Other Thing made his house an impossible place to live in. He could hardly ever come home from a hard day's work without finding them, or some of them, there; and if they were there, at the least suggestion from Adelaide they stayed on, and if they were not there, they came later and stayed till midnight, prating always about their anarchistic art. They effaced from her literally every trace of known good standards, and they treated *him* as though he had no emotional experience from which to form an artistic judgment! Pah! The thought made him slash his nose and plunge on regardlessly.

Yes—Drang was easily the worst of them all. Take that musical critic for example, who wrote about music as if it were woven out of a discordant mushwush of Tiergartens and scented soaps, with a few pre-war Hamburg-American passengers swooning decadently in the scherzos. Tracey liked his peroration. He viewed the cuts on his ear and nose lightly. That musical critic wasn't, notwithstanding his oily obesity and those remarks he got off about Ornstein being



the one pianist a really intelligent man could listen to, half so bad as Drang. Nor was that viola player—what was his name?—with the adenoids, who when Adelaide left him tactfully alone with Tracey for cocktails so they could learn to like each other and get on better, would say to Tracey at the end of his long riffraff chatter about his pupils and whether they played with passion or without it! “And now, I mustn’t talk so exclusively of my own subject, Mr. Tracey. How is everything at the office?” And then there was that poet with the receding forehead who Tracey always was afraid was going to kiss him. No! A thousand times no! None of them was so bad as Drang.

And Adelaide contended Drang was the world’s greatest composer! She said Sorrell, “The Great Sorrell,” said so. As if Sorrell or anybody great ever heard of him, or would deign to notice him if by some ignoble chance he was obliged to hear! That little stuffed contorted gnome, who, Adelaide said, with his hat on looked like a gentleman and with his hat off like a genius! He got Adelaide all frenetic over jungles and what love should be like and wild barbaric bliss. Nature, Love and Music were the cardinal virtues, he pointed out to Adelaide, and the greatest of them all was Love. How excitingly original, hissed Tracey to himself, as he withdrew a scalded foot from the bath. And Schopenhauer was Drang’s favorite idol. If there was one gone-by Tracey hated, it was Schopenhauer. But true to the tenets of Schopenhauer, Drang bemoaned his fate to Adelaide, which fate consisted principally of a fat *Frau*, who didn’t understand his genius as Adelaide did, and of six stuffed little Drangs who were very, very difficult to support, from all of whom Drang would like to fly to the shadows of the forest and compose more gibberish, and love there.

This was all Tracey knew of Drang or needed to know. This much Adelaide had confided to her husband from day to day, in order to show him that

Monsieur Drang was as great as he said the Great Sorrell said he was, in case Tracey might, with all his cares, have overlooked it.

What could he do? Why couldn’t Adelaide behave like all the rest of the women he knew? Tracey’s bath was cooler, and the prospect of it cooled his resentment somewhat. Adelaide was head and shoulders above all the women he knew. That was the difference. She had so much ability. She certainly required something to expend her ability upon. When they were first married she used for a time to expend it on him. But he had to work, and just to be an eternal object for Adelaide to expend her skill upon was out of the question. And she spent her ability and skill now on those dogs, *M. This, That and The Other Thing*, and worse than them all, on the atrocious Drang. Damn it! Tracey’s bath was hot again. It all worked out happily for her, but how about him? There was nothing in it for him but Adelaide, and she never expended her ability and skill on him any more. Besides, she was frittering away her life, and being polluted by this modernism.

Tracey’s tub became quite comfortable to lie in. Seriously, he argued to himself, as he rubbed his shoulders dry and sought to round off his ruminations to a justifiable finish, he ought really, quite aside from all that desire for revenge he had experienced half an hour ago, to put a stop to Adelaide’s goings on with this Drang, for her own sake. How could he do it?

He picked up the morning paper which he always carried with him into the bathroom to look over between shaving and bathing in case his philosophizing palled. Turning over the pages, a little inconspicuous paragraph that chanced to meet his eye seemed like a celestial answer. Mightn’t he?—How might he?—put through the plan that so machiavellianly occurred to him? Adelaide never read the papers. To make sure that she should not read this one he stuffed it into the hamper. He donned his bath-

robe and slippers and stole blithely to her room.

Adelaide was a trifle on the other side of thirty. She was sitting in front of a low mirrored dressing-table, in her pink peignoir and turquoise slippers, her light hair disheveled, mouth cupid and fragrant, great brown eyes gazzelled at him.

Certainly there was no gainsaying it as he looked at her: Every kind of femininity rolled into one and raised to the *n*th power was his estimate. And he loved femininity more than anything. But he owed it to Adelaide to give her a little lesson about this Drang.

Perhaps the thoughts that flew through Tracey's mind at sight of his wife, rather blotted out the blitheness which had animated his face when he left the bathroom to go to her, for her plaintive greeting was:

"You never like to see me happy, Phil."

He counted ten. It was a rule of his married life to count ten before answering Adelaide unless his mood was impeccable.

"On the contrary, I'm always so glad to see you happy, darling. Why are you so particularly happy this morning?"

She hummed evasively at this, something she hoped Monsieur Drang had written. Tracey counted ten again, not quite so successfully this time.

"Quite a howdy-dowdy!" he exclaimed.

"How do you mean howdy-dowdy? Wasn't everything all right in the bathroom? Was *anything* wrong?" She cast her crisp big eyes about them. "Everything looks flawless to me."

Tracey extracted a favorite necktie of his from the scrap basket, and hung it tenderly on one side of Adelaide's mirror and counted ten.

"That's precisely what I should have remarked, my dear, had I been commenting on—everything."

"Lots of men would consider themselves lucky in your place."

Tracey counted ten again. "Well, everything arranged for the great occasion?" he ventured.

Any reference to this subject, delivered in a tone reasonably mild and which she could have conceivably treated as an opening, would have sufficed to switch her to it.

"I know Miriam and Sarah and the rest will think I'm nasty not to invite them to meet and hear Monsieur Drang," she said with the grand air. "But I can't ask those social people. They would spoil all the *abandon* of the occasion. Artists have to be themselves and in perfect accord with their *milieu*. Don't you honestly think so, Phil? I know you wish I would invite them, now that I'm having something really special. But those philistines wither me!"

Tracey laughed before he had counted five.

"That is just like you, just like a man, to laugh when I was serious. How can we preserve our relationship, and keep it anything like intimate and right, unless we are perfectly frank? Monsieur Drang says I am absolutely the only society woman he has met who has a profound understanding and appreciation of music."

"I wasn't laughing because I thought you hadn't a profound understanding and appreciation of music, my dear, but because I happened to be wondering if M.—Monsieur Drang wouldn't like to add a few more—h'm—society women to his repertory than he meets—h'm—so constantly—h'm—at your house, my dear."

"Phil! Monsieur Drang has been the idol of the Faubourg set for years in Paris. How can you hint such a thing? Why, Sorrell—the Great Sorrell—"

"Sorrell?" Tracey drew in his breath.

"Yes. The Great Sorrell. He is the very greatest—"

"I thought 'Monsieur Drang' was the greatest—"

Adelaide fumbled her petticoat self-consciously.

"Monsieur Drang *is* the greatest.



The Great Sorrell admits it. But the philistines, like Miriam and Sarah, are still deluded into thinking Sorrell surpasses him."

"Who says that Sorrell admits—"

"Monsieur Drang! You ought to see the letters Monsieur Drang says he gets from the Great Sorrell—every day."

"Drang's just one of those European interlopers came over here when the war started to escape military service. How can you depend on anything a shirker like him says?"

"He's had his compositions played and performed by the greatest orchestras in our country."

"Precisely. All the other greatest composers were in the war, and while they were busy offending and defending he sneaked over here and ruined the reputation abroad of our country's greatest orchestras."

"If you feel that way, Phil, I advise you to stay at the club to-night in the company of some of those brilliant business men you know. Monsieur Drang wouldn't play, he'd simply refuse to, with that alien influence of yours in the atmosphere."

"'Alien' is good."

"Why—Sorrell—the Great Sorrell—is coming over here himself just to get his things played!"

"I notice he didn't come while the war was going on."

Tracey regretted that he hadn't counted ten before each one of his above outbursts. They weren't part or parcel of the lesson he hoped to teach Adelaide about Drang. He wanted now to go to her and say: "Do you still love me?" And kiss her good-by. But he counted ten and only said:

"All right, dear, I'll dine at the club then."

"Yes, Phil. Tell James about the cocktails and the wine and everything. Monsieur Drang is an epicure—like you!"

Downstairs in the hall, later on, the maid who handed him his coat asked rather timidly:

"Shall I call you a taxi, sir?"

"Where's Silas and the car this morning?"

"I think, sir, they're to be at the service of Monsieur Drang, sir."

Tracey seized the door from the maid who had opened it timidly, and slammed it after him.

And now for Mrs. Tracey's point of view:

Adelaide noticed the unwonted gleam in her husband's eyes. She saw it flare into a light when he left her, and wondered. She hesitated between the advisability of calling him back, putting her cheek against his handsome lean face, smoothing his curly, dark hair, throwing her arms around his broad shoulders and begging him to be there for dinner and see for himself what Monsieur Drang's music was like (on the merits of which she would seriously have valued his opinion)—hesitated between all this and the advisability of letting him go and lie in the bed he had made for himself out of his disproportionate prejudice against Monsieur Drang. In the end it was not a question of deciding between these two alternatives at all. She let him go from her in anger because she was indignant at his not acclaiming her ability and power to interest anyone so great as Monsieur Drang thought and said he was. That involved, after he had gone, the necessity to bolster up her convictions as to Monsieur Drang's greatness, which in turn involved explaining away her husband's lack of any such convictions.

Perhaps her ideas and her husband's were absolutely opposed about art. Perhaps Phil was as to art a stick-in-the-mud, a believer in the old school, whereas, though she saw the point of what had been done once, it was done and gone by, and she was more excited over the greatness of the present and the greatness it would lead to in the future than she was over wallowing in the past that her mother and grandmother and uncles and aunts had wallowed and

weltered in. She wouldn't give a cent for Monsieur Drang or Mr. Blumenthal or Mr. Rosenberg or Mr. Epstein, if they had been composer, critic, viola player and poet in the outworn sense. She was progressive. She wanted something new and different. Yes, perhaps that was the difference between her and Phil.

Yet Phil certainly liked Sorrell's music and Sorrell's music was certainly modern. Why then shouldn't he like Monsieur Drang's? There was a discrepancy there. Ah, but he didn't know Drang's!

And Phil didn't like Monsieur Drang personally just because she liked him so much. Phil never would like anybody she liked so much. Once Adelaide got that second idea straight in her mind, she had no longer any more doubt as to her power to fascinate great men than she had as to the warmth of the sunlight that was extending farther and farther across the pink carpet into her lap. Monsieur Drang himself had given her that idea the day he first proposed to her and proceeded to unfold a plan whereby he could tactfully escape his fat *Frau* and the six stuffed little Drangs, as Phil called them, and fly with her, Adelaide, to Tahiti. And it was true! It was true! Adelaide saw it plain. Take, for instance, that nice Mr. Blumenthal, the greatest critic on art of every description since Ruskin. Take that charming viola player, Mr. Rosenberg, and that sweet poet, Mr. Epstein. Phil actually didn't like any of them! . . . Yet Adelaide regretted that Monsieur Drang had given her the idea. She wished she could have got the idea by herself. She couldn't bear to have Drang, however great he was, make any reflections on Tracey, much as Phil deserved it. For she loved Phil. She could not have faced the prospect of getting along without Phil, any more than the prospect of getting along without Monsieur Drang. She had no real wish to have Monsieur Drang tactfully forsake his fat *Frau* and the six little stuffed Drangs, and take her to Tahiti, though she admired his desire, and to

keep it in his mind, gave a check now and then in the name of Art. Of what concern was Monsieur Drang's moral life to her? How Phil would relish Monsieur Drang if only he wouldn't be so old foggyish and jealous!

Suppose she, Adelaide, should have beaux coming to luncheon and tea, like Sarah and Miriam and the rest, how would Phil like that? He would be furious. He wouldn't stand for it. She wouldn't blame him. And imagine if she had Red Cross and charity meetings at her house, lasting over until Phil came home tired after a hard day's work at the office! He would divorce her. She wouldn't blame him.

No. She liked modern music and poetry and art generally speaking, and why shouldn't she enjoy them? She was in touch with those who were making the history of her generation. She was the patron of a movement. What woman in the city gave her time to such worthy duties; to such grateful friends as Monsieur Drang and the rest of her coterie? Adelaide preened herself in the thought. Phil, naturally, she would give all her time to if he were only there long enough to make it pay. Therefore, it was nasty of Phil to sneer at her having the greatest living composer to dine and perform. She would not stand it.

Phil often said that if she was going to collect these Oriental *objets d'art* for herself, she ought to provide a few female museum pieces for him. Wasn't that exactly like a man? He went to the office every day, and had a thrilling time all day long, and left her alone at home to hunt up women museum pieces for him, as well as to keep his house in perfect order and take care of his children! As if her feminine society were not enough for him! What other wife, she would like to know, took pains to provide such interesting guests for her husband? She wished Phil could only experience once the kind of guests Miriam and Sarah provided for their husbands, guests who, if it was a matter of music, had never got beyond Ravel, and if poetry was



mentioned, talked on about Keats and Shelley and Browning as if there'd never been any Strindbergs and Amy Lowells. And to think of his scorning Monsieur Drang, the Great Drang, whom Sorrell, the Great Sorrell, envied! No, Adelaide did not like that leer in her husband's eyes. Exactly what did it mean? What had he in store? Was he harboring some secret revenge? Revenge for what? Could it be that he was going to spend the evening—worse perhaps—with a—woman?

Against any such possibility, she would show Phil what her house could be like, what kind of an evening he had missed by not staying at home. She would ask Sarah and Miriam and her old friends to dine, and meet and hear Monsieur Drang. She would explain to Monsieur Drang that she was obliged for old time's sake to have them. For her sake he would forgive their presence. For her sake he would deign to play his works to them, the philistines.

"Miss Pether! Miss Pether! Will you get Mrs. Sarah—Mrs. Jessum Preston on the telephone? Say I will speak . . . No, no, dear children! Mother is busy now. Go with Miss Pether. She is on her way to tell you a story."

As the children retreated, more in response to Miss Pether's frightened commands than because they placed reliance on their mother's promises, Adelaide picked up a buffer from her low-mirrored dressing-table, and rubbed it across her exquisite fingernails to demonstrate to herself that she was busy, mindful meanwhile of how sad it was that she had grown away from her girlhood friends, above them, out of their reach.

"Yes—switch Mrs. Preston on here, Miss Pether . . . Oh, Sarah! How are you? H'm, h'm. Yes, Sarah! Monsieur Drang is coming here to-night to play some of his own compositions, and I thought it would be a treat to you if you came to dine and hear them. What, Sarah? Who is Monsieur Drang? Why Sarah! My! My! Aren't you losing your grip though! Why, Monsieur

Drang is the greatest composer alive. Yes. Sorrell says he's the greatest since Wagner. What's that, Sarah? You're dying to see him? Of course. Oh! Sorrell! No. This is Monsieur Drang whom Sorrell is so jealous of. Yes. Much greater than Sorrell. Oh my sakes yes! . . . Well, why can't you bring your guests over after dinner then?"

Adelaide made a languishing movement.

"You say Jessum won't want to? Well, can't you leave him at home? Oh yes, please do, and come, Sarah, please! Well, I know how you long to, Sarah. What a pity! Such an opportunity for you! You oughtn't to miss it.—Central—Central—Sarah—Sarah—?"

Adelaide stopped herself from languishing once more against the back of her chair. Think of a woman having a husband like Jessum Preston! That man had wrecked Sarah's whole life. He had reduced her to a pulp. She didn't have an ounce of free will left. She thought and lived and abstained just for that fool of a man. To think of a husband not letting his wife avail herself of the opportunity to be swept by Monsieur Drang!

"Miss Pether? Miss Pether? Get Mrs. Estes—Mrs. Benjamin Estes—on the line."

"Yes, madam."

"And Miss Pether? Come back here a minute: I noticed that there are green scummy places on the children's teeth. If you take that thing I use on my nails, an orange stick you know, and use some pumice and a strong cloth, I am sure you can get it off. There is a horrid dark green scum forming over the children's teeth."

"Yes, madam."

Adelaide sighed with satisfaction that she had remedied this difficulty so readily and so effectually, so differently from the way Sarah Preston would have done it, the memory of whose inveterate puttering over her children's ailments had prompted her to say something to Miss Pether about the dark green scum

it had irritated her of late to notice on the children's teeth.

"Helloa, Miriam? Monsieur Drang, as you doubtless may have heard, is coming here to-night to play some of his own compositions, and I thought you would like to dine, you and Benjamin, and share the honor. What, Miriam? *What? What?* Benjamin objects to him because he is German? Gracious me, Miriam, where have you been? His mother speaks the most exquisite French, he says, you ever prayed heaven to hear."

But there was no use arguing with a frou-frou like Miriam who had a husband who had anti-German prejudices like Benjamin Estes. She'd be blamed—there!—if she'd go and rescue Sarah from the philistine ruts Jessum Preston had got her into, any more than she'd call up Miriam or any of their kind ever again. Rutridden and blinded by prejudices, let them all go, let them find solace in the sort of beaux they had learned in Miss Dalrymple's school to look up to!

Adelaide hummed a bit of Grieg, grateful to Monsieur Drang for the beauty of it and the help it was to her in deciding how best to get through the interval before evening should draw near. She had Miss Pether call up Mr. Blumenthal and Mr. Rosenberg and Mr. Epstein. (Artists were much more gratifying after all than men!) She had Miss Pether call up those nice creatures whom Phil so obtusely dubbed her frumps. She had Miss Pether ransack the house and

the florists for *objets* and flowers to make everything enchanting, which *objets* and flowers she directed Miss Pether to place in destinations suggested by the thought of what Phil liked and the memory of what Monsieur Drang detested, actuated sometimes by the hope that she was doing it all for Phil and sometimes by the belief that she was doing it all for Monsieur Drang.

Now, at last, for the coquettish point of view, sometimes called Fate's:

The appointed hour was near.

Adelaide, clad in an unruly looking mass of glitter that Monsieur Drang once said was *à la grand nuit barbare*, looked neither like the tender, incorrigible, spoiled babyish beauty Tracey loved so, nor like anything at all to do with Tahiti. She looked marvelously like Adelaide—the flower of untrained womanhood, lured away from satisfaction in the mere roles of yesterday, and uncertain what new one to fill. Had she been born the advance agent of a circus, it would have been simple enough, and the *métier* of her



PHILIP WONDERED WHY ADELAIDE WAS UP SO EARLY

birth would have absorbed her utterly, no matter what newfangled notions might be the rage. But she was born to be merely a lady in an era when to be merely a lady was to Adelaide's temperament too obviously old-fashioned—she must be *dans le mouvement*, to steal a page from Monsieur Drang. For some such reason she had stumbled onto hunting these modern lions. To be sure, the distinction between hunting the old kind



of lions her grandmother and mother and aunts had hunted, and hunting this new kind that hadn't been hunted so much yet, was attenuated, but so was the distinction between one restless feminine role and another, from Cleopatra's to Emmeline Pankhurst's. An attenuation of that sort was seldom subtle enough to bother Adelaide. Nevertheless, like all great hunters, she presupposed big game, and sometimes longed for a lion that had been acclaimed enough by the world to allay her least wonder as to his species, when she would gladly have sacrificed even being *dans le mouvement* to number a Shakespeare, or at least a Brahms, among her trophies. Her infrequent moments of repose were like pauses between flights, and her movements like those of a nymph or bird, assuming that with both nymphs and birds thought and action are merged, neither preceding the other. Praxiteles would have been proud of her face had he modeled it, though it wore an expression antipodal to Praxitelism, that of one avid to get what she wanted without at all knowing what that was.

She wanted, for example, as she stood at the end of her long drawing-room, waiting to receive her guests, Phil. She wanted his handsome presence there, to help make her worthy of them, and to help make them worthy of her. She wanted also to know how long before Monsieur Drang would come. Her expression in consequence subsided to that which Tracey was confused into calling the tender one he so loved. If something didn't happen soon, it would change to the one of desperate eagerness for distraction, that expression which had stimulated Monsieur Drang to fabricate to her about the glories of Tahiti.

But, fortunately, something did happen soon. She heard the sound of her own automobile approaching. Dear Monsieur Drang at last! She ran to the mirror in a delirium of joy at having so much to do so fast, and looked at herself inspirationally, patting her hair more

into an adagio or allegro—whichever it should turn out to inspire.

In another moment Monsieur Drang flapped through the door, almost before she had finished, and as quickly as his plump body and short legs and flat feet would allow, his forearms raised at an acute angle from the elbows, in a studied tizzy, his baldness sheeny despite the becoming lights. Adelaide saw the blood rush to his bald spot when he kissed her hand, not realizing that it was the stairs and his plumpness and age and stooping made it rush, rather than the effect of herself standing regally above him.

"*Oui! Je suis arrivé*—how do you say in English?—yes! I have come," he waxed at once into the melodramatic pose of declaiming, careful to work himself up to the banal pitch of bombast he liked best and rightly believed most took her breath away. "*Le bon dieu*—God himself—has decreed we meet again! *Voilà!* I behold you, the queen, once more—the—the—how do you say it in English?—*la reine* of Tahiti! Ah but—*mais je comprends*—I comprehend you have been reading the—that volume of the great Schopenhauer I to you have given—*parceque*—for—I deplore—I *trouve* you—*à la moi-même*—*une célèbre*—a genius, do you say in English?—*en grand désespoir*—*n'est-ce pas?* . . . *Mon amie!* *Il y a une île* . . . *Non! non! Madame!* . . . *pardone!* . . . *tu es trop sympathique!* . . . *Oui. Oui.*"

Adelaide raised a hand in protest at Monsieur Drang's word *désespoir*, followed by *île*, for she must, for Phil's sake, keep Monsieur Drang from going as far as she momentarily wanted him, and felt sure he wanted, to go. But a gesture like that was all Monsieur Drang ever required in order not to go too far.

"Pardon—I have been to my pooblisherrrs," Monsieur Drang facilely pursued, grateful to her for switching him to himself so quickly from all necessary compliments to her; "They have told me that my *last work*—"

Adelaide started as if she had been attractively assaulted.



ADELAIDE WAS SITTING IN FRONT OF A LOW-MIRRORED DRESSING-TABLE

Monsieur Drang only shut his eyes and opened them in recognition of his so accidental tact. "Yes, *ma plus belle dame!* The oboe Fantaisie—*poème neurotique*—the one that sprang from your forehead to me, and brought me dreams of *toi et moi*, in *l'île barbare* of Tahiti!"

Adelaide flourished a hand by way of protest ecstasique, calculating if "ecstasique" was idiomatic, which made Monsieur Drang fairly wheeze in delight of having done his duty to her further still so casually, so poignantly.

"My oboe Fantaisie is greater, they me tell, they, my pooblisherrs, than anything submitted to them since Beethoven! Oh, but Madame! Be not overjoyed! They—my pooblisherrs—grant this justice to me only because they have heard it from another—another whom than—how do you say in

Inglish?—the populace is equal to, as not to me! The *canaille!* Yes—they, my pooblisherrs, admit that my oboe Fantaisie, by you inspired—*Non! Non! Pardon, mabelle!*—is so *magnifique parceque*—because—they have been told so by Monsieur Sorrell! Yes. To him I played it last vinter. Think! To the Great Sorrell! To him, the man whose wife's riches have *établi*, as I would be established, and *encore*, if I had a wife like *toi!*"

With that Monsieur Drang succumbed to the sofa, which was too high for his legs and too billowy for his plumpness, but from where, with the surcease of standing which it afforded, he could better make his specious face convincing. But Adelaide, who at his last words felt that she had been another time attractively assaulted, and was going to be over and over again if she did not put a stop



to it, raised an elegant arm as if to warn him that somebody was approaching.

Monsieur Drang's ears were good. By a mighty effort he brought his stuffed, sparrowy entity down on to the rug at her feet, expostulating: "But Madame adores Monsieur Sorrell! The great world—alas—the *canaille*!—adores Sorrell! I adore Sorrell! *Parbleu*! You would not have me—your slave—not lament that except for his vast compliment to me, his friend, they—my pooblisherrrs—would never have believed how *immortelle* was the oboe Fantaisie by you inspired!"

With which Monsieur Drang applied his heavy lips to Adelaide's hand, looking very much like an expatriated rat nibbling at strange cheese; whereupon she unequivocally urged him to arise, as if at length she had been attractively assaulted enough; and they stood one by the other in satiety until Mr. Blumenthal arrived.

Mr. Blumenthal had a method of affecting Adelaide quite different from Monsieur Drang's, a tack that involved pity and condescension because of her beauty and wealth, follies her patronage of Monsieur Drang hardly seemed to condone in his eyes. His aim in life was to carry on the pre-eminence of his race, and to that end he absorbed the data Monsieur Drang selfishly gave him, so he could write reviews unmusical enough to appeal to rich, beautiful ladies like Adelaide, who would ask him to their houses and palaver over him in return. He was a stout greasy-looking young man, with the usual commonplace oriental gift of journalistic unrestraint, and with the assurance of a forty-five-year-old purser on the Fall River Line.

He greeted Adelaide condescendingly but congratulated her on having the most "intensive" house in America.

"If only the Great Sorrell were here to see and hear him to-night!" Adelaide gurgled, cheeks aflame, with a glance at her other guest which acknowledged the rightness of Mr. Blumenthal's congratulations. Adelaide really almost ex-

ceeded their tone and their wildest hopes of her becoming such a radiant thread in the family web they wove. She might have been, as far as her being *dans* their *mouvement* went, the oboe suite itself throbbing between them, with all its blazon of Eastern rhythms and blare, to say nothing of Tahiti and the attractive assault upon her she thought its diatonic discords contained.

Opportunely Mr. Rosenberg arrived. His racial and personal line was just to take Adelaide matter-of-factly, keeping his knees from shaking as best he could, and to treat Monsieur Drang as if he and Adelaide had been brought up together. It wasn't much of a line, but he had hit on it as the only means within his power to cover his excitement over being in Adelaide's house himself and over Monsieur Drang's being there so predominately.

Adelaide liked him for his simplicity. Even Adelaide would have found it difficult to point out what else she saw in him, he had so few distinguishing marks besides his adenoids and insignificance, which latter was so extreme, though, as to amount perhaps to distinction. Yet he gave Mr. Blumenthal tidbits about arpeggios, and Mr. Blumenthal once wrote in a famous musical journal that he drew a better tone than any of the "past generations," which if Adelaide had known of it, would have been reason enough why she liked him.

He was telling Adelaide about one of his pupils having a stomach-ache, and how wearing and tearing it had made the afternoon for him, when Adelaide's poet with the receding forehead, Mr. Epstein, appeared in company with Mrs. Tenney, one of Tracey's abhorred frumps, who had picked him up and brought him in her taxi.

Mr. Epstein, more than anybody else present, convinced Adelaide that she was *dans le mouvement*. Mr. Epstein's poems had no rhymes, no meters, and no capital letters. What more could you ask of modernity than that? Indeed, Mr. Epstein wore no different garb in the evening

from in the daytime, and had no teeth whatever in the middle of his lower jaw. He treated Adelaide and Monsieur Drang and Mr. Blumenthal as though they were all basking in the slums. He professed no prejudices against wealth or beauty or anything. A rook in the game.

He drank whatever cocktails were left on the tray that had been brought in by Mrs. Donovan's accommodator, pending the arrival of the other frumps, and when they came, Mrs. Tenney gave him the dregs she had been saving for his muse, and her arm to the dinner table, murmuring in his ear how wonderful it would be if they could only all have middle-class standards and bring up their children to be middle class.

Apropos of this last remark, the frump on Mr. Blumenthal's arm asked him what he thought Bernard Shaw had done for the world. Mr. Rosenberg and his frump, overhearing it, looked at each other simply and gratefully. Adelaide, who had heard the remark made by both Mr. Esptein's frump and Mr. Blumenthal's frump, a little dismayed by their pitch of sociability, was on the point of doubting. But she wanted to thrill on the arm of Monsieur Drang, and hurried him on to the head of the table, where she assigned him to a place on her right hand, and that done, was able to seethe with pride again, and begged for general conversation so everybody should hear what Monsieur Drang had to say.

He had a lot to say about his opera, "Faustina." He told of "Faustina's" first night in Paris, and how he had

sat in a box with the Great Sorrell—his old friend Sorrell—and how his old friend Sorrell had told him—him—Monsieur Drang—that "Faustina" was for the Gods and not the Masses and that he—the Great Sorrell—would be proud, had he only written "Faustina," to have "Faustina" hissed off the stage.

"Was 'Faustina' hissed off the stage?" chimed in a frump, avid to understand any outrage to art.

At this, Monsieur Drang's expression intimated the lengths he would have gone to had not Adelaide intervened with the reassurance that "Faustina" was the greatest success of the season of its three days' run.

Mr. Blumenthal looked as though things any intelligent person took for granted were being unnecessarily touched upon, and Mrs. Tenney, licensed by her lack of beauty to converse broadmind-



MONSIEUR DRANG APPLIED HIS HEAVY LIPS TO ADELAIDE'S HAND



edly, began to ask Monsieur Drang pretty *risqué* questions as to the intimate lives of any "ladies" who took part (during said three days—or nights) in "Faustina."

Monsieur Drang leaped at this opportunity. He brandished his arms orientally—which made Adelaide remark to Mr. Blumenthal on her left that Monsieur Drang was "so Latin." He shrugged his coarse shoulders up about his bull neck in a way to have made his large *Frau*, had she seen, notice the resemblance that the six stuffed little Drangs bore to their father. He smiled fatuously, Schopenhauerishly, thus displaying those interludes between his teeth which had given to his monkeyish countenance that strong fervor Adelaide first saw in it. And he dealt out with obvious bald false strokes, such details as the truth prompted him to draw upon *à propos de la petite* Lou Lou and Fifi Lamartine and the rest.

The poet with the receding forehead nodded to Adelaide, and needed no further encouragement that he absent himself from the dining table in order to invent a *vers libre*, which he finished even before Monsieur Drang had finished *à propos de* the "ladies" who sang in "Faustina," and just as Adelaide, puzzled, but a prey to the intensity of the others who listened, and anxiously stretching her sincerity a point if necessary to justify to herself her entourage, was applauding Monsieur Drang and calling down the table: "How subtle! How baffling! How 'of' To-day!"

Mister Epstein re-entered, and having secured a smile of acknowledgment from Adelaide which implied that his conduct was wholly to her taste, proceeded to read the poem he had just written about "Tiger Lilies." But it was about no end of things besides; dank opium dens, and wet lips licking dead pale ones—Lorenzo the Magnificent, Sodom and Gomorrah, and Empress Eugénie. Everybody, including Monsieur Drang and Adelaide, pronounced it epoch-making.

During a slight gap in the turmoil, Monsieur Drang, with a momentary woe-be-gonish look at the throng, as if he had missed a possible admirer, murmured to Adelaide that he would have been much "*touché*" if "Monsieur Tracey" had only come. To this Adelaide could not reply, torn as she was between annoyance because Monsieur Drang was disappointed by such a trifle and because her husband had cruelly brought about this disappointment. Yet—didn't it prove what a gentleman Monsieur Drang was to have been "*touché*" thus? It made her warm inordinately toward him.

By nine o'clock Monsieur Drang had become more and more, if that were possible, the center of the stage. He had become, also, more and more oriental—or Latin, as Adelaide called it—brandishing his short flamboyant forearms, his voice pitched to a more rodent nasality.

"This work—how do you say in English?—this *opus neurotique*, I am about to show you a leetle of the beauties—do you say?—of—*mes amis*—my friends—" he began; "eat has been performed only vonce—by my own leetle orchestra in Paree—with the most great—secesie—do you say?—for the benefit of my friend—him—the Great Sorrell."

The silence was pregnant before he proceeded. Save for Mr. Rosenberg's adenoids, you could have heard a pin dropped.

"Once for *mon* friend in seecret, and once for my *amie*, Madame Tracey—also in seecret—by me, on the pianoforte."

Adelaide flushed with the look again of being about to be attractively assaulted. Mr. Blumenthal doffed his pince-nez nonchalantly as though of course Sorrell was, next to Drang, among the few musicians a really intelligent critic need consider. Mr. Epstein's attitude was that of being more in the slums than ever. The frumps all were grinning from ear to ear at being where they were and hearing what they were hearing.

Just then, however, Adelaide caught



"GO ON! BRAVO! BIS!" SHE CALLED TO HER LION

her breath as she caught sight of two men who had entered her drawing-room unannounced. They had been standing there at the door—for aught she knew—for some minutes, perhaps overhearing everything. One was her husband—rather scared and guilty looking; the other a large commonplace stranger—some ordinary club acquaintance of her husband's, Adelaide thought, whom he had enticed somehow to her party to upset her. But this ruse she decided in another moment, should fail. She stood somewhat statelier, tilted her beautiful slenderness somewhat backward. That was all the resentment she showed. Then, moving like a nymph or bird with lips parted and that smile which her husband called sweet and spoiled, playing over the expression which reminded Monsieur Drang of Tahiti and the jungle, she swept toward the newcomers.

"Phil! You are here at last—just in time! And you!" She shook hands cursorily with the stranger, not condescending to wait for his name. A man like that

by any name would be as unwelcome! She guided them by sheer grace over to her menagerie. "Monsieur Drang," she announced; "Mr. Blumenthal, Mr. Rosenberg, Mr. Epstein. You surely know who they all are." She included Mrs. Tenney and the others with a wave. "You'll find chairs over there, Phil." She signaled to a remote corner. "Monsieur Drang is about to play."

The stranger at once made toward the remote corner politely, but Tracey stopped beside a table where decanters and glasses were arranged, which Mr. Epstein, having preceded his host thither, was already obstructing in his efforts to replenish himself. The light in Phil's eyes was offensive, almost impudent, notwithstanding his guilty look, Adelaide had noticed as he passed her by.

Meanwhile, Mr. Rosenberg, the violinist, stood simply and gratefully by his chair, trying not to let his knees shake so. Mr. Blumenthal put on his pince-nez, stepped obsequiously this way and that, in



utter disapproval. Monsieur Drang whispered semi-audibly to Adelaide. Apparently he was as "*touché*" now because "Monsieur Tracey" had come as he had promised Adelaide earlier he would be—but with a difference.

Indeed, as if in accordance therewith, Monsieur Drang, after he had duly shown his irritation occasioned by the time it took the newcomers to get settled in the remote corner Adelaide had assigned them to, proceeded to repeat, for their benefit, almost word for word, what he had previously declaimed in explanation of the beauties of the *Opus Neurotique*, which previous declamation, for all Adelaide knew, the newcomers might have overheard before the tragic moment when she discovered them lurking in her drawing-room doorway. But Monsieur Drang did not hesitate, because of any such possibility, to hold forth again at even greater length. Only he failed, in his excitement over his aggrandized audience, to say anything at all about his "leettle" orchestra in Paris, wherefore, Adelaide made up for the omission—as if in the spirit of showing her husband

that she bore him no rancor—by supplying: "Monsieur Drang, of course, has his own orchestra in Paris. He told us, a moment ago, it was little. We all know it ranks above the best in Europe and this country, including the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The Great Sorrell, Monsieur Drang's intimate friend and groveling admirer, than whom only Monsieur Drang is pre-eminent in the world of music to-day, has himself written far and wide in praise of Monsieur Drang's *petit* orchestra in Paris."

Adelaide had overstepped the bounds, impelled to by her husband's presence and the effect of that grave silent commonplace man, with uplifted brows, he had brought with him to undo her. But she dared glance at Monsieur Drang, and he dared indorse everything she said, and still more, by adding: "Of course, Monsieur Sorrell, the Great Sorrell, is *peut-être*—how do you say?—perhaps partial to me, his friend, because he—me—how is it in English?—likes so verie mooch. I have great *joie* that he enjoys my *petit* orchestra so—*bien*."

Adelaide seated herself on a high



"YES, DEAR, DO COME OVER AND TALK ABOUT IT"

Jacobean throne, and Monsieur Drang seated himself at the piano. She watched the stranger to be sure that he followed her protagonist's movements with the astonishment of the uninitiated, while he, Monsieur Drang, ripped over the keys, and through the versatile medium of his nasality, feigned oboes and flutes and clarinets and bassoons, storming out interpolated explanations about the meaning of it all—the jungle, Tahiti, Schopenhauer and love—in rapid English, unhampered by any French, but with a few Germanisms and orientalisms perfectly thrown in. The room was a riot of rinktum and discordant rhythms. Adelaide, her convictions confirmed by the stranger's gaping attention, swelled with pride at the attractive assault to her implied, and glanced triumphantly at her husband, shrinking and withering over there in mortification. "Go on! Bravo! *Bis!*" she called to her lion.

It took a long time for her lion to come to a pause. When he did, the stranger whispered strangely to Tracey and stood up, and Tracey followed him toward Adelaide. The stranger said nothing about the greatness of anything, but explained to his hostess that his working hours necessitated his going to bed early, and made for the door, whither Tracey, careful first to shake hands meticulously with each celebrity, as if it might atone for his wrong, followed. Why did that stranger scrutinize her so when he said good-night—solemnly, without any gush or flattery? Adelaide wondered. He might have been an engineer or broker, or a fishmonger. Who could tell? How dastardly for Phil to have brought him and cast that sinister lack of intelligence over her party. She felt, whatever else she felt, the blot it had been on her great evening. She felt that a strange sinister atmosphere of unintelligence had been spread like a wet blanket over her ability and power to entertain the great.

For the first time in her married life, Adelaide shut herself in her room that night and bolted the door.

To return to Tracey:

His mood the next morning as he shaved, was decidedly contrite. . . . Yet—what had he done? How was he to blame? He had simply walked away from the club last night with a man who interested him, and invited him, as they reached the house, to come in for a drink. Not very unusual in these prohibition days, was it? To be sure, he hadn't told the invitee precisely what else there was to expect inside. How could he—Tracey—foresee that that particular man, of all others, should be so unwelcome? The idea overcame Tracey's contrition and made him cut himself and laugh. . . . But, seriously, it wasn't as if he'd been sure what would happen inside, and being sure, had taken that man in to Adelaide's shame, was it? No. Such a splitting of hairs was sufficient to make Tracey laugh again uncontrollably. Besides, the stranger had politely listened to all that bunk he heard without emitting the least comment concerning it, and had obviously shown, as Tracey later accompanied him to his hotel to kill time, that he liked Adelaide. It only proved what a gentleman—yes, despite his odious profession—he was. . . . Only—only—the worst was yet to come. That thought made Tracey cut himself after he had finished shaving.

He opened the bathroom door to listen. The house this morning was steeped in melancholy quiet. No voice striding through the corridor! No excitement! To-night was apparently going to be a dull night. Poor Adelaide!

Suddenly the telephone rang and rang and rang. Tracey could hear it so plainly now, coming from such a direction, that he wondered if Adelaide mightn't have weakened and unlocked her door. Now he heard her voice! The telephone was ringing in her room and she was answering it! Tracey flew into his wrapper and slippers and tiptoed across the hall to listen.

"Why Miriam, dear, what more could I do? Didn't I entreat you? How can you blame me now? . . . Because—



what?—you've read—*what?*—in the papers? . . . Gracious! I don't see how it all ever got into the papers. That hired butler, of Mrs. Donovan's, used to restaurants and hotels, I expect. You can never trust those accommodators. The *canaille!* . . . But don't set too much store on what the public likes, Miriam. It's as Schopenhauer says: 'Everything is as nothing.' How sweet of you to say so, Miriam. Of course then. I'll ask you both again soon."

Adelaide's good-by was succeeded by a volley of bells, in response to which, Miss Pether, followed by the maid who was trying vainly to gain on her, rushed past Tracey with hardly an audible "Good morning, sir," into Adelaide's room.

"The papers! Where are they? Bring all the papers! Haven't I always told you to bring them? Call Mr. Tracey! Is he awake? Go! Run!"

Tracey stepped in before Miss Pether or the maid could betray him, emboldened also by Adelaide's tone.

"Phil, dear! Darling Phil!" she cried, as Miss Pether and the maid rushed out to do her bidding. "What a victory we have had! I forgive you everything—even that horrid stranger you brought in—as if from the gutter last night—provided you'll only sit down, sweetheart, and admit to me that Drang is wonderful! It's in the papers! Here they are!"

But the telephone was fortunately ringing just as Miss Pether and the maid panted in with the papers and announced in one voice: "Mrs. Preston, Madam, on the wire!" Tracey took the papers, and dismissed Miss Pether and the maid so that Adelaide could talk and he read the headlines.

"Sarah!" he heard through his heart beats. "Of course! You're like all the rest! Once the public commends my taste you're sorry you didn't come! What does it matter what the world says of one? Art is the gift of the few to the many. What is applause? What is

reputation? What is fame? Yes, dear, do come over, if you want to, and talk about it."

"Give me the papers, Phil," Adelaide commanded as she hung up the receiver and turned toward him.

But Tracey had made his escape after reading those headlines. He didn't dare stay. He only dared listen at the door long enough to hear Adelaide cry out: "It's a lie! It isn't possible!" as she read them, and then to hear her long indrawn gasp of belief. After that, he fled to his dressing-room. Whether or not it was his best move, it was the only one he had courage to make. If he shouldn't go near Adelaide again this morning, she might digest her surprise and forgive him before he came home to-night.

But all through his hectic moments of hustling his clothes on and his half-swallowed breakfast, visions of Adelaide haunted him—visions of her sitting there, in that flimsy pink dressing-gown, staring away from the newspaper into space and trying to lure from it the least memory of that "horrid stranger" he had brought to her *festino* last evening.

Down in the hall, the maid who held his coat, tremblingly asked him:

"Shall I call a taxi this morning, sir?"

"Isn't Silas here? Where is he?"

"Madam told me I was to send him to the club, sir, to put himself at the disposal of the Great Sorrell."

Tracey could hardly get through the door and out respectably.

A half block farther on, his mirth was checked by the thought: "Poor Adelaide! She probably won't get nearly so much fun out of this Sorrell as out of her bogus stock."

And then, as he braced himself to hurry to the office, his face, his whole bearing, settled into the everyday conclusion: Married life was all pretty much alike.

## IN SEARCH OF LOCAL COLOR

### PART II

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

**B**REATHITT County is, of course, fairly well known by repute outside of Kentucky, but "Breathitt"—*tout court*—to those who had been brought up in the State was very well known indeed in those days and stood unmistakably for one thing—lawlessness. A Bluegrass raiser of horses, when I one day asked him about it, summed it up: "Breathitt? Dange'ous as a meat ax!"

Now, young people reared as I had been reared, are not expected to betake themselves offhand on chance vacations or pleasure trips to counties "dange'ous as a meat ax!" I saw little chance of carrying out the ambition that I had formed while I was staying with the Normans in "Estill"; yet I clung to it, and by and by, chance brought me my opportunity.

I went forth this time recommended by a charming young woman popularly known as "Miss Betty," who had worked for a while in one of the first summer educational camps in the Kentucky mountains and who, to my real delight knew "Breathitt." She took my great desire to know Breathitt as a matter of course. Did I want local color? Well, that was the place to go for it. I could perfectly well stay in Jackson, the county seat of Breathitt with friends of hers, the Tambys, Douglas Tamby and his wife.

Miss Betty knew Jackson well, and the conductor on the train that would take me there was a particular devotee of hers. I had only to say her name to him and he would make a particularity of my comfort. Perhaps, too, I might even get a sight of Hargis!

Oh, if only I would! For Hargis was in those days the best-known character of those parts, a kind of mountain *loup-garou*, a terrifying enough man, who had his henchmen and his followers, like any old Border chief; who ran affairs without scruple and quite as it pleased him to run them. He had posses of men to carry out his every individual wish; made his own laws, and enforced them; a man to make himself (according to one's sympathies) blackly or shiningly remembered.

A short while before the train was due to arrive at Jackson we stopped at a little "Junction," though it joined with nothing that I could see, only shaggy mountains on all sides. There were only a few passengers left now; all but what I took to be a drummer, a few mountaineer types and myself, having alighted at earlier way-stations. No one got off the train at the Junction, but four men boarded it.

They were of the roughest, most characteristic mountain type—and they all carried Winchesters to which I was soon to grow accustomed. I thought of Ples and the gunrack over there at the Normans, that first night, and his casual, "I thought I heerd somebody."

These men came through the coach looking slowly at everybody, almost nonchalantly, yet I thought taking careful account of them. I watched them stop and ask questions of the drummer. He sat forward on the edge of the seat and answered them, I thought, rather earnestly, and, as though to prove something, opened his satchel. They had every air



of looking for someone, searching for something.

Midway of the coach the conductor, Miss Betty's devotee and therefore mine, met them. I noticed that they did not offer him any tickets, nor did he ask for them. They listened to what he had to say, which I soon believed in some wise concerned me. He did not glance at me, but they did.

But, rather to my disappointment, they came no farther. Presently they turned and went, the four of them, and stood on the forward platform of the train. The door was open. I could just catch a glimpse from time to time of a swaying shoulder or a rough hand on the barrel of a Winchester, as they balanced themselves this way or that when the train lurched.

Meantime the conductor came in my direction with a kind of leisurely indifference, laying a hand alternately on the backs of the seats as he approached. He came to a standstill beside me.

"Those are Hargis's men," he offered.

"They are? What did they want?"

"Oh, some of 'em always gets on each day, down here at the junction, to see what passengers we've got."

"What for?"

"Well," he laughed, "to see if they like 'em. If they don't, they don't let 'em get off; they send 'em right back on this same train."

I pondered this, and he continued:

"I told 'em you were goin' to visit the Tambys, so you're all right."

So I was all right. That much was to be thankful for. They held a new meaning for me now, those shoulders and gun barrels, swaying with the swaying of the train, on the front platform. We were being escorted, so to speak, by Hargis's men.

When we arrived the conductor had me benevolently in charge, and carried my satchel. As he gave it to me at last, he lifted his cap and took the liberty of extending his hand:

"Good-by," he said. "And when you see Miss Betty, please tell her howdye for me."

The Tambys were of a wholly different type from the Normans. Oh quite! More sophisticated, of a wider experience. Not only did they live in the county seat of the bloodiest county in the State, but they ran the little hotel which at that time served as the sole resort for infrequent drummers, or other belated souls who might from time to time be stranded in those unlikely parts.

Douglas Tamby was tall, lank, silent, but of an unmistakable kindliness. His wife, frail as she was, seemed to me the better man of the two. She was always tired looking, rather dowdy, yet conveyed the strong impression of a devoted laboriousness; a woman of innumerable eternal tasks.

She was still young in years, yet already old, as is true of so many of the mountain women; thin, worn, very angular, yet with quite wonderful eyes, as though beauty had retreated there as to a stronghold, as fort after fort through the difficult besieging years had capitulated to the enemy.

They were expecting me. Miss Betty had written them of my coming. I was conducted to a small bare room, opening out onto a narrow upper verandah. Mrs. Tamby stepped out on this to show me the surroundings.

"Yan's the river, down that-a-way. Up thar is the town an' the Cou't House. The town, runs along the backbone of the mounting thar. Them houses stand thar on it, like fleas on a dog's back."

So they did. The use of rather vivid simile, reminding me as it did, of old Mrs. Norman, made me feel more at home than any words of welcome. Here, too, was a picturesque people.

Yet I was vaguely disappointed, and a little homesick for the other more intimate atmosphere. Here, I was not to be one of a family, in the intimate life of a home cabin in the remote hills, as with the Normans; I was to be a sojourner like any other at a little uncomfortable hotel, where the other guests if any, would, after the fashion of such places, eye me with curiosity. Indeed,

as a radio picks up from the air unintended but authentic messages, I caught what seemed to me an unintended hint of suspicion. Would not these people be thinking "What is she here for?"

Supper was had at a long narrow table in a rather dark stifling room, opening without apology direct on the kitchen and the kitchen stove on which potatoes and pork fried noisily.

My companions, already seated, were five men of the typical mountain type. They all ate wolfishly, bending low over their plates, and balancing huge knives between outspread fingers and thumbs, using their forks only for stabbing purposes when anything was to be held down on their plates, preparatory to cutting.

There was no conversation. They were stagey, picturesque, dreary. Had you been a pigmy or fairy, they would have been perfect for giants of the proverbial kind, enormous, dull, silent. They ignored me entirely. I might have been invisible to them.

One of them was a more powerful dominant type than the rest; easily the leader. It was not until later, when he rose to leave, that I saw how tall above the others he was, and that he wore fringed leggings, heavy corduroys, and about his waist a belt in which rested slantwise, two knives and two pistols.

I had learned something of the habit of silence of mountaineers, and had learned to respect it. I did not try to make conversation, I accepted the situation as it was. Once Mrs. Tamby brought in another plate of pone. I took a piece of it, and seized the opportunity to speak:

"This tastes so good," I said to her with a smile.

Instantly five pairs of eyes were turned on me. The spell was broken. Evidently I had become visible. But none of them said anything. Presently the meal was over. They pushed back their chairs with terrible scrapings, rose in huge sections, it seemed, and departed.

The last one to go was he of the knives and pistols.

"Could you tell me," I said, seizing my courage suddenly, "when the mail goes out? I thought I would go up to the town with a letter after supper."

"Wal'," he said slowly, "I wouldn't go up thar ef I was you. Hargis's men is around. There's like as not to be trouble."

So he loomed again! Hargis, the *loup-garou* of those mountains! A name with which to conjure terror and caution. Nor was it himself, mind you, who was to keep me away from the tiny town that night, but only his mere deputies. When they rode in and out of that community, their Winchesters across their saddle bows, and purpose in their eyes, people usually found enough tasks to do to keep indoors, at least until the character of the men's mission was known. A fortnight before they had ridden in, hunting for some of the Holcomb clan, who, it was opined, would be there or thereabouts that day. And they were there or thereabouts; and so was the clash that was expected on one side, and hoped for on the other. And the Holcombs barricaded themselves in the Court House, using chairs and tables and whatever other furniture was available and held it for a short while against heavy odds; but the inevitable happened, and at nightfall two of the Holcombs were dead and the Court House, as I was assured and as I later verified, was "con'sid'uble shot up," with Hargis's men riding away through the dusk.

So, instead of going from the little swale of the mountain where the hotel was, up to the little town, I went in the other direction, to see the river. A wicked little river it seemed to me, too, with antagonistic currents crawling with a crafty foaming, as it swirled around the curve it had in olden times cut for itself forcibly in the hills.

When I came back through the suddenly arisen mountain chilliness the first stars were out. I entered the hotel. I had to pass by the five mountaineers. They were seated, their chairs tilted back, on the little narrow verandah;



silent, and, it seemed to me, ominous like shadows, their eyes straight ahead of them. Again the spell was upon me. I had become invisible again. None of them stirred, none of them moved, I think, so much as an eyelash.

Alone in my room, I wrote letters, but only at intervals. I became more and more aware as the moments went on of those five shadowy giants below, all tilted back in their chairs, looking straight ahead of them. I was among a suspicious people, no doubt, who were thinking their own thoughts; who were very probably turning over in their minds the possible purpose of my visit, and who meant, I thought, to keep an eye on me.

I remembered Hargis's men meeting the train at the junction, and a thought came to me which was later almost to obsess me. How soon might I expect Hargis's men, or these men on the verandah below, to come and announce to me that I must leave on the next outgoing train for the despised Bluegrass whence I arose? I felt sure Miss Betty's recommendation could not save me. It would with the Tambys, of course; but he with the knives and pistols! he looked to me a man not to be placated. And local color! Can you suppose men of that manner of living and manipulating their knives and forks would tolerate the idea of one coming among them to observe them, and later to report upon them in either realistic or romantic writing?

Perhaps one of the best bits of local color then available was just that—the absolute necessity of hiding that I came in search of it. And what a mad thing of folly it was, perhaps, to have come at all!

It was still early, but I went to my hard bed as uncomfortable in mind as in body. With the light out, I could see the slender silver crescent, pure, secure, fearless, riding the rugged, shaggy, dark ominous hills. Somewhere, Hargis's men were probably riding, revengefully, on scrawny mountain horses, their loaded Winchesters on their saddle bows, through the night.

It would be difficult to describe how uncomfortable were the next two days. I know of nothing more disconcerting to even the most self-possessed individual, nothing more calculated to break the poise of the stoutest heart than to be perpetually invisible to the people immediately around one.

Mrs. Tamby, it is true, came to my room once or twice; but in her questions I was not sure I did not detect detective shrewdness, so that she left me quite a bit more uncomfortable than she found me.

Did I like the "mountings?"

Oh, did I indeed! There I was on safe ground. I could answer her with honest enthusiasm. For had they not been to me since childhood the bourne of my delight? I told her that I had seen Paris, London, New York, had dwelt quite a while in each of them, yet they did not call to me as did the "mountings."

She took this in gravely, without comment. Presently:

"I see you write a heap. Do you write letters?"

I was aware of some invisible danger signal flying. Why, if I were writing only letters, might these not be letters written back to Bluegrass "furriners" about these mountain people? If not letters, then what might all my writing be but reports, accounts, descriptions? I leaped to an immediate safety that was still truth:

"Well, you see," I ventured, "I write a good deal. I write poetry."

This was unlooked for, and had its effect.

"Wal!" she said, "hymns?"

"Yes," I said, "some"; wondering if a late attempted "Apostrophe to the Dawn" might not generously be so classified.

She went over and looked in my water pitcher to see if it were filled, and left disconcertingly, without a word.

That whole day which also passed in silence and invisibility convinced me that Breathitt was not the county for my type of mental activities. It seemed

to me now only a question of getting away; and before Hargis's men or the five giants suggested to me that advisability. I laid my plans. I could not feign in a place of that size that a letter or telegram had come; I would have to base operations on a telegram that had *not* come. This would give me my excuse. I was expecting some communication (this also was vaguely truthful!). Had it come that day I might have stayed; as it had not, I was obliged to leave. Yes; that would do. I would convey all this to Mrs. Tamby that evening just after supper and would depart the next day, not by Hargis's invitation or at the suggestion of the Pistols-and-Knives, but on my own initiative, taking my pride with me.

But just after supper I learned that I was too late. The Pistols-and-Knives rose in sections, looked at me shrewdly, admitting that I was there, then he spoke:

"I've got somethin' I'd like to say to you. If you'll come out here on the porch where I can say bit, I'll say hit."

Oh! Oh! I followed him, as under a kind of awful enchantment of his presence; and the four others followed also.

I stood waiting, outwardly imperturbable, but my heart swinging. The Knives-and-Pistols motioned me to a chair, the others all but himself seated themselves. He evidently was to be their spokesman.

"Wal," he began, "I've just got this to say to you." He paused, cleared his throat, and seemed to find the saying hard (so did I). I mentally noted that he had perhaps some hidden kindness in him after all, were there but time patiently to distill it out.

"Hit's *this*—" Again a pause.

I could tell without glancing at them that the rest were feeling uneasy, that they were looking far off. Then he plunged in desperately.

"We-all *like* you! An' we hope you're goin' to stay with us. And if there's ever anything you'd like me to do to he'p

make it pleasant fer you—I'm at your service."

The Greeks looked upon *peripeteia*—sudden reversal of fortune—as an organic part of the drama. If they were right, this was a dramatic moment. But I was thinking nothing of the Greeks! I saw only that great form bending over me, his hand with his hat in it placed solemnly over his heart, the knives, pistols and all, bowing gravely. And glancing to the other four, I saw that their eyes were on me; attendant, wistful, and if I had not been so discomfited by them before, I should probably have said devoted. Oh, these mountain people! These mountain people! and I who had supposed before that I understood them!

It would be hard to say how much after this I was accepted, trusted. The Knives-and-Pistols, whose name was McCumber, would sit by the hour thinking or talking of what would you suppose, but New York! He had fantastic conceptions of it, which he thirsted to have contradicted or corroborated. He had been "borned" in those "mountings"; had never left them; but he had heard of New York not alone with the hearing of the ear. The wonder of it, the imagined splendor called to some still finer auditory nerves in him. That I had been there, lived in it, set me apart among women.

He was indeed a man of imagination, a rough mine of mountain history and information. He knew every creek and district within many miles, having ridden at one time as deputy sheriff in moonshine raids; and was still always to be counted on for the rounding up of trouble when any was on foot. "Some day," he said, "McCracken'll be comin' through hyar, and I'll make you and him acquainted."

McCracken was it seems a sheriff, and an active one. By good chance he and three of his deputies came riding down the mountain road from the direction of the river the very next day. A marvelous and mediæval sight they



were, too! McCracken wore, like McCumber, fringed leggins, and corduroys, and carried in his belt two pistols, a long knife, and—this was particularly the badge of his office—a small, short, sturdy hand ax. He had, too, some of McCumber's own courtliness.

Before he left he presented me with a bit of smashed copper tubing.

"I thought you might like to hev a part of a worm," he said. "Got it up hyar in these mountings yesterday. We always cut up the worm when we find a still. That's what we go fer."

So they had come from a moonshine raid the night before. I remembered the comment of my Bluegrass gentleman, "Dange'ous as a meat ax," but could not altogether decide whether it was "Breathitt" that was so dangerous, or that little weapon carried so nonchalantly in McCracken's belt, and which looked so soberly yet so gallantly, too, like a "meat ax."

I had one day expressed to Mrs. Tamby a wish that it were possible for me to go on horseback to see a summer camp established some twenty miles farther back in the mountains. Not that I thought it possible; it was merely a passing wish expressed. Well, I ought to have learned, from my experience with the Normans, that a passing wish is a good deal more than that to these generous downright people. Mrs. Tamby at once set her mind to work on it.

"Wal, I don't see right well why you shouldn't," she said. "Thar's Flora, you kin ride Flora. She's right thar! She ain't purty, but she's shore. Hit ain't nothin' of a ride. Hit's about twenty mile."

"Oh, but I wouldn't know the way."

"That's what I was thinkin'! Wal, Tim Hatcher he goes up thar to-morrer carryin' of the mail. You kin go right along with him. He goes three times a week. Course you'd hev to git up before daybreak, but that ain't nothin'."

For her it was all settled. She would waken me. Tim came past at about half

past four in the morning. Of course, I had not seen Tim; but the friendliness of these people, the generous way they had taken me into their lives, appeared to be voucher enough; and I think it would have been, had Tim himself not elected to come riding down the road at just that moment.

"Here's Tim now!" she said. "He'll tell you just what time you'll git thar."

Then suddenly my whole decision was reversed, as it seemed to me might have been a like decision of anyone who had eyes in his head.

Tim was long legged, long nosed, gaunt, sallow faced, with fiercely red hair, only one eye, two long deep scars on one cheek, long snagged teeth, and the general air, likeness, or similitude, of just about the worst villain that ever was drawn up on the stage. As perfect complement of this impression, a Winchester rested across his saddle bow.

I proceeded now with delicate but deft resolution to eat my words. Oh, I had not meant exactly that I would go *to-morrow*! Perhaps the next time; but to-morrow I had letters that I must write.

Mrs. Tamby looked astonished, then bewildered, then acquiescent.

"Oh, I thought you was goin' *to-morrer*. Hit don't matter."

The day before Tim's next trip to the camp she assailed me again.

"Wal now, you kin go *this* time. Tim'll be goin' to-morrer."

Again I managed to postpone my chance.

"Wal, all right," she said, but I thought disappointedly, "then you kin go on Friday. Hit's all the same to Tim."

But when Thursday came and she proposed putting up a lunch for me for the next day, to carry with me on the journey, my courage and resolution were no better than before. Again I told her that I thought I would not go.

She was not to be put off this time:

"Why ain't you goin'?"

There was nothing to do but to an-



TRANSPORTATION IS SLOW AND DIFFICULT

swer her direct question frankly, but I tried to make the words light, nearly gay perhaps.

"Well, I'll tell you, Mrs. Tamby, I don't know that I'm altogether sure that I want to go all that distance alone with Tim."

She looked at me, not angry, rather startled; then she said quietly:

"Looky hyar! Hev we treated you right?"

I couldn't quite bear the hurt, almost severe tone.

"Oh, Mrs. Tamby! You've all been wonderful to me. I never, never could repay you. You've been just wonderful."

But the dignity of her spirit had passed beyond the intimate friendliness of words like that. She shook her head gravely. There was no anger in her tone at all; it was only as though she wanted to have, and meant to have, truth between us.

"Wal," she said, letting each word fall slowly, "ef you can't trust us; then you'd best git out."

She got up and left me. The question of Tim, by her own ruling, was at an end.

I did not see her again until the next morning. Then I went to her, all gentleness and repentance.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Tamby," I said, "I really didn't mean any wrong."

"That's all right!" she said kindly, "an' o' course, Tim *is* ugly and a sight to look on, mebbby, to them as ain't use to him, an' his ha'r looks like he's afire. But there's Jedge Hedges now, he's goin' up hyar thirty mile in the mountings to-morrer to try a case up thar at the lumber camp; an' I thought you might like to ride back thar with him. You'd see the mountings then. So I asked him if he'd let you go with him. An' he says he'd be glad."

This was not to test me, it was to restore, reinstate me. It was to wipe out with all the generosity of her fine and simple heart, my sins of omission and commission; it was proffered not to give me the chance to show my faith, rather, simply and generously, to prove hers.

I like to remember that I responded promptly to that faith; that I said eagerly that I would dearly love to go,



though "Jedge Hedge" was an unknown quantity. All that I knew of him was that he, too, was a mountaineer, and that under no circumstances could he be worse to look upon than Tim.

Several months later when I was recounting the whole experience to an old mountaineer who had acquired some semi-education as a minister, had lived in the Bluegrass for a time, and had returned to his mountains as a missionary, he said gravely:

"My land no! I reckon you couldn't a' hurt her worse! She knowed! Them people know what honor is! You could a' gone from eend to eend of them mountings, and ther wouldn't no man have touched a hair of your head, except," he amended, "down yonder by Cumberland Gap—whar civilization is gettin' in. I wouldn't ever go *thar* alone ef I was you."

We started at half past four the next morning, the Judge and I. Far from being ugly and a sight to look on, he was, like so many of the mountaineers, a man of a very real native dignity. He was perhaps forty-five, bony, tall, clear featured, a little bent. He accepted me completely as Mrs. Tamby's friend, in that quiet mountain manner of generosity difficult to describe.

I wish I could set forth the beauty of that morning. I was glad that the customs of the country made speech very nearly unnecessary. We rode, for the most part, in silence, and the Dawn rode with us; and the birds fluted and piped and trilled and the horses, not over sturdy, yet strong, carried us slowly, evenly with a knowing air, as if they were too well aware of the length of the journey, and its eventual roughness, to wear themselves out at the beginning of it.

Sometimes the road grew rough, sometimes dwindled to a mere path. Sometimes we forded creeks; often we would follow the bed of one for a short space, once for more than a quarter of a mile, I believe. Sometimes we came out upon

wonderful views over which I would have loved to linger.

We met no one at all save once an old dreary, careworn woman riding a bony mule. She was dressed in a rusty black calico, and wore a faded black sunbonnet. She stopped, as did we.

"How is Ben?" said the Judge gravely.

"He's bad," she replied in an even monotone. "He coughs so bad now he can't lay him down none at all."

"Wal," said the Judge, not sympathetically so much as gravely and consideringly, "ef that's so then he'll be dead 'fore long."

"Yes, pretty soon," she said.

"Wal, when comes time you send for me. I'll come he'p."

She nodded mournfully, jerked the rope which served as bridle to the mule. The creature picked up its small tired hoofs and began placing them slowly in safe places in the rubbly road.

"Is that his mother?" I said.

He nodded.

"But isn't there anything to be done?"

"No; I reckon there hain't. *Thar* was three other boys. She's lost 'em all. They died the same way."

We rode for a long time before I could temporarily forget her; and many times in the long years since I have seen her again. I meet her often in strange places, and, as we did that day, always in rusty black, always without hope, but showing no despair, only a dreary acceptance of the inevitable, like the acceptance of a stark tree, whose bark and leafage have been stripped from it by repeated visitations of lightning, and above which another storm approaches inevitably. And always I see that little jerk of her hand on the rope bridle, departing; and the old bony mule picking up its small unwilling hoofs, placing them carefully and painstakingly in safe places in the uneven road.

It was some time before I learned what was our mission at the lumber camp. I only knew that there was a case to be tried. At last as we rode I found that it

was the case of a young girl. She was strange, "onlikely"; she did things no "reg'lar gals" were wont to do. Her mother was a widow, an' couldn't do nothin' with her. She slep' out; right yan' under the stars. She'd talk to a bee if she seed one; an' she'd tell a man to his face he warn't so good as a bird. Wildlike. And her maw had arg'ed with her and arg'ed with her. 'Twarn't no use. She'd go laughin' down them thar mountings, like a loon; and she'd come back, if it was spring, with red-bud in her ha'r. Why, last year she had appeared at the hut of that very woman we had just met, on the mule, when Creech the next older boy had died, and she had slipped in and stood thar by him close to the bed, an' leaned over him, an' then she had straightened up, and said, "Quit yer foolin'! *He* ain't dead! *He's* alive." Then she swung around and pointed her finger at the boy's mother: "It's *you* that's dead!" Then she had made off again and nobody had seen her for days, except her mother, and she only in glimpses.

"But what is she to be tried for?"

"Wal, her maw and we-all is tryin' her by jedge and jury, to see if she's to be kep' home, er if she's to be sent down yan' to the Bluegrass to a poor house or reform house, whar they'd learn her to behave like folks behave, an' put her in a cell, I reckon, an' make her mind ef it was fer her good."

None of this was said unkindly.

Well, it was a tragic enough mission. Some poor demented distraught creature to be tried by poorly understanding people, for her strange fancy. I attempted to forget her too. I think I would not have come if I had known this was our errand.

The camp was the ordinary lumber camp—a huge, rough-hewn, log sleeping shed for the men, consisting of two long rows of dark bunks, one built above the other; a raft of men—I don't know how many—and only one woman besides myself. She was the wife of one of the mountaineers and cooked for all of them.

We had dinner of corn pone, boiled



AMONG THE LESS ORTHODOX



pork, boiled potatoes, and strange melancholy coffee, out-of-doors, at a long table made of boards, which were laid on rough wooden supports.

After dinner we sat about on rocks and logs, a strange silent company, waiting. Seven men seated all in a row, on one huge log, constituted, it seemed, the jury; the rest of us served as spectators in this remote courtroom. But where was the prisoner?

No prisoner at all, it seemed; that being of course her very offense, that she would not be prisoned, either in the flesh or in the spirit; that she insisted on unconditional freedom—and retained it despite remonstrance and warning.

"When will she come?" I ventured to ask the woman, who sat next me.

"Oh, she'll be hyar some time. She knows; she'll come."

Would some gaunt deputy like McCracken lead her in, I wondered? What would be the custom and formality?

None.

There was a slight stir, a noiseless step, sudden glinting of sun and shade, with the moving of a presence in the darkness, approaching. She was there.

The whole setting was perfect. Two magnificent oaks in the foreground, making a doorway to a wooded vista, with a little path running back and away, into thick greenery. Down this path she came toward us.

Oh, she was indeed a rare creature, and beautiful to look upon. I had often thought that John Fox, in his stories of Kentucky mountaineers, had painted in colors rather too vivid—and, I suspected, somewhat of his own manufacture—characters and truths which would have been, I thought, more impressive had

they been rendered in their native somber tones. I have not read his stories for years;\* but I should be willing to swear there is not to be found in the whole length and breadth of them such vivid color and beauty as revealed itself suddenly to my astonished eyes, and to the unastonished dreary gaze of those strange people round about.

She was young; I believe not more than fifteen or sixteen at the most, but with that early ripeness so common among these people, so that she looked and carried herself like a woman of nineteen or twenty. She was exquisitely slender, beautifully formed; and by the loveliness and extraordinariness of her face, she might have been a fairy. She seemed not of our day. She made me think of times on the stage, or in old verse:

*"There is a garden  
in her face*

*Where roses and  
white lilies blow."*

She was barefoot. Her skirt hung ragged just below the knees. It had once been purple but was faded by sun and weather to a soft in-

determinate mauve. The waist was of the same stuff and color and fully open at the throat. Though through one of the rents in it you could see the white of her upper arm, yet least of all was there any impression of poverty. Perhaps this was because she really did suggest so strongly a fairy, and who was ever yet so dull as to call a fairy poor?

She had what I take to have been hazel eyes, and well-marked straight brows that gave them a level look. She took us all in, with a swift glance like the cut of a bird's wing, threw her head back, and was I thought on the point of laughter, but instead said challengingly:



YOUNG HILL-BILLIES

"Wal?"

The judge rose slowly, oh, very slowly. I had thought him a man of dignity before; he seemed to me now incredibly crude. She by her beauty had the power, as fairies have, of turning people into strange almost animal creatures, and, like the fairies, of making human mortals seem clownish, clumsy.

The accusation was made by the judge with what seems to me now a good deal of courage. So as to be the more at her ease while listening to it, she stepped over to one of the great oaks, and rested one arm against it, a wonderful graceful gesture that I had thought belonged only to Rosalind in Arden. From time to time as his discourse went on, she changed this to another still more lovely pose. I remember her best with her hands behind her, her shoulders leaning against the rough trunk of the oak and her bare feet pressed close together ahead of her a little, her head drooped; and once, with her head back against the tree trunk, so that the beautiful line of her throat appeared suddenly, like a marvel.

There were no witnesses against her. I suppose there was no need. She was too well known and knew that fact too well. All that was needed was an accusation by the judge, then her own defense if she cared to make one. On these the jury would make its decision. The judge's accusation fell into the lines of the previous description of her which he had given me. She was "on-likely"; she "slep'" out under the stars sometimes; and she'd go laughin' down the mountings like a loon; and so on and on. The end of his argument was that her mother wanted her sent to the Bluegrass so's thar they could larn her to behave. He finished with a direct question. What had she to say "agin it?"

"Wal, she had nothin' to say agin it 'cept that ef she went thar, she'd shorely die; and there warn't nary one of them settin' thar on that log (she pointed to the jury) but would be glad to hev her die. Thar warn't ary one of 'em settin' thar but was dead; an' that was why they wanted her to dié too, down yand' in the Bluegrass!" (Impossible to describe the scorn of this last phrase.)

"Lemme ast you," she stepped forward and pointed to one uncomfortable jurymen—there was not a one of them by this time looking at her—"let me ast you, Jim Green, do you ever go laughin' down the mountings?"

But Jim Green, besides other strange enchantments she had worked on him, had now become dumb, and his eyes shifted.

She came a step nearer, and pointed to another:

"Looky hyar, Ples McCoy, do *you* ever sleep out?" here her finger pointed suddenly to the heavens, "or do you sneak under somethin', like a wolf does?"



THE MOUNTAIN PREACHER—A PATRIARCH  
AMONG HIS PEOPLE





A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN MILL

So she asked them questions. I think she would have riddled them all, but that a sudden impatience, perhaps disgust came over her.

"They don't know nothin' about hit," she said a little wildly, "and they hain't one of 'em but is dead; an' hit's *them* is goin' to send me down to put me with furriners in the Bluegrass."

Suddenly she grew quiet and turned to me:

"What air *you* here for? What do *you* think!"

"I'm not one of the jury," I faltered.

It was as though something flamed in her eyes; it might have been anger, alarm, that I, a "furriner," was there; or it might have been a torch, raised, waving—youth signaling to youth. I do not know. She put her head back to laugh, then decided differently:

"You hain't dead *yet!*" she said. After that her eyes did not touch mine; she stood waiting. Then a sudden fancy took her; an unconquerable impatience:

"Set an' talk hit over," she said. "I'm goin' away!"

There was a glint of sun and shadow again as she moved quickly, easily, and with all the perfect grace of a wood creature. In a moment she was gone. I never expect to see her like again; nor ever anyone quite so appealingly beautiful.

Secure now that this "unlikely" and terrible fairy had departed, these dead people all rose, slowly, drearily, as suited their condition, and stood about in groups talking, and consulting with the judge.

If they were slow of speech, they were slower, it seemed, of decision. I marveled at them, and at the fantastic quality of life that could put the fate of such a creature in such hands.

"I come acrost her the other day," I heard one man say. "Her hands was all dabbled blue with blackberries, till hit was a sight! I didn't know she was thar! I most stepped on her. She riz right up out o' the fern, till hit took my breath. Ef she'd a been a deer I'd a shot her. But 'twarn't a deer, 'twas just her, crouchin' thar tryin' to tame a

squorl that had got hits eye peck' out by a jay. *Them's* the kind o' things!"

I went at last to the sole woman as the only one who was likely to give me the real and gossipy truth, the real meat of the matter.

"Will they send her away?" I said.

"I don't know. But ef they do, like as not hit's true she'd pine to nothin'. Hit's this a-way: she's wild-like cause she don't know nothin'. Ef she was to marry she'd git rid o' all them foolish ways. Hit would larn her somethin'."

Oh, Gulnare! Undine! Where was the creature in those mountains fit to marry, and by marrying to teach such a one!

"Is there anyone she cares for?"

"Who, her? No! She don't care for nobody. That's hit. But there's them that cares for her, only *they* hain't got no sense."

This was all I could get out of her; but in my woman's way I thought I understood; nor was the case singular. I could see the youth of that land, even the more comely and strong ones, like those comely and strong Norman boys, ready for any fearful emergency, their Winchester in their hands, but transformed suddenly by her fairy powers into mere timid, clumsy shadow creatures, struck helpless, dumb.

By and by they decided they would not send her to the hated Bluegrass, after all. That much was a comfort! But she was to be admonished, warned. That did not seem to me serious, since there were always her fairy powers to be reckoned on.

We prepared now to leave. Before we did so, the judge brought up to me a lanky red-haired mountaineer who might have been the only-very-slightly-better-looking brother of Tim, the postboy. He too had red hair, "like he was afire."

He had two eyes, to be sure, instead of one like Tim, but they were badly crossed, in a kind of Cyclopean attempt at consolidation. Nevertheless, when he spoke, something genial, kindly, fairly overspread his features. He looked at me with great interest, and spoke with warmth.

"I hyar," he said, "that you air a poet!"

I was about to deprecate this when he said:

"Wal, *I'm* a poet, too!" (Oh, strange, unlikely world!) "an' ef you'll come over to visit my mother in my cabin down yand' a piece, stid o' goin' back with the Jedge, I'll *read* you my pomes. My mother would jest love to hev you. Couldn't you come stay a month. She'd be glad. Then you could read me yore pomes and I could read you mine."

I have always—many trials and difficulties to the contrary notwithstanding—found life endlessly lavish of good things. I have always believed it impossible to use even a hundredth part of her opportunities. They spill even from the most greedy, most grasping hands, these being inadequate to hold

them. I have thought many times since what riches of experience and, no doubt, of the heart and spirit, lay for me in that little cabin "down yand' a piece," if only I could have taken advantage of them.

When we got back a late supper was waiting for us. After it, Mrs. Tamby came up to my room and sat with me in the little upper verandah in the full moonlight. She let me tell of the day's happenings.

"And what have you been doing?" I said at last.

"Wal," she drew her hand over her



A CHARACTERISTIC TYPE



face wearily, "we hain't had a good day. Hargis's men was about an' made trouble agin. They got one man. I dunno whether he'll die er not. You see he onct informed agin 'em. They done give him his chanct. They tole him to leave the town. But he was that contrary, he said he wouldn't."

"But it was his home," I said, sympathizing with him.

"I know, Honey. But when Hargis's men tells you to do a thing, you'd pret' nigh best do hit."

We thought of this in silence.

By and by she said wearily:

"But thet hain't the worst. You know that little widda that lives up thar at the end o' the street?"

Yes; I had seen her.

"Wal, that little baby o' hers got drownded to-day, right down hyar in the river."

The words struck cold on my heart. It was exactly what might have been expected of that cruel swirling little

river; its waters not deep enough there to drown a man; but its greedy crawling fingers must seize a little child not two years old, and the only child, at that, of a little widow!

"Wal, hit was a sight! I never seed nobody carry on the way she did. Look like she was plum crazy. Couldn't nobody do nary nothin' with her. She'd fling her arms around an' scream; and when they brought that baby in you could a heard her a mile. Look like everybody tried to stop her. Everybody in town was thar, thick as bees, but she'd just moan an' scream, somethin' terrible. Look like I don't know what we'd ha' done cept fer Nell! You know Nell?"

Oh, yes; I knew Nell. Of all the people in that tiny town, she had impressed me most. Mrs. Tamby spoke of her as "Nell" but "Snaggle-Tooth Nell" was the full appellation. She was a character that I think no man was precisely proud of, yet whom every one of



IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF "LONESOME"

them respected; and the women, I guess, in their hearts saluted her. She was big, broad shouldered, broad browed, with a kind of overwhelming mass of magnificent red hair, heaped up, on her head. Under the light of it her face showed very worn, but still beautiful. The first time I saw her, she was carrying a blacksnake whip. I had enquired of Mrs. Tamby, and had been told that if that was the case, then Nell was out looking for her drunken husband. She was the only one who could manage him when he was roaring drunk with moonshine. The whip was only a kind of badge of office; it was never used; the mere sight of it sufficed.

"She'd only so much as crack it and lay her hand on his shoulder, and he'd come along, meek too, not offerin' her a word. She's wonderful, Nell is."

Wonderful indeed. And had this continued long?

Oh, yes.

Had they any children to witness so terrible a sight?

"No," said Mrs. Tamby, "maybe that's part the matter. Children is like to be kind o' steadyin' to a man. And Jesse, he's like most drinkin' men, he likes children, an' he's kind to 'em, too, an' they like him."

"Wal," said Mrs. Tamby now, ruminating on the day's events, the distraught widow, and the dead child, "nobody knowed what to do; and then—along comes Nell. She'd got that old snake whip in her hand; and she raise it up an' she said, 'You-all git right out o' hyar,' like she was angry at them all crowdin' in to so little a place. An' they got out, too, one of 'em sort o' fallin' over another. An' she step inside thar whar I was, an' she close the door on 'em, an' she bolt hit. And the baby's maw, she shruck into a corner, an' she stayed thar just lookin' at Nell, not sayin' nary nothin', like she was feared of her. An' Nell, she went over to the table whar the baby was, an' I got her a clean rag or somethin', an' we smooth hits ha'r, an' we got some-

thin' clean to put over hit. An' hit look sweet.

"An' Nell went over to the baby's maw, an' she tuk her gentle by the wrist, an' she says kind o' still, 'Come over hyar.' An' she come, quiet, like she was a child. An' Nell an' her they stud thar by the baby. I thought mebbe she was goin' to scream agin', but she didn't; but the tears they jus' begin runnin' down, runnin' down. An' bimeby, Nell she said, 'Whut air *you* cryin' fer, you that hev *had* a baby!'

"Oh, yes; Nell knows; she knows how to manage folks. She's over thar now. Ain't nary nobody else could a got all them men out o' thar so quick."

Two days later I left for the Bluegrass again; not only because it was time for me to be back, but it was just as well, too, no doubt. When I thought of leaving these people it was with a real sense of home-sickness, yet with a certain relief, too, relief that came only from the need of being a little sheltered for a while from the terribly real lives they led. My upbringing had made me temperamentally a tenderfoot, no doubt. Though I had made myself as simple as I could—"a plain simple gal, jest like blood-kin"—yet all these experiences so stark, and in some ways so grim, had had their effect on me. These people lived on a larger, simpler scale of life than mine.

"You're shorely comin' back agin, sometime!"

Oh, yes, I surely, surely was, indeed. Could I live long, do you think, in that State and not go back among such people as these?

But I did not live long in their State after that. I came away, and have not been back in all these years. I have told of these people often. Those who know me, know them well; but I have never until now written of them. I think for a long time, it would have seemed to me too much like giving written accounts of my friends. The stories I meant to evolve are all, save two, unwritten, and probably will remain so.



I had gone in search of local color. But one cannot, so far as I know, put the life that I saw into books. I have told of these people, just as they were, yet I realize that I have done them scant justice. Even their speech has slipped away from me a little, for I know that I have failed to reproduce their vivid English, so vivid that I felt often that I was listening to lines of the Elizabethan stage.

I have said that I never went back to these people; but that is to speak only geographically. Impossible to say how often I have been back in spirit.

It rather troubled me at first that though I had lived so to speak in his shadow, I had not seen Hargis. "Hargis's men is out." "Hargis's men is around." "I know, Honey; but when Hargis's men tells you to do a thing, you'd pret' nigh best do hit." Yet it was perhaps more romantic after all that I never saw Hargis, that only the ominous rumor of him ran beside the life in that community, like a dark planet.

I do not know the mountains of that section now, nor the mountain people. Education and literacy have been carried to them and, I am told, have much benefited them. I hope so; yet there were many things I would not have had changed, and I cannot altogether forget the old mountaineer missionary's remark about those parts where civilization was comin' in and his warning to me not to trust myself alone "*thar*."

Needless to say, I have speculated much about all those who in the mountains there in Estill and thereabouts

passed before me, and imprinted themselves so indelibly on my memory. Some I can be fairly sure of. "Ol' Maltee" has to a certainty passed to the Maltese shades. There are more graves I think than those old Mrs. Norman and I stood by. "Hat" has grown up, "Tawm," I make no doubt, has come back; yes, and I think gone away again. Hargis was killed, as everyone knows, dramatically enough, perhaps fittingly enough, by his own son. McCumber never got to New York, I feel fairly certain, yet continues successfully, pistols-and-knives and all, to live in it.

There is only one concerning whom I can be in no way sure, even as to speculation. Did she continue to dabble her hands blue with blackberries, until "hit was a sight?" And did she keep her wild sweet "unlikely" ways; and try to tame hurt creatures of the woods? And did she still go "laughing down them mountings," and continue to "sleep out yand' under the stars?" Or did some shy but finally determined youth of those parts at last marry her, tame her, and "larn her things?"

I do not know. I cannot imagine. But there are times when I could hope that those strange powers which left her, a changeling—fair as the moon, clear as the sun—in that fantastically dreary community, may have rescued her from it; to allow her to go, after that, only aerially, laughing down the mountains, or to permit her to return in spirit only, unseen, almost unremembered, to her old haunts, and, I have thought, if it was Spring, with red-bud in her hair.

(The end)

## FIFTY AND FIFTY

BY THOMAS BEER

THE crowd broke into whistles. Some one screamed, "Knockout!" Lads stood up on the sills of the high windows, and smoke was blown frantically by sudden gestures. The referee began to count, and Jason panted, hoping greatly that Timmy Coolan wouldn't rise from the mottled canvas. Sweat was bubbling on Jason's golden skin. The heat was astonishing for early June. He watched Timmy wriggle on the floor, and thought painfully of two farm hands sick in bed and eighty cows to be milked after sunrise. Thinking of this, his eyebrows were separate agitations, and his scowl was terrific. The referee said, "Eight." Timmy sat up with both gloves pressed to his stomach. Jason sighed. The referee said, "Ten," and Timmy lay down again, comfortably. Therewith hundreds of camp chairs scraped the wood; the show was over, and boys flooded the ring.

Jason walked through the swirling herd with his arm about Timmy and modestly drawled, "Aw, hell!" against congratulations. His round, rather pretty face took on a look of absolute and vacant pleasure which didn't wane until he met his uncle Eben at the door of the dressing room. Uncle Eben was sure to say something disagreeable. He did.

"Jase, you hit that boy harder'n you'd got to."

"I didn't neither. Did I Timmy?"

"Naw," said Timmy, gallantly, with his palm over a handsome and developing bruise below his ribs.

The awful old man resumed, "Your mamma ought to put a stop on this fightin'. You're awful quick tempered, like your papa. You'll bust some boy's neck some time, and—"

"I never heard that papa busted anybody's neck."

His great-uncle surveyed Jason and loudly reflected, "Your mamma ought to see you doin' this just onct, and then she'd put a stop on it."

"If you don't approve of it, what d' you come and see it for?"

The thrust seemed effective. The old man said, "Well, get your duds on and I'll drive you home."

"I'm walkin', thanks as much," Jason grunted and left his relative.

A committee went to work on Timmy Coolan's bruises. Jason pulled off his wet shoes and trunks. He strolled into the lavatory and slid under a hot shower. His eyebrows were again separate agitations and he made himself into a pillar of soapsuds. It was all right to slug Timmy, who was composed of some singularly tough substance . . . but suppose he did break a less flexible youth's neck? It might happen. He sighed and got soap in his mouth. A suave and gentle voice addressed him through the shower:

"Kid, I'd like to talk business with you a minute."

Jason abolished the suds and stopped the shower. He saw a slim and handsome man whose straw hat was tilted directly down to one ear and whose clothes didn't come from Falksville. The person tapped a cigarette on a gold case and said, "I'm Abe Rosalsky, Cleveland. A guy told me there was a good light heavy showin' down here. So I blew down. . . . Now—"

"Nothin' in it," Jason said, "I'm a amachoor and I'm goin' to stay so. I've talked to managers before."

The handsome man wasn't daunted. He said, "Yeh. Sure. . . . Didn't I



talk to you after a Y. M. C. A. show at Camp Dix right after the war?"

"No. I wasn't in the army," Jason sighed. He had to explain this, at once, and went on, "Y' see, I wasn't but fifteen in nineteen seventeen and my moth—my folks wouldn't let me enlist."

"Well, they was right," Mr. Rosalsky nodded. "Was a kid looked like you some that I talked to at Camp Dix. . . . Well, I think you're wastin' your talents. What line are you in, now?"

"I've got a farm."

The manager shrugged his shoulders. "Well, a farm's a farm. But I think you're wastin' your time, Mister—I didn't get your name when they was announcin'."

"Darling."

"Any relation to Baby Darling?"

"No. . . . Say, what became of him? He was in all the papers, last year, and I ain't noticed him in a long time, now."

The manager shrugged his shoulders again. "Oh, these kids bust out and get four good fights and their face in the papers and then somebody lands a wallop and they kind of retire or a girl puts 'em to work payin' her rent. I never saw Baby fight. He stayed east. He was good lookin' in the papers. I expect he's wheelin' a baby carriage, somewhere. . . . You born and raised here, I s'pose?"

"Well, no. I was born in Cheyenne, Wyoming, for a matter of fact. Raised here, though."

"Nice little town," said Mr. Rosalsky, kindly. "Well, here's my card. Drop in and see me any time you're in Cleveland. Goo' bye."

Jason fingered the card with its address of a Cleveland club. The manager strolled out of the lavatory and the boy had, for one second, a warm desire to call him back. He squashed the desire. Prizefighting was foolish. The lobe of his left ear hurt abominably, thanks to Timmy Coolan's right fist. Jason sighed and went to pull on his few clothes.

The Falksville Athletic Association stood on Darling Street, opposite the

Darling County courthouse and next to the moving-picture theater which was emptying blots of languid, hot people into the brick thoroughfare. Jason moved through this dim-lit outpour and was properly greeted. He carried his cigarette in a corner of his wide mouth and stalked up the sidewalk composedly. His face once more took on the sheer vacancy of an absolute happiness. He had declined honors. A noble halo of modesty surrounded his yellow head and his blue, big eyes sparkled in the glow from lamps and bright windows. And Darling Street was a mile long. Lesser lads trotted beside him, murmurous. . . . After all, however eminent, a prizefighter must feel rather lost in Paris or New York. There was certainly no other man of nineteen in Falksville who could knock Timmy Coolan out in four rounds and walk home afterwards. Certain areas under Jason's blue, limp shirt ached somewhat and Timmy had walked on his right foot heavily. His audience lessened, saying in various voices, "Well, g' night, Jase," as they dodged into gates or down side streets. He was presently alone and walked slowly.

Darling Street was a mile long but it lost its patrician character toward the edge of the sprawled town. Nearing the railroad, it became a shabby aisle between shabby trees and shabby cottages in which lived hired men of the farms surrounding the county seat, and their offspring. Officially, the street stopped at the tracks. Beyond, it was a highway. Jason allowed a freight train's crew to observe his calm as the black cars jerked past a solitary lamp. A fellow on the platform of the caboose called, "Hey, chesty! Want a lift?" as the tail lights rolled off into the darkness of the Ohio plain. Jason ignored this. But he stood and watched the sparkle of the lanterns dwindle westward.

Westward. His mother seldom spoke of Cheyenne. In moments of slight and fleet annoyance with Mrs. Darling, Jason thought that his mother lacked the wild

and violent traits of a plainsman's child. Her father had been a ranchman. Jason had his photograph, mounted, in an enormous sombrero. But Mrs. Darling said that Cheyenne was pretty slow, in these days, and she never suggested taking Jason out to see the place of his birth. It might recall tragic memories of his father. Jason had never struggled to be taken to Cheyenne. He didn't wish to see Mrs. Darling stoop with tears over his male parent's grave. He had never seen her weep and it would be distressing. But trains going westward allured him. This, he believed, was hereditary. His father had run off to be a cowboy, having wearied of Uncle Eben's guardianship. A person would get very tired of being bossed by Uncle Eben. The old man was a pest. He had a small farm beyond Jason's acreage and he gave Jason's mother advice. Jason grunted and limped over the tracks.

Night hid his dignity for a hundred yards and then the moon advanced above a patch of clouds. It made dew sparkle on the collapsing roof of an old barn by the roadside. Jason glanced at the shimmer and the barn. His mother wanted it torn down for fuel. It might as well be done. The thing was worthless, and Jason had been obliged, this spring, to order tramps out of the rotting stalls. He yawned and, limping on, lighted another cigarette. His fields filled both sides of the road and the wire fences dully glittered on the edge of these vast pastures. The soaring moon brought shadows to the foot of elms planted by his great-grandfather. Jason admired all this, and his face was blank with affection in the moonlight.

A man trotted abreast and politely bespoke him, saying, "Hey, guy," in a pleasing, hoarse voice.

"Yeh?" said Jason.

"Gimme a light."

Jason gave him a match. The fellow struck this on the bulge of a big thigh and the flame reddened his breeches of yellow cotton which needed wash-

ing. It reddened his short nose and a big, amiable mouth. He was charming, somehow. He exhaled smoke and drawled, "Uh! Better. Ain't had a smoke in a hundred miles."

Jason chuckled. The expression was novel. So was the youth. Jason asked, "Walkin' home?"

"Yeh. If I can find it."

The stranger's voice was sober, but he might be mildly drunk. He must be a new farm hand from some place farther up the road. Jason put his arm kindly under the thick arm nearest him and said, "Let's get along."

They strolled. The stranger twirled a flat cap on a thumb and hummed a military march. His yellow hair was tumbled about a round head and he needed a bath. He said so.

"First thing I do when I get where I'm goin' is to sit in a tub and soak for just about one solid hour."

"You talk like you were from N' York," Jason said.

"Yeh. Well, Brooklyn. It's the same thing."

"Sure," Jason agreed; "You ain't been round here long."

"'Bout ten minutes," the other lad yawned; "I just fell off a freight. Say, guy! I got to respect anybody that makes a livin' ridin' freight trains." He pronounced five curses on freight trains and two of them were quite new to Jason, whose mouth fell open. "Yeh! The next time I travel, I'm goin' to walk if I'm busted. I got cinders just engraved all over me and a whole coal yard in my ears. It's hell. . . . I thought those cars in France were pretty tough but give me them for these here, any day."

Jason respected him immensely. He had been a doughboy and had ridden from Brooklyn to the middle of Ohio by freight. He said, "Infantry?"

"Yeh. What was you in?"

"I wasn't. Y' see, I was only fifteen back in nineteen seventeen and my folks wouldn't let me."

"Well, pop took me along with him



or I wouldn't of got in, maybe. I was fifteen, too. . . . You're a big Billy for nineteen."

"I ain't any bigger'n you," Jason mentioned.

"That's so. . . . Yeh, we're pretty big for nineteen, guy. . . . I hope to Gawd," the hero stated, "that the goofer that sold me these shoes dies of bein' walked on by a elephant with brass tacks in its feet!"

He halted and kicked his feet out of cloth shoes that had no real soles left. These he wadded together and slung with vehemence at a fence post. Jason chuckled. The New Yorker observed, "We got burnt out. I mean, our boardin' house. This is every stitch of clothes I've got in the world, kid. Pop rolled over'n gave me a swat in the belly and said, 'Hi, Babe, we're on fire.' I grabbed any clothes I could see and we got down the fire escape. It's awful embarrassin' to put your clothes on in front of three engines and a whole crowd of people. Anyhow, pop got his hand plastered up—he'd burnt it gettin' down the ladder—in a drug store. 'N he said, 'Well, Babe, let's go home to Ohio.' . . . So we walked down the street and hopped a train."

The moon exposed him completely. He stood, digging his toes into the dusty road and gazed at Ohio. Then he gazed at Jason and threw his cigarette away. He drawled, "Fifty and fifty makes one hundred! . . . Kid, I got three dollars in my pants. I bet you're named Rufus Darling."

Jason said, after a gulp, "No. My name's Darling but I ain't Rufus. My father was named Rufus. My name's Jase—Jason."

"You're bugs," the stranger remarked; "you're cert'nly my twin brother. So your name's Rufus Darling. My name's Jason."

"I ain't got any brother. I'm a only child. My name's Jase Darling and my father's dead!"

"The hell! He's died in five minutes, then! . . . Your name's Rufus Darling.

You got born out in this state of Wyoming. Your mamma's name's Amy and I'm your brother."

Jason gulped and stepped back from this apparition. He had no twin brother, but this was himself in a black muslin shirt and yellow cotton breeches, wiggling its toes on the moony dust. He had gone mad. It was much worse than the whirl resulting from six glasses of Vinocaladis in the rear of Pugh's drug-store last week. He wailed, "You're crazy! Father died out in Cheyenne when I was six months old and—"

"Who's been feedin' you that stuff? Who told you pop's dead?"

"Mamma did!"

"Squirrel food. She been tellin' you your name's Jason?"

"Yeh! It is. Who you think you are, anyhow?"

"I'm Jason Darling," said the apparition.

"'S a damn lie!" Jason screamed and slapped the phantom's mouth.

Things happened. He was smitten with hammers on his ribs and stomach. He struck into a dancing cloud of dust, and arms came back to hammer his head. He had never boxed without gloves save in casual and short battles behind the High School. The feeling was unhappy. Jason swung in his admired right and met a solid, damaging surface. His fingers ached. He sobbed and drove his left at the black shirt.

"You're all right," said the phantom and blistered Jason's breastbone with a horrible punch.

Jason's brain became a coal in his head. He struggled in a torrent of blows and without sight swung both arms. The body gave back a little. Jason jammed himself forward and suddenly ran into emptiness. He stood and glared at the motionless wire of his pastures. Then he turned about and saw dust settling on the phantom stretched in the road.

After a cold second, the creature raised one leg in the air and said, "My Gawd!" in a calm and dispassionate tone. He

wasn't dead. He would arise and hammer Jason again. Jason gasped and fled.

He fled up the road and turned into the whitewashed gates of the barnyard. The phantom didn't pursue. Jason halted to pant. The mighty barns and the black tower of the water tank were as usual. In the hired men's barracks, someone was playing an accordion. Through the window Jason saw the shadows of men stripping for bed and a young fellow said, loudly, proudly, "Yeh, Jase cert'nly cleaned him up, to rights."

The boy whimpered. He walked up the path under peach trees that led to the red, old house and wondered whether the phantom would drag him out of his bed and claim that shelter. There was but one Jason Darling and that was himself. His father had died in Cheyenne when the boy was six months old. His mother had brought him east to live in his father's house. He was certainly Jason Darling and not this mythical Rufus Darling whose pop climbed down fire escapes in Brooklyn. He was Jason Darling, nineteen years old, five feet eleven and a half inches tall, weighing one hundred and eighty-three and a half pounds, stripped. Anything else was a lie. He walked into the kitchen and turned up the spot of gaslight to a flame. His face was strange in the mirror over the sink. Jason washed it and shook dust from his blue shirt. A savage red blot appeared on the golden skin of his chest. He buttoned his shirt to the neck and lighted a cigarette. Someone was talking to his mother in the living room. Jason opened the door and strolled clumsily in.

"I told you that you better let me ride you home," said great-uncle Eben, "See? You went and lost your temper, fightin', and there ain't nothin' so exhaustive as that. And then you walked home so's everybody could see you in Darling Street. Your papa was just the same way. You look like him and act like him."

Jason ordered, "You shut your damn head!"

"Mercy," his mother drawled, "don't cuss your uncle, sweetheart. You do look kind of all in. Sit down and have some root beer."

She lifted her tall and slim body from a wicker chair and poured the dark stuff into a glass. Her black eyes were, as usual, enigmatic. Her black hair drooped about her face. She said, "Sit down, Jase, and don't be excited."

"Exactly like his papa," Uncle Eben pondered; "I knew the minute that Judge Cooper made me Rufe Darling's guardian that I'd have trouble with him. It was a kind of a relief that he run off. . . . I expect it's because you married him 'fore he'd had time to get sensible, Amy, that Jase takes after him such a lot. Your pa hadn't any right to let you get married with a seventeen-year-old boy—even in Wyoming."

"Mercy," said Mrs. Darling, "a sixteen-year-old girl's as likely to marry a seventeen-year-old boy in Ohio as Wyoming. And Jase isn't half so excitable as Rufe was. Sit down, Jase, and keep cool. Was it a nice fight?"

"Yeh. Pretty nice."

"I'm glad," she drawled, pushing her hair back, "because we've got to get to work tearing that old barn down, to-morrow, and if you weren't satisfied with your fight you might be sulky with the men."

"Aw, mamma! I don't get sulky."

"I was just teasing you, sweetheart. That Coolan boy cut your lip a little and it's bleeding. Put some alum on when you go to bed."

"It wasn't Timmy Coolan that cut it! It was—" Jason choked and was still, scowling at great-uncle Eben's boots. Then he finished, "I'll put some alum on, though."

His mother sank back into her chair and slowly yawned, letting her hands trail their pallor on the lap of a blue gown. She gazed at Uncle Eben civilly, as if awaiting his next speech. Jason admired her calm. She was always tranquil. Nothing altered this composure, not even the smashing of an oak



by lightning the day before. She dismissed unruly farm hands and commanded meals in the same lazy tone.

"Well," said the old man, "I got to get to bed. So you're goin' to roust that old barn down, Amy? The tramps won't like that."

"Mercy! I don't see that their feelings have got much to do with it. It's no good to anybody and might as well be firewood. . . . Don't forget your spectacles. Good night."

The old man's motor buzzed off down the drive to the road. Mrs. Darling yawned. Jason's thoughts multiplied and were floating sparks in his brain. He must be wily. He must find out things. He said, "Mamma."

"Yes?"

"Mamma . . . didn't you ever think of getting married again?"

She laced her hands behind her neck and beamed at him, drawling, "Mercy! . . . Yes. I've thought of it and then I've thought it wasn't awful useful."

"Useful!"

"I don't know just what I'd do with a husband, Jase. I've been bossin' this farm for eighteen years. That's plenty of occupation. A husband'd kind of annoy me, I guess. And you'd prob'ly fight with him."

Jason shifted his feet and drank some root beer. He said, with immense awkwardness, "But don't you ever miss f—father?"

"Mercy! yes. But that's got nothin' to do with being married. He was sweet—when he wasn't mad about somethin'. Yes, I miss Rufe. He hadn't much sense, I expect, but he was awful nice and his eyes were bluer than yours. . . . I saw him weedin' papa's yard in Cheyenne. It was the first job he'd got when he climbed off the train. So I went and looked at him and he wiggled all over. Kind of like a puppy. He was awful sweet." She smiled in an amazing manner. One hand for a moment caressed her cheek and a color seemed to grow under the fingers. "I cert'ly loved Rufe."

"Mamma, why didn't you name me for him?"

"Mercy, sweetheart! Don't get so excited about it."

"I ain't," said Jason, with sweat hurtling down his back; "but, why didn't you?"

"'Cause you had a twin brother that we named Rufe," she yawned.

"Aw, mamma! Why didn't you ever tell me that?"

"It ain't what I'd call an excitin' fact, sweetheart. Better go to bed. I'm goin'."

She rose. Jason said, with desperation, "Mamma!"

"Yes?"

His tongue swelled. He couldn't ask her if his father was alive. It seemed, beside the green lamp of this tame, old room, so strange a question. He said, "That's a awful nice dress, mamma."

"You make me feel pos'tively vain. It cost forty dollars. Your dear old Uncle Eben was just scoldin' me for wastin' money on clothes."

"He's a damn ol' fool!"

"You cuss so like your papa," said Mrs. Darling. "He was always gettin' out of bed and steppin' on tacks or things and his swear words were simply wonderful. He was an awful accomplished kind of boy. He could carpenter. Made a cradle for you and Rufe out of the top of a old piano. Everybody in Cheyenne came and admired it. But he wasn't much of a dancer. Uncle Eben raised him so strict that he never learned dancin' right. . . . Well, good night, sweetheart."

The blue gown went swaying up the stairs. Jason gazed after her with horrible emotions and turned out the gas. The darkness frightened him. He must follow her and demand news of his father. The moon contrived to make the shadow of an apple branch into a monstrous fist on the wall beside the stairs. Jason gaped at it. He stumbled up the treads and reached Mrs. Darling's door.

The wood was more than a barrier. It was a shade. She had become quite in-

accessible—the retiring figure of a dream. She knew things that he had never guessed, that he had never thought of asking. She had come out of the West with his infancy on her arm when he was six months old. All the town knew as much. Men admired her. She told tales of her father's ranch and of her pony. She sometimes rode a horse into Falksville and lazily talked to friends along the curb of Darling Street. But she knew things.

The tall boy wriggled like a puppy in the moonlit hall. He mumbled, "Aw, mamma!" but heard the words as mere shadows of syllables. He could ask her nothing. Women were terrible. He would never kiss a girl again without thinking of her terrible secrecy. They walked about in fluttering, gay frocks and knew astonishing things all the time. He had an awe of his mother. He would never be able to advise her about cows or the uprooting of a profitless apple tree. He slouched off to his room and threw his clothes at the spatter of moonlight on the floor.

He had a brother named Rufus and Rufus said that he, Jason, was Rufus! It was frightful! Jason sat with his chin on his knees and wondered where Rufus had gone to. It presently seemed that Rufus was chuckling in the dark corners of the room.

"I'd ought to've talked to him," Jason muttered. He had lost his temper and had been excited. Fifty and fifty makes a hundred. They were certainly twins. It was suddenly clear that Rufus had died and hadn't been buried correctly. He had come to complain, in a black muslin shirt and torn canvas shoes, on a freight train. Jason crawled under a sheet and his familiar bed felt cool. Fifty and fifty. There were no twins about Falksville. It was a horrid phenomenon and indecent. Parents should know better. . . .

He sat on a fence, wondering why fifty and fifty made a hundred. Rufus came strolling up and took off his black muslin shirt. It was plain that, if Jason

put the shirt on, he would become Rufus forever. The shirt waved in the flickering light as if it swelled to the size of a cloud. Jason ran away from it and it came after him, fluttering, inescapable. He hurried into an orchard and saw, far off, his mother's blue dress. She could keep him from being Rufus. Stoves were hitched to his feet. He rushed among the collapsing trees and screamed, "Aw, mamma!"

She said, near by, "Mercy! sweet-heart," and Jason woke into sunlight, gabbling. Mrs. Darling rested her hands on the white iron foot of his bed and lazily declared, "You must have been eatin' cold pie after I went to bed. I never heard such a holler."

He pulled the sheet up his chest and stared. Milk pails were jangling at the barns. The sun invaded the room. His mother's green bathrobe waved a little. He said, "Aw, mamma!" His heart still rattled. She could save him from being turned into Rufus. Jason wailed, "I am Jase, ain't I?"

"Mercy! . . . Who said you weren't?"

"Rufus did! Last night."

His mother took a great breath which he heard. She leaned on the white rail and gazed at Jason. She asked, "Where did you see your papa?"

"I didn't. I saw Rufus. . . . Down the road."

"Where's he been?"

"Brooklyn."

"Did he say how your papa is?"

"Aw, mamma! What's it all about?"

Mrs. Darling raised her hands and planted them on her black hair. She drawled, "I never saw anyone like you! You came walkin' in and sat and drunk root beer and never said a word! And then you'll go and get excited so's you pretty near cry when a old cow dies! Men beat me. Rufus rolled over on to a pocket knife that was open on a table when he was three months old and cut his side perfectly awful. I nearly died, I was so scared. And Rufe—your papa, didn't turn a hair. And then I told him he ought to wear pajamas instead of a



nightshirt in winters and he acted like the sky had fell. I've been trying to understand men all my life. I'm thirty-six years of age and no fool, if I do say so. Merciful Lord in Jerusalem! You saw your own brother down the road and simply didn't bother to say a word about it!"

"Aw, mamma! How did I know? You never said I'd got a brother. And he says he's Jase and I'm Rufus."

"Well, he's wrong. Your papa never could tell which was which of you. He's brought that baby up to call himself Jase. It's simply ridiculous! He's got less sense than a squirrel when it comes to anything important. Mercy!" said Mrs. Darling, "I feel absolutely foolish. Tell me about this."

Jason gabbled, "We talked and he wanted to bet me three dollars I was Rufus Darling and he kep' on sayin' I was. So I hit him. 'N we fought and I laid him out. Then I came home."

"I never imagined that anybody except your papa could be as big a fool as you are, sweetheart," she drawled. "Fifty and fifty makes a hundred. You saw you had a twin brother so you knocked him down and came home and went to bed. You get so excited. Your papa never would write home from Cheyenne to Uncle Eben that he'd got married or nothin'. He seemed to have the idea that his uncle would make him come home and go back to High School. Every time I told him he ought to write home, he pretty nearly busted into tears. And when I told him I was goin' to write his uncle, he threw his saw at the dog and swore so that the neighbors could hear him. Well, I put you in the baby carriage and walked down to the grocer's and when I got back the fool had packed up Rufe in a market basket and left. . . . What that child did without a nurse, I'm sure I don't know! . . . I do hope your papa married a nice woman and had Rufe raised right. He wasn't ever as strong as you, sweetheart."

"Aw, mamma! How could he get married again?"

"I'm sure I don't see why not. He was awful good lookin' and could make his living as a carpenter anywhere," said the astonishing woman, happily, braiding her hair. "But it's awful interestin' Jase."

"Aw, mamma! Why didn't you ever tell me?"

"Mercy, sweetheart! It was s'ficiently tough to have to come here with every woman in Falksville wonderin' whether I'd been a ballet girl or somethin' simply promiscuous out home. If I'd let out that your father wasn't dead and buried, Lord knows what they'd have said. It was silly enough in Cheyenne when Rufe—your papa—ran off, that way, between lunch and supper when we were asked to a officers' dance at Fort Russell and I'd been to Denver for a new dress. . . . Brooklyn! Mercy! . . . They must have come in on that ten-thirty train."

"They came in a freight car!"

"Your papa simply admires freight cars to death. I never could see why. Now, get your clothes on and go find him."

"Where?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sweetheart," said Mrs. Darling, tranquilly, and walked out of the room, pausing to adjust a photograph of the Falksville 1919 High School football team which had slipped sideways beside the door.

"Aw, mamma!"

"Yes?"

"Well, what'll I say to him?"

"Tell him to quit bein' silly and come home like a white boy," she called and closed her door.

Jason kicked off his sheet and tumbled into his clothes. These known and ancient garments seemed queerly loose. He felt reduced. He crept over the veranda roof and slid down a pillar to the grass. His errand was dangerous. His brother might be lurking in the barnyard and his father might be excited to madness for some reason. Nothing was reasonable any more. He walked through the gates of the barnyard and

beheld the farm hands dicing on the clay by the icehouse sedately. The cows were spreading off into the green vastness of the south pasture and the hot air engine of the water tower pumped amiably.

"You fellers ain't seen a feller that looks—that's wearing one of those black shirts around?"

"There ain't been nobody here, this mornin'," a farm hand said. "You expectin' somebody?"

"Kind of. If he blows in, you tell him to go talk to mamma."

Jason vaulted the pasture's rail and stalked down the turf helplessly. Mist was still spinning up in tiny whirls from the grass, and the cows affably snorted to each other in the hot light. His eyes ached. The eighty cows regarded him accusingly as he passed among their knots of tan and black composure. An express lunged across the flat world eastward and its whistle howled contemptuously at Falksville. The petty breeze worked with leaves on the high elms and tried to excite them. The pasture, the trees and the kine were disgustingly calm. Jason said, "Aw, hell!" at the top of his lungs.

"Hey, ol' man," said a flattering voice; "C'mon here and show me how you do this."

The voice shot from earth or sky. Jason cavorted on one heel and gaped about. The black shirt rose from beyond a cow and his twin grinned at him. Jason rubbed a sole on the turf and gulped, "H'lo!"

"C'mon an' show me how you milk this—this sweet choc'late advertisement. I been workin' half of a hour and nothin' happens."

He came about the cow and shook a tin can despondently. His hair was wet and moderately smooth. He had plainly been bathing in the small pond behind the old barn. His left eye was amber about its lashes and dark prints showed on his golden skin below the short sleeves of the shirt.

"You can't milk 'em, right now,"

said Jason; "They just been milked and they're dry."

"'S tough," Rufus reflected and threw the can away. He dug his toes into the grass and went on, tapping a cigarette on his palm. "Pop ain't waked up yet and I feel like all the insides'd been took out of me. I got to eat, guy. Gimme a light. . . . Thanks. . . . You're awful fast on your feet but you fight wild."

"I was—kind of scared last night."

"You acted as timid as a steam engine, kid."

Jason blushed. His brother ran a thumb expertly over his chest and observed, "You ought to train up 'bout ten pounds more."

"I'm a hundred eighty-three!"

"I'm a hundred ninety. You could stand that, easy. Liss'n, guy, I just simply got to eat! . . . Is your mamma married to anybody?"

"No!"

"'S fine," said Rufus; "Pop's a awful fool about this. He kep' sayin' that she'd of got a divorce and married somebody. The big bonehead's kind of scared to go talk to her. He's all excited. 'S why he sent me up to talk to her, las' night."

"Where did you and him sleep?"

"In this barn, back there. Pop didn't sleep so much 'cause he's pretty excited about gettin' home. . . . Think your mamma'll take him back?"

Jason madly wondered if she meant to take his father back. She must. He said, "Yeh, guess so. Anyhow, she said to come on home. . . . This is all awful funny."

"It ain't usual," Rufus admitted; "And we blew out of Brooklyn and lef' all our money in the bank but ten dollars and pop lost most of that playin' black-jack with the guys on the freight. . . . He's a better carpenter'n me but he don't stop to think where he's goin', much."

"Why ain't you ever wrote me—I mean, mamma?"

"How would I write her when I didn't know she was?"

"Well," said Jason, "that's so."



Rufus slung an arm about him and they advanced on the barn. Jason admired his brother's swagger. He began to adopt it. It would be immensely interesting to walk down Darling Street with Rufus.

"They have boxin' at the Athletic Association every Thursday night."

"Yeh?"

"Yeh. I knocked out a feller that's six feet, last night."

"You need some more weight," said Rufus, urgently. "You prob'ly eat too much sweet stuff and not enough meat. . . . Hey, pop," he called into the barn, "here's th' kid!"

Jason quailed before the shadowy door in the mossy side of the old building. A man snorted inside. A man came out, blinking his blue eyes, and stretched his thick arms. He said hoarsely, "Well, hell, so there's what you say is a foot bigger'n you, Babe! He ain't."

"He looked bigger las' night, pop."

"Y' oughtn't to get so excited, Babe. He's half a hour younger'n you and he ain't any bigger," said Darling. He rubbed a bandaged hand on his chin and beamed at Jason. His curly yellow hair was stuck full of straw and he needed a fresh shirt. He ordered, "You kids got to keep your tempers. I don't want to hear of you scrappin' over nothin'. I can lick the pair of you and if you cut up, I will."

"Yeh," said Rufus, placidly, "but I got to eat, pop. The kid says she ain't married nobody and this is your own farm, so why don't we snatch a meal?"

Darling sat down on the sod and stated with passion, "Babe, you ain't got any manners! It's the army and foolin' round fightin' clubs has spoiled you. Your mamma's a lady and I ain't goin' to have you go trampin' into the house barefoot in them duds. The kid'll go get us some of his clothes and—"

"I never heard anything so damfoolish since the war stopped," said Rufus. "It's your house and your wife and the kid's my brother. You act like it was a church weddin'. C'mon."

"Don't you get impert'nent with me, Babe, or I'll finish up what Rufe started on you las' night!"

"I'd like to see you," said Rufus, sweetly; "The kid's got a left that would lay you out colder'n a undertaker's heart if it landed on you just once. You'd ought to see what he done to my belly! Looks like a wall paper." Rufus threw his cigarette away and told Jason, "C'mon, Rufe, we'll go eat, anyways."

"My name's Jase," Jason moaned.

Darling shot up from the grass and struck his bandaged hand on his hip, "Hell's bells and a bunch of parsley! Who's been callin' you Jase?"

"Mamma. I asked her this mornin' and she says I'm Jason."

"You ain't! Babe's Jason! It was him that rolled over on my knife and cut his stummick. He's got the mark, yet."

"Mamma said it was Rufe did that!"

"She's wrong! It was Babe done it and he's Jason! I ain't goin' to have his name took off him for nothin'! He was Jase in the army and census and everywhere! . . . I ain't treated Amy right and I've been a bum kind of a husband but I ain't goin' to have Babe's name took off him for nobody . . . I'm goin' to see her about this," the fine man yelled, waving his fists in the air; "it's simply ridiculous!"

Rufus remarked, "You're the biggest bonehead I ever seen, pop. A rose would smell like it does if you called it a cabbage. If she's been callin' the kid Jase, it's no skin off my nose. Let him be Jase. You been bellyachin' for two years to come home and milk the cows and makin' me quit fightin' because mamma wouldn't approve of it, and now you're goin' to start a catfight because she calls the kid Jase. I never listened to such bunk. It's a lot of hooley. . . . There he goes!"

Darling was trotting up the pasture among the annoyed cows. His arms thrashed the air and his long legs swung handsomely. Rufus kicked a toadstool away and sighed, "Thirty-seven years old and one of the best carpenters in

Flatbush and ain't any more control of himself than a kid with prickly heat! He's been yawpin' about Amy in his sleep for years and all this. Has she got a good disposition, kid? He'll start sump'n if she don't calm him down. . . . I got to eat, too."

"We'd better go home," said Jason, watching his father climb the barnyard rails.

"I bet you a dollar," Rufus said, "that I can get to the house before you do. . . . Right? . . . Ready? Shoot!"

They came over the rails together and Jason gained a yard by jumping the low gap by the barnyard pump. Rufus galloped abreast under the peaches near the kitchen and stood panting while Jason fumbled for change in his pocket on the steps.

"Twenty-five—fifty—and fifty—one dollar. 'S right, kid. Hey, liss'n at pop!"

Darling was shouting inside the living room. Rufus swung open the screen door and stalked in. Jason peered over his black shoulder and beheld his father in full oration, hammering the table.

"Simply ridiculous! Of course, Babe's Jase! He's got that cut on his stummick. Babe, show your mamma that—"

"Aw, pop!"

Rufus turned a violent red and dug his heel into the rug. Mrs. Darling brushed back her hair and drawled, "Mercy, Rufe! Don't get so excited. It abs'lutely don't matter a pin that I can see. You never could tell them apart and—"

"I could too tell 'em apart!"

"Shut up, pop," said Rufus; "The kid don't want to be called Rufus and I won't stand to have him called Rufus. He's my brother and I ain't goin' to have nothin' slipped over on him by nobody. I'm goin' to be Rufe. The lady says I'm Rufe, so I am. You ain't got any manners. It's like when you told that canteen girl in Saint Nazaire that she'd ought to take off weight to improve her looks."

"Mercy, Rufe!" said Mrs. Darling;

"don't tell me you took that child to France with you!"

"I did! Where was I goin' to leave him, for God's sake?"

"Why didn't you send him home to me, like a white boy?"

Darling said, "Well, I thought of doin' so, Amy . . . but I didn't know he mightn't run into a stepfather—"

"That's the silly kind of trash you always did talk when you get excited, Rufe Darling," said his wife. She fingered the breast of her blue gown and her face slowly filled with tints. Her voice did not rise. She drawled, "Rufus talks like he had some sense. Jase takes right after you. He's likely to do anything when he gets excited. Lettin' you and his brother sleep in that barn all night is precisely like him. And why you never thought to walk up and knock like a sensible person on your own front door is more than I can see. Lettin' Jase give Rufus a black eye for nothin'! As for thinkin' I'd get married again after I'd been married to you, I think that's perfectly rude. Papa always said you were a bad judge of character and you are. . . . Jason, go rout out some clothes for your father and Rufe and don't get so upset over nothin'. And give your brother a bath. You go along with Jase, sonny. Guess I'll call you Babe, like your papa does."

"Yes'm," said Rufus. "You better. I answer to that quicker."

"I can see that you're sensible. It's a big relief," she drawled, "to know that fifty per cent of this house will have some brains in it."

Rufus strolled up to her and took her by the shoulders. He considered her for a little and then said, "What about kissin' me, lady? We're old friends."

"Don't you get fresh with your mamma, you damn pup," Darling shouted. He shoved Rufus aside and took his wife in his arms. "You kids go get washed for breakfast. Clear out of here."

"Mercy!" said Mrs. Darling, "don't talk so rough to them, Rufe! . . . You



big fool," she resumed, "you've been in the house ten minutes and never bothered to kiss me. Shut the door, Jase."

Rufus sat in the bathtub and scrubbed cinders out of his hair. They speckled the soapy water and he snarled, "I need a steam shovel! . . . Say, kid, I got to eat and he'll be tellin' her the story of his life for hours."

"The hired girl's gettin' breakfast, Babe."

Rufus grinned. He exhumed a cinder from his left ear and examined it. Then he said, "Hey, ol' man . . . Pop made me swear I wouldn't tell nobody 'cause she wouldn't like it. But we got to be fifty and fifty on stuff and you're my bud, anyhow. . . . Nor don't let on to pop I told you. . . ."

"Yeh. Shoot."

"I'm Baby Darling that fought some last year until pop made me quit. I thought you'd like to know 'cause you trimmed me last night. . . . Gimme a towel."

Jason gulped and reverently handed his twin a towel. He reverently provided him with clothes and a pair of silk socks. Then he tumbled down the back stairs and commanded the cook to make haste with breakfast. The puzzled woman grunted.

"What with your mamma kissin' a gentleman in the sittin' room and you usin' all the hot water to take baths and all—"

"You hustle," said Jason. He opened the sitting-room door and shut it softly. His face took on the vacancy of sheer beatitude as he walked upstairs again. His eyebrows were separate agitations. He observed Rufus brushing his hair and admired it. This being belonged to him. He was a treasure and a secret. He said, "Mamma's takin' cinders out of his hair, Babe. Breakfast's near ready . . . I guess we better walk downtown after-

wards and leave 'em alone. . . . There ain't anybody at the Ath'letic Association mornings so you could start trainin' me. . . . They have boxin' on Thursday nights and we could show 'em somethin' that amounted to somethin' . . . You were prob'ly awful tired last night."

"You're all right," said Rufus. "Yeh. We might fight a draw for the hicks on Thursday. Lead me to this food."

The sitting-room doors were still shut. Jason politely knocked when Rufus had stopped eating. His mother drawled, "Is breakfast ready, Jase?"

"Yeh. Could I take the car downtown, mamma?"

"Ask your papa," said Mrs. Darling.

His father called, "Oh, get out of here, you!" and Rufus said, "Let him alone, kid. C'mon, show me the town."

The car supported them into Falksville. Jason noted Darling Street in a fresh aspect. It needed improvements. It was too wide. People on the sidewalks could hardly see persons in cars on the center of the street. He drove the machine under the shadow of trees before the drug store and nodded to a group of lads. Timmy Coolan trotted across the sidewalk and asked, "What's all this about your dad bein' alive, Jase?"

He spoke to Rufus. Jason leaned over his brother and said, "Yeh. Pop's out at the house, Timmy. Babe, shake hands with my friend, Mr. Coolan. Come on over here, you fellers. I want you to meet my brother."

He tossed an arm about his brother's shoulders and basked in the reflected glory of something that the base never know. Nothing would ever drag from him the knowledge that this was a hero and that Jason had conquered him. He was so excited that he sat like stone and might have been useful to a sculptor desirous of the image of man's highest happiness.

## THE HONEY-FLOW

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

"THE honey-flow" is part of the technical terminology of beekeeping, and a very taste of its poetry. "Mediterranean" is the most musical word in the world, but what phrase in our language is so mellifluous as "honey-flow," except we borrow the richer, sweeter Hebrew, "flowing with milk and honey"? The beekeeper's harvest is liquid and actually comes as waves, or "honey-flows," when the nectar-yielding flowers—maple, apple, dandelion, clover, clethra, and goldenrod (for my pasturage)—sweep down the shores of summer in as many tides, till their sweets

Have flooded the uttermost creeks and the  
low-lying lanes  
And the marsh is meshed with a million  
veins.

and the hillsides and the deep, dank  
swamps pour into the waxen wells of the  
beekeeper, overflowing the hives.

"The nectar-yielding flowers," I said, for all flowers do not yield honey, or any flower indeed. Only bees yield honey. Flowers yield sweet water—those that flow for the bees—a sweet water which may be ravishingly perfumed and tintured with distillations as of attar and frankincense and myrrh, but whose sweet taste is that of cane sugar only. This sweet water the bees suck from the flower tubes and carry home in their abdominal honey sacs, and on the journey in the body of the bee the sweet secretion of the flower, to which has been added a minute drop of acid secretion of the bee, undergoes a chemical change, resulting in a new compound called honey.

As the drop of nectar is sucked from the flower tubes it receives in passing

certain glands at the root of the bee's tongue an infinitely small drop of formic acid, and the change into honey begins. The bee hurries home with her load, but instead of running to the empty cell with her sac of sweets, she is met by a home worker who, mouth to mouth, drinks from her sister's sac, emptying its contents into her own honey sac and adding her own portion of acid, thus doubly charging the nectar, as we charge the fruit juice at the fountain with a dash of acid phosphate; and the sweet water, which had been sweet with cane sugar, is now, from out of this second bee's abdominal sac, poured into the cell of the comb, real honey, sweet with *grape* sugar, not cane sugar, a different product, the joint chemical compound of many blossoms and at least of two bees.

The heavens declare the glory of God, and so does a drop of honey. One can steer as straight a course by a drop of honey as by that steadfast star in the mariner's sky.

The nectar-yielding flowers—maple, apple, dandelion, clover, clethra, and goldenrod—are the flowers of my own locality that come in honey-bearing waves. From each of these, except the clover, perhaps, I might, with careful handling, get a pure and distinct crop. Other bee pastures differ. Hardly any two are exactly alike, even within the same near neighborhood, as the bees fly not farther than two miles from home when storing honey, and if the range is quite within the woods and swamps, as mine is, it may so differ in its flowers from the range of higher cultivated fields on the opposite side of the village as to necessitate a different handling of the hives in order to harvest an utterly different crop of honey.



I might call mine a clethra field, as the clethra is the only flower with white nectar sufficiently abundant to produce a marketable comb crop. In New York the beekeeper may have a buckwheat field; in Ohio, a white-clover field; in Colorado, an alfalfa field; and in California, the marvelous white and purple sages may be his stay, whose yields of honey sound to me—with my bees working among the difficulties of the wayward weather on this Atlantic shore—like tales of Promised Lands, of Lotus Lands, and golden Eldorados. I think if I could be born again I would become a beekeeper on the slopes of the Sierras at about the three-thousand-foot level, where the sages yield such “heaven-born honey” as flowed only from Mt. Hymettus, or for Virgil’s bees among the orange groves on sweet Parthenope.

Only certain flowers yield honey nectar, and only under certain conditions. White clover is perhaps the greatest commercial honey plant in America. Red clover does not yield honey—but only because the corolla tubes are so long that the bee’s tongue cannot reach the nectar at their deep bottoms. If we could find a honeybee with just a wee bit longer tongue! I once paid three sound dollars for a “Red-clover Queen,” a queen bee developed from a “special strain” by long and careful selection, that had a tongue to touch bottom in the red-clover cups! The age of innocence shall never pass. By dint of all her licking has the honeybee added a red-clover cubit to her white-clover tongue? Not yet. But when she does, or when she borrows the bumblebee’s tongue, then shall she mingle the clovers—the red and the immigrant white with the immigrant blue of the alfalfa, and give us an Old Glory product, a strictly national, 100-per-cent American honey, as well as the greatest honey crop of the world.

Were alfalfa as adaptable to situations, to soils and climates, as white clover, it would stand first among our honey-giving plants. A vast Western

plain in alfalfa is literally a violet sea of honey. The heads are heavy with a nectar that in those dry, irrigated altitudes, is less mixed with water than any other nectar we know. The bees roar over the waving waters in a small storm, their wings one wide, low hum in the clear air as they rush their heavy loads into the supers, ten, twelve, eighteen pounds of honey to a colony between sunup and sundown, storing, some single colonies, upward of eight hundred pounds of alfalfa honey before the hay is cut and the honey-flow is past.

Nothing approaching that can happen here in my honey field; nor could happen anywhere outside of such a vast acreage of flowers and the almost perfect nectar conditions which prevail in certain of the sage and alfalfa regions of the West. Alfalfa will grow well only in soil that is high in lime, and like white clover, requires lime soil for a flow of nectar. Besides the right soil and acreage, a great honey-flow demands ideal weather conditions—cold nights and hot days, and the right rainfall. The beekeepers of California have noticed that the nearer their rainfall approaches twenty inches, the nearer the honey-flow comes to flood; and they have found that for every hundred feet in elevation from sea level, the average rainfall of eight and one-half inches increases six-tenths of an inch. So around the three-thousand-foot altitude on the mountain slopes they can count almost certainly on twenty inches of rain during the year; and here the sage, no longer the fickle thing that other honey plants are, stores up the water all winter, giving it out as nectar in the summer, yielding regularly and yielding an optimum crop.

In one of our latest books on the honeybee the author, speaking of his English conditions, says, “As long as honey weather holds—the warm nights when the honey is secreted, and the rainless days when it can be gathered”—which would not seem to describe good honey weather either here or there. Ideal conditions are cold nights and hot

days, for the starch which is the plants' stored-up food is turned to sugar most readily at a low temperature, just as the white potato comes out a sweet potato (almost!) when touched by the extreme cold of a cellar. The colder the night the greater the change of starch to sugar in the honey plant; and the warmer the day following, the faster, thinner runs the sap that dissolves this sugar and carries it to the nectaries of the blossoms—pouring it sometimes into the corolla cups as fast as the excited bees can toss it off.

But not often—here in the hills of Hingham. Alfalfa will not grow in Hingham without heavily liming the soil, and even then does not seem to yield honey. Here the bees will work around an alfalfa field and never touch it. You can catch smelts in Hingham Harbor and dig luscious clams along the flats. For unparalleled, prodigal wealth, I know nothing to equal certain clam flats on the North River below Hingham. You can cut six crops of alfalfa a year in the Imperial Valley; you can dig hundreds of bushels of potatoes from an acre of Aroostook County soil; but twice in every twenty-four hours you can dig clams on the North River flats, where they lie a dozen deep in the sand, and as thick as if they were packed for shipment. I should have been a clam farmer in Hingham, not a beekeeper, except that this perverse human nature, to be content, must be trying to turn clams into bees and the salt sea tides into candied honey-flows.

The zest of life is found in its difficulties. There is some honey in Hingham—and a great deal of starch! Hingham is utterly lacking in lime, however, though rich in seam-face granite, so that the white clover, here, what there is of it, yields little honey; for white clover requires a lime soil, not only for its best growth, but for its maximum honey-flow. White clover is not a native American; it is north European, and while it grows everywhere in America, its ways are charted for nectar as the

waters of the ocean are for fish, the honey-flows following the soil surveys which show a lime deposit—as along the Great Lakes and throughout the Middle West. White clover yields its optimum crop in Canada, where intenser weather prevails—alternating colder nights and hotter days in a shorter, but nearer ideal, honey season. We American beekeepers would gladly do away with that northern border and let the bees and the white clover make the two lands one.

If Hingham has rich granite quarries and no store of lime, why try to keep bees in Hingham? If I kept bees to live I should probably cut granite in Hingham, or more likely I should move on to the buckwheat fields of New York, or to the clover fields of Ohio, or to the alfalfa fields of Colorado, or on to the fields of white and purple sage in the honeyed slopes of California.

But I do not keep bees for a living. I live to keep bees. I do nothing for a living, but live, rather in order to do everything, from teaching (most futile, most fruitful of occupations) to beekeeping—dividing myself among the colonies, subdividing, minimizing, multiplying myself by my million bees for a million lives, in order to drink with a million mouths the nectar of doing. For we *are* only while we do; and the measure of life is not a vast amount of one thing—leisure, or money, or honor, or honey—but joy in a vast variety of things done and doing. So with God.

Yet my Hingham field gave me, last year, more than a quarter of a ton of comb honey—and honey was fifty cents a pound! Still, the season before, when sugar was twenty-seven cents a pound, the bees found such short rations that I was obliged to feed them twenty-seven-cent sugar to tide them over the lean winter. They survived, and the five colonies of them reaped this harvest of seven hundred pounds in the wake of that famine, with plenty besides for their own winter stores.

Beekeepers in Hingham are bee lovers; and love and the lottery of the game ex-



plain the beekeeper's presence in so poor a honey field. Every beekeeper's field is his own, unique, as each season is unique, and each queen and colony. A colony of bees has a striking personality, is dominated by a marked will, moved by a certain spirit, and shows a fixed character. It gets to work early or late, and works hard or does not; is crabbed and ready for trouble, while the colony next to it never stings. To get on with its fifty-thousand-fold personality ruling the hive, to read the signs in the sky and guess ahead of the weather, and to know what flowers in your field and on your soil yield nectar and what do not—is the problem of the honey-flow as it touches locality.

Almost any locality, however, is rich enough in flowers, and right enough in weather to make a few hives profitable, a profit as much pure poetry as pure honey, a combined product that cannot be wholly marketed, for poetry is beyond price.

So my bees start out with the first warm days in March, if such days come, the water-carriers leading the season's labors unless bee bread is short and the pollen-gatherers must find something for the crying brood. Down to the brook go the water-carriers where the passing horses turn in to drink. Here the wheels have left a sandy bit of shingle in the thick-tufted banks, and here the bees in the shallows fill up their jugs by the hundreds to carry to the hives. For a hive without water this season of the year is as desperately off as a ship without water in the middle of the sea. Plenty of sealed honey there may be, and plenty of pollen bread, but, "Water! Water!" is the cry of the baby bees. There must be water, or brood rearing cannot go on, and if brood rearing is delayed now, the harvest will come, but the workers will be missing and the honey-flow will fail. In the summer, when honey is coming in, it contains so much water that no diluting is necessary, but in spring the old honey is too heavy and may even be candied, when nothing

but water will dissolve the crystals and make it fit for the infant bees. By spring, too, the bee bread is stale (pollen is dry, dusty stuff to start with), and water must be kneaded into the paste to make it palatable.

The water-carriers are out early, before the earliest catkin is dusty. That catkin must not delay, however, or the brood will be crying for bread; the scanty store put by in the fall being very nearly exhausted, owing to unseasonably warm weather, and brood rearing begun before its time. So along with the water-carriers goes a troop with empty bread baskets, pollen-gatherers, searching for hazelnut catkins, and alders, and poplars, and pussy willows—even down into the spathes of the skunk cabbage, whose purple tents are sometimes pitched on the skim ice among the maples, so early does the spike of pollen-bearing flowerets rise dusty and dry in their tepee out of the muck of the swamp.

If the weather has come before the flowers, then the breadwinners will seek out the wood pile and, fluffing up the finest powder in the heap of sawdust, will pack this into their baskets and hurry with it to the hive.

For it is now that the future honey-flow is gathered, or left—like the ungathered manna, to dry up and disappear. It is the bees in their cradles now who will be the harvesters later, not one of the old bees that came through the winter, living long enough, it may be, even to taste a drop of apple-blossom sweets in the middle of May. The colony must be strong, tens of thousands strong, when apples bloom, and all these thousands must come from one queen mother, each bee a tiny white egg in its own cradle; and all of them to be hatched and fed and grown into workers and sent afield, wise and swift and strong. It is a mighty mothering, and possible only because the collective care of the whole colony is bent to the business, this supreme business of the brood.

My first real honey-flow is from the red maples. Here and there over my

honey field is a golden willow, here and there a white maple, both trees rich in pollen and nectar and both of them earlier than the red maple, but not in sufficient numbers for a yield of honey. The red maples come a week or two later, the staminate ones all gold, the pistillate ones all garnet, filling the low swamps and covering miles of my landscape. One high fellow by the bend of the stream, with a top like a sunburst when his stamens are dusty with gold, is a favorite tree with my bees, such multitudes weaving in and over its round world of blossoms that the hum of their wings sounds like the passing of some giant swarm.

That hum is the song of honey—if only the weather would permit. But New England weather is not of a honey-eyed, permitting nature. A crop of honey from the red maple might be gathered, as a crop of syrup from the sugar maple is gathered, when the sap starts in March, if we had a kindly weather. We have New England weather instead, the most capricious, cantankerous, most constantly inconsistent thing in all New England, as the beekeeper records it.

Let the chill winds go down for a day, let the sun lie warm against the maple swamp, and the bees come swaying home, freighted with pollen and nectar below the water line. It is the first rush of excitement since the goldenrod flow in the fall. You can feel the stir. You can hear the hoisting of sails as the fleets get away; the rattle of anchor chains as the argosies come to harbor with such cargoes as would crowd the hives, could such weather hold for two weeks together!

But this is a stern and rock-bound coast. No trade-winds blow in spring-time across these nectared seas, and all the lading my fleets bring in from the gold and garnet coasts of the maple are a few uncapped cells of fragrant honey along the top bars of the frames.

A multitude of little mouths have been fed on the maple, however, and perhaps it will never be possible so early

in the spring to have enough worker bees in the field to feed the growing brood and store any crop beyond their clamoring needs, no matter how favorable the weather. The colony is growing strong, and the clethra is coming.

There are no basswood trees (lindens) in my honey field, and not more than a dozen, perhaps, in all of Hingham. The basswood is the greatest honey-yielding tree in America. The forest of Arden, I am sure, was a basswood forest; and some of the trees of heaven will be basswood trees, and apple, and orange, and maple; and some of the arable fields of heaven will be in alfalfa; and the rocky pastures will be all white clover, with swamps of clethra, and mountains like Hymettus and the Sierras, covered with thyme and sage. There will be buckwheat and goldenrod; but never a plant louse! for there will be no honeydew in heaven. And some of us there shall keep bees.

But Hingham will do for the present, in spite of weather and plant lice and the lack of lime in the soil. And if Hingham has few lindens, she does have apples out to all her borders and across in all the neighbor towns. They cannot raise such apples in California as we can raise in Hingham. Irrigated apples lack the texture and the flavor. Nor is there any better honey than apple-blossom honey—nor any rarer in New England! For even by the middle of May the colonies are seldom strong enough in numbers to gather the orchard's fickle honey-flow. I have had a little now and then—a faintly golden honey, perfumed with the pink-and-white breath of the apple blossoms, and tasting pink-and-white, too, if you can taste color and odor and robins singing in the rain!

The last of the apples are still in bloom when the first white-clover heads appear. If the extra honey chambers have not been put on yet, it is now time that every strong colony be given room for surplus stores. If mine were a white-clover field, June first would see the apiary getting its stride, the bees return-



ing not in twos or threes, but coming home in little clusters—six, ten, twenty together—as if machine guns around the whole horizon were spraying the hive fronts with streams of golden bullets. When they pile in so, shooting down the gathered sunbeams, a tiny torrent into the hives, then a real honey-flow is on!

A bee's honey sac, when distended to its utmost, is but one-seventh of an inch across, holding but a minute drop of nectar. If ten pounds of honey are to be brought into the hive in one day, as sometimes happens from the white-clover flows (but never with me), and even fifteen to twenty pounds from the alfalfa flows in Colorado, one can see that millions of honey sacs must be emptied into the reservoirs to create such a flood, and that nothing less than a humming, swirling torrent must roar all day long through the narrow sluice of the hive.

To me, in my doubtful honey field, where a colony seldom stores more than a pound of honey a day, these tales of alfalfa flows come straight out of the *Arabian Nights*. The Colorado bees are Aladdin's jinns, not my ordinary honeybees, that a single colony of them, while the alfalfa is in bloom, can gather 980 pounds of the precious attar (equal to about seventy-five gallons) and store it and seal it in their waxen vials!

I have seen Niagara, among rivers, but I have never seen such a cataract of working bees as must plunge all day long out of the wide waters of the alfalfa into the narrow walls of the hive with this flood of honey. I hope to sit down in front of such a colony some day and listen to this mighty harvest song. The imagination staggers at the trips to and fro, at the winged miles, at the sacfuls brought in, at the queen who mothered these working multitudes, and at the order prevailing inside the city's gates, that not a drop of the liquor is spilled as it passes from mouth to mouth, from honey sac to honey sac, into the vast seventy-five-gallon vat that in one short season is filled to the brim!

From June and the first white-clover days on, my bees are steadily at work with the dandelions, the viburnums and dogwoods, the wild roses, raspberries, blackberries, and everywhere through the woods, with the low- and high-bush blueberries, the broad-leaved plantain, the peppermint and many weeds, none of which, however, bloom in sufficient abundance to furnish a pasturage by itself, and a distinct honey-flow. But now and again the sumac finds congenial weather, and for a week or two the bees revel in its heavy juices which are distilled during the middle hours of the day, a rich, thick syrup filling up the flowers as fast as the bees can drain them. If cones of oozing nectar stood over the sumac bushes, instead of these dense pyramids of small, greenish-yellow flowers, the bees would hardly crowd closer around, nor suck up more of the syrupy, golden sweets. When this rare flow is granted me, I gather as beautiful and as heavy a honey from the sumac as even the sage or the alfalfa yields.

The mingled honey of these many midsummer flowers varies in color, consistency, and flavor from year to year; and sometimes the combined product is as rich and delicate as any of the pure strains. But too often it is clouded—smitten like a beautiful day with the black stain of storm—the hateful honeydew. I am in the midst of woods. Standing in the lookout on the roof of my house, you can see off over miles of trees, pines and cedars, but mostly hardwoods: oak and beech and maple and hickory. Yonder are two steeples; there a water tower and some half-hidden roofs; and over on the far horizon, a hazy finger on a hazy sky, the tall Custom House tower in Boston, perhaps eighteen miles away. But in between, and everywhere, spread the woods, until you wonder where a bee can find an open glade and a flower for her tongue. And it is the oak and maple trees especially that breed the plant lice, aphids, and the scale insects, the coccids, the sources of the hateful honeydew.



Whether flowers are few or many, whether honey flows or not, the bees hanker after this doubtful drink. There is a streak of depravity in all nature that makes us kin. The bees do not milk the lice as the herding ants do, but merely suck up the saccharine secretions which the lice exude upon the leaves. I have seen the hickory and the oak leaves glistening with it as with a dried coat of varnish. When the lice are on the topmost twigs where the tender leaves are, and rain their honeydew down till it wets the leaves below and spatters the sidewalk, one can readily see why the ancients called all honey, honeydew, looking upon it as heaven sent, a divine rain out of the skies.

Some honeydew is delicious and wholesome, they tell me, and that kind may indeed come from heaven, but the home brew my bees are addicted to, a smoky, sulphurous, purging concoction, is bootlegged from an opposite region. I have described in *The Hills of Hingham* a unique and interesting source of honeydew in my neighborhood which seems always present during this period between the fruit blossom and the clethra flows. I found it near the end of July:

The white clover flow was over and the bees were beginning to work upon the earliest blossoms of the dwarf sumac. Sitting in front of the hives after the renewed activity commenced, I noticed a peculiarly rank odor on the air, and saw that the bees in vast numbers were rising and making for a pasture somewhere over the sproutland that lay to the north of the hives. Yet I felt sure that there was nothing in blossom in that direction within range of my bees, nothing but dense hardwood undergrowth from stumps cut some years before.

Marking their line of flight, I started into the low jungle to find them. I was half a mile in when I caught the busy hum of wings. I looked but could see nothing—not a flower of any sort, nothing but oak, maple, birch, and young pine saplings just a little higher than my head. But the air was full of bees; yet not of swarming bees, for that is a different and unmistakable hum. Then I found myself in the thick of a copse of witch-

hazel up and down the stems of which the bees were wildly buzzing. There was no dew left on the bushes, so it was not that they were after; on looking more closely I saw that they were crawling down the stems to the little burrs containing the seed of last fall's flowering. Holding to the top of the burr with their hind legs, they seemed to drink head down from out of the base of the burr.

Picking one of these, I found a hole at its base, and inside, instead of seeds, a hollow filled with plant lice or aphides, that the bees seemed to be milking. Here were big black ants, too, and yellow wasps drinking from the same pail.

But a bee's tongue, delicate as it is, would crush a fragile plant louse. I picked another burr, squeezing it gently, when there issued from the hole at the base a drop of crystal-clear liquid, held in the thinnest of envelopes, which I tasted and found sweet. In burr after burr I found these sacs or cysts of sweets secreted by the aphides for the bees to puncture and drain. The largest of them would fill a bee at a draught. Some of the burrs contained big, fat grubs of a beetle unknown to me—the creature that had cleaned out the burrs, bored the holes in the base, and left them garnished for the aphids. The lice in turn invited the bees, who were carrying this honeydew home to spoil the harvest.

My July honey often looks, for color, like Jacob's cattle, and, in the comb, is quite unfit for the market. But all through these weeks I have been waiting—and building up this working unit till no single hive will hold it. If I get good honey in early summer, well, but if it comes dark, hundreds of pounds of it, well—I can use it for winter stores, or sell it below the standard price. I am waiting for August and holding these teeming swarms together. Some of the colonies have tried to swarm once, some twice, some three times, but I have foiled them, and shaken them, and destroyed their queen cells, and clipped their mothers' wings—and kept them together for the seventh day of August, when every super is taken off and new supers with fresh, clean sections are clapped on the boiling hives, for the clethra-flow. With the coming of August



my honey harvest is at hand. I have worked and waited since the spring. The wet swamps are not white with the sweet spiked flowers, as in late April the higher woodlands were white with the drifts of the flowering dogwood; but there are places, and one whole swamp near-by, where the pure, cold flames of the clethra light, and almost warm, the shadows; and the heavy perfumes, closer and more cloying than the magnolia farther south, make one's senses and the slow swamp airs themselves to reel.

Now for right weather—cold nights, hot days, no high winds or rains. The flow will be over in three weeks, but if bees and gear are ready, I may again take off from each hive, by the beginning of September, as I did last season, an average of sixty pounds of greenish-white comb honey, heaven sent, so driven pure it seems, so fragile the comb, so fragrant, so infinitely far from human hands the wonder of its workmanship, the miracle of its being!

This means swift, driving labor, day and night shifts, time and overtime for all, without rest or other respite for a single worker in the city until the uncertain harvest is safe within the walls—the field bees toiling to and fro till daylight fails, then all night long joining hands with the comb makers in the weird, silent ceremony and birthlike travail for the wax scales, which must be “born,” or formed, perhaps, and flattened between the wax plates, and cunningly fashioned into hexagonal jars for to-morrow's brimming flow. And all night long and all day long the breath-makers, those who ventilate and evaporate, are stationed as no human mechanics could place them, where they fan into life a steady breeze and send it circulating up and over the combs and down the windowless walls, and through these crowded multitudes, a cooling, cleansing, curing breeze and breath of life, which only in the caves of Æolus could be so mysteriously controlled.

It is the last week of August. A cold

dew, silvery sister to a frost, has rimed the grass, strung every spider web with pearls, tipped every pointed blade and edged every scalloped leaf with beads of blazing dawn. But the roofs of the bee cities are dry and even warm as I put my hand upon them, so hot burn the fires of life within the walls. I lay my ear to the city roof and listen. A muffled sound, distant, deep, continuous—the sough of mimic winds among the pines, the rush of mimic rains across the corn, the milling of a million mimic hoofs upon the plain! And then, instead of storm, I hear the mighty rhythm of the mill; the multitongued music of swishing belts, whirring wheels, ringing hammers, drone of drill and lathe and fan, the seething roar of furnace, and the stir of stepping, stepping—the stepping of a hundred thousand work-shod feet.

The sun is still behind the steep oak ridge. Through the clethra swamp swims a cold cloud of fog and lingering gloom. The gates of the bee city are shut. But now a field worker comes forth and darts away; then another, and another—water-carriers, who shall find every dew-drenched flower a fountain. Then more appear; and one returns, the first this day of many multitudes. Now every gate swings slowly out, and all the morning air begins to hum with high harvest singing, as the gold-clad workers wing along their aerial way into the ripened fields.

At ten o'clock I can hear the song from my study window. At noon I can feel it, a tingling current that hums across the taut, vertical wires of the sun, singing from all the vibrant needles of the pines, and thrilling along my own tuned nerves till everything seems charged from the dynamos in the hives.

I fear no stings as I drop down among the toiling, turbulent seekers. They are too excited to attend to me. Drunk with work, booty-gorged, they pour down before the gates, run through with their loads, empty them, and scurry back, spinning out on their heads or wildly round and round on their backs,

as mad as men, in their rush to the field and their lust for gain.

Against the green background of pines I can see them coming afar off—little gleaming figures, silvery flecks, like ships sailing down the sunshine, low laden, some on even keels, others zig-zagging as if dodging U-boats, till suddenly, a few feet from the hive, they luff and go about, not a single ship, but fleets of them, a rocking, swaying cloud of sails coming into port from the seven seas of the sky. And other fleets keep clearing port, torn from their moorings by a hurricane of desire for the treasure buried on the cool sweet shores of the clethra swamp.

As day declines, the uproar in the apiary gradually dies away; workers gather in groups, or hang in dense clusters, outside the crowded hives. Endless processions are still returning, still going forth, but the great clethra-flow for the day has ceased. These afternoon workers are gleaning in the open meadows on the jewel weed, the joe-pye weed, boneset and early goldenrod; the workers on joe-pye weed coming in covered a gray-brown from toe to antennæ, with fine, dusty flour for bee bread.

Now the long shadows from the wood-top fall like bars across the gates of the little cities, the sun fails, the chill dew begins to fall, and the field work for the day is done. Through the early dusk a few far wanderers come lagging home; but the companies have melted from before the gates, the sentinels have been set and quiet night closes in upon what

had been a scene of unparalleled activity and excitement in this little world of bees and men.

The honey-flow with this day reached its flood. Two pounds, three pounds, perhaps, of the wondrous product were stored in the combs of every colony. No other day has approached this since summer came, nor will another, unless, perchance, some mid-September evening brings a gentle frost and a still morning follows with a cloudless sky and a sun as gold as the goldenrod. Then you should once more see the bees. The fountains of the deep have broken up. The earth overflows with sweets. The bees cannot store as fast as the nectar flows, and the roar of the hives is like an army with banners and airplanes. Far out from the hives you can smell the heavy odor, as if all the essences, all the oils, all the perfumes of summer were trying out here in the hot September sunshine and being bottled by the bees.

But to-night a blighting frost may mow the harvest like a reaper, leaving only the white and the purple asters and a few sheltered sprays of goldenrod. Indian summer will follow, and now and then will come a calm, mild day to call the bees "from out their winter home."

But if no such days come until next April, there are stores inside the waxen walls to outlast the longest winter, and I have taken from each hive, it may be, fifty to one hundred and fifty pounds of sealed sweets as the summer's honey-flows.



## THE SONGS OF FIVE WOMEN

BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

### THE WIFE

A WOMAN snatched him from the gates of birth,  
And laid him at another woman's breast,  
And when he slips at last beneath the earth,  
A woman bathes him for that last, long rest.

His curling head he tucks within her elbow,  
His burning lips he cools upon her heart,  
His silvery hair rests on her faithful shoulder,  
A tree, a vine, a crutch, our constant part!

Where can we lean, on whom he leans forever?  
Where shall we rest, who must his pillow be?  
Guessing our want, he reached above a moment,  
And found us God . . . who needs Him more than we?

### THE MOTHER

AND did She smile you down the path,  
And slip aside and mock your wrath,  
And leave you cursing all the rest?  
But I will always love you best!

And did They smirch your youth-white page,  
And soil your message to the Age,  
So that you cannot read it clear?  
But you will always find me here!

And did It drag you off the shore,  
And pound you under that white roar,  
And toss you back, bruised, blind and dumb?  
But I will be here when you come!

### THE DESERTED MISTRESS

THIS is very old, my dear,  
Old, very old.  
Written down in heart's blood clear,  
A story often told.  
Life's just read the tale to you—  
Did you therefore think it new?

This is very drear, my girl,  
 Drear, very drear.  
 Gone the rosy, dizzy whirl,  
 The happy, eager fear.  
 Fate has bent your white neck, now—  
 Did you think 'twould never bow?

This will wear away, my friend,  
 Wear, wear away.  
 Passing, passing, without end,  
 The night will follow day.  
 When time's sand has drifted deep,  
 Will you thank your God—and sleep?

### THE TOAST O' THE TOWN

**O** LOVE it was a rosy thing, a merry thing, a gay thing,  
 It bloomed above this cold old earth like roses on the snow.  
 It turned into a clawing thing, a cutting thing, a stabbing thing—  
 I've loved a many times, my lass, and I ought to know!

O Love it was a graceful thing, a tender thing, a touching thing,  
 It bent above my lifting arms like wave crests o'er the land.  
 It turned into a dull thing, a clumsy thing, a crushing thing—  
 It's bruised me many times, my lass, I ought to understand!

O Love it was a bloomy thing, a flamy thing, a starry thing,  
 It flung me up above the clouds as stars leap in the sky.  
 It turned into a leaden thing, a cursèd thing, a corpse thing—  
 And yet I turn and look, my lass, to catch it, passing by!

### THE LAST LOVER

**N**OW Love has finished with me—wilt Thou have me?  
 My feet are bruised, my breast is crushed and torn.  
 I have thrown off the roses—wilt thou, Lord, wreath me?  
 Press on my drooping head Thy crown of thorn!

I am poured out and emptied. Canst Thou fill me?  
 Beggar at last, I plead for heaven's alms.  
 O wounded of the world, take me and heal me!  
 Press my pale hands between Thy bleeding palms!

Now, while the shadows gather, and grow, and near me,  
 Now, while the lights fade out and the whole world slips,  
 Lean from Thy kindly cross, my Lord, and lift me,  
 Give me to drink the gall from off Thy lips!



## OUT OF THE AIR

BY LEE FOSTER HARTMAN

ALEXANDRE'S, as usual, was crowded. Most of the tables were already pre-empted by supper parties, who had come in from the theater, and the orchestra was evolving its first seductive and syncopated strains that would carry on into the morning hours. Thayer and I had found a table on the upper level well removed from the pale, waxed square of dancing floor, which would presently be astir with its neopagan gaiety, but in which we had no interest. We had come in for a couple of club sandwiches—to the obvious disappointment of the waiter, who momentarily hovered over our table, took our order, and departed with curt brusqueness.

I was fumbling in my pocket for my cigarette case when my companion happened to mention Truslow's name. In what connection, I have now forgotten, for certain memories of my own were abruptly stirred, together with an old persistent wonder.

"You don't mean Robert Truslow—the Tungsten King?"

Thayer smiled at the appellation. "I don't know how he came by that name out West. Tungsten was only a minor item in the list of his mining properties. The bulk of his fortune was made in silver and copper."

"Then you know him?"

"Well, rather. I'm his godson. I must show you sometime the cherished silver cup (metal from his first mine) which I acquired on that occasion. In those far-off days tungsten had yet to be heard of."

A stolid bus-boy approached and filled our water glasses. Staring at the cube of ice glittering in my tumbler, my thoughts were caught away to the

Far West. There seemed to rise before me a vision of lonely alkali plains and sullen-browed hills where man had rudely set about disemboweling the earth.

I was suddenly prompted to ask: "That tungsten mine of Truslow's in Nevada—didn't the Russian government, early in the war, try to buy it?"

"Why, yes." Thayer looked curiously at me. "I happened to be staying at Sans Souci when Count Lazarov and his retinue came out to negotiate the deal. You know Sans Souci—that island of Truslow's?"

Of course I knew of Sans Souci. It had been pictured in every Sunday newspaper supplement in the country. Truslow had bought the island outright, and had built there a stupendous mansion, bastioned and bulwarked, remote from all the world. It was that typical gesture of feudal grandeur and overlordship which American multi-millionaires are wont to make in the face of a world that prates of democracy. But what caught me up with astonishment was the odd coincidence of Thayer's presence at Sans Souci at the time I had mentioned. I leaned forward, planting my elbows on the table.

"I happen to know of something very queer about that tungsten business and the Russians. I've often wondered if, after all, it wasn't merely an outlandish hoax . . . the raving of a poor, demented devil . . ."

I hesitated, for the incident did seem absurd after all these years, seated here in Alexandre's, in the thick of Broadway's midnight revelry. But Thayer urged me on.

"Just what are you driving at?"

I had to remind him that previous to



*Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner*

MY FINGERS HELD TO THE MECHANICAL ROUND OF THAT FRANTIC MESSAGE



our going into the war (Thayer and I had met in the Intelligence Division) I had been for a short time in charge of a wireless-station on the Pacific coast.

"It had been erected for the purpose of making some secret tests with wireless telephony," I continued. "Ostensibly we were just a wireless-station, under government control. We went through a daily routine of receiving and sending, most of it in code. A pretty dull business I can tell you. I was heartily glad when the word came that I was to be transferred. Then, one noon—the very day before my successor took charge—there burst in on me the queerest of human derelicts, a little, wizened gnome of a man, almost green in the face from terror. He clutched at my coat with a shaking, unclean hand, and started to pour forth the wildest tale imaginable. I was quite incredulous at first. I could see that he was drunk—or drugged. His eyes were bloodshot, the pupils dilated. And they glittered unpleasantly in a way that made me suspect he was not all right in his head. But his ghastly tale held me. He said his name was Curly Dirkes."

"What!—Curly Dirkes?"

"Some pensioner or hanger-on at that tungsten mine of Truslow's."

Thayer nodded. "A relic of the old-time West. I've heard Truslow, in a reminiscent mood, tell about him."

"And he had a grudge against Truslow?"

My companion smiled. "Something of the sort. He was born out of luck. He had a queer genius for mechanics, and in his early years had been cheated out of several valuable inventions—at least so he declared. Then it seems he went out West. Truslow, later on, fell in with him. Only, from the start Truslow invariably seemed to have the luck that Dirkes always missed. Dirkes parted with several claims that gave Truslow his first real start to fortune. Consequently, as the years went on, the

illusion grew upon Dirkes that Truslow had tricked him out of a vast fortune—Truslow, whom he declared he had grub-staked back in the eighties. Drink had got its grip on the old fellow by that time. Out of sheer pity Truslow eventually gave him some easy job at that tungsten mine. Dirkes merely continued to drink and brood upon his wrongs. In his senile way he had come to believe that Truslow's entire success was due to him, and that Truslow was a monster of ingratitude. The latter wouldn't hear of having the doddering old chap discharged, and so Dirkes held his job, mumbling to himself in and out of the mine office, and breathing maledictions against his benefactor."

"Did he ever threaten Truslow's life?" I asked.

"Very likely. But nobody paid any attention to his witless talk. It had come to be a stock joke around the mine office. Besides, Truslow never visited that tungsten mine. Even if Dirkes had been really bent on revenge he had no opportunity."

"But at last it seems that he had," I interposed. "That's what brought him staggering into my wireless-station, on the verge of collapse. It was impossible to get a coherent story out of him. Truslow, it seems, had wired for a box of tungsten-ore specimens to be rushed to Sans Souci, where he was awaiting the arrival of that Russian commission that wanted to buy the mine. Dirkes had tampered with the box, and then followed it to the coast, apparently fascinated by the crime he had planned. He had actually seen the box put aboard the vessel that was to take the commissioners off to Sans Souci."

"But the debauch that promptly followed had unmanned him, and the prickings of a long torpid conscience had done the rest. He had done for Truslow at last, was the burden of his maudlin remorse. He had contrived to put some sort of infernal machine—of his own invention—in that box of tungsten-ore specimens. When Truslow opened

the box . . . that would be the end of Truslow.

"A nice, diabolical finish, eh?" I commented. "Apparently, it hadn't occurred to him that some one else might open the box . . ."

"Truslow's wife, for example," Thayer suggested. His brow was contracted in a sudden, thoughtful frown.

"In any case, once the box was at sea the poor devil had lost his nerve. He didn't dare face the awful consequences of his crazy deed. And so he had floundered into the wireless-station. Perhaps it was not too late, if only warning could be flashed to Sans Souci.

"That was the problem, I saw at once—to get word instantly to the island. The box was beyond recall. By this time it had reached Sans Souci. Perhaps Truslow had already opened it—I had cold shivers at the thought. The only hope was that Truslow hadn't yet done so. But in that case every minute was priceless, and wireless was the only chance.

"By the time I had got this much clear in my mind, Dirkes was clawing at me to sidetrack everything else and get into communication with Sans Souci—warn Truslow not to open the box. He was a repulsive object to contemplate; the very air of the room was tainted by his intoxicated breath poured forth in that desperate appeal. Clearly, he was half out of his mind, and the question remained whether his gruesome tale was not the fabrication of his drink-crazed brain.

"Well, of course, I couldn't take chances as to that. I dropped everything and started calling Sans Souci. Fortunately, Truslow had erected a wireless-station on his island so that he could keep in touch with the coast.

"The statics were bad that day. A couple of war vessels off somewhere were barking back and forth at each other in code, to say nothing of the chatter of a dozen land stations jamming the air. I tuned for Sans Souci and sent out call after call, over and over

again. Then broke off and waited. But no response.

"Meanwhile the wizened, little gnome was leaning over my shoulder, watching my every movement with his ferretlike eyes, and twisting his frowsy cap in his hands. With the receiver clamped over my ears, his mumbling talk was shut out; but every now and then he would tap me on the arm, and when I looked round he would lift his ragged eyebrows in mute, crafty inquiry. I would shake my head—no answer yet—and turn back to my key.

"After twenty minutes of this futile business, my nerves were completely on edge. I might as well have been trying to signal Mars. And with Dirkes hanging over me like an Old Man of the Sea, lurching unsteadily from one foot to the other, and every half minute reaching out to paw my arm in his pantomime—well, I could stand it no longer. But Dirkes was not to be got rid of, nor could I shake off the feeling of my own responsibility in that crisis. I kept picturing that box of ore specimens in Truslow's unsuspecting hands—possibly at that very moment.

"Then I had a desperate inspiration. 'Look here!' I turned on the persistent Dirkes, dragging the receiver off my cramped ears. 'It's just possible that something's gone wrong with their sending apparatus. They may hear me calling but can't reply. I'm going ahead and send the message blind—just trust to luck that they pick it up.'

"And on the slim chance that Sans Souci—silent as the grave—might yet hear, I condensed the crucial facts into twenty words or so, which I began to send blindly forth.

"At the staccato splutter of the key and hissing sparks, a queer look of satisfaction spread over Dirkes' evil face. His clawlike hands closed and unclosed themselves spasmodically. Not a dot or dash escaped his sodden but watchful gaze. For an hour or more I stuck to the sending key, under the compulsion of his unrelenting presence. My fingers



ached, grew numb while they held to the mechanical round of that frantic message, repeated time after time until the words lost all sequence and meaning in my jaded brain.

"Well, naturally, it began to seem a silly business—this stark, fantastic alarm, shrieked out into the ether over and over again. While my fingers automatically held to their task, I wondered if I was not playing the fool to the senile vagaries of Dirkes' drink-crazed brain. It might prove later, on investigation, to be nothing but a hoax, and yet here was I, in charge of a government wireless-station, crying it to the four quarters of the heavens. A joke that might entail awkward explanations. But if Dirkes had spoken the truth—this grisly tampering with the box . . . well, how was I to judge? No, the peril was too grave. And so I kept on—for hours, it seemed—held to that intolerable task by a tortured conscience and the drunken, remorse-crazed Dirkes.

"And during all that interminable time Sans Souci maintained its sphinx-like silence. The red disk of the sun glowed on the ocean's edge, dipped and disappeared, while my key kept up its unflagging, persistent call. And suddenly, as the dusk gathered, I was aware that Dirkes had slunk away, had disappeared. I was wondering where and when he had gone, when one of the station men entered. 'Say,' he bluntly informed me, 'there's a drunken old codger out here that has cut his wrists and throat.'"

I paused to relight my cigarette, while my thoughts hung upon the crumpled heap that was Dirkes, and the persistent, unavailing cries that had radiated out into space to die unheeded upon the ether.

Thayer, catching sight of our waiter, had impatiently beckoned to him: "Those club sandwiches—without mayonnaise," he reminded him. "Please hurry them along!"

"The service is always confoundedly slow in this place," I grumbled.

Thayer turned from watching the waiter's dubiously retreating back. "I can tell you one thing for a fact," he said casually. "The wireless at Sans Souci was out of commission that day you are speaking of. A guy-wire had snapped in the high wind during the night, and one of the towers had crashed down. Took a week to fix it."

I dropped back in my chair at the words and contemplated anew, but in a limp, sickly way, that unforgettable afternoon of futile effort, capped by Dirkes' suicide.

"Well, I've often wondered. Naturally. You see, the next day I started east, and I never learned anything, although I read every newspaper I could lay hands on for a week. . . . So the poor devil had simply gone out of his mind, eh? When I think now of all those hours I spent sending that ridiculous message that got nowhere—sheer wasted effort."

"I wonder if it was, as you say, wasted effort." Thayer was studying the table-cloth with half-shut eyes, as if deep in some intricate speculation.

I halted with uplifted glass, dumbfounded. "Do you mean that it wasn't a hoax?"

"That story of Dirkes'. I'm sure I don't know."

"But that alleged bomb in the box of ore specimens—" I persisted.

Thayer, still glooming at the table-cloth, shrugged his shoulders. "That's precisely my point."

I regarded him for a moment, completely mystified. "Aren't you rather cryptic?" I demanded tartly.

Thayer laughed, and now he leaned back in his chair and looked across at me. "I don't mean to be. But, really, there's no answer to your questions. I'm wondering now myself. And I happen to know something about that queer business—more than anyone knows, except perhaps Eileen Truslow. She's Truslow's wife.

Our waiter reappeared with a tray which he set down upon a serving table,



*Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner*

SHE WAS LIKE SOME SPIRIT OF SUPPLICATION, SCULPTURED FOR ALL TIME



but to my annoyance I discovered that he was about to serve a party at an adjoining table that had come in after we had done so.

"The service is abominable in this place," I grumbled. "However, you were saying—"

Thayer turned with a shrug from observing the waiter's ministrations at the adjoining table. "I shall have to tell you about Eileen," he resumed. "She was Truslow's second wife. Much younger than he. Hardly more than twenty-six at the time we're talking about, while Truslow is all of fifty-five, I should say. Typical, American self-made success. You know the type—big, heavy, impressive; mentally, rather simple and unsophisticated, but with an iron will that matched his iron frame. Eileen, a decided contrast—petite, blond, willowy, and . . . well, spirituelle. But that's not the word. Whatever it was, you felt it very distinctly when her eyes were suddenly turned upon you. Wonderful eyes—large, lustrous, gray, framed by very dark lashes although her hair was like spun gold."

Thayer frowned as he strove to pick his words. "Unless you had known Eileen, I don't think you could understand. There was an eerie, elfin quality about her that you meet only in fairy-books. If you came upon her unawares, you were apt to startle her out of some queer reverie that was more like a trance. Then, suddenly on guard, her smile would flash out, and she would be just Eileen. But it left you wondering what she had been thinking about. You sensed a mysterious mental world to which she alone had entry, and where she repaired on strange, furtive excursions.

"Truslow was completely in love with her in his crude, heavy way. Only his passion for the woman seemed dominated by his big, mannish delight in her as a child. He had the usual masculine pride in his sheer possession of her, for Eileen was a woman that men fell in love with at sight. Along with

her wonderful coloring was a matchless skin and the most flawless shoulders that I ever saw graced by a dinner-dress.

"And yet," Thayer punctuated his words with a despairing shake of his head and a shrug of his shoulders, "she had all the prankish wilfulness of a young, untamed girl. There was something primordial about her that refused to capitulate to the decorums of polite society. That's why she loved Sans Souci, where she could run free and get Truslow away from his business. For Truslow's affairs were multitudinous and encroached heavily upon him. At times Eileen would be goaded to open protest. 'Oh, business! Always business!' she would bridle, and Truslow would laugh, heartily amused at her little, jealous outburst. She particularly resented the invasion of Sans Souci by that Russian commission.

"'We shall hear nothing but tungsten discussed for two whole days!' she darkly prophesied, standing beside me on the veranda, as we watched the arriving party coming off in a tender from the yacht. Their baggage followed them ashore, and along with it the box of tungsten-ore specimens. I particularly remember, for later on I came upon the butler puzzling over it as he directed the disposal of the luggage of Truslow's guests. Eileen resented its advent as symbolical of the tedious negotiations that were going to usurp all else at Sans Souci for the next day or two.

"'I've a great mind to pitch it into the sea,' she threatened, and Truslow laughed. 'Business is business,' he reminded her in his offhand way. 'And tungsten is tungsten, I suppose,' retorted Eileen, turning away from the box with a despairing lift of her pretty shoulders.

"The newcomers had already been presented to her—Count Feodor Lazarov, and the two Englishmen. Captain Gresham held some post in the War-Office—young, clean-faced, slender, very correct in his military bearing. Burrill, much older, and a man of affairs, was

the technical expert of the party. But Count Feodor was the dominant figure of the group. The cosmopolitan, born and bred, shone out in his every movement. You realized it at once in the way he bent over Eileen's hand, conveying a sort of Old-World homage to her youthful American beauty. He murmured his compliments in French.

"That night, at dinner, the talk drifted naturally to the war, in which we Americans were as yet wholly outsiders. In those early days there was the usual speculation as to how long the conflict would last—a discussion in which Burrill and Truslow sharply differed. Then the talk got round to the critical fortunes of the Russians on the Eastern front.

"If we could but peer a little way into the future," Count Feodor exclaimed with a sort of sigh. "Is it not so, madame? What would we not give for one brief glimpse of what is ahead!"

"Truslow looked quizzically across the table at his wife. 'That's Eileen's specialty—knowing things before they happen.'

"It was rather crudely put, but Count Feodor seemed instantly to comprehend. He laid down his fork and regarded Eileen intently. 'So! I felt that you were not—how shall I say?—*comme nous autres*.'

"Eileen colored uneasily. 'My husband is only jesting. He likes to tease me about my having a sixth sense, as he calls it.'

"And she has!" Truslow insisted. "Telepathy, second-sight—call it anything you like. Quite extraordinary. You wait and see now, after dinner. You'll play cards with us, Eileen?"

"A quick look of dismay leaped to her face. 'Oh, I'd much rather you men had your game to yourselves!'

"Nonsense!" said Truslow. He had already discovered that Count Feodor had a fondness, like himself, for stud-poker.

"Eileen yielded to his wish. She didn't like to play cards. They had

an uncanny way of yielding up the secret of their rank and suit when in her hands. When she dealt, which she did with extraordinary, swift precision, her fingers were a delight to watch. You got the impression of their being mysteriously sensitized, endowed with some occult control. They became, so to speak, the antennæ of her mind, through which she could project a sort of mental vision.

"And the cards did seem transparent under her touch. She played poker—as most women play—with a naïve ignoring of the psychological finesse which men bring to the game. But the most adroit of antagonists was helpless when matched against her. She would finger her stack of chips, flash her quick smile at a challenging raise, half-shut her eyes or brush her hand across them, and then suddenly drop her cards outright or raise to the limit. And she was invariably right. Truslow, sleek and ponderous in his dinner clothes, would watch with unfeigned amusement the performance, which he never sought to understand. A game of cards, no matter how reckless the stakes, was for him a trivial diversion remote from the issues of life. Eileen, he would have said, had 'some queer knack at cards,' letting it go at that.

"Thus it went that evening with Count Feodor and the others. We played with varying bad fortune among the rest of us, while Eileen's stack of 'blues' mounted higher and higher. She began to drop out of hands, betting rashly and then relinquishing her stakes, as if she were deliberately trying to lose. For her incredible luck held. In the middle of one hand, in which the stakes had mounted high, she suddenly dropped the cards which she was dealing and pushed over her piles of chips. 'It's not fair!' she burst out. 'I don't know how I know, but I do. Count Feodor has kings back to back, and I have aces.'

"Count Feodor laughed and exposed the concealed card.



"I shouldn't play, Robert," she appealed to Truslow. "It spoils the game."

"Our sitting broke up then and there, Eileen insisting that there should be no settlement, and we adjourned to the veranda for a smoke in the soft night air. It was then that Eileen had a moment alone with me, away from the others. 'What is this queer thing about me?' she demanded with sudden intensity. 'Why do things seem to come to me . . . out of the air?'"

"Her fingers were tearing at some tendril of the vines that flanked the veranda. Suddenly her hand reached out as if in appraisal of the empty air, fingering its quality. Instantly a look of disappointment crossed her face in the starlight of the summer night. 'What a pity! It will turn stormy to-night, and I did so want to have a nice day to-morrow, although'—and here she glanced across at Truslow, deep in talk with his guests—'I know Robert has forgotten what day it is.'"

"That was as close as Eileen ever came to a confession about herself—that strange prescience of things remote in space or time, which Truslow called 'hunches.' I doubt if she really understood herself. At times I think she was even a little afraid of herself as of something abnormal and not of this world, and was glad of Truslow's simple whole-souled love, which drew her almost roughly down to earth and held her there. His sheer physical dominance of her was like a banking of ashes thrown upon this queer flickering of her soul; I fancy that, underneath it all, she may have glowed in a contented warmth, grateful to be shut out from the strange voices that called to her."

I broke in on Thayer at this point. "And so, you are going to tell me that she had one of her 'hunches,' as you call them, regarding that box."

"Nothing of the sort," he retorted. "I'm merely telling you the facts that I have personal knowledge of, as an eye-witness. And one of them is the fact of the dismantled wireless. The

wind rose violently during the night, as Eileen had predicted. We were in for a three-day gale. In the morning one of the towers was in splinters on the ground. It particularly distressed Eileen, for the wireless at Sans Souci was her favorite toy. Gridley, the young chap in charge of it, had taught her the Morse code, and she would sit in the little cabin by the hour, listening to whatever messages were speeding through the air. She seemed to get no end of fun out of it. Celestial eavesdropping, she used to call it. In time she could send and receive almost as well as Gridley himself.

"Well, the wireless was down and out, and Eileen was without that diversion while Truslow and the Russian commission sat in high conclave over the purchase of the tungsten mine. They got seriously into it after luncheon the following day, although Eileen wanted to take the whole party for a tramp around the island over the dunes. She reveled in those dunes under a strong wind, with the gray sea lashed to white. But Truslow firmly overruled such nonsense; the afternoon was to be devoted to serious business. Count Lazarov, he reminded her, had not come to Sans Souci to romp over the dunes."

"I could see that Eileen was miffed. She seemed to think that she had some particular claim to that day and its disposal. During luncheon I noticed that Eileen had fallen rather oddly silent. I put it down to pique at having her plans for the afternoon overruled. In spite of Count Feodor's animated talk (and he knew how to talk to a pretty woman) now and then Eileen's gaze would become abstracted. I caught her looking absently across the table, and yet intent upon something, with her fork half-raised from her plate. Her little trick of brushing her hand across her forehead when baffled, was frequently repeated. She would look up suddenly, her gray eyes very wide as if her ear had caught some far-off cry. And for a long moment she would seem to be listening intently. Then she



would abruptly recollect herself, flash her smile upon Count Feodor, and try to pick up the thread of his talk. A few moments later and the puzzled frown would steal back to her face, and her eyes grow vacuous. It was as if she were trying to catch some distant, pulsing cry borne on the wind—some formless and all but inaudible sound that persistently eluded her. Whatever it was, she grew ill at ease. By the time coffee was served, her foot was nervously tapping the floor and her laughter at Count Feodor's gallant persiflage was altogether forced.

"Truslow and the commissioners retired to his study. I wandered out to the veranda, filling my pipe. Suddenly Eileen was at my side, looking out across the wind-swept dunes with that same searching, uneasy frown between her eyes. Then a queer thing happened. Standing beside me, she slipped her arm into mine, and I got a curious sensation. I seemed suddenly linked with some mysterious magnetic circuit coursing through her, and for a moment I was vividly aware that something impended, swirled in the air around us, struggled to become palpable, articulate.

"She turned upon me abruptly. 'What is it? Don't you—can't you feel . . . something?'

"Her arm dropped from mine, and instantly the queer sensation was gone. I looked out upon an empty world, across wind-lashed dunes, above which the gulls wheeled white against the leaden sky. I prosaically struck a match and nursed its flame over my pipe-bowl. Between puffs I dropped some jesting remark, as if humoring a fanciful child. Instantly the eager appeal upon her uplifted face vanished, gave place to a look of sudden hurt. She swung abruptly away from me. 'I will know!—I must.' And with that she ran down the veranda steps and started toward the dunes. As the wind caught and buffeted her, she broke into a run, her slender, pliant figure braced against the blast.

"From the veranda I watched her in lazy admiration. She seemed like some pagan nymph out of mythology escaping to her former haunts, and boisterously welcomed by all the elements. The fierce airs tore at her golden hair, flattening her filmy dress upon her, enveloping her in sudden whirls of flying sand, as if in sportive welcome of a play-fellow. Even the gulls, careening in the gray overhead, swerved and darted down as if to greet her. She no longer seemed wholly earthbound, wholly mortal. It was as if she had flung off all hampering human ties and sought some strange affinity with the turbulent winds above her. And suddenly on the crest of one of the dunes, she paused and flung wide her hands, as if in passionate appeal to the mysterious gods of that upper world."

Thayer shrugged his shoulders and looked across at me helplessly. "You'll think I'm romancing, but I can't help it. You should have seen her at just that moment—her lithe figure suddenly rigid, her arms flung outward and slightly lifted in that attitude of mute appeal. Stark against the sky, she was like some Spirit of Supplication, sculptured for all time . . . tense, imploring, eloquent. And demanding what? Hanged if I know. No one could ever fathom Eileen's sudden moods. Some riddle seemed to beset her, filled the air about her—some inarticulate cry, you might say, elusive, impalpable, afloat in the ether. And with her arms flung wide, it was as if she were resolved to tear that riddle from the air by some occult process . . . her sensitive fingers spread out, attuned to things beyond mortal apprehension. Like antennæ—was my odd thought at the moment, suggested doubtless by the stricken wireless tower just beyond her—stark against the leaden sky like her own palpitant, expectant figure. Yes, she was like that—just that . . . energized by some mysterious power outside herself, attuned to harmonies of the ether that we mortals never hear."



"Oh, come now, Thayer," I interposed, cutting in on his rhapsody. "You don't expect me to believe—"

"I'm not asking you to believe anything at all about Eileen Truslow—out there on the dunes, her hands lifted to the sky like that crippled and impotent tower that rose behind her. I'm merely telling you the facts, and you can put any interpretation upon them you like. Eileen may have raced off there in sheer exuberance of physical spirits in a revel with the wind and flying sand. She was a creature of sudden moods and impulses like that. In fact, I didn't give the matter any thought. I turned my back on her and went into the house. My pipe had gone out and I wanted another match.

"I wonder if we are ever going to get those sandwiches," Thayer suddenly exclaimed, twisting round in a vain endeavor to locate our waiter. But the latter had seemingly vanished to the ends of the earth. Thayer turned back to me, and found what consolation he could in sipping from his water glass.

"That strange tryst on the dunes couldn't have lasted very long. I didn't see Eileen return to the house, but a few minutes later, passing through the hall on my way to my room, I had a sudden, unexpected glimpse of her. The door of the library was ajar; and there was Eileen in the act of snatching up a mahogany box from the table and clutching it to her breast, while the men were half rising from their chairs in bewilderment at her abrupt descent upon them.

"As I mounted the stairs I heard Truslow's voice—'But Eileen! What's the meaning of this nonsense?' And no answer from Eileen—only her swift retreating footsteps through the hall. I was speculating in some amusement as to what Count Feodor would think of the ways of spoiled American wives, as instanced by Eileen's "wilful" disruption of that solemn conclave."

"But the box?" I broke in upon Thayer impatiently.

Thayer coolly eyed me across the rim

of his uplifted glass, as he deliberately drank. Then he shrugged his shoulders. "You would ask that, of course. Well, from the window of my room a few moments later, I had a further glimpse of Eileen, still clutching the box, running off toward the sea. The island lifts very sheer at that end where Truslow's house is built. I watched her curiously, wondering what queer deviltry she could be up to. She paused at the edge of the bluff, lifted the box aloft with both hands. And the next moment I saw it, hurled forth in a wide arc, fall swiftly into the sea."

Thayer lifted his glass and drank again. For some minutes I waited in vain for him to resume, but his attention seemed riveted on some distant object. "I wonder if that fellow is our waiter," he announced uncertainly.

"But look here, Thayer. She must have told Truslow—later."

His glance came back to mine. "Told him what? That he had forgotten it was her birthday that was being desecrated by that interminable powwow over tungsten—which she had ruthlessly broken up?" Thayer seemed to contemplate that possibility. "No, I think she let him make that belated discovery for himself. . . . By Jove, I believe it *is* our waiter. If he hasn't brought those club sandwiches . . ."

I dropped back in my chair and bit my lip. The man was unfathomable. "It was most extraordinary behavior on the part of Mrs. Truslow, if I may be permitted to say so," I commented ironically.

My tart words evoked another characteristic shrug from Thayer. "Extraordinary? No—not if you knew Eileen. I told you she had a habit of doing impulsive, unaccountable things—which seemed to amuse Truslow. For he was always indulgent to her outbreaks. I think that was his heavy, inarticulate way of showing that he loved her. . . . Well, at last!" he ended abruptly.

For our club sandwiches had, in fact, arrived.

## WHERE ALL ROADS LEAD

BY AGNES REPPLIER

ONLY they don't! How the old Maine adage, "All roads lead to York," ever got into print, or into the minds of men, remains a mystery. Geographically and historically, York is a byway, remote from main-traveled roads and from painful possibilities of development. Yet within a radius of a few miles, skirting York River and running to the open sea, are three settlements, sharply contrasted and distinctly representative. They tell, each in its own fashion, the story of American civilization.

First York Village, small, serene, old, typical of a long-past generation which achieved in all it built something akin to beauty. Its sole claim to historic distinction is its priority as a "city," being the first English colony to receive this dignified charter, which it kept for a few proud years. Its charm lies in its imperviousness, in its admirable repudiation of change. It remains unrenovated and uncontaminated by its progressive neighbors. A mile away lies the summer resort of York Harbor, gay, suave, distinguished, hospitable, its roads lined with cottages and flowering gardens, its rocky coast covered with spacious homes. And only two miles farther on, the magnificent curve of York Beach is cluttered with a medley of shops, booths, amusement halls, eating places, scores of little boxlike houses with Arcadian names, and hundreds of holiday seekers disporting themselves on the sands. An unbeautiful place, but alive, stirring, and cheerful. It belongs just where it is (though there are those who wish it elsewhere) to round and complete the picture, to illustrate the triumph of the principles for which we believe we went to war.

The story of York is a quiet one. Too tolerant for religious persecution and too tranquil for witchcraft, the settlement lacks the somber interest of more fervid and febrile communities. Even the Indian massacre in 1692, though it nearly cost the infant town its life, is less famous than the Deerfield massacre in 1704. There were no mysterious warnings, such as the Deerfield colonists dared to ignore; no picturesque details, like the carrying of the church bell (originally stolen by privateers from a French ship) all the way to Canada on a dog sledge; no strange stories of captive women clinging to their Indian husbands, and loath to return to civilization. In all its social and historic aspects, York presents fewer high lights and heavy shadows than most New England colonies.

The settlement owes its existence to a custom common among English explorers of kidnapping stray Indians and carrying them home as curiosities. In 1611 Sir Ferdinando Gorges, a gentleman whose foreign name was at variance with his ancient lineage (the blood of the Howards flowed in his veins, and his family had been landowners in the parish of Wraxall since the days of Edward II) was deeply impressed by the appearance and the bearing of one of these captives brought to London by George Weymouth. The Indian's name was Epanow, and he is described as "a goodly man of a brave aspect, stout and sober in demeanor." That he was also astute is proved by the fact that he used the little English at his command to so enlarge upon the fertility of his native soil, the abundance of game, and the excellence of the fishing, that a ship was speedily fitted out to reconnoiter this promising



coast, and the savage was taken along to act as interpreter and guide. The voyage was made in safety; but before the little vessel could touch at Marthas Vineyard the accomplished Epanow escaped, and stirred up the Indians to such fierce resistance that landing was impossible. "Thus," mourned Sir Ferdinando, "were my hopes of that particular voyage made void and frustrate."

It was not long, however, before he tried again. A proud, restless, ambitious, impoverished man, devoted to the monarchy, the episcopacy, and other aristocratic devices never keenly favored in New England, he was greatly esteemed by Charles I, who granted him vast tracts of virgin forest, and vaster powers of jurisdiction "for himself and his heirs forever." The only trouble lay in wresting the land from the red men, and maintaining authority over the whites. Sir Ferdinando never crossed the sea; but Thomas Gorges, whom some historians call his nephew, and some his "cosen," came over in 1640. The tiny settlement at the foot of Agamenticus was duly chartered as a city, and christened Gorgeana in honor of its founder, who desired "to so familiarize and perpetuate his name."

Such modest hopes are often doomed to failure. Sir Ferdinando died in 1647, and by 1652 Massachusetts had assumed control over the loosely governed settlement, revoked its charter, reduced it to a township, and rechristened it tersely York. The colonists were strong-limbed, stout-hearted men of good Scotch and English stock, who had lived in orderly, if independent, fashion, dealing out justice with an unsparing hand. There is the record of a woman tried, condemned, and hanged for the murder of her husband eight years before the Massachusetts laws were adopted; and minor offenses were punished in the summary and picturesque fashion common to the period. In 1650 it was ordered that "the Treasurer is for to provid a pare of billbowes and a coucking stole [ducking stool] to be payd for out of the

publicke stocke." A whipping post was also set up on the green, whereas more thrifty settlers were wont to utilize the town pump for this purpose.

Thus awfully equipped, Gorgeana was able to command obedience, and insure some measure of tranquillity. When two bellicose matrons, Mrs. Hilton and Mrs. Flanders, passed by a natural transition from abusing their husbands to abusing their neighbors, they found, to their regret, that they had gone too far. So also did William Wormewood, arraigned as "a common swarrer and a tarbulent person." William Hilton, the henpecked husband and proprietor of an inn, was admonished "for not keeping vittual and drink at all times for strangers and inhabitants"; while landlords who charged for more liquor than had been drunk were ordered to pay "double impost for all that they had drawn"—a punishment which fitted the crime with oriental nicety.

It was no easy matter to adjust laws for the first New England colonists, who made them offhand as they were needed, and resented the inevitability of change. Before 1647 no goats, swine, or women were permitted on the Isles of Shoals, the fishing folk who inhabited these strips of land desiring neither herds nor domesticity. The world moves, however, and in 1647 one John Reynolds, a resident of the Shoals, asked and obtained permission to keep his wife by his side, provided no complaint was made against her. She seems to have behaved with commendable prudence, knowing herself liable to deportation. The Shoals were sterner than the mainland—which was never lenient—in dealing with troublesome women. In 1665 one Joan Forde was publicly whipped for having in a moment of ill-advised heat called the constable "a horn-headed rogue."

It was to Massachusetts, however, that York owed the "olde gaol" of which it was, and is, inordinately proud, and part of which was built as early as 1653. A handsome, substantial edifice, with pleasant, well-heated rooms (used prob-



ably for civic purposes) above, and very unpleasant, but equally well-heated, rooms, called poetically the "dungeons," below. Whatever hardships the early malefactors may have endured, they were certainly kept warm during the bleak New England winters. As a matter of fact, they seem to have resented any hardships, and when things were not to their liking they said, plainly (like the lady in John Davidson's ballad who had been deceived into going to hell) that they would not stay—and they didn't. The most interesting thing about this ancient building, pronounced by Sylvester to be the strongest prison east of the Piscataqua, and which was equipped with all the paraphernalia of massive bolts and sinister sword-blade gratings, is the ease with which its inmates departed when they tired of security and inaction.

The records of the jail show that in one day, a pleasant June day suggestive, no doubt, of woods and waters and the open fields, eight prisoners escaped, which must have left the little stronghold quite empty and deserted. The following May a prisoner "was taken out for an airing, and escaped from the person who had charge of him," which sounds like Sing Sing in its cheeriest days. A more ingenious and painstaking captive wrenched a bar from his window in the north cell, allowing scant room for exit, smeared the sword-blade gratings with a little blood, and then concealed himself in the chimney. When his absence was discovered, the jailer and the selectmen marveled that so big a man could ever have squeezed himself through so small a space; and one of the party, being of an experimental turn of mind, thrust his head and shoulders out of the aperture, only to find that he could not draw them back, and that the rest of his body would not follow. When the excitement incidental to this discovery had quieted down, the visitors went away, leaving the door of the cell unlocked, and the prisoner, blackened with soot, walked quietly out to freedom.

To a few chosen offenders, sober, de-

pendable felons, was granted the "liberty of the yard," which meant permission to stroll unwatched in the immediate neighborhood of the jail, and, if they were so minded, attend service in the meeting-house opposite. One of these indulged prisoners, who subsequently became rich and respectable, donated a small sum of money toward the purchase of a new church bell, explaining in a somewhat ribald letter that the clanging of the old cracked bell had seriously annoyed him in the days of his captivity.

The jail, carefully preserved from the ravages of time and weather, is now a museum, crammed with the austere essentials and frivolous superfluities of Colonial and Revolutionary days. Side by side with spinning wheels and powder horns and cooking utensils of mammoth size and primitive construction, are carved combs and ivory fans and delicate laces. Here is preserved a fine copy of Jonathan Edwards's *Careful and Strict Enquiry into the Modern Prevailing Notions of that Freedom of Will which is Supposed to be Essential to Moral Agency, Virtue and Vice, Reward and Punishment, Praise and Blame* (why spare a single word of such a title?); and here, thrust pitilessly into a glass case, is a jointed penny doll which by some unhappy fortune has survived its modest heyday for over a hundred years. Longevity is ever a freakish thing; but a penny doll, fashioned and purposed to die young, ought not to be thwarted of its destiny.

The early history of York is overshadowed by its one supreme tragedy, the Indian massacre of 1692. There had been skirmishes with the Abenakis for fifteen years; but the settlers were too well used to dangers to waste much time in thinking about them. The little hamlet stretched itself snugly on the bank of a tidal river, encircled for three miles round by farming lands. Beyond these cultivated fields lay the forests, denizenized always by wolves and wild cats, and semi-occasionally by savages. King



Philip's War cost York seven sturdy farmers, who were ambushed and slain when they were planting their seed one April morning; but even this episode was gradually forgotten, and the town-folk, like other New England colonists, trusted their safety to their garrison houses, strong wooden structures, heavily stockaded, and pierced with loopholes for musketry.

Then came St. Castine's War, and the hostility of the red men was made doubly dangerous by the guiding intelligence of the French. The winter of '92 had been a hard one, and on February 4th the snow lay in mountainous drifts, swathing the doomed village like a winding sheet. Hidden under the lee of Agamenticus, which they had reached after a fortnight's patient travel, the Indians sent out scouts, who saw the smoke rise from a hundred chimneys, while from Parson Dummer's house at Roaring Rock a solitary gray spiral floated in the frosty air.

All night the raiders watched, and all night the white men slept. An hour before dawn a farmer's boy went into the woods to examine his cruel traps. At the foot of a bowlder, still called Snowshoe Rock, he stumbled across a stack of Indian snowshoes. As he stood wondering, an Indian dog, its muzzle bound with deer-thongs, leaped through the darkness. Terrified, and dimly surmising what this portended, the lad fled swiftly until he reached the first cabin in the clearing. There he tried to gasp out his tale, and a musket ball stopped the words on his lips. No time was given for warning.

In this dreadful hour the four garrison houses proved their worth. All who could reach them were saved, for the Indians had no mind to face the steady fire of musketry when there was easier game afoot. To burn the undefended homes, to shoot down their flying inmates, this was quick work. Before the sun was well above the horizon a hundred settlers had been slain and scalped, and more than half that number, women

and children for the most part, had been, as the old record puts it, "captivated." The cattle were then killed in leisurely fashion, the outlying farms were fired, and the Indians made good their retreat to the north, eluding the force sent out from Portsmouth in pursuit.

Among those lost was the minister, whose body was found at the door of his wrecked home; and it is to this circumstance that we owe the better denunciations of Cotton Mather, who seems to have considered the whole episode as a plot hatched by Rome, and aimed at the pure Christian creed of New England. In his *Decennium Luctuosum*, 1699, he bewails the death of the Rev. Shubael Dummer at the hands of "horrid Salvages," characterized as "Blood-Hounds," "Tygres," "Tawnies," and "Dragons of the Desert." The clergyman, "Well-Descended, Well-Tempered, Well-Educated, and short of Sixty Years of Age," is furthermore described as "One of whom, for his Exemplary Holiness, Modesty, Industry and Fidelity the World was not worthy." So shining a mark could not fail of envy, and became the innocent and unconscious object of the red men's rage. "These Blood-Hounds, being set on by Romish Missionaries, had long been wishing that they might Embrue their Hands in the Blood of some New-English Minister; and in this Action they had their Diabolical Satisfaction."

A child of four named Jeremiah Moulton escaped the York massacre. Williamson, in his *History of the State of Maine*, says that he was one of several children who, with a woman or two, were deliberately spared by the Indians in gratitude for some kindness shown by the colonists to their squaws. Other authorities say that when the village was fired this sturdy youngster ran so fast that the amused savages permitted him to escape, whooping to increase his fright and speed. Others again, oblivious to the picturesqueness of such details, mention him indifferently as one of the ransomed captives. If contradictory evi-





*Etching by Ada C. Williamson*

TRADITION SAYS THE STEEPLE WAS DESIGNED BY SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN



dence is to be considered as invalidating history, we might safely assume that there was no Jeremiah Moulton, or, if we choose, that there never had been a massacre at York.

Whatever were the motives which induced the Indians to let this child live, it was mistaken policy. Burning homes

place of the "New-English" minister. There was at all times a thoroughness about the white man's killing which made savage warfare seem a trifle sketchy and impressionistic. York survived that February night, and time slowly healed her wounds; but the pleasant summer day set apart for the destruction of Norridgewock saw the work completed, the village stamped out of existence, the braves, squaws, and papooses dead in the ashes of their homes.

Moulton is said to have given orders that the priest's life should be spared; but in the heat of indiscriminate slaughter no leader could control his men. When Father Râle appeared at the door of his hut a dozen bullets sought his heart. He had lived among the Indians for thirty-seven years. His published letters give an interesting and minute account of his labors; and the manuscript copy of his dictionary of the Abenaki language is preserved in the library of Harvard College. A hundred and nine years after the Norridgewock massacre a plain stone monument was erected to mark the spot where he died.

Meanwhile York was slowly struggling back to its original population and prosperity. It was hard work, for, whatever might be the particular Indian war of the period, the village seemed to lie straight in the savages' path. For them, indeed, all roads did lead to York. Three times the Perkins homestead was burned down, and three times rebuilt by the dauntless

pioneers whose descendants still live in the lovely and secluded spot where stood the first rude cabin. In 1703 (Queen Anne's War was then in progress) Arthur Bragdon came in from the fields at noon, and found his wife and five children lying dead and scalped on the floor of the farmhouse kitchen. If the settlers were pitiless, they were not without provocation,



A CORNER OF THE SEWALL MANSION

and butchered neighbors made a vivid impression on the infant mind, shaping and coloring it for life. Moulton grew up a stern and pitiless fighter, and was one of the four men who led the expedition against the Indians at Norridgewock, reversing with exactitude the massacre at York, even to the butchery of the French missionary, Father Râle, in

certain memories being of an ineffaceable order. Macduff did not *see* his bleeding wife and children, yet the thought of them sufficed to keep his soul on fire:

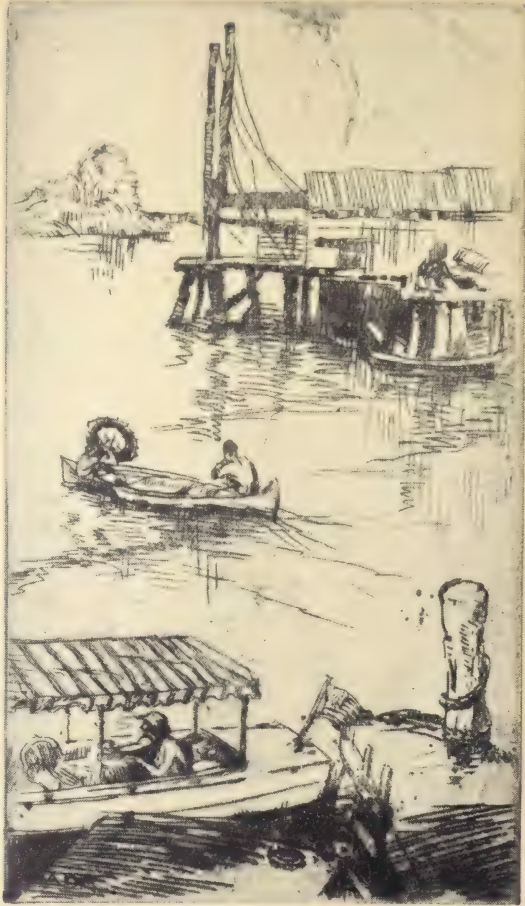
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me.

To York were shipped some of the Scotch prisoners taken at Dunbar, and dispatched by Cromwell to the Colonies under the euphemistic title of "apprentices." They were welcome to the settlers, and fared more smoothly in this corner of New England than amid the rigors of Puritanism at home. The Yorkists were at no time keenly controversial. They built a substantial church, which was later replaced by one of unusual beauty, and in 1682 it was ordered that an annual sermon should be preached in this church when the General Assembly met, "to incourage the Ministry," and for "the better promoting of an acquaintance between Ministers and the Government"—all in the friendliest spirit.

The successor to the ill-fated Mr. Dummer was the Rev. Samuel Moody, known familiarly as Father Moody to the flock which he austere-ly ruled for forty-seven years. Having refused to accept a salary, as savoring too strongly of commercialism, the records of York are full of the gifts and grants which kept—inadequately—the wolf from his door. Sometimes this watchful animal crept so close that the General Court of Massachusetts allowed small sums to hold it off. Sometimes plenty reigned, and the parish meeting voted as much as a hundred and twenty pounds for the purchase of a negro slave assigned to the minister's use.

When Father Moody died the sum of forty pounds was given to his widow, fifteen pounds to his son, and ten pounds to his daughter, "to put themselves in mourning at their discretion"—a hand-

some concession to gentility. His tombstone in the old graveyard refers us to the first six verses of the third chapter of Second Corinthians for an epitome of his career; and a pious eulogist, thinking that so good a man must necessarily have been a persecuted one, assures us with melancholy fervor:



A REMNANT OF AN OLD WHARF

He loved the world that frowned on him;  
the tear  
That dropped upon his Bible was sincere;  
Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,  
His only answer was a blameless life.

It sounds misunderstood and meek;  
but in reality this pioneer preacher was famous for plain speaking and for the sternness of his authority. His congre-



gation regarded him with at least as much deference as devotion, which is a good way for congregations to feel; and when he became prophetic (always within the bounds of probability) they marked his words and soberly awaited their fulfillment.

The heroic quality is never lacking in the annals of a New England settlement. York, like its neighbors, lived frugally and dangerously, yet ambitiously withal, paying a bounty of four pounds for the head of every full-grown wolf, authorizing the selectmen to engage "a grand teacher who shall instruct the children in learned things," aspiring to a courthouse and a workhouse of its own, and building a strong

stockade of oak and hemlock to protect the parsonage from Indians. The town meeting regulated the affairs of the little community with parental solicitude and more than parental authority. It empowered the wife of Philip Adams, who was "somewhat thick of hearing," to "move forward in the meeting house"; and at the same time it notified Sewall Banks that he was "requested to sit in the fore seat below, and his wife, as becomes a wife, in the women's fore seat." It directed the selectmen "to provide a cure for Ruth Trickey of her present illness at the cheapest rate they can" (one feels sorry for Ruth!); and when a ship was launched, it ordered a barrel of rum to be broached for the men, and a barrel of wine for the women, the latter (as became wives) abstaining from strong drink. The fisheries were valuable, and there was a ceaseless search for sassafras, the bark being in equal demand as an export and as a domestic remedy, "hot, dry and comforting, particularly after a surfeit," though how any Maine colonist ever achieved a surfeit is more than the historian can fathom.

The pleasant, garrulous old churchyard, beautifully shaded and of a friendly nearness, epitomizes the history of York. Its sunken slate headstones with comic cherubs and serious sentiments are gossipy and reminiscent. The difference between Anglo-Saxon epitaphs and Celtic or Latin epitaphs is that the former address themselves to passers-by, and the latter to God. The Celt asks forgiveness for his sins, the Latin breathes a prayer for peace, or gives thanks for the showing of mercy; but the Saxon offers frigid testimony to frigid virtues, sorrowful testimony to sorrowful infirmities, and accurate testimony to the human and homely happenings of life.

Granted that Mrs. Hannah Moody, consort of the Reverend



THE OLD JAIL, NOW A MUSEUM





THE SAYWARD HOUSE ON THE YORK RIVER SPEAKS OF PRE-REVOLUTIONARY CHARM

Samuel, is credited with more virtues than can fit without crowding into one fallible soul. "An early and thoro Convert, eminent for Holiness, Prayerfulness, Watchfulness, Zeal, Prudence, Sincerity, Humility, Meekness, Patience, Weanedness from the World, Self-Denial, Publick Spiritedness, Diligence, Faithfulness and Charity." Granted that the "promising youth," John Bragdon, who "de-

parted Life with some comfortable Hope in his Death, after great Distress of Soul, and solemn Warnings to Young People not to put off their Repentance to a Death Bed," affects us disagreeably as savoring of Jonathan Edwards's *Narratives of Surprising Conversions*. But it is pleasant to commend the behavior of a York schoolmaster who left no children to mourn his loss, for the



entirely reputable reason that he died a bachelor; and we can still take a thin, faint interest in Jonathan Sayward, who "united the Gentleman and Christian," being pious and benevolent as became a Christian, and social as became a gentleman, besides (crowning merit in both Christian and gentleman) being "entertaining in conversation," and, as a consequence, deeply lamented by his friends.

The "witch's grave" in York is a pathetic endeavor to bring the village into line with more richly endowed communities. Never having had a living witch, it wistfully claims a dead one on the insufficient evidence of a slab of rock which covers the body of a young

woman named Mary Nasson, and which, tradition says, was placed there to keep her restless spirit down. There was once a haunted house, but its ghost neglected it so shamefully that it lost its reputation; and there was once a wise woman who had a "weather pan" which bred storms; but she repented of her wisdom, destroyed her implement (which would have been more serviceable on that coast if it had bred fine weather), and faded away into a dim respectability. There was a lack of staying power about the superstitions of York which must have been due to a cheerful streak in its religion.

Great, however, was the town's respect for eccentricities. In this regard all New England settlements closely resembled one another. The genial absence of alienists permitted mad people to achieve a good deal of distinction. If a clergyman to-day veiled his countenance like the Prophet of Khorassan, he would be inconspicuously placed in an asylum. But when the Rev. Joseph Moody, son of the great Samuel, wore a handkerchief over his face, he became, by virtue of that simple act, a celebrity in his lifetime, and a legendary hero after death. Under the sobriquet of "Handkerchief Moody" he is mentioned respectfully in all local histories and guide books. The table at which he ate his solitary meals is preserved—Heaven knows why!—in the museum, and "special attention" is called to it in the catalogue. Hawthorne was so profoundly impressed



THE SEWALL MANSION

by the handkerchief that he helped to perpetuate it in a story called "The Minister's Black Veil"—a story calculated to make us doubt the weight and worth of sanity.

Another clergyman, an itinerant preacher named Dow, who is said to have traveled some two hundred thousand miles in the thirty-eight years of his ministry (a record which will bear comparison with Wesley's own), always jumped out of the window nearest the pulpit as soon as he had finished his sermon. He performed this feat in York as elsewhere; and, if disturbing to the adult members of the congregation, it must have been a pure delight to all the little boys who would gladly have followed his example.

To-day the old village of York retains much of its primitive charm.

The church is singularly lovely, and there is a tradition—unsupported by evidence—that its steeple was designed by Sir Christopher Wren. The Wilcox tavern is little changed since the days when lumbering coaches stopped at its door, and its landlords were compelled by law to provide entertainment for man and beast. The Sewall "mansion" still stands, stately and shabby and sad. To the Town House were summoned on the 27th of May, 1776, the freeholders and other men of York in whose hands lay the honor of the community. "You are then and there," so ran the notice, "to advise (if you see fit) your Representative at the General Court that if the Honourable Congress should, for the Safety of the Colonies, declare them Independent of the Kingdom of Great Britain, you will Solemnly engage with your Lives and Fortunes to Support them in this Measure. Hereof fail not."

I am always a little sorry for the great new cities of the Union which have had no such crucial and heroic moments in their histories.



THE FISH HOUSE AT THE HARBOR

The glories of York Harbor and its supremely beautiful bit of coast have somewhat obscured the dim grace of York Village. For information about York Harbor we have but to turn to the *Handbook of New England*, a volume which aspires to combine the qualities of Baedeker, the *Social Register*, and *Who's Who*. From its pages we learn that "wealthy families from Boston, New York and Philadelphia occupy stately villas in this popular resort"; that certain specified "villas," pre-eminent for stateliness, "have been the scenes of many hospitalities"; that "the Reading Room is regarded as rather exclusive"; and that Mr. Robert Her-rick, professor and novelist, "often spends a few weeks before and after the



fashionable summer season in his house on the south side of the river"—which sounds more exclusive than the Reading Room.

Even in York Harbor there are traces of the past—old wharves bearing the names of the sea captains whose private property they were; and old homes like the Sayward house, which stands by the river, and is fitted with masterly skill (more like a thing that has grown than a thing that was built) into its lovely surroundings. In the low-ceilinged rooms are preserved harmonious pieces of furniture, rare china (some of it looted from Louisberg), and the unfinished portrait of a Revolutionary ancestor which was being painted—very badly—when word came that the British soldiers were nearing York. Tradition says that the terrified artist swam the river in his haste to escape. Certain it is that he never came back to complete his work, which still hangs on the wall, a mute witness to the "mortal alarms" of war.

In many of the York homes there are treasure-troves of old letters and diaries and papers, carefully preserved and as carefully guarded from the public eye. They tell their stories with precision, a nice attention to detail, and a pleasing betrayal of moods and manners. From the archives of the Barrell family comes this austere substitute for a love letter, undated, of course, but written by the great-grandmother of Miss Theodosia Barrell. The young lady was a Sayward, and her correspondent was Mr. Nathaniel Barrell, to whom she was

betrothed, and whom she subsequently married:

MR. BARRELL,

I sincerely condole with you under your indisposition, and thought I said enough to your Brother to convince him I felt the most tender solicitude on that account. My being abroad [it is surmised she was in Boston] I imagined a sufficient apology for not writing you. Your assertions are certainly very unkind; and pardon me if I suggest your disorder has made you peevish. But I hope you will soon have a recruit of health and good humour, and in person congratulate me on my recovery from the toothache, which this day prevented my attendance on publick worship. An hour's indisposition convinces me more of the vanity of this world than a thousand lectures from the Desk. I fear your expectations from terrestrial things are too sanguine, and that you have not yet credited the melancholy truth that all below the sun is vanity. May this short indisposition put you on the pursuit of lasting and superior joys more suited to the dignity of our rational and immortal nature, and you will have no reason to regret it.

Romantick as you insinuate my conduct to you has been, I shall never require any proofs of your affection inconsistent with the Christian and the Gentleman. Pray be so great a novelty as a Rational Lover for the future, and let no Chimera of your pregnant invention wreck your quiet.

I am yours,

DELIA.

And there are those who would have us believe in the sweet submissiveness of our serious and secluded great-grandmothers!

# COMMAND

## A NOVEL

BY WILLIAM McFEE

Author of *Casuals of the Sea*, *Captain Macedoine's Daughter*, etc.

### XIII

CAPTAIN RANNEY was agitated beyond his customary disapproval of mankind. He had had a long conference with his employer that morning before coming on board. They might not see each other again for some time, it was understood. The interview had taken place in the little office in the *Rue Voulgaroktono* off the *Place de la Liberté*, and the usual crowds had thronged the street while they talked. Mr. Dainopoulos had gone on with his business, rising continually to change money, and once he went away for half an hour to look at some rugs. Captain Ranney had remained coiled up on his chair, smoking cigarette after cigarette, listening to his owner's remarks, his eyes wandering as though in search of some talisman he had lost.

"You understand," Mr. Dainopoulos had said in the course of this conversation, "I'm doing this for my wife. My wife likes this young lady very much. Another thing, the young lady's mother, she's married again. Man with plenty of money. I do his business for him here."

Captain Ranney looked hard at a crack in the linoleum near his foot.

"I'm sure it doesn't make the slightest difference to me. I know nothing about it, nothing at all. My chief officer was going to say something to me this morning and I shut him up at once. I knew perfectly well from the very first there was something like this in the wind, and I made up my mind to have

nothing at all to do with it. As master of the vessel, it's impossible . . . you can quite understand . . . eh?"

"That's all right," replied Mr. Dainopoulos, looking at his open palm. "No passport. Once you get outside, no matter. The young lady, she give me a paper. She loves my wife. She gives everything she may have to my wife."

"Which isn't much, according to what you told me before. You grumbled to me, and said in so many words she cost you a lot of money to keep for a companion to your wife."

Mr. Dainopoulos stared hard at his captain's sneering face.

"That was before her mother got married again. Miss Solaris, she tell me her mother want somebody to look after the farm, by and by."

"I don't want to hear anything about it," burst out Captain Ranney, turning round in his chair so that he could hear better.

"And she say, she say," went on Mr. Dainopoulos steadily, "her mother perhaps, you understand—some women have one, two, three, four husband, you see? Well, her mother want a good man of business. So Miss Solaris she sign a paper for me. She give everything to my wife."

"Everything! Which is nothing, I've no doubt."

"A—h! Not nothing. I sell his tobacco now, and it's not nothing, I can tell you. No. By and by, Miss Solaris, now her mother marry again, will be rich. But she's crazy about that feller I told you she had here."



"I don't remember anything about it. I make it a rule to have nothing to do with passengers. I expect no less," announced Captain Ranney, alert to hear every word.

"Well, if a woman wants a man she gets him," observed Mr. Dainopoulos gravely.

"That's true, I admit," was the unexpected reply.

"And you know well enough she'll find young Lietherthal easy if she wants him. Me, I think she'll stay round with *him*." And Mr. Dainopoulos jerked his finger in the direction of the *Kalkis*.

Captain Ranney suddenly reversed himself on his chair and changed legs, uttering a sound like a snort.

"Yes," said Mr. Dainopoulos. "My wife, she thinks maybe he marry her."

Captain Ranney moved his foot up and down and smiled unpleasantly.

"No hope of that," he muttered.

"Yes!" repeated Mr. Dainopoulos, jumping up to change a five-pound note for excellent Greek drachmas. "Yes! If she wants him to do it it will be easy enough. You don't know her."

"She must land on arrival."

"You tell her," said Mr. Dainopoulos, "when you arrive. Put her ashore. He'll take her. You will find plenty of friends, on arrival."

Captain Ranney received this information without ecstasy. He did not go sailing about the world in search of friends. He was very worried. Mr. Dainopoulos favored him with another grin.

"Why not take her ashore yourself?"

Captain Ranney shrank as if from a blow.

"You're the captain," added Mr. Dainopoulos.

Captain Ranney turned on his chair, his shoulder hunched, as though to ward off an impending calamity.

"Why, I thought you liked a little fun," said Mr. Dainopoulos, surprised.

"Don't speak of it," said Captain Ranney in a stifled voice. "I make a point of never interfering."

"Well," said his owner, in some perplexity, "please yourself. I daresay you understand what I mean. You'll have a good bit of time, you know, on arrival. You won't have coal, you know, to go very far. . . ."

He had made no reply to this, remaining hunched up on his chair, staring fixedly at the floor. Mr. Dainopoulos had stood up, looking at him for a while.

"You can do it?" he had asked softly. "Remember, the papers you carry will mean big money if you get through."

Still no answer.

"It is easy," went on Mr. Dainopoulos. "You do not change your course, that is all. Keep on. East-southeast."

Captain Ranney was perfectly well aware of all this, but he lacked the superficial fortitude to discuss it. He kept his head averted while his employer was speaking, his long wrist with the slave bangle hanging over his knee. Change his course! That phrase had two meanings, by Jove! And his course was east to China as soon as he could collect. He could do it. Talking about it to a man who was making fifty times, a hundred times, more than himself was horrible to him.

He had got up suddenly and put on his hat, harassed lest this sort of thing should bring bad luck, for he was superstitious. At the back of his mind lay an uneasy fear lest that girl business should spoil everything. Who could foresee the dangers of having a woman on the ship? His ship! It would bring bad luck.

And now at last he was slipping through the nets, bound out upon a voyage of almost dismaying possibilities. It was a voyage of no more than thirty-six hours. Captain Ranney shivered and stood suddenly stock still by the binnacle as he thought of what was to transpire in those thirty-six hours. Could he do it? He was beginning to doubt if he could. He said to the helmsman, "Keep her south and three points

east," and went into the little chart room.

The Ægean Sea is a sea only in name. It could be more accurately described as a landlocked archipelago. Emerging from any of the gulfs of the mainland, gulfs which are nearly always narrow and re-entrant angles with walls of barren and desolate promontories, one can proceed no more than a few hours steaming on any course without raising yet more promontories and the hulls of innumerable islands. Closed to the southward by the long bulk of Crete, lying squarely east and west like a breakwater, it presents its own individual problems to the navigator, the politician and the naval commander. The last named, indeed, was finding it anything but a joke. The very configuration of the coastline, which rendered a sally from the Dardanelles a feat of extraordinary folly and temerity, made it a unique hiding-place for the small craft which slipped out of Volo and emerged from the Trikiri channel after dark. Submarines, coming round from Pola, could run into rocky inlets in the evening and would find immense stocks of oil in cans, cached under savage rocks up the ravines of almost uninhabited islets of ravishing beauty. Gentlemen in Athens, in a hurry to reach Constantinople, took aeroplanes; but there was another way, across the Ægean Sea, in small sailing ships which were frequently blown out of their course at night and which took refuge in Kaloni, whence it was easy to reach the mainland of Asia Minor. And this business—for it was a business—was so profitable and the ships of war so few in proportion to the area, that it went on gaily enough "under our noses," as one person said in disgust. Not quite that; but the problem did not grow any simpler when there was yet another neutral government—with ships—at Salonika, a government which might be almost hysterically sympathetic to the cause of freedom and justice but which might also be imposed upon by conscienceless and unscrupulous

merchants already in collusion with other unscrupulous people in Constantinople.

This was the situation when the *Kalkis* turned the great headland of Karaburun and headed south-south-east on the journey from which she never returned. Captain Ranney, staring at the chart on which he had penciled the greater part of her course, southeast from Cape Cassandra, bearing away from the great three-pronged extremity of the Chalcidice peninsula, was aware that she would not return; but he found himself flinching from the inevitable moment, drawing nearer and nearer when he must face success or failure. When, he asked himself, echoing Mr. Dainopoulos, could he do it? He was not sure that he could.

From this reverie he was roused by Mr. Spokesly appearing on the bridge. For a moment he was almost betrayed into a feeling of relief at the approach of a companion. He opened his mouth to speak and Mr. Spokesly, standing by the door, stopped to listen. But nothing came. Captain Ranney knew the secret power of always letting the other man do the talking on a ship. He said nothing. He crushed down the sudden craving to confide in Mr. Spokesly. He wanted—just for a moment—to call him in, shut the door, and whisper, with his hand on Mr. Spokesly's shoulder, "My boy, we are not going to Phyros at all. We are going to . . ."

No, he stopped in time. Why, he might stop the engines, blow the whistle, run the ship ashore! He stepped out beside Mr. Spokesly, who was looking down at the compass, and wrote some figures on the slate that hung in view of the helmsman.

"That's the course."

"All right, sir."

"Call me at midnight if necessary. I'll relieve you at two o'clock. Time enough to change the course then."

"All right, sir."

Captain Ranney gave a rapid glance round at the diverging shores as they



opened out into the Gulf, and turned away abruptly. Mr. Spokesly heard him descending, heard him unlock his door with a series of complicated clicks and rattles, heard him slam and relock it, and finally the vigorous jingle of curtain rings as he drew the curtain across.

Mr. Spokesly struck a match and lit the binnacle lamp, a tiny affair which shone inward upon the vibrating surface of the card. He was feeling much better than he had been all day. He had been nervous about Evanthia's safety in that room. He had had to make some bullying remarks to the steward about trying to get in where he had no business. To the puzzled creature's stammering explanations he had replied with more bullying. "Keep out. Don't come down here at all until I say you can." The steward had come to the conclusion that in addition to a crazy skipper, whose room smelled of hashish and florid water, they now had a crazy mate who had something in his room he was ashamed of.

And yet Mr. Spokesly need have had no fear. Evanthia lay in her bunk all day. She knew perfectly well that she must remain within that room as one dead until the ship got outside. So she lay there, her eyes half closed, listening to the sounds of men and machinery, the sunlight screened by the yellow curtain tacked over the little round window, hour after hour all day, with a stoicism that had in it something oriental. It was about an hour past noon when there had come a smart thump on the door. She had got out and listened and the sharp whisper outside had reassured her. And when she had slipped the bolt and opened the door a few inches, Mr. Spokesly had thrust a glass of wine and a tin box of biscuits upon the washstand and pulled the door shut. And she had got back into the bunk and lay munching, and smiling, and sometimes kissing the emerald ring on her finger, the ring which was sailing out once more into the darkness. And as the day wore on she peeped out and saw the tug go away

with its empty lighter, heard the ominous thutter and thump of a gasoline launch under her, and heard the arrival of strangers who entered the cabin overhead. And then the clink of a glass.

Her reflections, as she lay in that bunk, her eyes half closed, were of that primitive yet sagacious order which it seems impossible to transfer to any authentic record. Her contact with reality was so immediate and instinctive that to a modern and sophisticated masculine intellect like Mr. Spokesly, or Mr. Dainopoulos even, she appeared crafty and deep, as when she locked the door. She had not imagined Mr. Spokesly returning. The whole complex network of emotions which he had predicated in her, modesty, fear, panic and coquetry, had not even entered her head. She had formidable weapons, and behind these she remained busy with her own affairs. So too, when she had given to her benefactress everything she might possibly inherit, she saw instantly the immediate and future advantages of such a course. She could always come back, when the detestable French had gone away home, and live with her friend again. She knew that old Boris better than he knew himself. She knew that he would do anything for his wife. Also, she knew him for one of those men who stood highest in her own esteem—men who made money. For men who did not make money, who were preoccupied mainly with women, or books, or even politics, she had no use.

She did not like Mr. Dainopoulos personally, because he saw through her chief weakness, which was a species of theatricality. She had a trick of imagining herself one of the heroines of the cinemas she had seen; and this, since she could not read and was unable to correct her sharp visual impressions by the great traditions of art, appeared to be no more than a feminine whim. It was more than that. It was herself she was expressing at these moments of mummery. She had those emotions which are most easily depicted by grand-



ose gestures and sudden animal movements. It was her language, the language in which she could think with ease and celerity, compared with which the co-ordinated sounds which were called words were no more to her than the metal tokens called money.

So there was nothing extraordinary in her quick grasp of the situation which demanded a mouselike seclusion for a while. She lay still even when footsteps, clattering down the ladder, were obliterated by the spluttering whoop of the whistle.

And then came a novel and all-embracing sense of change, a mysterious and minute vibration which becomes apparent to a person situated well forward in a vessel beginning to move under her own power. Ah! the *machine à vapeur*, the *vapores*, the fire, the agitation behind. For perhaps a single second her quick flamelike mind played about the incomprehensible enigmas of mechanism. She, for whom unknown men in distant countries were to scheme and toil, that they might send her yachts and automobiles, music-machines and costly fabrics, jewels and intricate contrivances for her comfort and pleasure, had the conceptions of a domestic animal concerning the origins of their virtues. For her the effortless flight of a high-powered car ascending a mountain road was as natural and spontaneous as the vulture hanging motionless above her or the leaf flying before her in an autumn wind. Her gracile mentality made no distinction between these things, and the problems of cost never tarnished the shining mirror of her content. Upon her had never intruded those mean and unlovely preoccupations which distract the victim of western civilization from the elementary joys and sorrows. She had always been fed and cared for, and she had no shadow of doubt upon her mind that nourishment and care would ever cease. Her notion of evil was clear and sharp. It implied, not vague economic forces, but individual personalities whom she called enemies. Anyone announcing himself

as an enemy would be met in a primitive way. She would back into a corner, spitting, biting. If she had a weapon, and she always had, she would use it with cool precision. She lay in her bunk now without a care in the world because she possessed the power of animating men to bear those cares for her. She could inspire passion and she could evoke admiration and remorse.

She saw the sun going, saw it disappear as into a glowing brazier among the mountains, and the coming of darkness. Evanthia hated darkness. One of the whims she indulged in later days was the craving for a shadowless blaze of light. She moved in her bed place and, turning on her elbow, stared at the door, listening. Some one came down the stairs. A door was unlocked, slammed and locked again. She became rigid. Her eyes glowed. Who was that? She got up and sought for matches to light the lamp. But she had left it burning the night before and the oil was exhausted. And her watch had stopped. She put on her black dress and did her hair as well as she could before the dark reflection in the mirror. She had very little of that self-consciousness which reveals itself in a fanatical absorption in minute attentions to her appearance. She was, so to speak, always cleared for action, for love or war. She twisted her dark tresses in a knot, thrust a great tortoise-shell comb into it, unlocked the door and went out.

It was thus she came up the stairs into the lighted saloon and encountered the steward who was laying the table for supper. He was leaning over the table, setting out knives and forks. He looked over his shoulder and saw a face of extraordinary loveliness and pallor, with dark purple rings under the amber eyes coming up out of the gloom of the stairway. He dropped the things in his hands with a clatter and whirled round upon her, his jaw hanging, his hands clutching the table.

"Sh-h!" she said, coming up into the room and advancing upon him with her



finger to her lips. "Who are you?" she added in Greek.

He was about to answer that he was the steward, in spite of the obvious injustice of such a query, when the outer door leading to the deck was opened and the young man named Amos appeared with a tray of dishes. He stepped into the little pantry to set down his burden and then made a profound obeisance.

"Tch!" said the lady, "Who is this?"

"The pantryman, Madama."

"Tell him to fill my lamp with oil."

"Your lamp, Madama?" quavered the steward. "Is Madama in the captain's room? I have not been told."

Evanthia beckoned Amos and pointed down the stairs. "The room on the right," she said. "Fill the lamp with oil and light it. Make the bed. Go!"

She watched him descend.

"Now," she said to the steward, "is this the way you attend to passengers? Bring me some meat. I am starving."

"Yes, yes! In a moment, Madama." He hurried to and fro, twisting the end seat for her to take it, dashing into his pantry and bringing out dishes, a cruet, a napkin. Evanthia seated herself and began to devour a piece of bread. She watched the steward as he moved to and fro.

"Where is the captain?" she asked.

"In his room, Madama. He has eaten and now he sleeps till midnight."

"And the officer?"

"He is on the bridge, Madama."

"Who eats here?"

"The officer and the engineer."

"Is the engineer English?"

"Maltese, Madama."

The man spoke in low respectful tones, his eyes flickering up and down as he sought to scan her features. This was most marvelous, he was thinking. The new chief officer brings a woman, a ravishing creature, on board in secret. This explains the abuse of the morning. What would the captain say? He must tell Plouff. He hurried to the galley to fetch the stew. He lifted the canvas

flap which screened the lights from a seaward view and found Plouff seated in a corner, talking to the cook.

"Hi, Jo," he whispered, "Madama on sheep! Madama on sheep! Yes."

"Has she come out?" asked Plouff, with interest.

"Yaas. She come oop."

"I'll go up and tell the mate," said Plouff. "You savvy, Nicholas, plenty mon' if you look after her. Fix her up. The mate, you savvy?" and Mr. Plouff rubbed the sides of his two forefingers together, to indicate the tender relations existing between Mr. Spokesly and the lady.

"Oh yaas, I savvy all right, Jo." The steward writhed in his impotence to express the completeness of his comprehension, and hurried away.

Mr. Spokesly listened in silence to the news.

"I'll go down," he said. "If you see a light of any sort stamp on the deck."

"Well, I should think so. I ain't likely to stand on my head, am I?" said Plouff, peeping at the compass.

Mr. Spokesly went down without replying to this brilliant sally. He stood for a moment looking over the rail at the sullen end of the sunset, a smudge of dusky orange smeared with bands of black and bronze, and wondered what the night would bring for them all. The little ship was moving slowly through a calm sea that shone like polished black marble in the somber light from the west. Ahead, the sky and sea merged indistinguishably in the darkness. No light showed on the ship. She moved, a shadow among shadows, with no more than a faint hissing rumble from her engines. Mr. Spokesly moved aft, inspired by a wish to see for himself if all the scuttles were screened. He found the engineer smoking near the engine hatch.

"All dark?" he said, pausing.

"Everything's all right here, Mister Mate," said the man, a quiet creature with an unexpected desire to give every satisfaction. Mr. Spokesly was puzzled

to account for the captain's dislike of Mr. Cassar.

"Why don't you go and eat?" asked Mr. Spokesly.

"The steward, he tell me there's a lady in the cabin, Mister Mate, so I t'ink I'll wait till she feenish."

"You don't need to," was the steady answer.

"Yes, I wait till she feenish, all the same."

"Very well. Mind, keep the canvas over the hatch. It shows a long way across a smooth sea, you know."

"I watch 'em, Mister Mate."

And Mr. Spokesly went forward again. In spite of the gravity of their position, without guns or escort, he felt satisfied with himself. He was wearing his new uniform. He passed once more by the rail before going in. In his present mood he was mildly concerned that Evanthia should have found it necessary to "turn the key in his face." He didn't intend to do things that way. It would be pretty cheap taking an advantage like that. Was it likely he would run all this risk for her if that was all he thought of her? He was painfully correct and logical in his thoughts. Well, she would learn he was not like that. He would treat her decently, and when they reached Piræus he would carry out her wishes to the letter.

He opened the cabin door and went in. He had a strange sensation of walking into some place and giving himself up, only to find that he had forgotten what he had done. A strange notion!

She looked up and regarded him with critical approval. She had finished eating and sat with her chin in her hands. The swinging lamp shed a flood of mellow light upon her, and her arms, bare to the elbow, gleamed like new ivory below the shadowy pallor of her face. And as he sat down at the other end of the table, facing her, he had another strange notion, or rather a fresh unfolding of the same—that at last they met on equal grounds, face to face, measured in a mysterious and mystical antagonism. She

lifted her chin, a movement of symbolic significance, and met his gaze with wide-open challenging amber eyes. . . .

"Bos'," said Mr. Spokesly in a low tone. "Have you got an overcoat?"

"Of course I have. What do you think I am?" demanded the rather tired Plouff.

"You wouldn't if you had had to jump into the water as I did," said Mr. Spokesly patiently. "I want you to bring it up here for this lady."

"Of course I will. Why didn't you say so?"

"You can sit here," said the chief officer. There was a seat at each end of the bridge screened by a small teak house with glass windows, and he pushed Evanthia gently into the starboard one. "And now put this on," he added when Plouff appeared holding out an enormous mass of heavy blue cloth.

And into that dark corner she vanished, so obliterated by the coat that only by leaning close to her could Mr. Spokesly discern the gleam of her forehead and eyes. But when he had seen that she was comfortable he took himself to the center of the bridge and stood there, looking out over the dodger and thinking of the question she had put to him in the cabin. By and by, she had retorted upon his avowal of independence, he would go back to his sweetheart, his fiancée in England, and what would Evanthia do then? That was the question. He stared into the darkness and sought some kind of an answer to it. It cut to the very quick of his emotion for her—that extraordinary sentiment which can exist in a man's heart without impairing in any way his authentic fidelities. He wanted to make her see this, and he could not find words adequate to express the subtle perversity of the thought. He had a sudden fancy she was laughing at him and his clumsy attempts to justify his devotion. He turned and walked over to her and bent down. He could see the bright eyes over the immense collar of the coat.



"England is a long way away," he whispered. "I mean, very distant. Perhaps I shall never get back. And nobody writes to me. No letters. So, while I am here, you understand?"

He remained bent over her, his head lost in the darkness of the little recess, waiting for a reply which did not come. And he thought, going away to the binnacle again, "She is right. Nobody can excuse themselves in a case like this. The only way is to say nothing at all."

He did not go near her for a long while. Then an idea came to him, so simple he wondered he had not thought of it before. He was not making the most of the situation.

"You do not believe me?" he muttered. "You think I am not sincere? You think I would leave you?"

He leaned closer, watching her bright deriding eyes, and she nodded.

"Ah yes," she sighed, "by and by you would go."

"You think because other men do that . . . you think . . . ?"

She nodded emphatically.

"... all men alike?" he finished lamely.

"They are!" she said quickly, and laid her head against his shoulder for a moment with a faint chuckle of laughter.

"All right," he whispered gravely, "they are, as you say. But when we get ashore in Athens, we will get married. Now then . . ."

His tone was low but triumphant. She could have no reply to that. It swept away all doubts in his own mind; and he thought her mind was like his own, a lumber room of old-fashioned, very dusty conventions and ideals. If he married her she must be convinced of his sincerity. It did not occur to him that women are not interested very much in the sincerity of a man, that he can be as unfaithful as he likes if he fulfills her conception of beauty and power and genius; that a woman like Evanthia might have a different notion of marriage from his own.

And she did not reply. He moved

away from her, uplifted by the mood of the moment. There could be no reply to that save surrender, he thought proudly.

And Evanthia was astonished. She sat there in the darkness, bound upon a journey which would bring her, she believed, to the amiable and faithless creature who had touched her imagination and who embodied for her all the gaiety and elegance of Europe. And this other man, a man of a distant, truculent and predatory race, a race engaged in the destruction of European civilization as a sacrifice to their own little tribal god, (which was the way Lietherthal had explained it to her) was proposing to marry her. It bereft her of speech because she was busy co-ordinating in her swift, shrewd mind all the advantages of such a scheme. There was an allurements in it, too. Her imagination was caught by the sudden vision of herself as the chatelaine of a villa. Yes! Her eyes sparkled as she figured it. He came toward her again and, leaning over, buried his face in the clean, fresh fragrance of her hair. She remembered that magical moment by the White Tower when he had transcended his destiny and muttered hoarsely that he would go to hell for her. She put the question to herself with terrible directness—could she hold him? Could she exercise the mysterious power of her sex upon him as upon men of her own race? She closed her eyes and sought blindly for an accession of strength in this crisis of her life. She put her arms up and felt his hand on her face. And then, giving way to an obscure and primitive impulse, she buried her teeth in his wrist. And for a long while they remained there, two undisciplined hearts, voyaging through a perilous darkness together.

Mr. Spokesly, looking down from the bridge at the upturned and uncompromising face of Joseph Plouff, frowned.

"What does he say?" he repeated uneasily.

"He says keep the course."

"You gave him the note?"



*Drawn by Harvey Dunn*

"GO. YOU NEED HAVE NO FEAR. YOUR FORTUNE IS MADE"



"No, he didn't open the door. He just said, to keep the course. I said, 'You mean, don't alter it, Captinne?' and he said 'No.'"

Plouff handed up the note Mr. Spokesly had given him, and the puzzled chief officer took it and opened it, as though he had forgotten or was uncertain of its contents. But before he read it afresh, he took a look round. This told him nothing, for he was entirely lost in a white fog that rolled and swirled in slow undulating billows athwart the ship's bows. For four hours he had been going through this and the captain had not made his appearance on the bridge. Each time had come up the same message, to keep the course. And at last Mr. Spokesly had written a little note. He had torn a page out of the scrap-log and written these words:

We have run our distance over this course. Please give bearer your orders. Weather very thick.

R. SPOKESLY, *Mate*.

And he hadn't even opened the door. It was this singular seclusion which caused Mr. Spokesly so much anxiety. Fog, and the captain not on deck. Plouff, whose presence was an undeniable comfort for some reason or other, pulled himself up the steep little ladder and stood staring lugubriously into the fog.

"Funny sort of Old Man, this," muttered the mate.

"He's always like this at sea," said Plouff, still staring.

"What? Leaves it to the mate?"

"Yes. Always."

"But . . ." Mr. Spokesly looked at the fog, at Plouff, at the binnacle, and then hastily fitted himself into the little wheelhouse. He bent over the chart with a ruler and pair of dividers, spacing first a penciled line drawn from Cape Cassandra to a point a few miles south of Cape Fripeti on the Island of Boze Baba, and then along the scale at the edge of the chart.

"See what's on the log, Bos', will you," he called.

This was serious. Within a few minutes the course ought to be altered to due south. The usual four knots of the *Kalkis* had been exceeded owing to the smoothness of the sea, which accounted for their arrival at this position before six o'clock, when the captain would once more take charge. Another thing was that from now on they would be on the course of warships passing south from the great base at Mudros, the landlocked harbor of Lemnos. The bosun came up again and reported thirty miles from noon. Well, the log was about ten per cent fast, so a note said in the night order book. It was five-thirty now, which gave them twenty-seven miles from noon, or nearly five knots. That brought them due south of Fripeti.

Mr. Spokesly looked at Plouff, who was looking at the fog with an expression of extreme disillusion on his round face. And again at the chart. There was nothing more to be extracted from either Plouff or the chart. The penciled line which indicated their course ended abruptly. Where then were they bound? Keep on the course, the captain said. Mr. Spokesly laid the parallel ruler against the line and produced it clear across the chart. He stood up with a sharp intake of breath and regarded the impassive Plouff.

"Say, Bos'" he began. "This is a funny business."

"What's a funny business?" demanded Plouff.

"The Old Man staying down there. He ought to . . . but then he says keep . . ."

"'Hold her on the course,' were his words," said Plouff obstinately, adding, "Hasn't she got a clear road?"

"Yes," muttered the mate jerkily. "Road's clear . . . humph!" He stared at the chart. "Oh well! By George, I wish this damn fog would clear away."

"What's the matter with the fog?" said Plouff. "We're safe in the fog, ain't we? You can bet them *untersee* boats 'll

keep in under the islands this weather. Too much chance o' gettin' stove in," he added sympathetically.

The mate did not reply for a moment. He was very uneasy. He studied the chart. Indeed, he could not get away from that penciled line running right into the Gulf of Smyrna. And Phyros was south of Chios. He was tired and sleepy. Eight hours was a long while to stay on the bridge. He would be glad when they got in. *Got in where?* He stared again at the chart. And the Old Man locked in his room. Always did that, eh?

"Go away, Bos'," he said, suddenly, "you got to be about to-night, you know. We'll be anchoring . . ."

He forgot what he was saying, staring hard at the chart. Plouff slipped down with the fog and clattered away forward.

But Mr. Spokesly was not unhappy. There was an unfamiliar yet desirable quality about this life. The sharp flavor of it made one forget both the ethical and economic aspects of one's existence. At the back of his mind was a boyish desire to show that girl what he was made of. And when they got to Athens he would. Athens! The word sent him back to the chart. Keep on the course. He was sailing across a wide ocean and the old familiar landmarks were hull down behind the fog. There was something symbolic in that fog. It was as though he had indeed left the world of his youth behind, the world of warm English hearts, of cantankerous affections and dislikes, of fine consciences and delicate social distinctions, and was passing through a confusing and impalpable region of vaporous uncertainty to an unknown country. He was not unhappy. The future might be anything, from silken dalliance behind green *jalousies* in some oriental villa with a fountain making soft music, which is the food of love, to a sudden detonation, red spurts of savage flame, and a grave in a cold sea.

He went out and looked at the compass—and at the fog. Now that Plouff was gone down he felt lonely. He

stamped on the deck to call the steward. The captain would have to be called. If he did not come, he, the mate, would go down and inform him that the course would be changed without him. That would be the only course. He had never had a commander like this, or a voyage like this, for that matter. He paused suddenly in his thoughts and looked down, pinching his lower lip between finger and thumb. He had an idea. To achieve anything, one had to be eternally prepared for just such unexpected predicaments. Here he was, with an invisible commander and an invisible horizon. And down in a cabin below him was Evanthia Solaris, a distinct and formidable problem. He was going to marry her.

He saw his destiny, almost for the first time in his life, as a ball which he could take in his hand and throw. And the direction and distance depended entirely upon his own strength, his own skill, his own fortitude. He was going to marry her. And he saw another thing for the first time—that marriage was of no significance in itself for a man. What he is, brain and sinew, character and desire, is all that counts. He saw this because he had left the old life behind, beyond the fog. Back there, marriage was a contrivance for the hamstringing and debasing of men, a mere device for the legal comfort and security of women who were too lazy or incompetent or too undesirable to secure it for themselves. Ahead he had a strange premonition that he was going to have a novel experience. . . .

He was aroused by the helmsman reaching out and striking four soft blows on the little bronze bell hanging by the awning-spar over the binnacle. Six o'clock. And the young Jew, in a huge apron and a high astrakan cap he had picked up somewhere, came slowly up the bridge-ladder.

"Captain," said Mr. Spokesly, making a number of motions to signify knocking at a door and calling somebody out. "Savvy?"



The frightened creature, who was quite unable to comprehend the extraordinary phenomenon of the fog on the sea and who regarded Mr. Spokesly, moreover, as a species of demigod, raised his remarkable face as though in supplication, and backed down again. It was evident to him that his employer had consigned him to some distant place of torment from which he could never return. Yet even in his timid heart there was hope. Already he had given his allegiance to that beautiful and haughty creature whose cabin it was his trembling joy and pride to put in order. His ears were alert at all times to catch the sharp clapping sound of her hands when she needed him, and then he flew below. She would speak to him in his native tongue, which was Spanish, and ravish his soul with words he could understand, instead of the terrifying gutturals of those powerful Franks who walked to and fro on the top of the tower above them and gave incomprehensible commands.

"Fear not," she assured him. "When the ship reaches the port, thou wilt go with me as my servant. The lieutenant shall give thee money as wages when he is my husband."

"Merciful Madama, what port? Whither do we go? Is it beyond the clouds?"

"Ah," she retorted, leaning back on the cushions of the settee, and blowing cigarette smoke from her beautiful lips, "I would like to know that myself. Beyond the clouds? You mean this fog. Yes, far beyond the clouds. Did you not hear anything at all in the *Rue Voulgaroktono*?"

"Nothing, Madama, except that once I heard Señor Dainopoulos tell Señor Malleotis that they, some one, had reached Aidin."

"Aiee?" ejaculated Evanthia, sitting up and fixing her burning amber eyes on the frightened and hypnotized creature. "And didst thou hear nothing else? Aidin! Tchik!"

"I do not know, Madama," he qua-

vered, "unless there is a port called Bairakli."

Evanthia showed her teeth in a brilliant smile and patted the youth's arm.

"My servant you shall be," she chuckled. "No, there is no port called Bairakli, but it is near to a city you and I shall find good. Shall live at Bairakli, Amos. Tck—tck! What a fool I was. Oh! *Caro! Oh mein lieber Mann!*" And she sang sweetly a few notes of a song.

The young man stared at her in stupefaction.

"Go," she said, pushing him with a characteristic gesture, at once brusque and charming. "You need have no fear. Your fortune is made."

A few minutes past six Captain Ranney climbed the bridge-ladder and examined the compass without addressing his chief officer, bending over with an exaggerated solicitude. Apparently satisfied, he went into the chart room and immediately pushed the ruler from its significant position, pointing into the interior of Asia Minor. There was an indefinable nervous bounce about him which indicated a highly exalted state of mind. He seemed, Mr. Spokesly imagined, to be assuming truculence to cover timidity. He probably knew that his insistence on keeping the course had aroused conjecture, and the ruler, lying as it did on the chart, confirmed the idea. Yet he did not speak. Fuming, Mr. Spokesly decided, obstinately remaining close to the dodger and staring straight ahead—toward Asia Minor. If the Old Man thought he was going to get away with it. . . . He cleared his throat and remarked,

"About time to change the course for Phynos, sir?"

And to his surprise, Mr. Spokesly, in the midst of his highly complex cogitations, found himself listening to a jaunty and characteristic monologue which touched upon—among other things—the one rule which Captain Ranney insisted was the *sine qua non* of a good officer, that he should accept the commander's

orders without comments. Otherwise, how could discipline be maintained? As to the course, he, Captain Ranney, would attend to that immediately. And while he appreciated it, of course, there was no real need for Mr. Spokesly to remain on the bridge after he had been relieved.

Mr. Spokesly, still looking ahead, wanted to say sarcastically, "Is that so?" but he was tongue-tied, dumfounded. Here was a man, apparently of straw, who was jauntily inviting him to clear out and mind his own business. He pulled himself together.

"Unless we pick up a Mudros escort somewhere round here," he muttered, turning away.

Captain Ranney came out of the chart room, from which his lean and cadaverous head had been projecting to deliver his homily on obeying orders, and looked all round at the white walls of fog. It was as though he were contemplating some novel but highly convenient dispensation of providence which he was prepared to accept as one of the minor hardships of life. All consciousness of Mr. Spokesly's presence seemed to have vanished from his mind. He spoke to the helmsman, walked to port and looked down at the water, looked aft and aloft, and resumed his stroll.

And Mr. Spokesly, craftily placed at a disadvantage, turned suddenly and clattered down the ladder.

"Well," he thought to himself, pausing on the deck below and still holding to the hand-rail, "he can't keep it up forever. And I can't do anything in this fog. He's going to pile her up."

But as he went into the saloon he could not help asking himself, "What for?" What gain had Captain Ranney or Mr. Dainopoulos in view when they ran a valuable cargo on the rocky shores of Lesbos or Anatolia? The word "run" stuck in his mind. "Running a cargo" in wartime, eh? One didn't run cargoes on the rocks in wartime. He stared so fixedly at Amos, who was laying the table, that, in spite of Evanthia's assurance of future good fortune, the poor

creature trembled and grew pale. Mr. Spokesly understood neither Greek nor Spanish, or he might have derived some enlightenment from a conversation with the young Jew. He frowned and went on down to his cabin. He wanted sympathy in his anxiety. And it was part of his Victorian and obsolete mental equipment to expect sympathy from a woman.

She was standing before the little mirror, setting the immense tortoise-shell comb into her hair at the desired angle, and she gave herself a final searching scrutiny as she turned away, before flashing a dazzling smile at him.

"What is the matter?" she asked in her precise English, seeing the worried expression on his face. He sat down on the settee, and she seated herself close beside him, smiling with such ravishing abandon that he forgot the reason for his concern.

"If I can only get you ashore," he muttered holding her to him and kissing her hair.

"Where?" she whispered, watching him with her bright amber eyes.

"That's just it," he said. "I don't know where."

She put her finger to her lips.

"I know," she said.

He put his hands on her shoulders and held her away a little, staring at her.

"You!" he breathed incredulously. "You?"

She nodded, her eyes kindling.

"Here," he said hoarsely, "you must be straight with me, dear. Tell me what you know. The captain, he's very funny to-day."

"Ismir!" she called into his ear in a ringing tone. "Beautiful, beautiful Ismir!"

"What's that you're talking about?" he demanded doubtfully. "I don't understand."

"No? Soon you will understand, when we reach Ismir."

"I've never heard of it," he declared. "But I can tell you, if the Old Man don't alter the course, we're going straight into Smyrna."



"Ah yes," she sighed. "I remember now. You call it that. We call it Ismir, Turkish place. When I was little, little girl, we arrive there, my fazzer and my muzzer. Oh beautiful! The grand hotels, the *bains*, the *plage*, the *quais*, the mountains, the *café chantant*. Aiee! And Bairakli! I will show you. I was little, thirteen years old." She laughed, a soft throaty chuckle, on his shoulder, at some reminiscence. "Ismir! *O mein lieber Mann!*"

She intoxicated him with her bewildering moods, with her trick of recalling to his memory his early dreams of beautiful women, those bright shadows of unseen enchantresses which had tortured and stimulated his boyish thoughts. But he could not refrain from returning to the serious problem of how she knew so accurately the intentions of his commander.

"The captain tell you?" he asked expectantly. Her brow grew dark and a blankness like a film came over her eyes.

"I do not like your *capitaine*," she muttered. "He is like an old woman. Look at his face. And the silver ring on his wrist. Like an old vulture, his head between his shoulders. Look at him. He never lifts his eyes. Do not speak of him. But hear me now. When we reach Ismir we shall have a house, you and me, eh?"

He stared at her, entranced, yet preoccupied with the overwhelming difficulties of his situation.

"Oh, *mon cher*, you do not know how beautiful it is. The most beautiful city in the world."

"But how did you know? Why didn't you tell me? Did Mrs. Dainopoulos tell you?"

"Ssh! Madame Dainopoulos is an angel. She like you an' me very much. But Monsieur Dainopoulos, he say to me, if I want to see my friends in Pera by and by there is a ship. You understand? An' then, here on the ship, I hear somesing. Oh tell me, *mon cher*, what time we arrive at Ismir?"

He was hardly listening to her, so busy

were his thoughts with the vista opening out before him. He was vaguely conscious that he was passing through a crisis, that Fate had suddenly laid all her cards on the table and was watching him, with bright amber eyes, waiting for him to make out what those cards portended. Here, she seemed to say, is everything you have ever dreamed of—adventure, romance, and the long-imagined pleasures of love.

"To-night?" she persisted, lying back in his arms. And watching him, sensing his uncertainty, her gaze hardened, she sat up away from him, waiting for him to speak, as though she were Fate indeed. Always she gave him that impression of hair-trigger readiness to fight, to rip and tear and give no quarter. As he looked at her now, turning over his dire predicament the while, he noticed the truculent solidity of her jaw, the indomitable courage and steadiness of her gaze.

"Wait," he muttered, putting up his hand and then holding it to his brow. "I must think. I don't know when we arrive. To-morrow, perhaps."

"Why do you look so sad?" she demanded. "*Mon Dieu!* To-morrow at Ismir. What happiness!"

"For you," he added in a low voice.

"And for you," she twittered in his ear and patting his hand. "I see the plan of Monsieur Dainopoulos now. We shall have good fortune."

There was a faint tap at the door.

"Supper, Madama," said the young Jew, making a low bow, and they went up.

Mr. Spokesly, sitting on the engineer's settee an hour later, and discussing the matter cautiously with that person, was not so sure of the good fortune.

"What can we do?" he asked, and the engineer, who was of a peaceful disposition and perfectly satisfied so long as he got his pay, said, "You can't do nothing in this fog. He's the captain."

"We may hit something," said Mr. Spokesly, who was talking more for comfort than for enlightenment.

"Why yes, we may do that. Do it



*Drawn by Harvey Dunn*

SHE BROKE INTO A TORRENT OF INVECTIVE



anywhere, come to that. Where do you think we are now, Mister Mate?"

"I don't know, I tell you. He says to me, 'I'll attend to the course,' and he may have put her round. But I've got a notion he's carrying out his orders. I see now why I got six months' pay. Did you?"

"No, I got a note on the captain, same as usual," said the engineer.

"What do you think they will do with us?" pursued Mr. Spokesly.

"I don't know, Mister Mate. There's always plenty o' work everywhere," was the equable reply.

"Is that all you think of?"

"I got a big family in Cospicua," said the engineer, standing up. "I can't afford to be out of a job. I think I'll go and eat, Mister Mate. Perhaps the fog lift a bit and we can see what the course is."

They went out and climbed the ladder to the bridge-deck, and stood staring into the damp, palpable darkness. The absence of all artificial light, and silence, the tangible vapor concealing the surface of the sea, and possibly too the overhanging uncertainty of their destination, combined to fill them with a vague dull sense of impending peril. They were on the starboard side, abaft the lifeboat. They could not see the bridge clearly, and the forecastle was swallowed up in the blank opacity of the mist. It was a situation in which both care and recklessness were of equal futility. The imagination balked and turned back on itself before the contemplation of such limitless possibilities. And it was while they were standing there in taciturn apprehension that they suddenly sprang into an extraordinary animation of mind and body at the sound and vibration of a loud crash forward. The *Kalkis* heeled over to port from the pressure of some invisible weight, and Mr. Spokesly started to run toward the bridge.

"They're shellin' her!" he bawled. "Stand by! Look out! What's that?"

He stood still for a moment, his hands raised to balance himself against the re-

turning roll of the ship as she recovered. And at that moment out of the fog, above him and over the rail, came an immense gray vertical wall of sharp steel rushing up to him and past into oblivion with a grinding splintering roar. There were cries, the dim glow of an opened door high up, the sough of pouring waters in the darkness, a shadowy phantom and swirl of propellers, and she was gone.

And there was an absolute silence on the *Kalkis* more dreadful to Mr. Spokesly than the panic of the mob of Asiatics on the *Tanganyika*. He tried to think. The engineer had disappeared. They had been in collision with a man-o-war, he felt certain of that. There was no mistaking the high cleaving flare of those gray bows as they fled past. And she must have struck the *Kalkis* forward as well as amidships. A glancing blow. Yet there was silence. He strode forward, climbed the ladder to the bridge.

"Are you there, sir?" he called.

There was no answer. He went up to the man at the wheel, who was turning the spokes of the wheel rapidly.

"Where is the captain?" he demanded harshly.

"He's over there," said the man confidentially, nodding towards the other side of the bridge. "What was that, sir? Explosions?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Spokesly angrily. "Ask the captain," and he went down again and descended the ladder to the fore deck.

He fell over something here in the dark, something rough and with jagged edges. He felt over it with his hands and discovered that it was one of the heavy cast-iron bollards which were mounted on either side of the forecastle head. Mr. Spokesly began to realize that he was confronting a problem which he would have to handle alone. He stepped over the mass of metal, which had been flung fifty feet, and immediately tripped upon a swaying, jagged surface that tore his clothes and cut his hands. He said to himself, "the deck is torn up. I must have a light." There was no sound from

forward, and he wondered miserably if any of them had been hurt. He climbed to the bridge again to get a hurricane lamp he knew was in the chart-room. While he was striking a match to light it he was once more aware of the fact that the engines were still going. So he hadn't stopped or anything. The captain's form was dimly discernible against the canvas dodger. Mr. Spokesly's anger broke out in a harsh yell.

"Hi, Captain. Do you know your fore-castle's carried away? Or perhaps you don't care."

"I won't be spoken to in that manner," came the lisping toothless voice from the darkness. "Go forward and report on the damage. I should think, it wouldn't be necessary to tell an experienced officer his duty."

Mr. Spokesly, swinging the hurricane lamp in his hand, laid his other hand upon Captain Ranney's shoulder.

"Look you here, Captain. You won't be spoken to in that manner? You'll be spoken to as I want from now on. Do you get that? From now on. I'm going forward to report damage. And when I find out if the ship's sinking, I'll not trouble to tell you, you double-crossing old blatherskite, you!" And he gave the captain a thrust that sent him flying into the penthouse at the end, where he remained invisible but audible, referring with vivacity to the fact that he had been "attacked."

"I'll attack you again when I come back," muttered his chief officer as he went down the ladder.

And the lamp showed him, in spite of the fog, what had happened. The fore-deck was a mass of ripped and twisted plates; splintered doors and fragments of the interiors of cabins looked strangely small and tawdry out on the harsh deck. A settee cushion all burst and impaled upon a piece of angle iron, impeded him. "Won't be spoken to in that fashion!" he muttered, holding up the lamp and peering into the murk. "Good Lord! The fore-castle's carried away." He stumbled nearer. There was no ladder on this side

any more. The high, sharp prow had struck a glancing blow just abaft the anchor and sliced away the whole star-board side of the fore-castle. Standing where the door of the bosun's room had been, Mr. Spokesly lowered his lamp and saw the black water rushing past between the torn deck beams. And Mr. Spokesly had it borne in upon him that not only was Plouff vanished, but his cabin was gone. There was scarcely anything of it left save some splintered parts of the settee and the inner bulk-head, on which a gaudy calendar from a seaman's outfitter fluttered in the night breeze against the blue-white paint.

Mr. Spokesly's heart was daunted by the desolation of that brutally revealed interior. It daunted him because he could imagine, with painful particularity, the scene in that little cabin a few moments before. He had looked in at the door a day or two since, and seen Plouff, a large calabash pipe like a cornucopia in his mouth, propped up in his bedplace, reading a very large book with marbled covers, which turned out to be the bound volume of a thirty-year-old magazine, picked up for a few pence in some port. He could see him thus engaged a few moments ago. Mr. Spokesly gave a sort of half-sob, half-giggle. "My God, he isn't here at all! He's been carried away, cabin and bunk and everything. Smashed and drowned. Well!"

He felt he couldn't stop there any more. It was worse than finding Plouff's mangled body in the ruins. To have been wiped out like that without a chance to explain a single word to anyone was tragic for Plouff. Mr. Spokesly gave a shout.

"Anybody down there?" There was no answer. Mr. Spokesly went aft and looked at the boat near which he had been standing when the collision happened. It was hanging by the after davit, a mere bunch of smashed sticks. Trailing in the water and making a soft swishing sound, were the bow plates and bulwarks which had been peeled from the forepart of the *Kalkis* by the sharp



prow of the stranger. And yet she seemed to have suffered nothing below the water line. Mr. Spokesly, who knew Plouff kept the sounding rod in his cabin, wondered how he was going to sound the wells. He thought of the engineer, stepped over to the port side to reach the after ladder, and pulled himself up short to avoid falling over a huddled group gathered alongside the engine-room hatch.

"What's the matter?" he stammered, astonished. He saw the steward, a coat hastily put on over his apron, Amos, whose glittering and protuberant eyes were less certain than ever of his future fortune, and Evanthia. She was not afraid. She was angry. She darted at Mr. Spokesly and broke into a torrent of invective against the two wretched beings who wanted to get into the boat and couldn't untie the ropes.

"Pigs, dogs, carrion!" she shrilled at them in Greek, and then to Mr. Spokesly she said,

"The ship. Is it finished?"

"No. Ship's all right. Why don't you go down?"

"*Mon Dieu!* Why? He asks why! Did you hear the noise. The bed is broken. The window, the lamp, *brrr-pp!*" She clapped her hands together. "Why? Go and see," and she turned away from him to rage once more at the two terrified creatures who had been unable to carry out her imperious orders. These had been to set her afloat in the lifeboat instantly; and willingly would they have done it, and gone in with her themselves, but, alas, they had been unable to let the villainous boat drop into the water.

Mr. Spokesly was genuinely alarmed at this news. He left them precipitately and ran down the cabin stairs to find out if the ship was making water.

There was no need. The *Kalkis*, on rebounding from the terrific impact on her forecastle, had heeled over to starboard, and the side of the ship had been buckled and crushed along the line of the deck, and the concussion had

knocked the lamp out of its gimbals, and it was rolling on the floor. He picked it up and relit it. He hurried out again to find the engineer. His training was urging him to get the wells sounded. Moreover, the filling of the forepeak through the smashed chain-locker had put the ship down by the head a little. She might be all right, but on the other hand . . .

He found the engineer calmly hauling the line out of the forward sounding pipes.

"Is she making anything, Chief?" he asked anxiously.

"Just show a light, please, Mister Mate. I got a flashlight here but it's gone out on me. Why, four inches. Nothing much *here*. We'll try the other side, eh?"

They scrambled over the hatch and hastily wiped the rod dry before lowering it into the pipe.

"Hm!" The engineer grunted as he brought the rod into view again. "Three feet! I reckon she's makin' some water here through that bulkhead, Mister Mate. What say if I try the pumps on her, eh?"

"You do that, will you? I was afraid o' that, Chief. You know the bosun's gone?"

"Is that so? Gee! That's a big smash! The bosun? Tk—tk! I'll get the pump on her."

"Now!" said Mr. Spokesly to himself, "I'm going to see the Old Man." And he sprang up the ladders once more.

Captain Ranney was not to be seen, however. Mr. Spokesly went upon the bridge with belligerence. But Captain Ranney was an old hand. He had had an extraordinarily varied experience of exasperated subordinates, and Mr. Spokesly's conscientious tantrums worried him not at all. Especially did he fail to appreciate the significance of his chief officer's anxiety at this moment, since, from his own point of view, this smash in the fog, supposing they did not meet any inquisitive craft for an hour or two—and this was not at all likely—this

smash was a piece of singular good fortune. The cruiser would report ramming a small vessel in the fog, and the people in Salonika, knowing the position of the *Kalkis*, would conclude she was lost with all hands, when she failed to appear at Phyros. It was so perfectly in accordance with his desires that he decided to run down and get one of his own special cigarettes. Now that he was actually in the middle of carrying out the plans of the owner of the *Kalkis*, Captain Ranney suffered from none of the timidity and truculent nervousness which had assailed him the day before. He had more courage than Mr. Spokesly would ever admit, because that gentleman was not aware that his captain was a bad navigator. To the bad navigator every voyage is a miracle.

So he came up jauntily, behind Mr. Spokesly, smoking a special cigarette, and ignoring his chief officer completely until the latter chose to speak. With everything in his favor, for he had heard the engineer's remarks on the condition of the bilges forward, he was resolved to "maintain his authority," as he phrased it, by "a perfectly justifiable silence."

But it was no use trying to convince Mr. Spokesly that he did not exist. That gentleman, in the course of the last few minutes, since the collision in fact, had experienced a great accession of vitality. He felt as though not only his own existence but the integrity of the ship as a living whole, her frame, her life, her freight and the souls clinging to her in the blind white void of the fog, was concentrated in himself. He looked over the side and tried to see if the engineer had succeeded in getting the pump on that bilge. She was down by the head—no doubt of that. And yet there couldn't be any real fracture of that bulkhead, or the forehold would have filled by now. Lucky all the caps were well lashed on the ventilators. He looked over the side again. The fog seemed clearing a little. And the ship was moving faster. The beat of the engines was certainly more rapid. He stared at the ostentatiously

turned back of his commander with a sort of exasperated admiration. He was evidently a much more accomplished scoundrel than Mr. Spokesly had imagined. Here he had extra speed up his sleeve. Why, it might be anything up to thirteen knots. Not that the *Kalkis* had boilers for that speed. Wow! He was a card!

"I suppose you know the bosun was carried overboard when that ship hit us," Mr. Spokesly remarked in a conversational tone as the captain approached in his stroll.

"And I've no doubt," said Captain Ranney with extreme bitterness to the surrounding air, "that you blame me for not stopping and picking him up."

"You might have stopped, certainly," said his chief officer, "but the point is, if you'd been on your right course you wouldn't have hit anything."

"Oh indeed! Oh indeed!" said the captain.

"Yes, oh indeed. You won't maintain you were on the right course, I suppose."

"I maintain nothing," snapped the captain. "I'll merely trouble you to ask the man at the wheel what course he was making when we were run into by one of those infernal, careless naval officers who think they know everything, like you. And after that I'll merely invite you to mind your own business."

"Mind my own business!" repeated Mr. Spokesly in a daze.

"And I'll mind mine," added the captain after a dramatic pause, and turning on his heel.

"You're like some bally old woman," began Mr. Spokesly, "with your nag, nag, nag. I don't wonder that Maltee mate used to go for you."

"Ask the man at the wheel what course he was steering," repeated the captain distinctly, coming back out of the gloom and wheeling away again.

"I'll be going for you myself before this trip is over," added the mate.

"And then kindly leave the bridge," concluded the captain, reappearing once



more, as though emerging suddenly from the wings of a theater and declaiming a speech in a play. Having declaimed it, however, he retreated with singular precipitancy.

"I must say, I've been with a few commanders in my time," Mr. Spokesly began in a general way. He heard his captain's voice out of the dark opining that he had no doubt every one of those commanders was glad enough to get rid of him. He could easily believe that.

"Perhaps they were," agreed Mr. Spokesly. "Perhaps they were. The point is, even supposing that was the case, they never made me want to throw them over the side."

The voice came out of the darkness again, commenting upon Mr. Spokesly's extreme forbearance.

"Don't drive me too far," he warned.

The voice said all Mr. Spokesly had to do was remove himself and come on the bridge when he was sent for. No driving was intended.

"Ah, you talk very well, Captain. I'm only wondering whether you'll talk half so well at the Inquiry."

The voice asked, "What inquiry?" with a titter.

"There's always an Inquiry, somewhere, sometime," said Mr. Spokesly, dully, wondering what he himself would have to say, for that matter. He heard the voice enunciate with a certain lisping exactitude, "Not yet."

"Oh no, not yet. When the war's won, let's say," he replied. This seemed such a convenient substitute for "never" that he was not surprised to get no answer save a sound like "Tchah!"

"The fog's lifting," he remarked absently. It was. He could already see a number of stars above his head through the thinning vapor. "I'll leave you," he added. "However," he went on, "we'll have another look at the bilges. I got a certificate to lose as well as you. If you've got one."

There was no answer, and tiring of the sport, Mr. Spokesly picked up the hur-

ricane lamp and went down again to sound the starboard bilge. He was getting very tired physically, now the reaction from the excitement of the collision had set in. He found the sounding-rod, neatly chalked, ready to lower. Very decent party, that engineer, he reflected. The rod showed two feet, eight inches. Mr. Spokesly breathed more easily. He had got his pumps going.

In the stress of the crisis through which he was passing the mysterious and exacerbating strife going on between himself and the captain, Mr. Spokesly seemed to himself to be separated from Evanthia as by a transparent yet impassable barrier. The insignificance of such a creature in the face of a material disaster as had been impending appalled him. He saw with abrupt clarity how, if the ship had been mortally hit, and if there had been any manner of struggle to save their lives, she would not have sustained the role of fainting heroine rescued by lion-hearted men, or that of heroic comrade taking her place in the peril beside them. Nothing of the sort. She would have got into the boat and commanded the crew to row away with her at once. She did not know that Plouff was gone, and if he went down and told her, she would not care a flip of her fingers. That, he was surprised to realize, was part of her charm. She was so entirely pagan in her attitude toward men. She was one of those women who are born to be possessed by men, but the men who possess them can possess nothing else. They are the destroyers, not of morals, but of ideals. They render the imagination futile because they possess the powerful arts of the enchantresses, the daughters of Helios. They demand the chastity of an anchorite and the devotion of a knight of the Grail. While the virtuous and generous bend under the weight of their self-appointed travails, these pass by in swift palanquins of silk and fine gold, and are adored by the valiant and the wise.

And he was going to marry her.

*(To be continued)*

# MEANDERING WHERE FLOWS MEANDER

LETTERS TO AN AMERICAN FRIEND

## PART III

BY DOROTHY KENNARD

*Lady Kennard is the daughter of a distinguished English diplomat who represented his country at various important posts. The greater portion of her life has been spent in the East—Turkey, Persia, and Japan.*—THE EDITORS.

*Orient Express, just after leaving  
Constantinople, Monday, 12th.*

DEAR —: I had not intended to write you another travel letter. But there is so little to do in a train, and after all, I am still abroad. I have, therefore, a good excuse.

Besides, I have a lot to tell you about our two days in Constantinople, for I must say that every old friend there proved worthy of the name, several times over, during our short stay. And I will also say that we accomplished more than average people would have done, in forty-eight hours. Incidentally, we came in for a real "Northern Hemispherical" snowstorm, and it was as cold there as I ever felt it in Petrograd. We went to the Bazaars again with —, to finish off Christmas presents, and to Ayub. Then she carried us off to Moda. In the evening we joined up with a party from off the Flagship, to go and dance at "Rector's," where we stayed till 2 A.M. And, on our second night, G. K. gave us a dinner at the Russian Restaurant, where all the waitresses are supposed to be princesses incognito.

Now, after these two disgracefully late nights, I am almost looking forward to the peace of four comfy days on this very pleasant train, which is almost empty, and where we have been given the "*voiture salon*" at the extreme end of the compartment, complete with Col.—a King's Messenger, next door. We were all formally introduced to the Colonel on the platform, and are already friendly.

There are few other passengers—and those few are English, I think.

Now I am going to bed to sleep nine hours.

*Tuesday, 13th.*

Needless to say, I didn't sleep nine hours. In fact, I hardly slept at all, because the heater in our carriage died, and I was almost frozen stiff. The conductor tells us that the temperature is forty below zero. This I can hardly believe—but—our windows are so clouded up that S. has been working at them, with her dagger, for nearly half an hour, to try to obtain a peep-hole for surveying the landscape. It is a gloomy one, of snow and bleakness. I have caught a really streaming cold, and am feeling the effects of those late nights. Luckily, this is our longest day: once out of Serbia, the air will get warmer, and the speed will increase. The Colonel is a *dear*. Quite unusually nice for a traveling Englishman. The other Britishers appeal less, from the force of contrast. The two men, one in khaki and the other only very recently out of it, are both "T. G.'s" of the most blatant type—good fellows of the "Cheerio—top hole—old bean!" category. They are traveling in unrelated, but intensely "pally" juxtaposition with a young lady (I *won't* call her young woman), dressed in a mole-skin and duveteen coat that must have cost at least thirty pounds, if not more, who is, we are told by the Colonel, one of the lady clerks to some department



in Constant., besides being an amateur actress of no slight repute. She is terribly coy with her escorts, both of whom are competing fiercely for her "pretty little ways"; alas, she is rather *démodée*, and—most obviously likes the khaki best.

This has been, I think, the very longest day that I have ever lived, and I have occupied it in keeping myself awake deliberately, so as to get the full benefit of the *recherché* bed that I have prepared, against the coming hours of bitter cold. Serbia, under snow, competes closely with the worst tales of Russian refugees.

Tuesday, 10 P.M.

*We have had a bang-up accident! ! !  
We have been derailed! ! !*

S. and I had just got back to our compartment, from the dining room, well fed, and, warm, when—the train slowed down with a shriek of brakes, there was a horrible "bobble—bobble—bobble," each "bobble" fiercer than the last. Realizing vaguely that this was an accident—probably my last uncrippled moment on this earth!—I did a sort of sloughing, forward dive, headforemost, into my bunk—my one conscious thought: "I want something soft near my face *quickly*!" and, as I did so, there was a sort of inferno outbreak of metal noises, and our carriage began, very slowly, to go over. I waited for death. But, as it didn't come, I got up. The whole thing had happened in about one minute—if that.

There wasn't a scream and there wasn't a sound. Simultaneously, and not over confidently, we hazarded, in chorus: "You all right?" Then, both grunting something, we clutched our bags and sought the passage, which was rearing up at us at an angle of about forty degrees. Even as we moved, the car gave a sort of lurch to forty-five, and the Colonel, in the passage, told us to get out as quickly as we could, as he thought it was going over. A panting man from the engine staff clambered in from out of doors, just as we scrambled

out in most undignified haste, and barked at us: "Is anyone dead here?" He didn't wait for the answer, and disappeared along the car.

Well, there we were (three inches of frozen snow over the wold of Serbia), staring vaguely at four carriages lying on their sides, and fifty yards of rail and sleeper, literally torn up as if they had been ploughed.

"Off the track" announced the *chef-de-train*, with superfluity. No one knew where he had sprung from. People began to appear as black shapes on the white silence. Not a soul was hurt, and not a voice was talkative. Suddenly we started thinking: everything we owned which could suggest comfort during the period of time before us that was obviously to be uncomfortable, was inside that twisted, derailed cavern, swaying in front of us. What's more, it was inside there, loose!

"The dining car is still all right on its four wheels," said a conductor, "*Allez-y, mesdames.*"

"*Bagage — Gepäck — Luggage —*" sounded a concerted wail from Frenchmen, Austrians, Englishmen alike, while sundry unintelligible grunts, from less-labeled nationalities, voiced apparently identical sentiments.

"Be thankful you're not all dead," barked the conductor, "and get into the diner."

We obeyed, like sheep.

On the stumbling journey thither we were able to appreciate the justice of his reproof. Had we not chosen that exact spot (barely two hundred yards long) in which to meet a broken rail; had our couplings not promptly broken; had we fallen passageward instead of windowward, I think that you wouldn't have read a first-hand description of that Tuesday night.

So unpleasant did what we had just missed appear, in the imagination, that the dozen-odd passengers who found their way into the dining car spent quite ten minutes in telling one another how infernally lucky they had been, before

they began to speculate upon how utterly miserable they were *going* to be, speedily, and for a long time.

The first half hour has passed in sorting out the various and peculiar belongings that the railway staff is busy retrieving, from out the various compartments. They are all heaped about on the still crumby dinner tables.

We are ten kilometers from the nearest station, about an hour and a half's run out of Nish, toward Belgrade. The *chef-de-train* says: "We are certainly in luck. The engine wasn't damaged. It will go off to fetch an ordinary Serbian train for us. . . ."

He is rudely interrupted, because a dozen different voices, in a dozen different accents shout: "When?"

He gives us a contemptuous glance, and we decide that he is not the kind of man to be decoyed into answering silly questions.

Somebody has just announced that the engine has gone—to the next station, for help. We all smile at one another, for the first time, and the Colonel says: "Shall I open a burgundy?"

*Later. 11 P.M.*

We have split up into camps. Everybody is now replete, as regards belongings, and is sitting or lying upon what he cannot actually grasp. The staff—vague, chestnut-colored silhouettes, moving among a debris of grease and broken crockery—have withdrawn into their inner room. Some are sleeping, some talking, some eating, while one of them, the conductor of our own Calais car, is showing a bump, the only one on the whole train—invisible at that.

Three-quarters of an hour pass—in silence. And the light is very dim. A whistle—of course, our train—!

The *chef-de-train* comes in, beaming, and rubbing his frozen mittens together, in triumphant claps:

"*Eh bien, messieurs, mesdames!* Now the engine is off. In two or three hours—we'll have a train."

He pauses, and the smile fades.

"*Hein?* You're not content? Besides, no sleeping car, *vous savez*. An 'omnibus' Serbian train. But" (this brightly, as if he feared to have spoiled his own good tidings) "we'll move along all the same—as far as Belgrade."

"How many hours?" enunciates the Girl, in a sort of wail "*après*—to Belgrade?"

"About four, mademoiselle. But—you know that depends!"

He disappears, into a farther room, to join the comatose circle of employees, and one can almost hear him telling them that: "they are never satisfied, those travelers!"

"Half-past eleven now," says the Colonel: "we shan't get away from here till two!"

The range of mountains which is S. heaves once or twice, grunts, and sits up suddenly; she sways, yawns, takes a look at us all and, apparently, doesn't like what she sees, because she lies down again.

Outside is snow-surface, stretching for miles, and, over it, broods a wavering moon. Silence—

*Midnight.*

The compartment door bursts open, and wakes us all:

"*Soll gleich kommen, unser Zug!*" ("Our train will be here immediately!") The engine driver, a cherubic Austrian, is out of breath, but still superbly conscious of being the hero of the night. Had he not worked the brakes in time we had been worse off than we are.

The people who can't speak German look entirely apathetic. Those who can all begin at once to roll their 'r's' professionally. Khaki, finding that the Girl's head has shifted a bit, sits up, shakes himself, yawns and growls, in a tone of the most scathing contempt:

"Haven't heard so much of *this* lingo since the war. Might think we were at it again!"

"I believe it would be as well to collect our belongings," suggests the Colonel softly.

He really is a dear! He hardly talks—



but somehow he is always in the right place at the right moment. And he must be a most sweet-tempered man at home! Luckily he has only been given a very small bag—size No. 5, as far as I have been able to judge. He is still treating it very respectfully, but I feel that the moment is coming when it will get forgotten for a short time. No man, even such an efficient one, is superhuman—and there are a great many things to carry!

*Wednesday, 1.30 A.M.*

A whistle!—or have I dreamed it? For, this time, I really did go to sleep. The *chef-de-train* appears:

“Here we are. One starts at last.”

We begin to uncramp our various cramps—each one of us after his own fashion.

Only the Girl stays seated. At first I reflect, rather bitterly, that these nice feminine little bits are always the ones to get their parcels carried for them. But:

“I don’t think that we ought to move out of here without our tickets,” she says calmly, “or without our passports. I was warned not to lose sight of mine.”

Five minutes later, complete with every individual document, we gather up our bags again and detrain: single file in the moonlight, the whole length of our four wrecked carriages, to the spot where, some hundred yards beyond them, puffs our own engine, which has brought us two compartments and a luggage van from the nearest local station.

The passageway of those carriages is short, but we manage to make it onerous. To begin with, it is pitch dark. And each traveler has to feel for his luggage as it is handed up to him through the door at the end. However, at the end of twenty minutes, we all *say* we are complete. There is even, at one moment, a gladstone too many! (Not a soul claimed it till next day, and it was bandied about, for fully an hour, from compartment to compartment.)

I have just settled into a corner and established the welcome fact that the steam heat *is* working, when I hear the Girl in the corridor:

“Yes—all this is a bit of all right. But they needn’t think I’m going on without my heavy luggage, because I’m not. So that’s that!”

“Good for you, Miss X. Here’s a first-rate working party of two, at all events!”

“That’s Khaki,” I tell myself resignedly, “and when *he* wakes up the time has come for me to do likewise!”

So I instruct S. to guard the carriage as she would her honor, and clamber out into the winter world. We almost move the trunks ourselves, Khaki, Civilian, King’s Messenger and I. The others stand by, in admiring semicircle, claiming and applauding, in voluble turn, as their contribution to effort.

When I get back to our compartment, S. is still alone in it. Every other cubicle is packed six and eight deep. I always told you that that strong silent way of S.’s worked excellently to any end!

“What did you do?” I ask her.

“Oh, I just stood in the door!” is her detached reply.

I go in search of the Colonel and find him, a prisoner wedged between the females of equivocal age and nation.

An awkward moment for me! Has he gone there because he likes them? Or because he is tired of us? Or because he can’t help himself? As he doesn’t look happy, I decide to risk the suggestion that he join up with us, instead. He comes, and the bag comes also.

The Civilian, Khaki, and Girl have found one another and are ensconced next door. As I pass their opening I heard one of them murmur:

“Now, Miss X., treat us just as if we were not here.”

She is practical, but she is not omnipotent, and both her men stand well over six foot.

The train has whistled. My watch says two-fifteen. We are off. Four

hours' traveling should get us "there"—wherever "there" may be—by seven, at latest. Allowing, therefore, half an hour for my wash in grease paint, I curl up, deciding to wake at six.

5.00 A.M.

No—it's impossible! I have sat up for good, and am hunting for the grease pot. I don't care if I do wake them all up. They've slept long enough, comparatively, and I can't stand this heater any more. I realize that I am extremely hungry.

Well, anyway, I can get over the unpleasantnesses of my toilet in private, at least, by waking thus early, and that, to the modest and "approaching-middle-aged" woman, means something.

I stagger out into the corridor.

The Colonel appears—cheerfully, looking as if he had come out of a bath—but rather a mediocre one, where he had not spent much time.

"Good morning, Lady Kennard. You slept well, you and your friend?"

Can you imagine a more bitter remark? He makes up for it quickly by saying something kind about my general appearance "after such a night"—but it is too late.

The *chef-de-train* emerges, yawning and going "Brrrh" through his nose.

"*Eh bien*," I say cheerfully (for I remember he likes us to be optimistic), "we'll be there in half an hour, won't we?"

He looks at me with pity, as if he thought I were quite insane. "If we make good time, madame, about as we're going now, we shall arrive around half-past ten."

The night has taught us something: at any rate no one is violent. In fact we are rather sad and silent. Suddenly I think of something, and dive into our little black hole—yes—it is still there: a precious bottle of mineral water and half a roll of bread. I start to fall upon this meal, preserved most carefully from a final raid upon the shattered pantry of our train, against just such a dire extremity as is mine of this moment.

VOL. CXLV.—No. 868.—68

Then—I remember that I am an Englishwoman, that tradition points to the road of partial abnegation, in the shape of an appearance, at least, of share and share alike.

8.30 A.M.

Two hours have passed like this. We are not getting along very fast. The speed limit is about eight miles an hour, and we stop at every station. We have just reached one that is bigger than usual, and a board announces a restaurant. It is written in Serbian, but we have learnt that "P" is "R," and hunger has whetted subsequent necessary perspicacity. The Colonel has disappeared within its enticing interior, to emerge, as if shot from a catapult, clutching a parcel.

"Sausages?" I ask hopefully.

He pays no attention, and has started to speak before the word is out of my mouth:

"*What*—" he says earnestly, "what do you think I've got?"

S. is practical:

"Let's see it," she prompts him. Six weeks' experience of foreign travel has made her cautious about unexpected food.

"*A chicken!*" says the scout, as if announcing the relief of Mafeking.

One cannot comment, as facilities are lacking for canonization of the Colonel on the spot: so we stand before him and gaze as do the heathen before their God.

"And bread!—And a knife to carve them with!" he voices in modest, but nevertheless consciously triumphant crescendo.

As if actuated by a common impulse, his harem collides in anxiety to close the door. No alien element from any other camp shall share, or even be allowed to feast their vision upon this meal! Then we sit, in semicircle, while the Colonel carves. I am a mere woman, but—carving is my province. When, therefore, that man takes, out of his pocket, a penknife—a delicate little toy (possibly even a sentimental souvenir) and proceeds to concentrate its point upon



the fowl, I can hardly bear my agony of polite inertia. It is not a very big chicken—and a moderate carver has been known to waste such a lot!

The splendid moment has arrived: we gnaw in conclave, biting around the angles of the drumsticks, and smiling happily into one another's eyes. This not so much because our intimacy is ripening, but because every other sense is better employed, at the moment, than is the one of sight.

10.30 A.M.

We have been to sleep again. It is the moment when we were due to arrive at Belgrade: the engine driver has just told us that, with luck, we shall get there within two or three hours.

After all, nothing very pleasant is going to happen to us, I suppose, when we do reach Belgrade! As a party, we are trying to get to London, and the only trains capable of taking us there are those that come from where we have come from. All those trains will be obliged to surmount the obstacle that we have strewn for them, across the single line, before they can be of any use to us at all.

Belgrade—capital of Serbia—on the —? Well dash it, what river is it on?

"The Save?" suggests somebody. No one contradicts. We remain in silent rallying of all the bits of information that we have ever acquired about Belgrade. For myself, the name is exceedingly familiar, in some intimate and very recent connection—of course! Our minister there—an old and tried friend. *Now* we shall be all right! I tell them all about it. They listen politely, until the moment when I add: "If we are hung up we can always go to the Legation and get a bath." Polite attention turns to concentrated suspension upon my utterance. I have made an impression, and, what is far more important, there is just a chance of making up, indirectly and in a tiny way to the Colonel, for all his charming courtesy. I keep harping on this, but you don't know how unhelpful he could, so easily, have been, without

incurring any legitimate onus of unfriendliness at all.

Talking about Belgrade has passed half an hour. Now we are obviously all going to sleep again—sitting up this time. To attempt lying down is really agony!

11 A.M.

The *chef-de-train* says: "*Belgrade dans une heure!*"

12 A.M.

"*In einer Stunde sind wir in Belgrad,*" shouts the engine driver.

1 P.M.

I think we have arrived at Belgrade!

Wednesday, 14th, 2 P.M.

We are sitting down to lunch now, in the station restaurant of Belgrade. I found the place by accident, while I was hunting for the telephone to ring up the Legation. As a cursory inspection revealed the fact that some exceedingly good food was perambulating, I have not left it since!

The first hour, spent in shivering misery on one of many unfriendly platforms whose surface is drifting snow, was neither profitable nor pleasant. A brief burst of communal energy sufficed to heap our hand luggage in a sort of "Belgian-Refugee" pile in the open; then rather naturally, having at last arrived at what we had been led to believe was a destination, we looked interestedly about us for signs of further happenings: such as, for instance, a special train to take us on our way—or, possibly a *Wagon Lit* deputation solicitous as to our recent sufferings and anxious to make amends. But none evolved. Our immediate surroundings were uninspiring: it was bitterly cold, and all we saw was gray. From adjacent platforms a few local trains started for destinations unknown, and arrived, occasionally, from out the all pervading mist. Their Serb passengers brushed our huddled misery with superb contempt. All our own officials had disappeared and no others came to take their place.

We acquired a Serbian porter. He appeared as a congenital idiot until he had brought us into contact with the guardian of the Belgrade cloak room—then we realized that the porter was a shining, intellectual light, compared with what Belgrade could do!

At any rate, we were able to get rid of the dozen or so odd parcels that each one of us was carrying, receiving in return, a dingy piece of paper, upon which the cloak-room officials had expended an awe-inspiring orgy of pencil licking. Wandering disconsolately back to the platform we met the *chef-de-train*. This was a bit of luck! If we hadn't happened to run into him, we should certainly not have been found by him for hours.

He didn't look as if he wanted to stop to talk to us, and we let him go. He could tell us nothing that we were not able to imagine for ourselves. We knew exactly how difficult the "Orient" that followed ours of Monday would find it to fetch up with us here in Belgrade, along that single line!

"Do you think you could telephone to the Legation, Lady Kennard?" said the Colonel, without further comment, and I started off on my lonely voyage of exploration.

I found a telephone almost at once in the office of the *chef-de-gare*. But he refused to let me use it, and told me, in polyglot French, to put my message through where the *sous-chef* worked. The *sous-chef* didn't like me or my message either. He told me so in evil German and hinted that my errand was more suited to the baggage master's office. I fear that the baggage master would have had no language but Serb, and that my mission would have ended in failure but for this lucky find of an eating room where the proprietor talks English, and has a telephone that enjoys being used.

Everybody revels in the making of sensational announcements, and I passed quite a few pleasant seconds picturing our diplomatic envoy's surprise and concerned dismay at the terrible plight

of a friend. Here is the conversation as it evolved:

ME (to a familiar rustle on the 'phone).—"Is that Sir ———?"

VOICE.—"Yes."

ME.—"This is Dorry Kennard speaking."

VOICE.—"What on earth—"

ME.—"Oh, we've had an awful time! And now we're sitting at Belgrade station. Our train has been derailed."

VOICE.—"Has it? I hear it was late."

ME.—"You don't understand. Our train has been derailed. We have had an accident!"

VOICE.—"Yes? It happens quite often, you know. Is there anything I can do?"

ME.—"You can send us something that talks in a way we can understand."

VOICE.—"Oh—if you're hung up, I will of course come myself. Naturally you must all come up here. Don't worry. This is quite an ordinary occurrence. See you presently—in the restaurant, I suppose?"

ME (intensely chagrined, but, nevertheless, intensely grateful).—"I do think that's nice of you!"

It is nice of him. For his welcome had sounded sincere and pleased. Only the concern had been entirely lacking, and that was a blow. After all—we might have been planted upon him in the shape of corpses! As Minister here, it would have been his job to bury us and inform our relations.

Just as I'm wondering whether I oughtn't to go and hunt up the rest of the party, I see the Colonel and S. shouldering their way to this table. Others of our late companions are filtering in through another door. I saw the woman, a minute ago, emerge from a curtained doorway, behind the stove. If I have judged her correctly, something nice must lurk there, else she would not have found it. Perhaps a well-disguised wash place?—I'm going to see.

*A few minutes later.*

I was right. We are all cleaner now.



*At the British Legation, 4.30 P.M.*

We are in clover. Each one of us had a steaming bath and a complete change of underclothing. We have been given a right royal welcome and feel like souls reborn. The room where we are sitting has produced a bridge table; through an open doorway, into the dining room, glint the furnishings of a real English "sit-down tea." We are expected to stay to dinner, and the general atmosphere is the one pervading a conclave of old friends who have stage-managed with care and trouble an exceedingly well-planned meeting. We are inclined to avoid any reference though as to our prospects after ten o'clock to-night, since the expression of a few illuminating remarks by our hosts *re* what they apologetically affirm awaits us.

"We've a man here at the Legation," announced the Minister, within a few minutes of our arrival, "who has been trying now, for two days to catch your train. He's having another shot this evening. I'm afraid you are in for a night at the station, and there is no way out of it!"

*11 P.M.*

We are back in the restaurant. The tale of how we got here is a confused memory of a cold rush through night air, in a comfortable motor-car, and a stumbling perambulation through the back alleys of the station, where one received the impression that the entire slum population of Serbia had decided to spend the night. Soldiers, peasantry, and town civilians of every age, sex and denomination, were camping on the floor of trodden mud of every passageway: spread about, in massed confusion of their own filth and odor. The soldiers were lying, braced against one another, in close formation, forming a tangled skein of heads and limbs—just as might a row of toy soldiers when the small boy, who has set them up, gets bored with his game and sweeps a hand across the table. The women crouched, and drooped, and moaned; some clutched their children while others seemed to

have flung the babies aside as they had done their bundles. Some four or five hundred human beings must have been huddled there, in riot of slime and refuse. The scene was lighted fitfully, with the flickering of half a dozen candle-lanterns.

"Don't think that they are destitute," said somebody who had come with us from the Legation, "they are only waiting for their trains!"

I am not sure, now as I look about this restaurant that, barring the fact that we are furnished here with tables and polished chairs, we look so very different from the poor! And, mind you, the moment has not yet come for us to start in upon the inevitable promiscuity of sleep! The dining place is as crowded as were the approaches to it, and, as a conglomeration, its humanity is very little more savory. We have been abandoned by our interpreter escort, having said good-by to our hosts, and are thrown once more upon our traveling resources.

Our *chef-de-train* appears, most opportunely, from somewhere. He, too, looks cleaner: Early in the morning we can look for the arrival of the "Orient" which left Constantinople Tuesday he tells us, jubilantly.

"Exactly, what does that mean?" asked the Colonel, who has learned something.

Our friend shrugs his shoulders:

"*Que voulez-vous, monsieur?* Nobody knows here. If back there they are quick unloading, we may see them perhaps around five or six o'clock. But they will have to pass our wreck. And there was a good deal of it, you know. . ."

The *clientèle* here is interesting. At a table for two sits a Russian officer of highish rank, in a very tired uniform. Opposite him is his wife, poorly dressed in sober black. Both are over fifty. To the right a native couple of a class most obviously superior to the rest, are installed, in patient waiting, minus food or drink or interest in anything around them. They are quite young, brother and sister, for they are very much alike,

but the woman is the better man of the two, for her occasional remarks are barked out in a gruff bass voice, while he is feminine entirely as regards chin outline—gentle in his ways.

Even as I watch them a friend rushes up to their table and tells them something excitedly. I have distinguished the word "Orient" and solicit information:

"Good news! All the wreckage has been cleared up. The train has passed by it. We shall get off in an hour."

I tell my party, who look skeptical, and wander across to inform the Girl, who has withdrawn into a corner to doze. On the way I am nearly bowled over by Khaki.

"There's some news has just come in. Pretty rotten, I'm afraid. The Constantinople train of Tuesday was hours late, anyway, before they met our wreck. And they can't possibly get here before breakfast to-morrow."

His information does not fit mine, and I like mine best. A passing *Wagon Lit* conductor refutes both:

"Go to the hotel—*tranquillement*, *messieurs les voyageurs*, we shall be here for a good week."

"We shall be off at two o'clock," barks the *chef-de-train*.

Thursday, 12.30 A.M.

I have been asleep. A Serbian official has just brayed something unintelligible into the room, I suppose about a local train, and the entire mass of humanity is struggling to the doorway. The man brays something further, and the shifting conglomeration sits down again. A pity!

All our old friends are still scattered about, but—the Hun couple has disappeared! For one awful moment it crosses my mind that, perhaps, what they have found was the train, and that it has come, and gone without us. . . .

"Do you know that we've discovered where they have hidden our heavy luggage?" says the Civilian in modest triumph.

We had entirely forgotten the heavy

luggage! Certainly it is essential to know that it still exists, and we are grateful.

"Pretty parky—out of doors," continues the investigator, "*Très* very cold, what?" And he disappears again, stamping his feet. I decide to go for a walk myself. On a deserted platform I meet the conductor who was in the restaurant.

"Why not go to sleep, mademoiselle, in this empty carriage? It won't leave until seven o'clock to-morrow morning for Prague. Moreover, I assure you that your train won't come this night. There are already two of your passengers who have been sleeping in it for the last hour."

I knew it! I knew those Huns had not disappeared without a reason! . . . I fly back to the Colonel, to retrieve him and S. for bed in the empty wagon, but they demur:

"Wait a bit longer. The proprietor here has wired along the line, on his own, to see what is happening!"

I sit down again, and order bread and cheese.

Between 1 A.M. and 1.45 A.M.

"The unloading has just finished. The train has left the spot. We shall be off at five o'clock" (from the conductor).

"Don't ask me anything. We know nothing" (from the head of the *Wagon Lit*).

"The second train has just gone off the rails!" (from something Serbian with gold lace on its cap).

"I've met a fellow who says the train left the wreck four hours ago, and may come in any minute" (from the Civilian).

"You never can tell here. They don't wire and they don't 'phone. This may not be a train at all!" (from the "man from the Legation" who has done this for two nights running).

"All of you off to sleep. At last there's definite news: The train left the spot at one-thirty and will be here between six and seven to-morrow morning. So you can have four good hours rest!" (from the *chef-de-train*).



We listen to him: it has been impossible to do so to the others: he notices, and is pleased:

"On my word of honor, *Monsieur le Colonel*. Go to sleep in peace. I myself saw the telegram."

"Shall we?" asks the Colonel, as he might suggest a short trip to Heaven.

That dark, silent, peaceful railway carriage is Paradise indeed. I make as much noise as I can getting into it so as to wake the Huns, who have been there for ages ahead of us all.

5.45 A.M.

Somebody said: "The train's coming between six and seven." If it is, we ought to get up. But, wait a minute, sleep has cleared my brain.

Yesterday, it took us from 2 A.M. till 1 P.M. next day to get from the scene of the wreck to Belgrade. That's eleven hours. Why should it take another train less? This one, we are told, has been authentically announced by telegram as having left at half-past one. How can it reach us before noon?

The others, however, have awakened by this time. I tell them the result of my calculations, but they don't listen. I fancy that they are tired of being told things. When we steal back into the restaurant, I make a point of telling everybody that I see that we can't, with the best of luck, get off before noon. Again nobody listens. I am hurt, and consume a sausage sandwich. The Colonel says:

"If that train is really due, I think we ought to do something about retrieving our cloak-room luggage."

The Civilian agrees with him emphatically, and even repeats the sentiment to me in the form of: "Don't you think we ought to do something about that cloak-room luggage?" I agree with energy and suggest the proposed activity to S. Nobody moves.

6.15 A.M.

The Colonel shakes his shoulders, yawns and says: "I don't think we'd

better count on that train for breakfast!"

I demur, and he continues: "You don't mean to say you're not hungry?"

I reply modestly that I am no breakfast eater. They have none of them noticed that I have been eating all night!

A desultory stroll brings me face to face with the Hun lady's curtained doorway of the day before. Good idea! Wash.

I burst in, unceremoniously—a little Serbian Jew is lathering his head. As he doesn't round on me, I overcome my preliminary instinctive hesitation, and appropriate the adjoining basin, with calm. Then I take down my hair. He finishes his head and takes off his coat.

"The water feels good, *hein?*"

I agree with him, then start on my teeth. He rubs his neck:

"*Madame Anglaise?*"

I nod emphatically.

"Madame travels alone?"

I nod negation (this is done from side to side: both movements are feasible while lathering).

He puts on his coat, brushes his hair, bows and departs. Two Serbian women come in and undress below their stays. I notice that they have nice underclothes. They are peasants. One picks up my soap, smells and nods approval, then rubs some on her forehead, thinking it is scent.

Just as I leave the toilette, the wife of the restaurant keeper comes up and demands "dinards." This is Serbian money, and I haven't got any. So I smile vaguely and pass her by.

6.45 A.M.

Everybody is breakfasting except me. Khaki says that someone has told him the train won't be in before eight. The Girl inquires of the company in general whether "she doesn't look too awful." The queer thing is that she doesn't!

The proprietor of the restaurant tells us that he has seen a wire announcing that the train we are waiting for completed trans-shipment of passengers and

baggage at 1 A.M. this morning; that we can count on its arrival, therefore, by twelve o'clock.

The Colonel says: "I really think we ought to do something about the hand luggage!"

7 A.M.

The "man from the Legation" tells us that he is just going to run to the Legation to tell them we haven't started yet. It seems unnecessary, but we have no objection if it amuses him!

The big German china stove, which has survived all night, is nearly out. I have found a very comfortable seat on top of it!

8 A.M.

The *chef-de-train* passes and repasses us constantly, but he doesn't stop and talk to us any more.

The conductor, on the other hand, who has been the world's worst pessimist all along, has suddenly become cheerful (I presume because he has been asleep), and volunteers that the train should be here to-day, or to-morrow for certain.

I order a double Turkish coffee and decide to nibble a small fresh roll made of wheaten flour and tempting to the view.

9 A.M.

The station master sends word to tell us that the train has left a station from which it usually takes two or three hours to arrive. The *chef-de-train* (I think to be disagreeable), criticizes, by saying that there are two stations of that name, and that one is eight hours away. They all argue about it and one concludes that the ones who are eventually silent have been convinced. It is a relief to note that the *chef-de-train* is one of them.

The "man from the Legation" came back with a friend, and says that he hears the train will be here, for certain, by twelve o'clock. And that it's official. He also tells us how sorry the Minister is that we didn't stay the night. He can't regret it as bitterly as we do!

10 A.M.

The Serbian couple of overnight (the brother and sister of interchangeable

sex) have returned—no one knows where from. And they have acquired a party of smart Serbian friends, who brought them sweets. The sweets look good, and might look better, if one hadn't eaten seven rolls. This party has a distinct sense of humor. S., who sits facing them, tells me that they have been "taking us off" and that their rendering of myself was lifelike. When I turn round, they are all looking into the distance.

Suddenly I think of something:

"Colonel, if that train is really coming at twelve, might it not be as well to—"

I break off: the man looks positively dangerous.

But S., who has not been listening, continues for me innocently:

"I suppose our luggage is all right in that funny cloak-room?" The Colonel wanders off to take a walk.

12 A.M.

There is nothing to do. S. says: "Let's play that patience—you know?"

Only a genius would have thought of it! The game is one neither of us really understands. It is played with two packs, and takes a long time. So far, on this journey, we have never finished a single round of it, because something has always happened to interrupt us before we were half way through.

We start. The Colonel returns, to watch us.

12.45 A.M.

The game is over; nothing has happened.

The stove has come alive again—suddenly and with vigor. I go and take a walk.

In the office of the *Wagon Lit*, I find a "Grand Official Friend!" of Serbian nationality whom I have met before. Rather tentatively I state that this undesirable looking harridan in a crumpled costume is really I. He beams and introduces his wife. We smile at each other. She says she can guess what we have suffered. She may think she can, but she can't!

She continues: "If only you had



telephoned to us, we could have told you that there was no hope of this train arriving before lunch time to-day! The *Wagon Lit* informed us last night."

I turn in incoherent rage to round upon the servile head of the *Wagon Lit* who stands, frock-coated and bowing, before my friends. This is the man who has done nothing for twenty-four hours but assure everyone who asked him a question that he was unable to give any information at all. If I were alone with him I might be able to tell him what I think. As it is, I can't even annihilate him with a look because he declines to meet my eye.

"Well, anyway," adds my Serbian friend consolingly, "your troubles are over now. The train has been signaled and arrives in forty minutes. You had better do as we are going to do, and have some lunch."

In the restaurant I shout the good news. All are gathered there, except S., who is strolling.

The Colonel is quite calm. Before anybody else can speak, he has fished, from out his waistcoat pocket, a crumpled piece of paper:

"Here you fellows," he says to Khaki and Civilian standing by, "be good sports and get hold of all the hand luggage, will you?"

They disappear, together with the Girl; and the Colonel and I order our food.

S. materializes, together with the soup.

"I've seen the train come in!" she announces, "I would not have missed it for anything."

At that instant the doors onto the platform are thrown wide and a familiar vocal blare announces:

"Express—Orient—Simplon—Trieste—Paris!"

1.45 P.M.

We are sitting in it. But we have not been at all popular in the course of attaining this Elysium!

This new *chef-de-train* may have a lot

of excuses for being in a demoniacal temper, but he is certainly running them for all he is worth. And he has been rude to us all, in turn.

"*Oui, oui, madame!* I am quite aware that you have been in a wreck. But it wasn't you who had to transfer all the luggage and the passengers. And it wasn't you either who had to find place for forty passengers in carriages where there is room for only twenty. Sit down and be quiet."

I *will* talk about our big trunks, which everybody has forgotten, and he *shall* listen!

"The big trunks? *Ah ça, madame*, that's not my business at all. That's the lookout of the Serbians. Moreover, we are off in a few minutes. Be thankful you are here yourselves."

Serbs—Officialdom—Authority: where, oh where are my Serbian friends?—I see the man, and clutch his arm:

"Oh please, please—come with me. Our trunks—over there." I gasp incoherently. He complies, but murmurs something gentle about his wife waiting in the restaurant.

"Please—"

He comes. With our own hands we move those trunks, after he has demanded, with all the weight of officialdom behind him, the materialization of the key to the shed where they have been stored. I should never have got hold of it alone! And he stays with me until I am half way up the platform, walking in conscious triumph, in the rear of the truck upon which they are being shoved to harbor of the luggage van.

"Now, please, may I fetch my wife?" he asks with a certain spice of kindly humor.

I have no words with which to thank him. But, as he is a married man he must know what I feel.

It seems funny to be sitting down! We shall arrive in London exactly forty-eight hours late. But—I feel as if I had lived years.

(The end)



# THE LION'S MOUTH

## THE OFFENSE OF BLUE TOMATOES

BY F. M. COLBY

And when he was asked why he painted tomatoes blue, he said: "When tomatoes grow they are *red* or *green*, but when *painted* they are blue." Need more be said? Can either the words or picture of such a man be taken seriously?

I DO not recall where I read the above passage and I know nothing about the particular controversy implied in it. But of two things I am certain, from my experience of contemporary claims. In the first place, the context, whatever else it may be, will surely be very voluminous and in the second place, Bolshevism must be involved in the thing somehow. Then, too, I feel fairly safe in saying that passions on the subject are running high.

Now I myself incline always to the side of the redness of tomatoes, and my first impulse is to run to their aid against any man who asserts their blueness. In common with many other persons over fifty years of age, a considerable part of my life has been devoted to keeping tomatoes red, and I think I may say with success. Yet the triumph has not brought me the gratification that it evidently brings to those who continue in this activity. For a good many of the blue-tomato people I attacked would certainly, if left to themselves, have disappeared anyhow, while others, as I now see in retrospect, were as strong for the redness of tomatoes as I was but simply saw a different shade of it. A true blue-tomato man will, of course, in the long run commit a sort of suicide, for it is in the nature of a really blue-tomato heresiarch to be so heretical that he has no followers at all. He so hates ordinary

acceptance that he ends by operating in a social vacuum. That is why history keeps no record of the most independent of all thinkers. I mean the kind who in contempt of conventional notions about the thinness of the air have walked on it from high places. The natural end of true blue-tomato men being all that malignity could desire, hatred of them is always thrown away.

And as to the eccentrics of day before yesterday, who seem if anything too normal to-day, you seldom hear a word of regret for the time wasted in defense against them, and never from the persons who wasted most of it. I suppose, for example, that every critic who filled a volume with his fear of Ibsen not only became soon afterward an Ibsenite, but later named his eldest daughter Hedda Gabler; for the very man who is most scared by a new thing at the beginning is the hardest to detach from it at the end. But though you would meet only anti-Ibsenites on one day and then meet only Ibsenites a few days afterward, you never met a man just as he was turning from an anti-Ibsenite into an Ibsenite. You never saw a group of dramatic critics in a grove rocking and singing and coming out Ibsenized. The mental life of dramatic critics during these transition periods is apparently passed in a cocoon. I recall no interesting record of the changes as in the case of Bunyan and St. Paul.

I am not speaking of that mere ebb of moral indignation which leaves for the present high and dry such subjects as Wagner, symbolism, décolletage, Henry James, realism, bicycle skirts, art for art's sake, Browning, Beardsley, the waltz, Paul Verlaine, ragtime, *fin du siècle* immorality, Bernard Shaw, co-



education, and young women and cock-tails, and which soon will leave high and dry such subjects as cubism, feminism, futurism, birth control, flappers, H. G. Wells, bare knees, Cézanne, the fox trot, jazz, Proust, and young women and whisky flasks. I blame no enemy of co-education, Wagner, and the waltz, who afterward became a waltzing Wagnerian with a son and daughter at Cornell, and now hates mainly Cézanne, eugenics, and the fox trot; nor do I pretend for one moment that simply because Bernard Shaw, bicycle skirts, and ragtime did not bring us to the brink in 1900, we are justified in thinking that Amy Lowell, the naked knee, and the Bolshevisms may not now be doing so. I am referring to the methods, not the merits, of defense.

I mean the constant use against these new perils of the same language that failed to save us from the old ones. I mean the common illusion of our leading reactionaries that reaction simply signifies the same action over again when it did no good before, and I have in mind such gross and familiar instances as a recourse in this time of grave peril from Bolshevism or a naked knee to the self-same words that in that time of minor peril actually seemed to encourage a Bernard Shaw or a bicycle skirt. And I mean literally words, not moral attitude.

Rages in this country are the product of ennui. If men had been as monotonous in favor of feminine emancipation as they were against it, women would have revolted backward deep into the bosom of the home. Wreaths should be placed by suffragists on the brows of members of the Union League Club and not on the tomb of Susan B. Anthony. As philosophers are always reminding us, the fatigue caused by safe thinkers in America is the occasion of the wildest thoughts we have. A new movement usually is not a stampede to some new object but a stampede away from some old person, and it is a mistake to explain the Bolshevisms by the seduction of new ideas as conservative writers are

constantly doing, because conservative writers are not giving the old ideas a chance. When a young American writer seems mad it is usually because an old one drives him almost crazy. In hostilities such as that between Mr. H. L. Mencken and Mr. Paul Elmer More, ideas are not concerned at all.

Of course the disagreeable association of certain ideas and duties with the language of college presidents, congressmen, professors and ex-professors of English literature, monogamists, classical teachers, family men, property owners, cultivated Boston literary essayists, patriots, Shakespeareans, Golden Rule people, gentlefolk, civic federationists, and chief justices of the Supreme Court, ought not to count with a reasonable person against the duties and ideas themselves; but it certainly lowers the power of resistance, for it leaves the mind empty and aching. Radicalism is the rush of an opposite conclusion into an indignant void.

In this state the victim of contemporary conservatism—often a quite respectable person—will, in imagination at least, destroy his home, tear up the Constitution, pray for Lenin, join the Rough Writers, drop in at the literary shooting galleries, write poetry backward, get himself six concubines in succession, prove George Washington a drunkard, or, like Mr. H. L. Mencken after reading the *Congressional Record* for six months, burn down both houses of Congress. If he is young he will probably try to do some of these things, for the young are fearfully literal-minded. If he is old he can probably imagine enough about them to save his plowing through.

That is the danger when sound-to-mato people like myself go to the rescue of the redness of tomatoes. It is an unwelcome thought, but there may be something about us personally that makes others so angry that they see tomatoes blue. Sober writers in this country have, like Max Nordau in his celebrated volume on *Degeneration*, given sanity a black eye and cre-

ated the strange presumption in many aspiring aesthetic breasts that ends of art have been achieved simply because they seem insane to sober writers. Nordau, it will be recalled, ranged the writers of his time, as he believed, in the order of their madness, but Nordau's notion of madness was of such a nature that the order of writers in insanity corresponded closely to the order of their literary merit. For literature, it so happened, began at a point just beyond the range of Nordau's comprehension, so that the better a man wrote the madder he naturally seemed to Nordau. And so accurate did he become in classifying the best authors of the period among the criminal insane, that a man of taste might purchase almost any volume with perfect confidence without any other knowledge of the writer than that Nordau considered him a dangerous lunatic. Thus benefiting as it did the two great classes in the public, those who hated good authors and those who rather liked them, *Degeneration* was one of the most successful volumes of its day. But nature has bestowed on few men this gift of going wrong so precisely as to serve as a safe guide in the opposite direction.

### THE HEAVY-FOOTED

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

**W**HAT I tell you is not to be taken lightly. I write in bitterness.

I am generally a good-natured fellow mild and tolerant. I take a kindly view of things and make excuses for people's shortcomings. Seldom does my temper give way. Now and then, to be sure, I am aroused by the adhesive nature of the kind of bureau drawer found in summer cottages; now and then I depart briefly from the even tenor of my emotional way when I stumble over a suitcase left in the dark hallway of my apartment; and there are a few sorts of people who goad me to occasional fury. The woman (for it is usually a woman) who inserts herself at the head of the long line of people waiting at the

ticket window is one of these. But my pet aversion is the Heavy-footed.

The Heavy-footed is perhaps seen in his most characteristic manifestation at the theater. The curtain has just gone up on the first act, showing the drawing-room at The Larches, Puddington-on-Thames, Berks; the butler has shown in Lady Worcestershire, who has asked for Mrs. Cholmondeley-Neville; and the butler is just beginning to explain why Mrs. Cholmondeley-Neville is not at home and who are present at the house party, when the Heavy-footed, preceded by an usher with a spotlight, goes thundering down the aisle on his heels, pauses at the end of row C, pushes his way past the seven people who struggle to their feet at the command, "Rise, please," finds his place, stands for a good twenty seconds at his full height and takes off his overcoat, pushes down his seat with a bang, rattles his program, breathes heavily, and finally relapses into comparative silence.

For a moment the stage becomes once more visible and the butler once more audible; then the theater shakes again as another of the Heavy-footed thuds down the aisle. Doubtless, these people are physically able to walk on their toes. But apparently the fact that there is a play going on, which other people are attempting to hear, does not percolate into their intelligence until they are seated and ready to listen to it themselves. The first half of the first act and the first five minutes of acts two and three are gathered in only the most fragmentary way by the sufferer in row M; and he has no redress. All he can do is to sit silently and concentrate upon the Heavy-footed an unexpressed and unavailing hatred.

I have spoken of the Heavy-footed as though he were masculine. He usually is. One of the severest indictments of a sex in which I personally take great pride is contained in the fact that it contributes some seventy per cent of the Heavy-footed. But the female of the species can be deadly too.



There is an elderly female variety of Heavy-foot who monopolizes the attention of the entire audience for the space of two minutes while she stands in the aisle with the little throng of her theater party clustering about her and disposes them in their places. "You go in first, Miss Pendleton," she says in a penetrating voice; "now Mr. Spiffkins; all right, Alice; now Mr. Wedgewood"—and so on. Until the theater party is completely distributed the performers on the stage are outclassed.

The feminine Heavy-foot can be very leisurely. I have heard of one who had asked for six aisle seats for her party. When she arrived in the middle of the first act she found that she had literally been given six aisle seats, one in front of the other. She decided to adjust matters then and there. Presently the audience heard her say in a resounding whisper to the man sitting next to one of the aisle seats, "Are you alone to-night?" and heard the hardly less audible reply, "Sh, I'm with my wife." For dramatic effect the actors were not in it.

Have you ever sat near the door in a crowded public meeting, or had a place rather far from the speakers' table at a large dinner, and wondered who are the people outside the door, in the lobby, who talk in unrestrained voices and have to be subdued from time to time by angry "shushing" from those clustered near the door? They are the Heavy-footed. From where they stand in the lobby they cannot hear or see the speaker, and therefore he and his audience do not exist for them.

Have you ever sat at the outer fringe of an outdoor mass meeting or concert and struggled to hear? That family who tire of listening, rise with audible complaints, close their campstools noisily, and tramp off along the crunchiest part of the gravel footpath; that man who strides up to the edge of the throng and says in excellent carrying tones, "Who's that fellow speaking?"—they, too, belong to the Heavy-footed

contingent. Or perhaps you have sat in a canoe on a mountain lake at twilight and experimented with echoes. The most perfect echoes are not the first and second after you shout or clap your hands, but the last and faintest ones. You will never hear them, however, if one of the Heavy-footed brethren shares your canoe with you. Just as the echoes are beginning to tax your powers of hearing he breaks in with a remark, and the jig is up.

The champion Heavy-foot, however, is he who boards the sleeping-car at 2 A.M. and rouses the sleepers far and near by his booming shouts of "Let's have that step-ladder," and "Here, George, when do we get to Albany?" Time was when I, too, called the porter George. But I have heard too many of the Heavy-footed use the name to have any relish for it. If they would only call him Cecil or Montmorency it might make things easier to bear from sheer variety. But as the train jolts to a standstill at Sandusky and I wake to hear the Heavy-footed trudging along the corridor and shouting to each other, "Hi, where's upper six?" it is always in the certainty that presently they will call the porter George. Wide awake, I lie behind my green curtains in an ecstasy of wrath.

It is not, I suppose, a grave or vicious fault, this heavy-footedness. But it irritates because the desire to punish it must be suppressed. Often have I wished to rise in my place at the theater with the words, "Before we go any farther I should like to say one or two things about the most recent occupants of row C;" but such an interruption would defeat its own purpose. So I smother my impulse to ask the management to see if it can kick them all the way out of the theater with one well-directed kick, and no one would guess my feelings unless he sat very close to me indeed and listened intently for the grinding of my teeth.

Some day, however, the worm may turn. I have heard labor leaders say, "If these outrages continue we cannot

be responsible for what our men may do." Well, that is the way I feel. We who go to the theater, attend concerts, sit in mass meetings, and ride in sleeping cars, have a formidable array of grievances against the Heavy-footed. Do not be surprised if some day you read in the papers that a respectable broker was set upon at 8.40 P.M. by the entire audience of one of our leading metropolitan theaters and torn limb from limb. You will not need to read farther. Already you will know what happened. The broker walked down the aisle on his heels and banged down his orchestra chair. Some one—you will never know who—cried in a shrill voice, "Come on, men!" and the storm of human fury, so long pent up, broke and overwhelmed the Heavy-footed.

#### FOX HUNTING AND BASEBALL

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

**T**HERE ought to be an element of hunting in a national sport. It should be a game too, but a game alone isn't enough. There is a primitive something in most men that is aroused by the chase. A sport that doesn't arouse it lacks something, no matter how good it is otherwise; and a sport that does arouse it is popular, no matter how tame.

Take fox hunting, riding to hounds for example. As a game, it requires each performer to mount a good horse, and risk breaking his bones, jumping fences and ditches, cross country. This provides competition and excitement. Yet such a game would have died, men would have kept it up awhile and then dropped it, if there hadn't been a fox to chase as an incentive. That made it a hunt.

If the hunt had been a German custom the English might have thought it unsportsmanlike. So many men and horses and dogs against one fox. Such safety from attack for the pursuers, such risk for their victim. At the end, an army of larger beings filled with triumph over one small one's death.

But that is an unsympathetic, one-sided description. Besides, Germans

weren't the kind of men to care much for fox hunts. Their noble hunters had to shed more blood than that to feel satisfaction. The score had to be high—they wanted to kill a whole estate full of animals. It had to be a crowd of victims per hunter, instead of a crowd of hunters per fox.

Some of our own hunters made the same mistake when they killed herds of buffalo. They wanted the thrill that men get from pursuing their prey; and, being unenlightened, they thought the more prey the more thrill. But what really counts, of course, is the flavor, the true hunting feeling. No number of buffalo could give as much of that as one fox.

A fox hunt "makes more people happy than anything I know," Masefield says. It is a sport, he explains, for both sexes, all ages, all classes. All who come may take part, whether mounted or on foot, rich or poor. Whole communities attend, at some hunts, and in a mood of good humor. And it is done in the winter when fields are bare and most pleasures scarce.

Fox hunting isn't merely a sport: it's necessary, to keep down the numbers. The alternatives would be to exterminate or tame them, and foxes wouldn't like either. They probably are satisfied, on the whole, with the present arrangement. It isn't an ideal life, to be a fox and to look forward to leading a hunt, and to having a pack of dogs chew and kill you, when you're all tired out. But this enables the race to survive as the honored guests of old England.

Life is better for a fox after all than for other wild animals. The Englishman kills the fox, but only in one prescribed way, and he gets angry at any ill-conditioned person who breaks the set rules. In fact, there is a peculiar relation between the English and foxes. The two have lived together so long now that they are necessary to each other—at least the fox is to the Englishman, and the Englishman must be attractive on the whole to the fox. Both are



sporting characters. The Englishman thinks of the fox as a comrade, and the fox in a measure reciprocates. There is even a tender romanticism in the relation—at least on the side of the English.

Masefield says fox hunting is "rapidly becoming a national sport in the United States." No, no, Masefield! When the autumn leaves fall and the October haze lies o'er our fields we may some day learn to put on pink coats and blow trumpets and run after chipmunks. But we shall never chase foxes here, not on any national scale. It can be done democratically in England (perhaps) but here it would be too exclusive. In America the huntsmen couldn't let the whole countryside in. Our country-sides are not respectful enough; they wouldn't obey the set rules. And every man would want to bring his own dog, and worse still, his boys.

Or perhaps they wouldn't come at all. We don't care enough about hunting.

This may be because we already care so much for our games. Whole armies of us fill great enclosures to look on at baseball. Some critics think this isn't caring enough for a game. A few gladiators, a handful of trained athletes, these are all that contend, and the rest of the population never plays at all, just sits and watches. It's not even as sporty as that pre-Aztec game in Central America, where, if one of the athletes could throw the ball into a certain hole in the grandstand, the spectators had to give him all they had, all their money and clothes. That must have made a spectator's afternoon more thrilling than now.

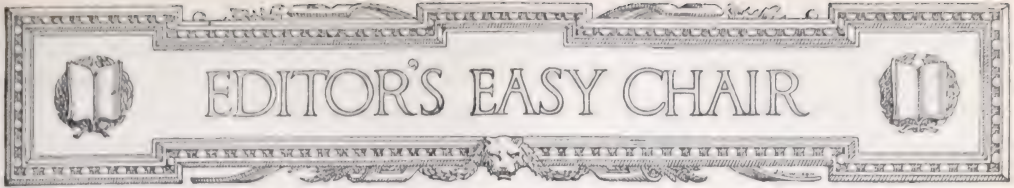
But I for one do not agree that an onlooker's fun is vicarious. Why, I have a brother who goes to football games every year, and gets as much exercise, just from looking on, as any man on the team. When the excitement and cheering begin, and they get my brother wound up, he will jump up and down more, and wear out more footage of grandstand, and be guilty of more off-side plays on surrounding folks' hats—all with the most spirited, devoted, unconscious intensity—than any trained

gladiator I ever saw: he will also yell himself hoarse. I see nothing particularly vicarious in behavior like that.

As for our needing more hunting, it would be easy enough to combine it with baseball. And when we do that, we'll have field days that will far surpass England's. This development will come when we learn to make more use of the umpire. As a contest between two teams, baseball may often be slow, but as a contest between both and the umpire it is a blood-test for men! People don't understand this. When an umpire is thrown into the arena to judge two teams' play, the game itself is really incidental; he's the man we should watch. We oughtn't to want the players to pile up a score but to create close decisions. Then we have the spectacle of Justice confronting the Pack. That is the really great moment, and we ought to make more of it.

It's pretty good, even now. Feverish yells begin to pop up, some here, some there; and soon the whole vast crowd is a howling gale. Amid this dangerous thunder the players close in, cursing and ready to kill that lonely figure. The air is so charged with uproar and passion and wrath that his soul must feel like a cork in a storm at sea.

But spectators merely throw bottles, at present. This isn't enough. They should swarm down out of the stands at every crisis. And as to the umpire, give him his chance—let him get on a horse. Let him try to set half the crowd against the other. If he can, then he wins. If he can't, let him try to escape. That's what we ought to have—cross-country baseball. Strong Roosevelt-like umpires might drive a whole crowd back into their seats, single-handed: but weak ones without enough fire would have to flee, and be chased. It would be far more fun chasing an umpire than hunting a fox—the crowd would put all their heart into such a hunt; they'd run their legs off to catch him. The winners would each come home with a piece of umpire to hang on the wall.



# EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

**D**R. WILLIAM M. DAVIS, geologist, in his Harvard Phi Beta Kappa address this year about the reasonableness of science and the natural history of goodness, suggested the need of detaching deportment from the machinery of reward and punishment. He deposed that, judging by observation and experience, punishment by their fellows didn't make people good, or the prospect of material rewards for goodness avail much as a deterrent from evil-doing.

Of course not. The real rewards of life are not decorations pinned to coats, nor commendations in the newspaper, nor the applause of crowds, nor any of those external things. They are much better than that. They are hard-won joy; they are love in one's heart, peace in one's soul, and the consciousness of truth somewhere inside one's transitory, mortal carcass. The idea of being good so as to be rewarded by cheap gains is an idea that puts thumb to nose and wags fingers at itself. Nobody ever was good enough to amount to anything for the sake of a prospective material reward. One of the repellent details of a recent effort to provide a Foundation in honor of a great man was that the income of the Foundation was to be bestowed as a reward of merit on persons who best carried out the political ideas of the statesman to be honored. Perhaps it is useful to have such prizes offered. Perhaps the Nobel prizes are useful. Occasionally one of them goes to a poor man who is helped by the money. But prizes for virtue will never cause virtue to abound, and it is doubtful if they will increase it.

And punishment for misconduct is disappointing as a means of making character. What makes character is understanding. When by some means it penetrates in the mind of a human creature that misconduct, or even foolishness, is inexorably inexpedient and has surely to be paid for, it may make him dread sin and learn to avoid it as a thin-skinned child may learn to avoid poison ivy.

The rewards and punishments that are most effective to induce that sort of understanding are those that come along in the ordinary course of life. The purpose of punishments by man-made laws is chiefly to keep order. They hardly attempt to improve character; they are too uncertain, too uneven, too imperfectly just. People that steal, that fight without due authority, that violate the laws without taking proper precaution, and do other disorderly things, are sent to jail in some cases because it inconveniences the public to have them go loose in the world. That is called the execution of justice, but the justice so executed is apt to be casual and haphazard. Many offenders are not caught; of those caught many are not condemned; of those condemned the punishments may fit the crime or may not. There is little certainty about it, and usually the worse sufferers from criminal or illegal conduct are not the doers of it, but innocent people whom it affects, as the people robbed, or the wives and children of people killed or sent to prison.

It isn't news to say that human justice is fallible. It may be a little more like news to say that there is an infallible



strengthened wills that might be helpful in teaching goodness by the case system.

Now as to the hypotheses which are a part of the pursuit of goodness by the scientific method. The Christian religion has some. It rests on the hypothesis that our life on earth is a state of transition; that we are born into this world and pass through it for the sake of the development we may obtain here; that this visible and material world is associated with a world invisible, peopled by spirits whom we shall presently join, and governed by a Power from whom, if we know how, we can get help in our concerns here. It holds that Christ had complete understanding of right and wrong and human relations, and that the record of his life and sayings is a sufficient guide for us in the regulation of our own lives. It will be for science, if it is really going to enter this field, to investigate these matters, and try to find out in what degree these Christian notions are true and rest on demonstrable facts. Christians, so-called, have to answer for much bad conduct. The late war was fought between nations nominally Christian, and was a bad war, and it was thought to be scandalous that nations even nominally Christianized should have conducted so terribly destructive and deplorable an adventure. Maybe science will tell us whether that war was a natural outcome of applied Christianity, or happened because of a failure to understand and practice the teachings of Christ.

There is also the idea that there is available help for us in the invisible world and that we can get it if we know how. Science will have to investigate that idea if it undertakes to examine the springs of conduct and the means to improve it. It is a notion that prevails not only in the Christian religion but in all religions. The effort to get help out of the invisible world for the improvement of character and conduct, and for direction not only in emergencies but in

the ordinary course of life, is constantly going on. A great deal of time is devoted to it and incidentally much money is spent on it. Churches are built and services conducted which people go to by the thousand, considerably out of confidence in, or deference to, the idea that we can get help out of the invisible world. Now if that is a mistaken hypothesis and there is nothing in it, it ought to be laid off, for it is very uneconomic, to say the least, to spend so much effort on a supposition that is not so. But just now the current is running pretty strong in favor of that supposition, and the scientists, who will investigate and test it, will find a good deal of new material to examine. We shall all welcome them to this investigation. It will be good for them and it is not at all unlikely that it will be good for religion.

We shall never get entirely away from the theory of rewards for goodness and punishments for badness. The improvement to be looked for in that direction concerns the substitution of spiritual rewards and punishments for material ones. The supposition that the natural reward of virtue is riches is not going so strong as it was. Its authority has been much impaired by the spectacle in modern life of the acquisition of riches in vast quantity by people who were neither virtuous nor respected, and by repeated and convincing examples that the mere command of riches does not in itself insure happiness. The impression grows that though want is not visibly conducive to health, goodness or happiness, it takes a good deal of character to stand off the perils of affluence. Even in nations, as this generation knows, wealth and power may outrun wisdom and character. But the notion that in the long run goodness will prosper better than badness even in this world is considerably sound, for goodness is more intelligent than badness. And as for goodness here being profitable in the life ahead, that idea will last too, as long as people continue to think that they die into life.

# EDITOR'S DRAWER



"WELL, I'LL BE GOING NOW M'M—"

## THE LADY WHO OBLIGES

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

*[Her melancholy air is augmented by the dispirited droop of the feather in her ancient bonnet. A once black cape has worn to a greenish hue, and she carries a crumpled bag that has seen much service.]*

You needn't to jump, m'm, it's only me. It ain't the first time I've seen a lady in hair wavers and a dirty dressing-gown. An' some ladies haven't even enough hair to do up in nothing—keeps it in a drawer, they do.

I'm feeling dreadful bad this morning, m'm, I only come to oblige you. I shan't be able to do nothing. But I didn't want to disappoint you. So many ladies feel terrible when I don't come. Many of them treat me just like the family—just as common as anything. I'll stop a couple of hours just to have a good look round, but I shan't be able to do nothing.

P'raps I'll feel better after I've had me cup

o' tea and a good rest—wouldn't stir out o' me shoes till kingdom come without me cup o' tea. An' p'raps I wouldn't then. I don't like to be hurried, neither, it make me rheumatics worse an' then I can't lift me hand to do no work.

The lady I used to oblige—near here—she was a *real* lady, she was. She used to say "Mrs. Onions, take your own good time; I know how it is meself." There's a great difference in ladies you work for!

There was a very nice one I used to clean on Thursdays, an' very partickler she was, too, though I didn't hold it against her. An' such a husband—they don't grow on every bush like him—waited on her tooth an' nail. Doesn't seem human-like for a gentleman to behave like that, does it, m'm? . . . She was a nice lady, but very odd. She wrote books, m'm, but she was all



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right in other ways so I didn't mind obligin' her.

You don't mind my sittin' down while I'm talkin', do you, m'm? . . . Oh, no, m'm, it ain't anythin' catchin'. I've enjoyed pore health now for years; shouldn't feel right without it. But I can't complain. I'm much better than when I was worse than I am now. I had the bellicose veins very bad for awhile. The doctor said it was from standin' up on me bended knees so long when I was doin' the floors.

I had to disappoint three other ladies to come to you, m'm. I thought I'd try you to-day to see how I liked you. It's a fair treat to get away from me reg'lars, once in a while to see a new face—even if it ain't so much to look at—it's a change. That's what I said when me husband died—it was a change. Not that I didn't wish him well, but I thought if one of us had to be took, he could be better spared than me.

Everything looks pretty new here, m'm—p'raps you're a bride yourself? It ain't always the spring chickens that gets married nowadays; you wonder some gets the chanct. 'Course I don't look much like it now, but I don't forget I was once a bride meself. An' I no sooner left the church door than I regretted it—with a long veil hanging down behind and a white hat trimmed with orange blossoms. There was always something very hard about me husband—he had a wooden leg—I think it affected his disposition. Sometimes he was as pig-headed as a mule!

He took to drink a good deal toward the last, but he didn't knock me about much. It ain't natural for a man not to knock you about some, if he's really fond of you. I used to worry about it. Very strange about marriage, those who ain't in it are all fightin' to get in, an' those who *are* in, are all tryin' to—well, I ain't sayin' what I think. I never do say nothin'.

You ain't had a servant in here lately, have you, m'm? . . . She left only two days ago? H'm! You'll scuse me sayin' so, m'm, but I know the difference between *new* dirt an' *old* dirt. These rooms ain't been turned out prop'ly in goodness knows when. I always say when servants ain't treated right they never will stay.

Oh, you sent her away because she was dishonest? Well, prob'ly she done her best, pore thing, most likely it wasn't her fault. What with low wages and high livin', p'raps she couldn't make both ends meet.

What, m'm? Oh, no, m'm, I can't do the stairs down to-day! Fridays is my day for doin' down stairs—always has been, always will be—can't do 'em no other time. . . . No, m'm, can't come to-morrer. I've promised another lady for Friday this week. You'll have to let the stairs hang over till next week—if I come then. Can't ever tell how I'll like a place till I been there a few days—and can't always tell then.

Right's right, an' I never come back no more where I ain't treated right. Fair an' square is my motter. Every lady I ever worked for will tell you that. Now the other day there was a lady I was obligin'—Scotch, I think, she was so strange-spoken—an' she said she had never seen no one like me before—that I would last her for the rest of her life, whatever she meant by that. She said they don't grow nothin' like me in her country—but there's very odd ways in them heathen parts, m'm.

But she was a very nice lady, she was, an' no lockin' up the food as though you was a vampire and goin' to prey on it!

Is these your cleanin' cloths? They ain't up to much, are they? Some ladies uses their husband's old underwear for cleanin' cloths, but I suppose you ain't been married long enough for him to have none. It'll be somethin' for you to look forward to. I have some *good* dusters—pity I didn't bring 'em. I might Sat'day—if I come then.

I always say you can't do your work prop'ly if you ain't the right tools to work with. These brushes ain't much good, neither. I never uses a brush, meself, when it gets wore down like that. Some ladies is very partickler about ribbons in their night-dresses, but never pays no attention to their brushes! I might bring one o' me own Sat'day—if I come then.

Yes, I'll take a look at the kitchen—I know what a kitchen looks like after a lady has been messin' about in it for a couple o' days; every saucepan dirty an' the floor in a muck. But I must have me cup o' tea first or I shan't be no good to nobody. Tell me what you want done an' I'll do all Providence will let me—nobody can't do no more than that.

*[A period goes by, punctuated by many crashes and bangs from the kitchen. Then she reappears, her cape bulging from a partially concealed newspaper bundle she did not carry on her advent.]*

Well, I'll be going now, m'm. I've come



over very bad again. I was just lookin' at that chicken in the refrigerator when I come over all goosey-like. An' me bad side's gone right into me back. The doctor said I was to go straight to bed with a mustard plaster an' somethin' delicate to eat, when I was took like that—wherever it hurt most—nothing indigestible.

I couldn't do all the dishes, an' the dirtiest sauce pans I put in the oven. I couldn't do all the floor, but I pushed most of it under the sink. You'll find it all nice an' tidy. I don't like to give meself praise, but what I do I do thorough.

An' I didn't break nothin'. One o' your plates fell off the shelf as I was lookin' at it an' smashed itself to bits, an' two o' your cups came to pieces in me hands—but nothin's broke. I'll finish the rest on Sat'day—if I come then.

#### A Young Optimist

THE eight-year-old niece of a well-known suffrage worker has the optimism of the family to which she belongs. When asked if she had passed her examination in arithmetic, she answered cheerfully, "No, I did not, but I was the highest of those who failed."

#### On Safe Ground

WHENEVER Captain Dillaby went to the city on a holiday he would take some young relative for a treat. On one such occasion he told his seventeen-year-old grandson that they would dine at a real café and get "a taste of fancy cooking."

When they were at last seated in the great dining room, the grandson waited impatiently while the captain read the menu completely through without omitting a single article. At last he sighed and handed the card across the table to the boy.

"You choose what you like, sonny," he said. "As for me, I reckon as I've already eat more herrin' than any other man livin', I might as well stow away a little more. It's always agreed with me so far."

An' I'll be wantin' some more kerosene to rinse the dishes in. . . . Oh, no, m'm, you'll soon get used to the taste—it's quite healthy, they say. The last lady I obliged always had me use it. She said nothing cut the grease off the plates like it, after I'd washed 'em.

I thought you wouldn't mind me takin' a few bits and scraps o' food I saw lyin' about that I knew would be no good to a lady like yourself. . . . Thank you.

Excuse me, m'm, but you ain't paid me right. I've stopped seven minutes over the two hours, so it'll be another hour to pay. . . . Yes, I know I was half an hour late this mornin', but I'll stop a few minutes on Sat'day to make it up—if I come then.

Good mornin', m'm, I think you'll be pleased when you see what I done to the kitchen. I've left it all scrofulously clean!

I'll be here Sat'day—if I come then.

#### A Natural Deduction

ALL the babies cried as they were being baptized, and little Lucy, in the congregation could not see what was going on.

"What's Dr. Davis doin', Muvver," she asked shrilly. "Spankin' 'em?"



"Yes, dear, I have your razor, but you needn't worry—this is a soft pencil."





*The Original Flapper*

#### Reversion to Type

**P**OUND, an auctioneer, convinced of the selfish life he had been leading, turned evangelist, and proved a success owing to his ready flow of vigorous language.

One day, however, carried away by his subject, he pleaded thus, to the astonishment of his audience:

"The Kingdom waits for you to-day. If you let it slip by you may never again have the chance. Take it while you can—the opportunity may never come again—what am I bid?"

#### Looking on the Bright Side

**W**HEN Virginia's mother refused her permission to go with some schoolmates to a friend's funeral, the little girl was a trifle crestfallen, but being naturally of a happy disposition she soon cheered up.

"Well," she said resignedly, "perhaps I'd better not. For you see, as I've never been to a funeral, I might not know how to act. I think I'd rather practice on some of my own family."



#### Better Out Than In

**A** GOOD many men have the same feeling with regard to public office as that of a certain distinguished Frenchman toward the Academy—that group of forty who are called "the Immortals."

He was asked one day why he did not propose his candidacy for the Academy.

"Ah," said he, "if I applied and were admitted, some one might ask, 'Why is he in it?' and I would much rather hear it asked, 'Why isn't he in it?'"

*"And now tell us about Puss and the Bootlegger."*

## The Value of Art

A CERTAIN newspaper was not making sufficient money, so it was decided to cut expenses. A special writer and two reporters were dismissed, and most of the other employees became nervous about their jobs. There was one man, however, who exhibited not the least signs of uneasiness. He worked in what was called the art department, for the journal published a great many pictures.

One day he was asked: "Are you not afraid of losing your job?"

"Oh, no," said he, "they can't fire me!"

"Why not? They are cutting all along the line. Why do you feel so safe?"

"I figure it this way: The paper cannot afford to make a cut in its art department. We have so many subscribers who cannot read."

## A Beginner in Chronology

MR. GILKINS is a bright and well-preserved old gentleman, but to his little granddaughter, Grace, he seems very old indeed.

She had been sitting on his knee, looking at him seriously when she asked, "Grandpa, were you in the ark?"

"Why, no, my dear!" gasped her astonished grandparent.

Grace's eyes grew large and round with astonishment. "Then why weren't you drowned?" she asked.

## Deaf to the Sirens

HELEN had been brought up in a Congregational minister's family and had always attended her father's church. When the family happened to be visiting relatives who were Episcopalians, the subject of going to church came up during the conversation at the dinner table Saturday night, and the family was invited to attend the Episcopal church. Helen begged her father to accept but he replied that he guessed they had better go to their own church.

"Oh, Papa," said the little girl, "if you'll only let me go, I'll promise not to believe one word they say."

## A New Variety in Hardware

"SAY, Rastus, dat sho' is some keen-lookin' razor yo' got. I bet it'll shave mighty good."

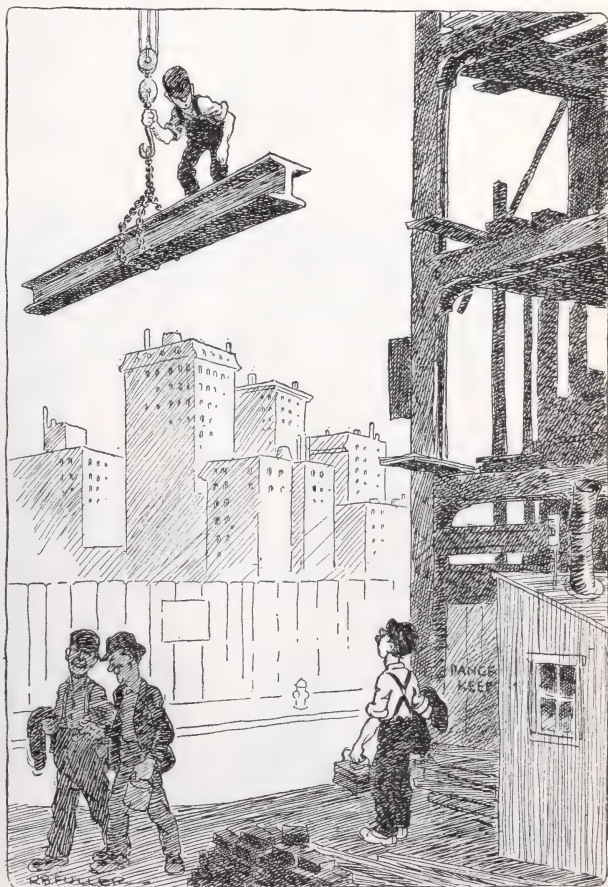
"Yeah, dat's a good razor all right, but Ah don' use it fo' shavin'."

"Yo' don't. Den whut does yo' use it fo'?"

"Ah uses dat razor fo' social pu'poses."

## Intermittent Grandeur

IN an aristocratic Virginia town where the spirit has long outlived the letter of social grandeur, and where in the scarcity of servants any respectable colored persons of any age may be employed, some callers were received at the front door by an ample negress of the "mammy" type. Greeting them she apologized: "You ladies must 'scuse me for coming to the door, but the butler's gone to school."



"Heh! Are you goin' to leave me up here all night?"  
 "Yep! Got to. It's five o'clock and we're quittin'."



## A Necessary Preliminary

THE young wife had found housekeeping very simple until the cook fell ill. In her distress she gratefully engaged a colored girl apparently not far advanced in her teens.

That evening a tall, lank, black man appeared at the door. "I come fur my wife," he replied when asked what he wanted. Very positively the young wife explained that he had mistaken the house, that a young girl was helping with the work until the cook returned. But just then Miranda came grinning out on the back porch.

"Law, Missie, that's her," he said.

"What! That child!"

"Yas'm; us ben married a year."

"Oh! I hope you are good to her," the young housewife said, "she is far too young to be married."

"Yas, Missie, I shore is good to her—ain't nuvver whipped her but onct."

"You are a brute, the idea of striking your wife!" exclaimed the horrified young woman.

"Wall," answered the man imperturbably, "you see, Missie, hit's thisser way—you has ter whup um onct, to 'stablish yer jurisdiction!"



"O Albert! The refrigerator is full of ants!"

"Fine! Now we can have the joys of a picnic at home."

## A Useful Relation

JOHNNIE (gazing in awe at the Fat Lady): "Gee! I wish she was my mother."

Mother (horrified): "Why, Johnnie!"

Johnnie (defensively): "Well, I do. I want her stockings to hang up for Christmas."

## Weatherwise

THE captain of a Pacific mail liner was annoyed by the persistent and garrulous chatter of a passenger. Whenever the captain appeared on deck his persecutor was there, waiting with some idiotic question or long-drawn "yarn."

One day the wind kicked up a nasty sea, and the vessel tossed about pretty vigorously. The captain, in dripping oilskins, came down from the bridge, and at the saloon companionway was waylaid by the talkative passenger.

The gentleman's complexion was a muddy green, and it required no experienced eye to see that his system was badly shaken up.

"Morning, captain," he said.

"Morning," growled the captain.

"Oh, captain, just a minute," persisted the man. "I've crossed the Atlantic a dozen times in weather worse than this, but I was never seasick before. Can you account for it?"

"Yes," said the captain.

"What do you think it is, captain?"

"Bad memory, sir!"

## A Gallant Judge

THE Irish are scarcely less noted for their gallantry than for their wit, and an example is found in the case of an Irish judge who presided at a trial in which the plaintiffs were a lady and her daughter.

In summing up the case, the judge thus gallantly began:

"Gentlemen of the jury, everything in this case seems plain—except Mrs. O'Toole and her charming daughter."

# PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

**Robert S. Lynd** offers in the opening paragraphs of his article ("Crude-Oil Religion") some details regarding himself and the purpose of his adventure in applied Christianity. The name and locality described in the article have, for obvious reasons, been changed. Otherwise, the facts occurred as related. **Arthur Johnson** combines the practice of law, in Boston, with occasional ventures in short-story writing, several of which HARPER'S has had the pleasure of giving its readers. **Laura Spencer Portor** began last month her delightful record of a vacation spent among the Kentucky mountaineers, which is concluded in this issue.

**Thomas Beer**, who appears for the first time in HARPER'S, is a fiction writer whose short stories—somewhat in the modern manner—have recently attracted widespread attention. **Dallas Lore Sharp** not only devotes himself to the arts of bee-keeping and literature, but is also professor of English at Boston University. **Josephine Daskam Bacon** is one of the best known of American women writers. **Lee Foster Hartman** is the Associate Editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE and an occasional contributor to its pages. **Agnes Repplier**, one of the most delightful of present-day essayists, sends from Philadelphia the first of several papers which the Magazine hopes to give its readers during the coming months.

**William McFee**, chief engineer of the S. S. *Carrillo*, sends us from Cristobal, Canal Zone, a communication which we print on a following page. **Dorothy Kennard** concludes the third instalment of her delightful letters with a graphic account of what a railroad accident in the Near East is like.

**F. M. Colby**, encyclopædist and essayist, levels his satire this month at a shining mark. **Frederick L. Allen** likewise raises a much-needed complaint in which many of

our readers will join. **Clarence Day, Jr.**, is a latter-day prophet, whose recent volumes, *This Simian World* and *The Crow's Nest*, have had a widespread and deserved success for their shrewd humor and sound philosophy. **May Isabel Fisk**, who now resides in London, will be remembered as the author of many delightful monologues similar to this new one which she sends to HARPER'S.



Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's article in the July issue, "England Through English Eyes," brings us the following interesting protest from William McFee, whose novel, *Command*, is now appearing serially in the Magazine.

S. S. CARRILLO, CRISTOBAL, C. Z.

DEAR HARPER'S,—I was very thoroughly angry when I read that piece of Tomlinson's in the July issue. It could only have been written by an extremely insular mentality. I am behind no one in my admiration of Tomlinson's prose. It is a delight to all lovers of literature. But in addition to being an artist he is also a political journalist. He has always been associated with that superior, cantankerous and sentimental type of journal most brilliantly exemplified in America by Mr. Villard's *Nation*. The London *Nation* is of the same kidney. It represents the English nation precisely as does Villard's *Nation*—i.e., about .001 of 1%. Distrust any magazine which arrogates to itself one of these magnificent titles like *Nation*, *Freeman*, *New Republic*, *America* and so on. They are invariably the well-written squeakings of a few cranks who want socialism or some other ism.

My irritation was chiefly against Tomlinson for saying the British Empire has collapsed. Now it is no exaggeration to say that a political journalist in London has no more conception of what the Empire really is than an old lady living in a nice house in Atlantic City or at Saranac Lake has of the work involved in producing her stock dividends from oil or steel or ships, supposing she has inherited stock in those enterprises. They are preoccupied with the literary side of life. They are like Mr. Mark Sullivan, when he made the priceless comment upon H. G. Wells reporting the Washington Conference, that Mr. Balfour ought



to be reporting H. G. Wells instead of Wells reporting Balfour. That is a very typical remark of a political journalist. If a thing is not written up, it doesn't exist. The man who *does* a thing is of no consequence. The man who *writes* of it should be a king among men. Now it is a proved and long settled axiom that writers are a failure in politics and even more in the executive business of government. This does not mean that the converse is true. Governors and princes often produce remarkable writings.

It would not strengthen my argument to say that if the British Empire *had* collapsed, HARPER'S MAGAZINE would not be published, but there is no possible, probable shadow of doubt that Mr. Tomlinson, in that case, would be too actively engaged in hunting a bare starvation subsistence to write silly articles moaning intellectual moans about the general rottenness of things.

The whole trouble with the intellectuals in Western Europe (and in this country) is that nobody takes any notice of them in practical life. They really imagined that with the Slav and Latin-slav examples before our eyes, we were going to turn over the business of government to them. They really imagined that within a few years, not only would Mr. Wilson be president of the United States, but H. G. Wells would be president of Great Britain, Paderewski in Poland, Tagore in India, Ibanez in Spain, and so on. No doubt W. B. Yeats was slated for Galway. And because such literary people as have been tried have been thrown in the discard, the intellectuals are sore. They predict disaster. They *want* disaster because they would rather have their prophecies come true than see the Empire come back. As it is, the way the orderly routine of life is coming back to the outposts even of the Empire is phenomenal.

I suppose it would not do to remind the intellectual, that figures of unemployment for example, can be juggled to suit anybody. They would also resent the suggestion that trade is any standard of well-being. Perhaps it does not matter what they resent. But when I go about the world and see and hear how men are striving and succeeding in restoring the work of the world, when I see ship after ship picking up its old-time route, when I hear of line after line putting out orders for new keels, when I talk to Englishmen in their far-flung enterprises and they tell me of the orders going home for these generators and those boilers and so many machines, when I see what they are doing, how they toil under alien skies, with always the vision of England in their hearts (which is the strength of England)—when I find all this, I cannot restrain my anger toward these mauling intellectuals in London who think, because a few silly profiteers go on the razzle-dazzle, that the Empire has collapsed. That, I imagine, is what Kipling meant when he said it was "England—where the rot starts." He meant intellectual London journalists, where the rot starts.

It must be a curious existence, living with such

a belief. Any country but my own, any creed save the one decent people love and cherish, every race save the one which has done more to make the world safe for intellectuals than any other. How it must annoy such people to find that after all their caterwaulings the world declines to come to an end!

The attitude of such people is especially notable in their attitude toward the grandiose enterprises which are our contribution toward civilization. When something is an accomplished fact like the roads, bridges and canals of India they are proud of it. Even the Cape to Cairo Railway meets their approval now the executives and dreadful capitalists have done it. But while the place is littered with the debris of construction, with materials and dirt, while the money is being got and darkness swept away from the jungle, our intellectuals can find nothing too bad to say of imperialism. Take as an example, what may very well come true. I know a man who has a dream of a railroad from New York to Valparaiso. That is, concisely, a dream. All his life he has been building roads through terrible swamps and up the sides of precipitous gorges. He has developed gigantic properties and has no doubt made money which goes back into the enterprises. He has built railroads and turned howling jungles into orderly countrysides. He has pumped out miasmal waters and pumped in sand so that new earth appears where mangroves and snakes reigned supreme. He is slowly co-ordinating diverse interests and making uniform gauges, he is driving through new territories, all with the idea of linking them up with the great line running through the Americas. About the time he gets so far, the intellectuals of the nation will become aware of his existence, he who spent fifteen years and lost three thousand employees by sickness making a railroad Mr. Tomlinson never heard of. And later on when the dream has come true, a new generation of intellectuals will travel in sleeping cars from New York to Valparaiso to attend conferences designed to check some other dreamer who has tried to tunnel the Andes or open up Paraguay and has interfered with the "freedom" of some Indian tribe.

WILLIAM MCFEE.

Well, maybe so, Chief, maybe so. But in our judgment Mr. Tomlinson, in addition to being one of the best writers in English journalism, is one of the straightest thinkers. And the England that he describes is very much the England that we ourselves saw on a recent visit to our English cousins. And remember that Mr. Tomlinson is not a stay-at-home writer. Like you, he has traveled far and wide, and certainly can not be called insular. And it will interest you to know that his article has been well received and widely quoted in England.

The Editors take pleasure in acknowledging the following tribute from a long-time friend and contributor, who appears in this issue of the Magazine ("The Songs of Five Women") after a long silence:

Did I ever take the time (which I have many times meant to) to tell you what a fine job I think you are making of the magazine? I took up a copy at the dentist's many months ago to read something of Mr. George's, and was so much interested that I read nearly the whole magazine! Of course, some of this must be laid to the dentist, but a great deal of it was certainly due to you, and I had a wave of enthusiasm at that time to write and tell you so. I suppose the dentist broke the force of that wave and time did the rest.

You must have had a great many congratulations from a great many people, but I should very much like to add mine to the list, and to wish you all sorts of continued success.

Yours cordially,

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON.

❖ ❖ ❖

The following letter would seem to make a very just complaint against our federal government's practice in dealing with homesteaders and the allotting of government lands. Mr. Mead, the writer, is associated with the College of Agriculture at the University of California. The article by Mr. Ruhl referred to was entitled "What Happens to Pioneers" and was published in the July issue.

BERKELEY, California.

DEAR HARPER'S,—Anything that Arthur Ruhl writes is certain to have human interest. His story of what happens to pioneers has this. But I ended reading it with a feeling of disappointment. I wished that the moral had been put into words. That moral is the neglect of the government to give direction and information to intending homesteaders so that they would realize what developing a farm involves. Think of the waste of money and time, the unsettling of lives, the development of the gambling spirit which grew out of the bait prepared by the railroads and the government.

Why should the government leave people to learn what homesteading involves by the costly road of experience? Why should it not have, as other countries have done, prepared a statement to show what it would cost to clear land, build houses and buy the things needed to change the wilderness into farms?

When we have so little land, and the desire of qualified people to obtain a home of their own and work for themselves is so keen, why should the government throw its land open under a

lottery where the banker who has no moral claim and no intention of using the land himself has as good a chance as the hard-working farmer's boy? To Isadore Selig, the tailor who got the first farm, land meant nothing but an opportunity to sell out at a profit.

The government follows the lottery plan because officials do not have to assume any responsibility for results. It has fostered and cherished the speculative and migratory spirit in the American people. It has helped to cause the American to cease to love farming as a mode of life. The foreigner who comes here understands the land better because he only thinks of what he can do with it. The American thinks of what he can make out of it.

Our national carelessness in this matter, our failure to realize the need of holding farm-born boys and girls on the land, of creating a rural life that will withstand the temptations and attractions of the city, and of giving broader opportunities for people of small means to become farm owners and have the independence and self-respect which this ownership creates, will not be corrected until the need of planned rural development is realized. It must be if the alarming increase in tenancy and the unfortunate disappearance of the American from the open country are to be checked.

Sincerely yours,

ELWOOD MEAD.

❖ ❖ ❖

An editor, in theory at least, is presumed to be endowed with a certain prescience, whereby he gauges the reading public's interest and enjoyment in what he undertakes to print. But the editor is often stumped, and even mystified. After receiving the following letter we have taken the July issue and read again Mr. Allen's piece in "The Lion's Mouth." We confess that we don't get from it the picture that our correspondent does.

CRYSTAL BAY, Minnesota.

DEAR HARPER'S,—We wonder what sort of taste was left in "The Lion's Mouth" after gulping down the article entitled "Strange Bird-Fellows" in your July issue.

This department of your excellent magazine, contains so much that is interesting and inspiring—and always with a punch—that we read the above article over twice, unwilling to accept first impressions, which were not flattering to the "Lion's" discriminating taste.

We have met many sorts of triflers, which with other noxious insects, we brush away with irritation; but there is a new species whose thin buzzing arouses our ire and whose sting makes us itch to scratch—him.



But the writer has succeeded in doing one thing well; he has drawn a clear portrait of himself. We can see him dressed with studied negligence, sallying forth to indulge his "weakness for birds," but concealing that weakness under the "aspect of a man intent merely upon exercise," tripping lightly along the highways, nonchalantly challenging the curious eyes of the populace—all turned toward him—until he loses himself in the "depths of the forest," where, "only" he is "thoroughly at ease." Here all alone by himself with no "moral support" he bravely plays his little game.

We can also see him daintily picking his way, with "appetizing ankles" in the city dump, shrinking from the contaminating nearness of the "dreadful people," and casting furtive glances toward the rolling limousines.

What courage, to risk so much, merely to add a new merganser to his list! But he "went there just once" and we do not even learn the success of the "horrid episode."

But this aplomb is not sufficient to risk his reputation for morality. To kiss the back of his own hand behind the shrubbery in Central Park, is an indiscretion accompanied with too many pitfalls.

Obviously, the writer is a collector pure, and undoubtedly, simple, but why does he choose to collect something so fraught with danger? Why not collect cigar bands? In their pursuit he might always be in the society of the right people, with little or no danger of detection and unhampered with equipment, save a capacious pocket in his dinner jacket. Besides, such a collection would be free of all scientific interest and, if stuck upon a large dinner plate in a curious design and smeared with white shellac, would make a pleasing souvenir to leave to his children as a proof that he was never guilty of reducing his taste "to a scientific and utilitarian basis."

No doubt this article was intended to be humorous and might be good-naturedly accepted as such if it contained more lines like the last sentence and fewer pictures of a self-conscious side-stepper obsessed with the idea that everyone, from rag-picker to limousine roller, is burning with curiosity regarding his simple pursuits.

Sincerely yours,

M. A. C.



The lady in San Diego who did not like Carl Sandburg's poem ("Washington Monument by Night" in the April issue) and frankly told us so, comes back at us. As to our challenge, it still stands, for our correspondent's rejoinder only confirms our original belief in making it.

SAN DIEGO, California.

DEAR HARPER'S,—Many thanks for space allotted my communication in June issue. I hardly expected such generous treatment.

In regard to your challenge to find "the something" in the opening lines of Mr. Sandburg's verses, I acknowledge that he made a fine *dive* into his theme—my criticism was of the verses as a whole. A native woman of the Fiji Islands may have beautiful eyes—but she cannot qualify as a beauty in a white man's land. Mr. Sandburg's subject was worthy of a tribute that would *live*.

As to the lack of poetical beauty in my own contribution, did I not state that I did not wish my name to sponsor the "imitation" poem? Should I try to qualify as a poet, I trust my offerings to the public would contain both rhyme and reason, as well as real poetic imagery. Out here on the Pacific coast, where poets are more numerous than real estate agents,

We sing of our sunsets; our poppies of gold;  
Our snow-capped Sierras; our lovers of old.  
And when of our heroes in verse we would tell  
We sing of their valor, and virtue as well,  
In rhythmical phrases, uplifting and pure,  
That, like monuments splendid, forever endure.

Again, I thank you.

M. C. S.

And now we stand aside and let one of our readers speak up.

POTTSTOWN, Pa.

DEAR HARPER'S,—Since reading how Carl Sandburg's verse harrowed the feelings of the lady from California, I am emboldened to air my opinion.

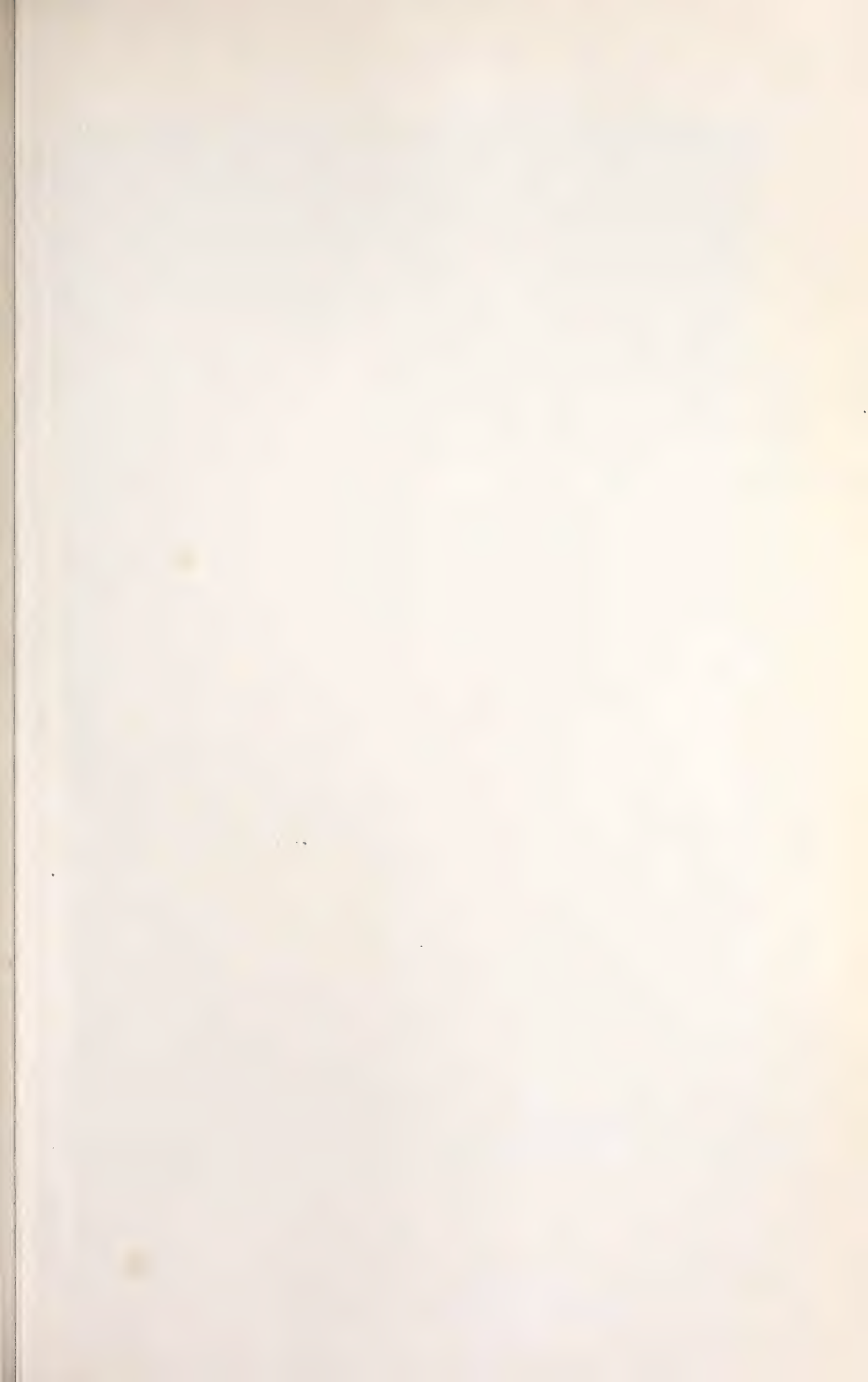
It pleased me immeasurably to have the freest verse I have yet read selected by HARPER's discriminating editors for its readers. There must be something in the stuff after all. I have seen a little chicken in the farmyard tackle a whole grain of corn at too tender an age, but after long and persistent gulplings he could usually swallow what threatened at first to be too much for him. So I take heart!

There were two things in your April issue that more than soothed any shock Mr. Sandburg occasioned. One was the good laugh stored up in Arthur Guiterman's "Criticism" with its inimitable line, "In fetterless lines of irregular prose."

The other was "Show me the Gates of Morning" by Laura Spencer Portor. I am glad you gave it a whole page, and I have read it over enough times that, like the songs of older poets heard at my mother's knee, I shall never quite lose it. May you continue to buy verse like that for the delight of country women like me.

Very truly yours,

MARY C. WERTS.







*Painting by C. E. Chambers*

Illustration for "Ourselves When Older"

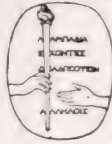
IT OCCURRED TO CHENISTON THAT HIS LONG DEVOTION WAS NOTHING TO HER

# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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## ... AND POINTS WEST

BY ARTHUR RUHL

*In the July and August issues of the Magazine, Mr. Ruhl told of his visits to Northern Idaho and Western Montana, where he was an interested observer of the trials and progress of those men and women who had taken over their homesteads from the Government in 1909 and 1910—perhaps the last of the American pioneers! In the present paper he proceeds still farther West, and farther in time from pioneering days, and he shows in what forms the spirit of the Californian Argonauts and the Utah Latter Day Saints is now manifesting itself—THE EDITORS.*

THERE was a time in the little prairie towns when the event of the day was the passage of the overland express. The superior traveler, drowsing in his Pullman, beheld a succession of little reviewing parties, made up of tired women in sunbonnets, sun-baked men squinting under big straw hats, spindly girls with sun-bleached pigtaails hanging down their backs. They stared at the dark cars with their air of luxurious mystery, at the "diner" with its flash of silver and shaded lamps, and were still staring as the train pulled out and left them in their isolation.

Many prairie stories have begun or ended with this wistful picture; I have myself seen it. But it wasn't to be seen in Kansas, at any rate, as our train rolled westward toward the Colorado line. The flat land, the heat and the hush, the red sun going down behind the cornfields, were as of yore. The little towns, from the car window, didn't seem to have changed very much; and certainly people still came down to see the train. But they didn't come in

sunbonnets, and we seemed to be met not so much by people as by automobiles.

The train would pull up to a station and the space behind it would be banked almost solid with motor cars.

Ah, one thought, a holiday of some sort! Or the Rotarians are having a convention, or the local Congressman is coming home. Nothing of the kind! It was simply the folks come down to see the train. These cars were driven, frequently, by bareheaded young girls—daughters, perhaps, of the tired mothers aforesaid—and all these young ladies wore the same oblate spheroidal coiffures extinguishing their ears. Reclining beside them, or gracefully addressing them from the ground in the manner of the automobile and collar advertisements, were youths of similarly care-free mien. Oldsters and infants, if any, crowded on the back seat.

The train itself was evidently less an object of interest—who could be curious about something tied to a track after galloping up and down the world on



his own gasoline horse?—than a mere sort of stopping place in the evening's tour. For having seen us safely in, as it were, these self-possessed young drivers did not wait to see us rather ingloriously crawl out, but stepped on the starter, and with a *br-r-rum* of acceleration and shifting gears whirled about and away.

I stopped in Kansas City, Topeka, and Emporia, and had a glimpse of the main street of several other Kansas towns; and both there and farther West found further corroboration of the impression received from the car window. So far as marbled noses and tinted cheeks, high heels and the weary droop of the eyes, went, Broadway had nothing to show to the least of prairie towns. The Beauty Shop was as much a part of the more or less standardized small-town landscape as the Smoke Shop, and the horrible word "facials" was found next door to oil cakes and chicken feed, tractors and plows.

I use the word "horrible" with uneasy consciousness that it is the part of every generation to be appalled by the one that follows it. In *Punch* the other day there was a picture of an elderly gentleman raising horrified hands at two young women drinking cocktails, and beside it the same sort of elderly gentleman, raising similarly horrified hands at the sight of a stiff-backed mid-Victorian female pedaling by on one of the first safety bicycles. One has no wish to be an elderly gentleman raising horrified hands. I merely report some of the things that strike the eye on revisiting the West after an absence of several years. And in the first paper picked up in Los Angeles I found these observations confirmed by a critic of the drama of whose contemporaneity there seemed no doubt.

"Surely," he wrote, "a *De Mille* drama of parlor, bedroom, and bath is as educational to the hicks of Hog Run, Kansas, as a travelogue of the Hop High Indians. Even now, on streets of tall timber towns, a hundred miles

from nowhere, one may see the corn-cob pipe replaced by the ivory cigarette holder. Sally Jane and Jim will never drink out of the fingerbowl as Pa did when he went to the Democratic convention back in '89. The small-town girl has looked on Bebe Daniels and learned about women from her . . ."

Whether these surface changes are accompanied by a corresponding change in character can scarcely be told with any accuracy from a car window, but there they are, at any rate, for anyone to see who takes the trouble to buy himself a round-trip ticket to the Coast and back.

If you leave the train and stroll up Main Street a bit you will find that the scenery has changed almost as much as the people. And in this change the automobile and its accessories play a large part. The bobsleds and buffalo robes of winter, the honest farmer's horses draped in leather fly nets in summer—common at least as late as Tarkington's *Gentleman from Indiana*—are rarely seen, while the "livery and sales stable," which was almost a community center in the old small town, is all but extinct. This long, low, battered, frame barn used to stand on a side street close to the central square and the courthouse. Small boys gazing through its wide open door down a long, dark tunnel of stalls were filled with a sense of romance and mystery.

At the left of the door on the inside was a glassed-in office with a dusty desk and advertisements of liniment and a colored picture of Maud S. doing the mile in 2:06. The proprietor had a red face, carried a whip, swore terribly on occasion, and the small boys aforesaid believed that he had once been ringmaster in a circus. He was assisted by several rather raffish young men. When the novelist, who wrote about the homesteaders coming down to see the train, wanted to contrast the innocence of his heroine with the wickedness of the world, he had her walk downtown

and overhear some of the talk of the boys about the livery stable. The horses saw a great deal of life. Attached to battered hacks they met strangers at the trains, took people to weddings and to funerals; they carried dashing drummers on their flights about the country, and were supposed, according to all the old jests, when young folks went buggy riding, to know how to drive themselves.

In the livery stable's place are garages and filling stations. The latter take the good corners when they can get them, and in cities become a nuisance. The people of Kansas City have great public spirit and an awareness of the commercial value of municipal beauty rare in America. And when I was there they were calling these filling stations "Uglies," and the papers were writing vigorous editorials against them.

There are other examples of the spread of this mechanistic culture. Even rather small Western towns have neatly paved streets and concrete sidewalks; "boulevard lamps" are soon thought essential on the main street; and there is scarce a prairie village without at least one porcelain drinking fountain, even though there be no water in it. The "sanitary," and "pure food" quick lunch, with walls and tables enameled like bathtubs, crackers in paper containers and waitresses in white, is found in the remotest neighborhoods. A town site is laid out to-day and to-morrow you find a drug store exactly like a New York drug store, with an onyx soda fountain, a stamp machine, kodaks, phonograph records, and everything from the usual pain killers to lip sticks and *Vanity Fair*.

Few who grew up in the old Middle Western small town ever thought of it as winsome or picturesque. Those who thought of the matter at all probably compared it rather mournfully with something seen or read about in Europe. When you look, however, through the screen of the gasoline filling station, with its rather meretricious pergola,

back to the old livery stable, one sees that while something has been gained, something also is lost. The filling station smells of grease and machines and the livery stable smelled of horses and hay and life. It's a matter of choice, of course, but an American has the rather unusual experience of seeing "quaintness" in the making here, and how charm is often merely a tone of time.

As we pulled out of one of the stations in southwestern Colorado an automobile whirled up and two young farmers hopped out and swung themselves aboard.

"Some ride!"

"I'll say it was! George is sure some driver!"

"Sure is! We come round that corner at thirty miles an hour!"

"We sure did! Some car, that bug!"

"Sure is! Some hill climber, too! D'see her take that mesa hill on high? Some climb!"

"Sure was! Some little ranch, that o' George's, huh?"

"Sure is! Some . . ."

And so on, *ad lib*. The same conversation could probably be duplicated, with slight variations, in Illinois or Massachusetts.

"Bad" Spanish is rather uncommon. Your South American *mozo* speaks a tongue full of sonorous tones and phrases of courtesy, differing surprisingly little from the Spanish taught in the schools. Even "bad" French, if translated literally, is likely to sound amusingly formal to the American ear. Our own colloquial speech seems, on the other hand, to tend to an almost monosyllabic simplicity, and the substitution for orthodox speech of a few labor-saving slang symbols. It is as if we were bent on doing away with intellectual work altogether and reducing conversation to a series of grunts.

Salt Lake City is more than four thousand feet up in the air. From the



ends of its long streets you can go right on climbing up to snow-capped mountains. And down from these mountains tumbles an endless amount of crystal water to keep the desert green and make light and power. Down the gutters of its main street water is always rushing, to whisk dust, papers, banana skins, and even tin cans instantly away. Drinking fountains are everywhere—real fountains, in which you can dip your whole face without misgivings. If water could be made as attractive everywhere, the enforcement of prohibition would be twice as easy. The summer crowds go out to Saltair, on the lake, to dance, just as they go from New York to Coney Island, and the long ride out and back, on fast electric trains, costs only thirty-five cents, with the dancing, in an enormous pavilion, thrown in.

Do the Mormons hope, by early marriages, to "release" into this earthly transit the souls which otherwise, now that plural marriages are abolished, might run the risk of being "imprisoned"? They seem, at any rate, to encourage young folks to get together and to have a good time. And their city, far from being the abode of dour apostles and their sad-eyed victims, is one of the brightest, cleanest, apparently most cheerful towns in America.

At noon, in the huge Tabernacle, there is an organ concert for tourists. They drift in diffidently, a quaint little cross-section of small-town and rural America for the most part, and sprinkle themselves over the rear of the church. Far up in front a man in a black coat rises and, in a voice in which the ministerial tone is stiffened with a curious note of authority, announces that the concert is about to begin, that the doors will be closed during the playing and no one allowed to leave, and that if anyone cannot sit through the concert he may leave now.

There is a moment's hush. No one stirs. The man gives a signal, and instantly the big doors slam shut and

through the silence the keys can be heard turning in their locks. In the air is a pleasant tingle of sacerdotal creepiness—with a similar finality might the trick doors of some ancient Egyptian temple have closed to smother those who had profaned the gods.

Then the great organ plays. The programs are all of a pattern, designed, with an incidental touch of propaganda, to please and impress this particular sort of audience. The heavy number, exhibiting the organist's virtuosity, is followed by the Mormon hymn, "O My Father":

*In the heavens are parents single?  
No, the thought makes reason stare.  
Truth is reason; truth eternal  
Tells me I've a mother there.*

And there is always the familiar "old melody" with variations, in which sentiment and all the organ's stops are whipped up into as sure-fire a mixture as the prima donna's response to the last encore with "Home, Sweet Home."

It was a strange adventure to sit in that Utah temple, with its memories of desert pioneers, of "Urim" and "Thummim" and golden tablets brought down by the angel of Manchester, New York, and, surrounded by tight-lipped Nebraska farmers, have that great organ sail out on "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes"! Rare Ben Jonson and Brigham Young, King Charles I and Joseph Smith, Latter Day Saints and the love songs of cavaliers! . . .

One thought of Tolstoi and the *Kreutzer Sonata*: "Music in general is a terrible thing. Music instantaneously transports me into that mental condition in which he who composed it found himself . . . he knew why he was in that mood. The mood impelled him to do certain things and therefore meant something to him, but it means nothing for me . . . there is only excitement and it is impossible to tell what to do in this state of mind. And that is why music is so terrible. . . . In China

music is regulated by government, and that is as it should be. . . ."

But there was nothing to regulate the Mormon organist. The melody was not enough—it must needs be embroidered and festooned with flute and echo and tremolo and obbligato of cathedral chimes.

*Ding!*

*Drink to me only with thine eyes*

*Dong!*

*And I will pledge with mine*

*Cling!*

*Clang!*

*Clawng!*

*Cling-a-ling-a-ling*

*Or leave a kiss but in the cup*

*And I'll not look for wine*

*Bing!*

*Bang!*

*Bawng!*

One wondered what Tolstoi would have thought of Salt Lake!

As the audience emerge from the Tabernacle they are greeted by a resounding voice from the Seagull Monument near by and the invitation to "Come right over here, folks! Right this way!" and those who wish may have a little personally conducted tour of the Tabernacle and grounds. The conductor who took us about was a local banker—that was *his* daily service to the Church—and his "spiel," aimed, like the concert, at this particular audience, combined into an inextricable Mormon sandwich, salvation and modern business, obsolescent superstition and irresistibile common sense.

As his listeners gathered he waved an arm toward the Tabernacle and told how the Mormon pioneers built it three-quarters of a century ago—"without the use of nails, the roof being pinned together with wooden pins and tied with rawhide thongs. A thousand miles from civilization, it was the largest auditorium in the United States without a center support to the roof, and to-day it is the largest except where steel girders have been used."

He waved another arm toward the Temple (into which outsiders are not admitted) and told of its foundations sixteen feet thick, and the walls eight feet thick, and Brigham Young's command that it should be "built to last a thousand years"—"every nail in it was carried a thousand miles by wagon when nails were a dollar a pound." Although the builders were neither accomplished architects nor engineers, they thought in 1847 of doors opening outward, and ventilation, and the eight thousand people that would eventually sit in the place, and arranged the acoustics with such cleverness that you can stand anywhere in the great church and hear a pin dropped at the other end of it.

He told how the Mormon pilgrims came over the mountains after grievous hardships and how Brigham Young, looking down on the valley, said:

"This is the place!"

The trapper, Jim Bridger, said that he would give one thousand dollars for the first ear of corn ripened in the Salt Lake Valley. And one of the women of the party said, "Weary as I am, I would journey another thousand miles to get to something green!" But Brigham Young pointed to the valley and repeated:

"*This is the place!*"

A plague of grasshoppers threatened to devour the first crops and the settlers prayed for deliverance. And a cloud of seagulls came, and "they gorged and they disgorged! And they gorged and they disgorged! And they consumed the grasshoppers!"

There was the Seagull Monument, with its bronze bas-reliefs, to prove it, and now the Salt Lake Valley is one of the world's garden spots, and "By their fruits ye shall know them," and "over there, folks, is the great Utah Hotel, a modern up-to-date city hotel, the finest in the state, and all built by Mormon capital!"

Somewhat after this fashion the lecturer proceeded, brightening up his discourse with occasional demands of:



"Now, neighbor, what state do you come from? Nebraska? Good. A great state. And you? New York. Another great state. East or West, they all come to Salt Lake, and we're glad to see you, and if there is anything you want to know or anything we can do to make your visit pleasant and profitable all you've got to do is to ask for it."

The party re-entered the Tabernacle, inspected the organ at close range, and dropped the famous pin.

"Now we have no reserved pews in our church. The rich man sits beside the poor man and the poor man beside the rich man. Is that sound doctrine?" (Vigorous nodding of heads.) "And we believe in work. Wherever you find Mormons you will find prosperous farms, good schools, and stores. There's nothing worse for a boy than to be born with a lot of money. Am I right?" (Shout of "You're right!" from elderly farmer in rear.) And so on. Afterward there is a sort of rest room, where the tourists, rather warming toward Mormonism by this time, may buy souvenirs, inspect pioneer relics, pick up all sorts of tracts, and continue in comfort their investigation of the faith.

The central office of the church is a modern office building in the massive Doric-temple style affected by the best city banks. No gingerbread or architectural claptrap, but noiseless floors, beautifully polished hard woods and marbles, heavy balustrades with newel posts and curving rail carved out of solid blocks of marble, and a general air of having been built for eternity. You call on elders and apostles; the benign guard who receives you in the main corridor has more the air of a retired clergyman than a bank watchman, but it is plain that you are at the administrative center of a large, well-managed, and successful business.

The head of the Church, President Heber J. Grant, is also president of various banks and trust companies, and he has had large experience in the insurance business. He is a tall, wise,

humorous individual, suggesting slightly a sort of chastened Uncle Joe Cannon. In his earlier days he had experience abroad as a Mormon missionary, and has had much to do with organizing the beet-sugar industry in this country. There is a pioneer tang and out-of-door concreteness in everything he says; and he can talk Mormonism to outsiders—the Kansas City Knife and Fork Club, for instance—or business to his Mormon colleagues, apparently with equal ease and success.

After chatting, as I did, for half an hour with President Grant, a "regular" human being, and viewing the visible signs of Mormon vitality—material success, thrift and hard work, solidarity of the faithful—one is more than ever curious to understand its philosophical basis, the "psychology" of its strength.

I talked at some length with one of the president's subordinates without getting much light, and finally asked whether he accepted Joseph Smith's story of the angel and the golden plates on which was inscribed the Book of Mormon as literally true or as an example of religious hallucination—sincere, no doubt, but hallucination, nevertheless. Possibly but one answer could be expected. At any rate, this gentleman, also a "regular" American in his manner and talk of other things, looked me straight in the eye and said:

"I believe that the golden plates literally existed, and that the angel gave them to Joseph Smith and took them away again after they were translated. I believe that just as firmly as I believe in the existence of cities on the other side of this earth which I have never seen."

Conviction of this sort must be very comforting—although most people, however open minded, would find scant nourishment in the Book of Mormon, itself; for the Christian faith needs new life, and anyone who can believe that an angel came down at Manchester, New York, in 1827, and made Joseph Smith the first of the Latter Day Saints,

starts with a clean slate, as it were, washed of nineteen centuries of backsliding and adulteration.

The thirst for superhuman authority, and the acceptance of such authority as is supplied here, doubtless accounts partly for the hold of Mormonism. The virtues which it accents: industry, simplicity, thrift, and co-operation, are the virtues valued by the pioneers who have largely been its converts. Help for the lowly; organized getting ahead in this world, backed up by a touch of authority—possibly that is the secret. In any case it works.

In San Francisco, after a flight from Salt Lake across the mountains with the United States mail, I found Mr. Arthur Brisbane assuring the Californians at a luncheon that theirs was the "real promised land."

Flying machines will make every foot of it accessible. If a man could see as far ahead in real estate here as did the first Astor in New York, instead of buying corner lots he would be buying mountain tops along the coast. You would see investors looking for nice slanting places where a flying machine could land conveniently. Later every rich man who wanted to buy a place for his old age would come to California and buy his mountain top. My advice to everybody is to buy a mountain and put it aside for his grandchildren.

Mr. Brisbane sometimes seems to startle for startling's sake, but who shall say that he is any worse prophet than Daniel Webster?

What [demanded Daniel] do we want with this vast worthless area? This region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs. To what use could we ever hope to put these deserts or those endless mountain ranges . . . what can we ever hope to do with a western coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless, uninviting, and not a harbor on it? Mr. President, I will never vote a cent to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer Boston than it now is!

Hear! Hear! And fancy the great Mr. Webster touring the Pacific coast to-day—ranches and "rivieras," skyscrapers and steamship docks, and talked to by relays of native sons! With his Puritan background, his Dartmouth schooling, fancy him released into the pagan radiance, the dizzy cosmopolitanism, of such a place as the University of California on a bright summer morning!

The sun blazes on a white campanile, on the white faces of huge new buildings, on the mountainous, smooth brown hills that climb up behind the campus, and far out through the haze, on the blue of San Francisco Bay. Instead of sober New England elms, are altitudinous, half-tropical eucalyptus, with rustling, gray-green leaves and aromatic scent that somehow reminds one of Australia or Kipling's India and saddle horses and slightly arrogant "colonials" in riding clothes.

The lawns are spotted with curious, low-spreading, Japanesey-looking trees, and under these trees students squat on the grass with their books—boys and girls from the California orchard and vineyard country, Filipinos, Russians, Japs, and Chinese. The campanile bells chime, and out of the white buildings they pour in droves—there have been as many as fifteen thousand undergraduates at Berkeley—boys in corduroy trousers and class caps, girls in pink and sky-blue silk sweaters, in all sorts of costumes, from severe black with white collars to French heels and picture hats.

In the pause between recitations you will see a great covey of these airy, fairy co-eds laughing at one end of a broad marble entrance, while a crowd of boys, with an earnestness and abandon impossible at eleven o'clock in the morning in the more self-conscious East, are roaring "close" harmony at the other. To anyone accustomed to the stern monasticism of Cambridge or Princeton, it is like a scene from a musical comedy. You come down from a climb in the hills in the evening, and



as you near the Greek theater you are met by voices and the sound of hobnails scratching gravel, and a crowd of boys and girls goes by in the dark, all in the same khaki breeches and flannel shirts, bound for a moonlight "hike."

Can people study in such a place? Mr. Webster, accustomed to associate book learning with midnight candles and a certain amount of cloistered discomfort, would doubtless shake his head. Yet the Greeks contrived to do it; and Greece, as all popular authorities seem to agree, consisted entirely of "straight limbs," marble temples, and sunshine and wind on salt water. One gets the notion that they do not wear themselves out with study at Berkeley—that the more bookish of the ancient Greeks were still a lap or two ahead; but there is something in this radiant place that the New England scene never knew, and that in the long run may make as important a contribution to American life.

I should like to have led Mr. Webster (we skip oranges, big trees, and the more obvious spectacles) to the annual Egg Day at Petaluma. There is an enormous plaster hen at the Petaluma railroad station, chicken yards and white feathers everywhere, and six thousand people are said to have something like six million chickens. One-tenth of all the eggs in the United States are said to come from Petaluma. The precise number is not important—the point is that this is one of those Western neighborhoods where they take an idea, dramatize it, get behind it and shove, and convince the world that there is something in the nature of things which, so far as this particular commodity goes, sets their community apart.

Up the coast a way, in the misty Puget Sound country, there is another such neighborhood where they grow blackberries. You have never seen blackberries until you have seen the Puyallup Valley near Seattle. They take seven tons from an acre! The soil, the dampness, the tempered climate,

have something to do with it; but these things have been here, as elsewhere, for a long time, and it was business imagination, hard work, and intelligent concentration along one line that made the Thing Go. Looking at miles of glasses of blackberry jam, or express refrigerator cars dumping their fresh blackberries three thousand miles away at a profit, is like looking at the idea of a play after the management hangs out the sign of "Standing Room Only." Soil and climate are great things, and they have plenty of both in the West, but the soil, like the sunset, "needs a man."

It's a longish ride from San Francisco to Portland, through orchards, wheat fields, and snow-capped mountains, with nothing much to make trains hurry. And as roads are good and there are few man-made uglinesses to shut oneself away from, and nearly everybody has a car, why shut oneself up in trains at all?

More and more, people do not, as a matter of fact. People used to smile at the "jitney," but in many parts of the West it is no longer a laughing matter. In Seattle the fight of the municipal street-car line for its existence seemed likely to go the United States Supreme Court. In Spokane, on the day of my arrival, the street-car line announced that it would stop running and give up its franchise on certain streets. The traffic manager of an interurban road was testifying that one of their lines carried three hundred less passengers a day than the year before, and another four hundred less.

Busses had arranged their schedules so that they left just ahead of the interurban trains and put their stations at the doors of the interurban depots. At the same hearing the representative of a transcontinental road said that if motor-bus traffic was not restricted they would have to discontinue local service. "On the Bonners Ferry local in July our daily loss was \$140. The monthly

decrease in passengers on the Great Northern Spokane-Newport branch, because of motor-bus competition, was more than five hundred."

Meanwhile, in the same neighborhoods, the cost of getting little pigs to market was so steep that farmers had little or nothing left. I was told of a sheep raiser who shipped twelve thousand sheep to Chicago and later, in a stockyards restaurant, ordered mutton chops for his luncheon and found that he had eaten up the profit on four sheep!

Potato growers in eastern Montana netted only 11 cents on each hundred pounds shipped to St. Louis; wheat in Spokane sold for 38 cents less a bushel than in Minneapolis; yet bran cost \$36 a ton in Spokane and only \$16 a ton in Minneapolis. A Wyoming farmer had to sell six bushels of oats to buy five pounds of oatmeal. An Oregon woman who had just sold her fancy Bartlett pears—the kind that would cost 10 or 15 cents apiece at a city fruiterer's—for \$2.60 a box, told me that it cost her \$2 to get each box to New York.

With "spreads" like this to be cut down somehow or other, it was pleasant to read on a poster in a little station in Idaho that somebody was saving fuel by using hydroelectric power.

On the Mountain Division of the Milwaukee Railroad 61 electric locomotives have supplanted 162 steam engines at an annual saving of 300,000 tons of coal and 40,000,000 gallons of fuel oil. With a maximum grade of 6,322 feet, a 3,200-ton train is hauled with comparative ease over the Rocky, Bitter Root, and Cascade mountains.

This huge amount of power, only part of that used for lighting and other purposes in the same neighborhood, is made by merely taking advantage of the tumbling of water downhill. One of the engineering romances of the next decade or two will be the harnessing in one way or another of the Colorado River, which goes roaring and foaming through what are still largely inacces-

sible cañons for hundreds of miles. The Californians are already working on the problem. Other states, which have riparian rights on the river, which the Californians have not, will wake up to fight for their own. It will be a long and tortuous battle, doubtless, but the power going to waste down at the bottom of that tremendous gorge down which Major Powell and his party ventured on their trip of discovery in the '70's must eventually be put to useful work.

Everywhere you go, of course, you run into our new motor gypsies. The dusty car, with father and mother, in the same style khaki breeches and O. D. shirt, on the front seat; bareheaded youngsters of all ages in the rear; the family dog squeezed on the running board or into some astonishing corner behind the lamps, and all about, tents, washtubs, and possibly a canoe or two—this is to-day's prairie schooner.

Sometimes—as in southern California, for instance, where there has been plenty of building and work for casual masons and carpenters—these motor pilgrimages suggest a considerable shifting of the industrial population. But wherever wild country, and trout, and possibly bear or deer, are within easy motoring distance, nearly everybody falls into the habit of loading up the old "bug" and starting out for anything from a few days to a few months. Practically every town along the main highways has its municipal camping ground—in Colorado Springs one morning I thought a movie company must be "on location" in the neighborhood, so exotic seemed the number of young women in riding breeches, sombreros, and flannel shirts with bandanna neckerchiefs, but was told by an unimpressed native that they were "only tourists."

They come, with dusty pennants stretched across the back proudly telling where they hail from, and disappear over the horizon, leaving often queer little echoes behind them. In one ham-



let in the Wyoming cattle country, the door of the log house on the free camping site was covered with penciled "Thank-you's," and only one misanthrope had suggested that a "town which couldn't put up a little firewood was a bum town." Underneath his complaint was written, in a neat, improving hand:

When a town provides as nice a house as this and a free camping site, it is doing a great service for the touring public, and its courtesy ought to be rewarded by due appreciation.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. —  
and Baby,  
Oakland, Cal.

All this traipsing about ought, in the end, to smooth off many of the differences between different sections of the country, and in speaking of the audience which nowadays greets the prairie express, I may seem to have suggested a process of rapid and rather shoddy standardization. Our younger novelists do more than suggest, and several of them seem resolutely bound to destroy the peculiar flavor which their elders of the Indiana school for years so affectionately spread over the Middle West.

The "good people" of *The Gentleman from Indiana* are not yet extinct, however, in spite of movies and motors and *Main Street*—indeed you will find them driving their own cars. I recall a tramp taken in southern Wisconsin when the main difficulty was, not the walking, but the refusing constant invitations to ride. Car after car drummed up from behind—there must have been a score of invitations in a scant eight miles—the drumming slowed down and presently came the unescapable, "How fur you goin'?" or, "Want a ride?" and finally the perplexed, "Oh—you wanta walk!"

Against this adventure of the "friendly road" I was compelled to place a good many of a different sort on roads near New York, and particularly a recent one in rain and mud, when

accompanied by a frail-appearing (it was appearance only) young lady. In a similar distance as many cars whizzed past, but not one so much as paused. There may not have been much difference between the essential amiability of the two sorts of drivers, but their social backgrounds differed a good deal. And one surmises that the Wisconsin motorists had not had their cars so long that they couldn't easily envisage the possibility of the man on foot having one himself to-morrow; while most of those met in a similar situation near New York had been accustomed to cars or their social equivalent long enough to regard the carless hiker as belonging to the mere proletariat.

Take, as another hint of local character, the newspapers you read as the train crosses Kansas. In the *Kansas City Star* you learn of a Mrs. Tennal of Sabetha, who "hates to drive with the hood off the jitney. It embarrasses me to expose the inner workings of the machine. The insides of a jitney always remind me of the signs of the zodiac. They ought to be covered up." Also of a Salina man who went into a hardware store and asked for a package of small tacks. "How small?" asked the salesman. "The smallest you have." But the salesman said he didn't have that size.

Will White's *Emporia Gazette* mentions a member of the Emporia Country Club whose thoughts were so far from business that he wrote a check for "fore" dollars, and of a Wichita editor who "has taken to a bomb-proof to meditate on the frailty of fortune. One of his reporters wrote: 'Miss Higgins after her graduation will devote some time to the study and cultivation of voice. She has given her friends much pleasure along that line in the last two years.' Which was all right except that the elder Higgins is a dead shot, and the printer set it 'vice' instead of 'voice.'"

The *Wichita Eagle* tells of "an over-healthy young lady observed Friday

afternoon walking toward the scales in front of Jack Spine's clothing store. She raised one foot cautiously and set it on the platform. The indicator glided swiftly around to one hundred and twenty-five pounds. With an air of disappointment the young lady walked swiftly away, evidently thinking one foot enough to weigh at a time."

I do not know that these items—clipped at random from papers actually read as we were crossing Kansas—will mean anything to anybody else or that they "prove" anything at all. To me there is a certain artless hilarity about this kind of humor, a kind of whole-wheat flavor, that is distinctly American and more often found in Kansas, let us say, than on the island of Manhattan. A Russian or French journalist wouldn't have joked in just that way, and one trouble with some of our younger iconoclasts is that in rebelling against Puritanism and sentimentality they sometimes seem to lose their Americanism without successfully becoming anything else.

When Thoreau rebelled against conventionality he became more American than ever. He dug himself in on the shores of Walden pond and defied the universe, and the result was the world made and still makes a path to his door. But when some of our present-day writers rebel against convention they seem to pull their roots out of our soil and to make themselves merely into rather unhousebroken and sophomoric Frenchmen—and if a Frenchman is anything, he is grown up!

Mr. Sherwood Anderson writes about the Middle West with uncommon bite and power. It is fascinating to anyone familiar with that region and already fascinated by the Russian manner of looking at life to find that Iowa can be looked at the same way, and that it is entirely possible to feel in Bird Center or Hickory Creek exactly as Russian novelists feel on a lonely estate in Orel or Samara. But are not these young women who throw themselves down

between the cornstalks and bite the dirt because they see a man and girl kissing each other, or these husbands who stick knives into their wives because the beauty which they, like everybody else, would like to have in their lives, is smothered in their crowded little city apartments, just a bit ill? Are not their helpless drifting in the mesh of fate and their spasmodic bursts of protest a trifle more Russian than American?

I do not suggest, of course, that a writer of fiction is under any obligation to endow the people in his stories with what his countrymen fancy are their national characteristics. He is entitled to his point of view, whatever it is. But if one's countrymen, on the other hand, seem to differ from the sort of people found in current fiction it is not irrelevant to call attention to it.

In one of Mr. Anderson's recent stories there is a man who didn't realize when he married that marriage was in some ways a sort of cage. Five or six years went by "like the shadows of wind-blown trees playing on a wall. He was in a drugged, silent state. In the morning and evening every day he saw his wife. Occasionally something happened within him and he kissed her. Three children were born. He taught mathematics in the little college at Union Valley, Illinois, and waited. For what? . . ."

He looked at his wife and she did not seem to have the reality of things outside himself. Every now and then he found himself losing the sense of the reality of life. When this happened he would take long walks in the country. He would see a man throw a stone at a dog that had run out to bark at him or see a woman carrying a milk pail to the barn, and "suddenly, in some queer fashion, everything was all right and he could again work and live among men."

Such grouches are not uncommon among introspective people with not enough to do to keep busy, but one doubts that what might be called regu-



lar Americans are much bothered by them. They may complain of any number of outside things, of weather or landlords or taxes, but not many need a dog to bark them into a sense of reality. Reading of the Union Valley mathematics teacher, I thought of a woman who sat near me on the upper deck of the ferryboat crossing San Francisco Bay.

A cheerful and provocative place is San Francisco Bay, with its foreign-looking islands rising steeply out of the water, stray Japs and Hindus standing beside you, and the ships sailing out to the East. The fresh wind blows, the sun gilds the fog that so often comes trailing in over the town, the gulls, with their salt-sea "Peep! Peep!" flap along level with the rail, and children fling them bits of bread which they catch on the fly.

This woman's three little children were thus amusing themselves, while she recounted to her two women companions the virtues of goats and the wonders of a recent trip up into the mountains. Absorbed in her narrative to the point of complete oblivion of an incidental audience of a dozen strangers, her capable-looking hands lying placidly in her lap, her snug shoulders rising slightly now and then in emphasis, her bright dark eyes traveling from one to the other of her friends, she chanted steadily on against the whistling wind and the salty cries of the gulls:

"And that was doing fine for the first time she come fresh. . . . But she had horns and Wilbur was afraid of her. Once one got caught in my hair and I thought she *would* have scattered me! . . . And they're the greatest pets. I just *love* em! And so *clean*! Why,

there's no *comparison* with a cow, and they give three pints at a milking. . . . Well, I made some coffee cake and dressed the chickens—daddy had to come home and take care of the stock. . . . You know—just a *good* time. Why, down here it was all foggy and up there not a bit of fog. We took a hike up into the mountains and we sure did enjoy it! I never did see such stars—so beautiful—so *beautiful*! Just seemed like you could touch 'em, I told the children. And the air so clear. You can't *see* 'em in the city like that. . . . Nine children and four adults—you *ought* to have seen the people stare! And the little folks they sure did have a good time! We went to a band concert and there was a roller coaster—the *biggest* ride for your money. . . . And the hens so *fat*! Daddy says I feed 'em too much. I lost one yesterday. She wouldn't eat scratch feed. Just let it lay. But they're so *fat*! Why, they just stand there—you could just *push* 'em over. And . . ."

Far overhead an airplane came out of the clouds. It passed us and settled down over behind the city. I looked at my watch. It was a little after two o'clock—the mail coming in from Salt Lake. Nobody else seemed to notice it, but I had flown across the mountains that way myself a few days before. Was Monty Mouton driving again up there? Somebody with a pair of hands and eyes in his head, at any rate. That little plane had risen from the Salt Lake field seven hours ago and seven hundred miles away! What an interesting world it is and so full of so many things! Possibly the mathematics teacher had the wrong sort of wife.

## SI, VENDETTA

BY PROSPER BURANELLI

FIVE lines stood between Luca's eyes, and his ears were red. His lips modulated stiffly over the mouthpiece of his bassoon.

"If I make a fiasco to-night I will go back to Perugia and die." He played the cadence twenty times.

It was eight baroque measures of fingering and prodigious staccato. In an hour it would leap in mockery of a great crescendo. A natural, D flat, F natural, and a whole-tone shake on each.

As he pressed the crowded keys, Luca imagined the violins in mounting triplets, the horns staggering in syncopations, the wood-winds trilling dissonance, and the ensemble rising to a cap of flame, and then an instant of silence and the goat's laughter of the bassoon. That was the close of "The Ecstasy of a Satyr and Three Nymphs."

"The composition is well written," Luca reflected. "They would understand it in Perugia."

The Calabrese Royal Italian Grand Opera Company was playing in a Connecticut town, and for two weeks the billboards of three counties had foretold the event: the conductor, Samuel Cunningham Hicks, was to come from New York to direct acts from three operas and, in climax, his own symphonic poem, "The Ecstasy of a Satyr and Three Nymphs." Now the doors were opening for the performance, and Luca was in the orchestra pit for early practice. The visiting conductor had been delayed, and it had been announced that he would arrive just before the performance, and would take up the baton without a rehearsal.

"He is a good musician, this Maestro Hicks, and—" Luca dropped the black tube across his knees, and a smile twisted

the corners of his mouth. "And he knows that two violins and two other viols make a quartette." That was his way of saying that two and two make four. There were legends of the wisdom and true understanding of the visiting conductor.

One evening when a host had brought *grignolino* to the table in a sheepskin, Maestro Hicks had been heard to discourse:

"A man should not marry a girl who loves him."

"Why not?"

"Because he doesn't have to."

The listeners had crowned him with ripe grapes, but even before that Maestro Hicks's effrontery with women had caused the saying: "He makes love well when fifty people are looking."

A dozen tales were told of his deeds in the tourney of Amor, where victory goes to the fickle, and he walked to laughter and applause among the confraternity of musicians, who celebrated him with this philosophy: "An orchestra conductor who cannot make love is like a man with a broken jaw who has three tough steaks on his plate." For it is well known that the functionary who directs in the pit is a great god with the women who perform on the stage, and Maestro Hicks comprehended that better than anybody else.

This was all that Luca knew of the visiting conductor, but it was enough for judgment.

"He is an American, but he is also a musician," he explained to himself, holding his shoulders up, and fastening the top button of his polished frock coat. Everyone understands that for love and drinking musicians are best. Luca muttered his philosophies in the dialect of



the beautiful Perugia that he had not seen for thirty years.

Then abruptly he turned his eyes to a point at the right of the empty orchestra pit, whence a sound of laughter came. Through the door that led from back stage stepped a big man with spreading mustaches and a braid-edged coat that had tails like the half of a barrel. He stood grinning and clasping the hand of an ugly little soprano who had preceded him. She giggled and waved at the shabby auditorium with its early arrivals. Luca guessed the personage to be Maestro Hicks, and it was. The conductor had detrained a quarter of an hour before; the soprano had affixed herself to his side, and was showing him the theater. He slapped her shoulder and pinched her cheek with a gallantry the singular boldness of which needed analysis.

He was Sam Hicks, reared among the kissing bees of the Middle West, and, save for his talent at music, would have risen to bravery as an amorous soda-fountain clerk in his home town. He had gone to Italy, and had made his studies in—ho, had Luca known it!—in Perugia, that vine-girded Perugia, whose people boast of their history, telling: "Every stone of the city has been wet with blood."

A sweetheart had murmured to him once: "*La tua bella sembianza mi ha affascinato il cuore,*" but no American girl had ever whispered to him: "Thy beautiful semblance has fascinated my heart," and soon, captured by the city, he had achieved a perfect mastery of the lyrical inflections of the local speech, and was saying what he always said afterward: "When I swear it is in the dialect of Perugia."

Now he ogled the uncomely little soprano with a cynical smile and squeezed her arm, wooing her in such violence as would have shaken the wisdom of Athena of the Clear Gray Eyes. The girl laughed with a joy that wearied him, and after a moment they returned back stage.

Luca had watched in admiration, and presently a big joke jumped into his brain.

"He is like a Neapolitan in the time when Vesuvius will spout macaroni."

Then, in the middle of his ribald musings, Luca's long-lipped face, broad across the eyes and hollow under the cheek bones, warped at mouth and forehead into a frown. His glance had wandered to the right of the orchestra pit again. A blond young woman had come into the lower box, just above the place where Maestro Hicks and the little soprano had been flirting. She sat passing a rosary through her fingers.

"*Ma certo!* I am fortunate to have such a daughter." Luca's smile was the blessed half circle on a clown's face, and the crescents under his eyes were broken into mazes of lines.

She might have sat for Botticelli, small, blue eyed, pale skinned, with a short face, a wide brow and a small chin. Her gown was cut as low as the collar bones, her sleeves hung at the elbows, and she reposed modestly in a corner, beside the red curtains that hung over the door leading into the box. She had come early with Luca, and had waited a while back stage. Then, wearying of the bustle, she had gone into the manager's box for rest and her rosary.

"She is the most virtuous girl in Perugia," said Luca. His daughter had never seen Perugia, but she and he alike belonged to that city on the hillside, and he always thought of themselves as just away from their town for a while.

He was afloat in a quietude of gladness. It is a pleasure to be a father when daughters are virtuous. He lighted a macedonia, and smoked furtively, holding the cigarette in his hollowed hand. The slanting lids drooped low over his brown eyes, as he sank into remembrance.

In his middle life he had married a young dancer of the ballet, daughter of a contrabass player. She had died in childbed, unhappy that her infant was

not a son, and, since it was a daughter, that she was not spared to lead it in virtue, as her mother had led her; and she had bidden Luca to keep the girl by him, until she should become the wife of some good musician, and watch the conduct of daughters of her own. Luca had sworn and closed his wife's eyes.

His daughter was now the *prima ballerina* of the Calabrese Royal Italian Grand Opera Company, and when a gathering was breaking and the sopranos kissing the orchestra conductor, no man offered his mouth to the daughter of Luca the bassoonist.

"That American conductor had better not . . . *porco diavolo* . . ." Luca stretched his eyes open, and curved his lips grotesquely.

The girl in the box waved back at him with her rosary. He frowned, and twisted his head around.

Aisles and seats were filling with a chattering, stamping, stumbling crowd of Italians. In ten minutes the third act of *Rigoletto* would begin, and after it "The Ecstasy of a Satyr and Three Nymphs." Already a violinist and a cellist were at their stands. Luca took up his bassoon, and once more rested it against his right knee, and blew into the curving stem.

His face grew solemn, with its puckered lips and motionless eyes, while spirals of fancy curled in his brain. He was sitting and playing the bassoon apostrophe, not in the raw Connecticut theater, but in Perugia, in the old opera house that he had not seen in all those long years, and he could hear the clamor of his assembled townsmen, as they acclaimed him the greatest bassoonist in the magnificent history of the city.

The girl in the box turned as Maestro Hicks pushed through the red-curtained door beside her. His mustaches curved in flaring majesty, and he smiled like a great cupid. He had been introduced to her when he had arrived at the theater, and she had greeted him with a proper air. He had noted her beauty and decorum, and now, having contrived to

dodge the persistent soprano, he had sought her out.

"Hello, *maestro*." She dimpled her cheeks, and pulled a chair to her side.

He sat down taking care of his coat tails, and turned his puffed, handsome face to her. In their corner at the back of the box, they could be seen by only a part of the audience, but onlookers never chilled Maestro Hicks in lovemaking. He gave the girl a long glance with candid blue eyes.

In the orchestra pit Luca, hunched forward, with his eyes on the music page, was unaware.

"Nothing is so pleasant as a well-played trill." He filled the theater with a manipulation of a thumb cluster.

In the box Maestro Hicks was saying subtly: "You have beautiful finger nails." He eyed the hand resting on the violet silk of a crossed knee.

She grimaced with a blink of the eyes and with amusement on her small mouth.

In his chair beyond the conductor's desk, Luca studied the *f* and *p* signs.

"The true refinement of music is the difference between *forte* and *fortissimo*," he said.

The two figures beside the red curtains sat facing each other.

"Every woman should have beautiful finger nails," Maestro Hicks took her hand.

She raised her eyebrows as high as she could, and her mouth drooped petulantly. It was not because she remembered that her father might see them, but because the boldness of the man beside her startled her.

"I love your finger nails," Maestro Hicks gazed tranquilly at the red curtain that hung behind his chair and his smile of comfort grew deeper. He caressed her hand and wrist.

After a moment she turned her face away from him, and withdrew her arm.

By now Luca, in his bassoonist's place, had mastered the cadence perfectly. He blew the sustained *F* sharp that closed "The Ecstasy of a Satyr and Three Nymphs."



Across, in the corner of the box, Maestro Hicks placed his hand on the girl's again.

"Nothing is more wonderful than finger nails." A twist of mockery was in his smile. He let his hand slide to her knee.

"You are too bold."

He placed his arm across her shoulders. Her rosary dropped to the floor.

Luca closed the bassoon part on his music stand. Then he raised his head to look around the theater.

"*Ma per dio Cristo!*" His eyes opened as round and black as great quarter notes; his lips stood thrust out and open.

"You are so sweet." Maestro Hicks kissed the girl's neck. The girl twisted her shoulders and became passive again.

"*O dio!*" Luca's hands lay thin and dead on his knees, between which he clasped his bassoon, and his left shoulder moved in little jumps.

"You don't know how sweet you are," the great conductor was murmuring now.

"O-o-o! O-o-o!" Luca swayed from side to side, and groaned as he watched.

"How can you be so sweet?" Maestro Hicks tightened his embracing arm around her shoulders, and thrust his mouth against hers, bending her head backward.

A quietude of dullness settled in Luca's brain, the quietude of a deathly blow. He pressed against the back of his chair, and his face became tranquil, though his eyes remained distended. His rigid hand held the thick tube of the bassoon upright before him, like a black, unburning candle of despair.

"You are the sweetest girl I have ever met." Finally Maestro Hicks settled back, smacking his lips, like a man who judges of wine. The girl opened and shut her eyes as she looked at him.

Luca shuddered in his orchestra chair, and a ghastly chuckle came from his throat. Black scorpions were crawling in his brain.

The couple in the box moved with a stirring of gaiety.

"You are so sweet." Maestro Hicks

patted her hand jovially, while she smiled at him, full of astonishment and satire. Then he abruptly became staid.

"It is too bad that I have to take the midnight train back to New York." His address in giving ill tidings was one of plain statement.

"You are incredible." She stooped, took her rosary, and, frowning and laughing, arose and stepped past him.

"*Ma per la madonna,*" the conductor swore to himself tranquilly in the dialect of Perugia.

In the orchestra pit Luca straightened to his feet with a cry of laughter.

"If I were blind I should be happy still." He struck his jaw with the heel of his hand, so hard that he sank back dazed.

The orchestra men were crowding to their places, adjusting chairs before music stands and tuning instruments. Luca leaned his head back, his eyes closed, his breath short and loud, his face pale, with veins swollen on the temples, and his senses were dim in an anæsthesia.

Rap! rap! Maestro Hicks stood at the conductor's desk, twisting his great mustaches, and turning his head from one side to the other, until the house was quiet.

Luca sat up with stupid eyes. The auditorium gaped dark and prodigious; the lights at the music stands glared mistily under their shades. Moving like a mechanism, he rested his bassoon against his knee.

Rap! rap! The baton nodded and a tittering of violins began the act. The curtain rose.

While the tenor Ruffino sang his aria Luca sought to rescue himself. "I am a fool, and there is nothing." He tried to put his grief to sleep with the repeated phrase, as one may be tranquillized by a changeless rhythm.

"There is nothing! Nothing! Nothing save . . ." He stiffened, and threw his glaring eyes to the deserted box, and in its dark recess saw in a phantasm the two heads pressed to-



*Drawn by Denman Fink*

THE BOLDNESS OF THE MAN BESIDE HER STARTLED HER



gether, one thrust back and moving a little, the other perfectly still.

"I am a fool, and there is nothing." Luca threw his head high, and blasphemed at the visions that moved before him. His spirit lay in the water of a poisonous apathy.

"*Miei signori . . .*" On the stage Rigoletto was crying for Gilda, his daughter; and as the old tune moved sweetly with the English horn at thirds, a cry of beauty and pain arose in Luca's bosom. He groaned mournful phrases of opera.

"*O mio dolore.*" The ache in him went crooning.

"Oh my sorrow," he said again, and his head low so that his comrades might not see his tears.

"He is looking for his low B flat—he lost it fifteen years ago," the clarinetist said.

On the stage Rigoletto was lamenting with Gilda, his daughter.

"*Piangi, piangi, fanciulla.*" As the baritone voice raised the melody, and the clarinets entered on the second bar with the sweetest of thirds, and, above, the E strings sobbed birdlike, a flood of soft color suffused Luca's body.

"Weep, weep, girl," he repeated to the small blond figure that appeared before him with the face of a seraph that is broken-hearted.

"Yes, humanity could drown itself in its tears." The second clarinet read Schopenhauer, and thought that Luca was philosophizing.

When the honey tears of the waltzlike strain set Luca floating on a flood of romantic grief, he stared at the dirty gilt ceiling, and grew so dithyrambic that all the orchestra heard him.

"She was an angel fair and pure in a happy day that is gone."

"A happy day . . ." He jerked his head down, and all his body shook. An entrance came for the bassoon, but he did not play.

"That beast of an American!" He swung his crazy eyes to the conductor's desk.

Maestro Hicks, his face red and his mustaches wet and drooping, was keeping a deep, vertical beat, with the baton extending across the width of his shirt front. He cursed silently in the Perugian dialect, and was observing Luca with expressionless blue eyes. Luca began to play on his bassoon.

"*Infernale morte.*" Luca nearly crushed the reed of his bassoon between his teeth.

On the stage Rigoletto and Gilda were bowing to the applause for their duet; and during the pause of music a bark of grotesque laughter sent the musicians glancing inquisitively.

Luca was gnashing his teeth; a grin was on his face. His left shoulder was hunched forward with a misshapen twist.

"It is sweet to hold an enemy's heart in one's hand." Luca's smile was spreading wrinkles up his cheeks. He had thought of a revenge.

In a little while the American conductor would stand and immolate his soul to "The Ecstasy of a Satyr and Three Nymphs." His round body would sway, the sweat would run down his cheeks, until the great chord of the climax had pealed and stopped short—then stooped like a giant hunchback, he would turn to Luca, and move his baton in exquisite little beats for the ribald fantasy of the bassoon, the sacred mockery that follows exaltation.

In anticipation of that moment Luca warped his left cheek in the grimace of a monster. "It is sometimes justified—to play badly."

On the stage Rigoletto and Gilda, his daughter, were encoring a cadence, but the bassoonist did not hear them. In his haunted brain there again sounded, as a phantasm of tone, the finale of "The Ecstasy of a Satyr and Three Nymphs." The notes ran arpeggios in his head. He imagined the sudden hush that followed the prodigious chord. And it came to him, and it filled him with the emotion of one in the presence of the supreme immensity, how badly it is possible to play on the bassoon.

And afterward!

The American's curses afterward. There are no lightnings in the sky so shattering as the curses of an orchestra conductor.

And to-morrow!

To-morrow Luca would walk in the streets with his bassoon under his arm, and no place to play it.

And fortune had offered herself to him. Never in the history of the wood-winds had such an important solo been given to the bassoon.

"I am an Italian," thought Luca, and leaned forward weakly.

It is known over the world that the Italians live their lives for art, and Luca could not deny that "The Ecstasy of a Satyr and Three Nymphs" was well written. There was that chromatic run for the bassoon, those whole tone *grupetti* for the bassoon, that arpeggio of ascending empty fourths for the bassoon. . . .

"It is the business of a musician to play well," Luca also reflected. He tried to rest himself in Italian fealty to art, but he remembered an old man of his town who kept three knives and killed four men for every wrong done him, and who said: "In Perugia it is always the fifteenth century."

On the stage Rigoletto was uttering cries of fury, and at each phrase of the recitative Luca felt his own angry heart jump like a frog.

"It is difficult to know what to do." His wrinkled eyelids drooped in misgiving.

"*Si, vendetta, tremenda vendetta!*" Fiercely, but with repression, the baritone intoned the violent old song that makes the points of knives grow sharper. He began it at a retarded tempo that roused a passion for the quickening to come. At the sound of the ardent measure, Luca threw up his head, with a new life flooding him, and his face became a mask of drunken rapture.

"*Si, vendetta!*" Yes, he would revenge himself. The American's curses? Let him curse with the dagger point sticking

out of the back of his neck. And Luca swayed with a ferocious glee, as he saw himself dismissed from the orchestra to become a waiter going and coming with plates of spaghetti.

"*Si, vendetta!*" On the twenty-first bar, when the old tune, growing ever more impetuous, had transported him to insanity, he raised his bassoon, and blew and fingered along with the voice. Oblivious of the music page, with its clustered rests for him, he joined in the canticle of vengeance.

He played as Cæsar sounding the Roman war trumpet in the forest of Gaul, or as Tamerlane beating the Asiatic tambours before a citadel of the Rajputs; and the spaces of the theater were filled with the dæmoniac tone of the bassoon.

"No, no!" The second clarinet's elbow prodded Luca's ribs, and a dozen musicians began to laugh. Maestro Hicks slapped violently downward with his left hand, and his face became rigid with fury.

But now the planets sang in their course, and the world was rolling in light. Luca had senses for neither the snickers of his comrades nor the malignant stare of the conductor's eyes. His face, shaped by recklessness, gaiety and hard blowing, was like an effigy of dionysian abandon, as he hymned his vengeance with increasing power.

"*Si, vendetta!*" He completed the phrase with the note of a trombone, and lay back, the gladness of paradise on his lips, and in his heart an exaltation that that was almost holy.

"*Dio dei dei!*" He lolled his head with the pleasure that crept through his flesh. There passed before him, in giant, lugubrious array, the four hundred and ninety sins that it is possible to commit on the bassoon.

"He is drunk! He is crazy!" The musicians looked at him and laughed the harder, and, as the act closed, the orchestral tone shook as though it might break.

Maestro Hicks laid down his baton,



and stepped from the conductor's desk. His face was swollen and crimson, his mustaches hung like gouts of seaweed. He shoved music stands out of his way, and the men in front of him edged their chairs aside.

"*Guarda! Guarda!*" The second clarinet shook Luca's arm.

And Luca, raising his head, saw the enraged body of the American pushing toward him.

Then the world in him broke and fell, his grandeur dropped like a star into the sea, his sun of glory went out like a shattered lamp, and calamitous ruin filled him. All the inherited fear of orchestra player for conductor crushed down on him. He tried to hide behind his music stand.

The American stopped in front of Luca. He stood rigid, and his blue eyes were distended, like those of an ill-made doll, as he glared down upon the crouched, misery shaken figure.

"You carcass of a swine!" Maestro Hicks cursed in the dialect of Perugia.

At the unexpected sound Luca stopped perfectly still.

"You belly of a dog!" The American's voice was a snarl of venom, and his slanting forehead was ugly with long, black wrinkles. Even a Sicilian could have distinguished the curious Perugian inflection in his speech.

Luca straightened up a little, and a twitching smile caught the corners of his mouth, as he drank in the accents of his beloved Perugian tongue.

"You vermin in the ear of a dead ass!" Maestro Hicks's dialect was of a romantic efflorescence and a classical perfection.

"Eh, *maestro* . . ." Luca stammered.

"You snout of a hundred beasts!"

"Eh, *maestro*," Luca's voice rose quavering, "and you, too, have been in my town of Perugia?"

He sat up straight in his chair, his lips curved like a slice of melon. This American was cursing him, but it was in the dialect of his own city. And it filled him with a wild, tender emotion.

There had risen soft, mournful memories of vineyards on the hillsides, and old, well-remembered streets, and festivals in the spring. He could have wept out of pity for himself in trouble so far from his land. There it was joyous, restful. How he loved its every color, its every sound!

"You haunch of a crippled toad!" The American's tone was obstinate in wrath. Luca's bosom tuned yearningly to the growling of this hostile stranger who was cursing him in the voice of his home.

"Eh, *maestro*," his exclamation rose like a chant, "tell me, is there not beauty in that city?" He too spoke in dialect.

At the sight and hearing of two men thus singularly addressing each other in the accent of Perugia, a dozen orchestra players stood up at their stands and laughed. The theater resounded with handclapping and shouting, and before the garish curtain baritone and soprano were making their bows.

"You face of an ape with a broken nose!" A mouthful of imprecations met the swimming of the upturned eyes.

"And the dialect? Does it not please the ear?" Luca sat on the edge of his chair, swaying as if to music.

"You son of filth and a goat!" Maestro Hicks cursed on monotonously, but Luca went drifting off into happiness, upon the flood of a great nostalgia—his youth, his home.

"I may not see that city ever more," his voice ached with desire, "but I wish I were there again—in Perugia."

Maestro Hicks looked at him in angry silence, and, being no man of ready penetration, felt puzzled and uncomfortable. The fellow was crazy.

"How long were you there, *maestro*—in Perugia? And in what part did you live?" It was the wanderer's unending cry: tell him of his native stones and winds.

No. The fellow was not crazy. He was just one of those madcap Perugians. Maestro Hicks knew them well, and loved them. What should he say to this



*Drawn by Denman Fink*

THE AMERICAN'S TONE WAS OBSTINATE IN WRATH



foolish bassoon player from the old town where he had studied? In moments that taxed his wit, the conductor, a solid person, fell back upon a statement of fact.

"I studied in Perugia." His voice was rough.

"You studied in Perugia? Eh *maestro* . . ." Luca arose from his chair, and opened his arms. He had the face of an angel.

Maestro Hicks was, more than anything else, a man of humor; his disposition was to stumble into joking at all times, seasonable and unseasonable; and now he could not restrain his favorite witticism.

"I studied in two places," he smiled grudgingly, "in the conservatory and in the tavern."

"And where did you eat? And the wine?" Luca crossed his arms over his swollen chest, and raised his eyebrows and nodded his head repeatedly, as one sage to another.

It was then that Maestro Hicks returned fully to the strong jollity of his nature. He was a professor of kitchens and vintages for the whole province of Umbria, and the blessed pictures of his memory were of wine-pressing, street riots and student horse-play in Perugia. His heart lay in those merry days, and he prized them more than fame in music or the love of woman. And, with such an infatuated listener as Luca, a pleas-

urable gravitation compelled him to talk of them. He sat down beside the bassoonist, and, with loudness and laughter, told of a garlanded night when the priest and the mayor vowed silence until the seventh bottle was lined against the wall.

Luca nodded at everything he said, and shouted at every joke he made. And a flame of worship mingled with his gladness. This was an American, but he was talking to Luca of beloved Perugia. And he was an orchestra conductor, but he was sitting with Luca the bassoonist, and relating of red wine and white, of polenta and rustic cheese, and of the other things that make days happy in Perugia. And Luca flung all ashes away, saying to himself:

"I was a fool, and there was . . ." A shadow of cold memory crept into him—but he wrenched himself, and turned his face to the sun. "I was a fool, and there was nothing."

"The Ecstasy of a Satyr and Three Nymphs" filled the theatre with the ascent to its reverberating peak. The chord of climax rang, and stopped. Silence for an instant, and then—the solo of the bassoon. As Luca played the ironical arabesques, Maestro Hicks leaned over the conductor's desk, swaying his shoulders and grinning to the eyes, and said that it was an honor to Perugia to have such a bassoon player.

## MANGROVE MYSTERIES

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

ONE day I found a hammock-form of roots, a maze of gentle curves which gave and braced, and, taking paper, looked to see if a mangrove had anything of interest to offer. At the end of three hours I slid painfully down into the rising tide, my unpenciled sheet fluttered off, and I went away with my mind in a whirl.

Long before I learned to write, I rejoiced in Barnum's Circus, but, if the first time thereafter, my mother had given me pencil and notebook with instructions to describe everything that took place in all three rings and on the stage, as well as the freaks, side shows and menagerie, my ideas would have been of equal clarity and inclusiveness as when I studied my first mangrove. Above, around, beneath, were interlacing trapezes, flying rings and rope ladders, liana nets and gayly painted poles, waving banners of emerald strung along the rafters, and high over all, the canvas of the sky. And everywhere the performers—acrobats and leapers—worked mighty feats of balance and of strength; whiffs arose of strange and unknown creatures; thrilling, tuning-up squeaks and umpahs came from hidden orchestras, which surely must soon burst forth in full fanfare of breath-shortening music. Now and then a being would creep slowly past (doubtless on his weary way to a long parade about some invisible arena), of such sight and form, that, if raised to man's height, would be a side show in himself.

But even at the first confusing survey, the mangrove stood out vivid and clear-cut. It had the aspect of a god, an Atlas, with feet firm planted upon earth, regardless whether currents of water or winds of air swirled about its

knees, and with wide arms out—upward spread to the sky, upon which thousands of weaker beings found sanctuary. Some alighted for temporary rest of weary wings, others for longer periods, day boarders who came for meals or season residents who built their houses and reared their families upon the vibrant roots. And, finally, were those who knew no other world or scene, but, born or hatched upon the mangroves, clung to them until loosed by death. By their little body dropping to the water, they paid their final debt to gravitation, returning to his implacable coffers this small meed of elevation-energy, which, by grip of tendrils or of fingers, they had possessed throughout their lives.

These were all kindly, or at most indifferent folk, who if they gave nothing of value, did no harm. In a circus, the smiling faces of two acrobats who catch each other in mid-air may mask bitter hatred, a desire to swing short, or grip loosely; the story writers are fond of showing us the tragic sorrow obverse of the clown's grinning visage. In the sunshine and warmth of the mangrove tangle, behind the swaying leaves and bee-beckoning blossoms' fragrance are terrible strife and slow death. The splendid plant gives shelter and support upon its sturdy uplifted arms not only to the fairy homes of humming birds, but to parasites whose gratitude is never to cease strangling with inflexible coils, or, more insidiously, gently to insert living threads of death into the very heart of their supporter. Out of all this, how futile it seems to try to give any real idea of the marvel of mangrove life. At most, we can hope only to arouse a worthy discontent, a disquieting desire



also to go and see. For here are living tales, complete but as yet unworded, worthy to fill volumes of Carroll or Dunsany or Barrie or Blackwood; here are scenes needing only paper tracing to equal the best of Rackham or Sime, to touch the emotional gamut of Böcklin and Heath Robinson.

About ten thousand years before I filled this fountain pen some ancestor of yours and mine (our "touch of nature") discovered that by building a house of piles out in a lake, he could thwart the wild animals which ever threatened him, and lessen the danger of a surprise attack from equally-to-be-dreaded envious or hasty-tempered neighbors: Few carnivores care to swim after their prey, and war canoes had hardly been invented. Such sanctuaries gave to families and to small tribes time to think, to invent new weapons, to seize new opportunities and to take better care of their babies.

To-day, while pushing a canoe through the roots of the mangrove jungle, I thought enthusiastically of my pile-dwelling ancestors as I noted many exciting similes, and then paddled hastily back to the laboratory to see what botanists had thought about it. I found much of interest, but my mind was sobered, my imagination quieted. There was nothing of Swiss lake dwellings, but a very definite title of *Rhizophora Mangle*, and a casual remark of branches being supported by simple, vertical roots; it was put down that the petals were lacerate-wooly on the margin, exceeded by the calyx limb, but their delicate odor was passed by without comment; the living shifts of greens on the foliage, with the veins carrying shafts of parrot color over the background of pale chrysolite—this was ignored; to the botanist the leaves were leathery, quite entire, 'obovate-lanceolate and blunt—a statement unquestionably to the point. Finally, I learned that the astringent bark is employed for tanning, and I returned to my living mangroves, alias R. Mangle, wondering if too con-

stant pondering upon astringent, unadulterated facts is not often efficacious in a sort of mental tanning. Our mangrove might yield a new harvest to us if we could choose a different contact of thought, clothing the fruit with the vital interest hidden in "one-seeded by abortion," and yet avoiding sentimental pleonasms.

However we decide to think of this plant, it is sure to be with admiration, for it stands out as a pioneer. Among earthly vegetation the mangrove is an aristocrat, a true dicotyledon, but it has dared to seek again the watery habitat of the lowlier growths, indeed, of the very green algæ from which land plants originally developed. Like the penguin which has relinquished the aerial wing for an aquatic fin, or the seal which has encased its five fingers and five toes in flipper mittens, so the mangrove, while retaining all its badges of aristocracy, has returned to the haunts of the ancestors of all plants, from whence it can look calmly shoreward at the terrible struggle for life a few feet away, where every inch of soil is battled for, where the vigorous monopolize air and sunlight.

Such a radical change cannot be achieved without far-reaching adaptations and readjustments; the banker does not become a farmer merely by moving to the country, and every part of a mangrove shows delicate modes of meeting the strange new conditions as cunningly as the shift of muscles of a jiu-jitsu wrestler encountering an unknown opponent.

In the month of February Kartabo mangroves are covered with flowers, and yet to a passing glance reveal no trace of inflorescence. Small and yellowish white, in irregular clusters of six to a dozen, they make no kind of visual showing, but their nectaries call to small trigonid bees in no uncertain way, and through the hours of sunlight the branches of the mangrove are busy marts of trade. Each cluster of blossoms becomes a corner grocery where the cus-

tomers come for their buckets of nectar and packages of pollen and rush away without paying, or so they may think. But there are leaks in the pollen bags, and when they enter another blossom, the little stream of sifting yellow dust drifts across the entrance, a few grains, or even a single one, falls upon the waiting pistil, and the bee has repaid for his bread and honey manifold and with compound interest. Its destiny fulfilled, the flower falls apart, the petal, lacerate-woolly margins and all, drifting off on the first tide. The ovary swells, two seeds form, and now comes the first adjustment, and we realize that in the botanist's dry remark "one-seeded by abortion" may be concealed tragic doom and a wealth of subtle meaning. No spear can be thrown straight which has twin heads and shafts, and so one seed shrivels and dies, and the other thrives and grows. What decides the fate of life or death we do not know. Some delicate balance, some subtle test of worth or lack takes place in every one of the thousands upon thousands of fertilized mangrove blossoms, and there is no appeal. The reason, as we shall see, is too vital, the target too difficult and treacherous, for a thought to be given to unborn plants.

The problem of the next generation of mangroves is a serious one. The seeds are formed over an everchanging surface; soft, sticky mud giving place to strong currents, flowing first in one, then in the opposite direction; rough waves plough up the mud and splash against the stiltlike roots. No sticky secretion, no mere weight, no hooks or aerial wings will suffice for these seeds. From their natal branch high above the tidal area some sure method of anchorage must be found to enable them to avoid being smothered in the mud, stranded on the shore, rolled into deep water or washed out to sea.

The method is the arrow or loaded dart, and the force is the energy of gravitation stored in particle after particle by the mother plant, as it drew up

salts and water and elements, raising them sapfully from mud and tide, and condensing them into a solid, slender, pointed weapon capable of coping with all the difficulties of the new environment. But no seed alone can thus function, and in solving this problem the mangrove reveals itself as one of the most remarkable plants in the world. The lower forms of vegetation form their seeds and thrust them forth naked upon the world; the more advanced plants ensheath their offspring in swaddling clothes of protection against heat and cold, moisture and aridity. These are comparable to egg-laying creatures, with yolk and shell to shield the embryo from dangers. But the mangrove is truly viviparous, and the embargo seed remains attached for months, nourished by the sap of the parent branch. Out of the pear-shaped head a rootlike structure grows downward, often to a length of twenty inches and a width of one. Like an airplane bomb, or the deadly throwing assagai of the Zulus, the mangrove seedling is thickest three-fourths of the way down, and then tapers rapidly. With a weight of as much as three ounces, and driving force generated by a height of twenty feet, the umbilical cord of sap may safely dry, the connecting sheath shrivel, and one day there is a dull little spatter of mud, or a splash of water, and the unconscious work of the bees, the months of slow invigorating by the parent plant are fulfilled. The seed sticks upright in the mud, propelled through even two feet of water to its goal, and immediately rootlets sprout and consolidate the anchorage.

I once blazed two dozen seedlings which seemed ready to drop, and three of these were loosed at low water, so that they fell unhindered directly into the mud. The others I missed and I can only surmise whether this is the rule; whether some subtle influence of moon or tide is not sufficient to cause the final separation. Such a stimulus would be of great value to the young plant and is



no more improbable than the marvelous effect of the moon's rays upon the palolo worms of the sea bottom.

Let us for awhile forget the mangrove circus medley—crab clowns, strong men of the ants, hairy wild tarantulas, prestidigitator opossums producing ten infant opossums from a single fold of skin, white elephant membracid larvæ, living-statue lianas, frog barkers and lightning-change lizards. Let us think of birds, or of a single bird.

I have seen more than a hundred kinds of birds among the mangroves of Kartabo, but a mere enumeration of these would be of little value and of no interest. And instead of selecting the rarest, most bizarre of tropical forms, let us choose the commonest, the most blatant, apparently the most ordinary bird, with average habits and usual traits; which is another way of saying that we have observed it casually, watched it with unintelligent inattention, and wholly failed to interpret its activities in the terms of their desperate significance.

A kiskadee flew to a root before me and called loudly. For a moment it was only a kiskadee, and hardly registered color or sound, so common a feature of the day was it. It was threatened with the oblivion of the abundant, the neglect of the familiar. In New York City on a day of slush and humid chill, with rush and worry and congested life, to hear the loud, certain call *kis-ka-dee!* from a cage in the Zoological Park was to thrill in every fiber, and to remember peace, and calm thoughts and vast quiet spaces. As the steamer moved up to the Georgetown stelling, *kis-ka-dee!* from a corrugated iron roof signalized the approach of another season of wonderful jungle existence. But from that first moment, the kiskadees were ungratefully allowed to sink into the subconscious, while jaded, conscious senses strained after new forms and novel sounds.

To-day, however, looking up from my canoe among the mangroves, I saw the bird as first I saw it many years ago—it

became more than one among hundreds, it assumed a miraculous rejuvenation.

Its very presence among the mangroves was significant. To the eyes of all immigrants through the ages the mangrove and the kiskadee must have come first—the tourist on the last ocean steamer, dark-haired men in quaint Spanish galleons, Carib Indians in their dugouts paddling from islands of the sea, and the man whose stone ax I found the other day, squatting on a couple of vine-tied logs, drifting from God knows where.

Here on the very apex, the outermost root, marking the junction of the Cuyuni and Mazaruni Rivers—here a kiskadee perched and here it had built its nest. It was exciting thus to be able to fix a locality with almost planetary, or at least continental accuracy. I have felt the same thing when circling in a plane over the very tip of Long Island, or standing on the spray-drenched, southernmost boulder of Ceylon, or squatting on a Buddhist cairn on the verge of Tibet. Now I knew that even a small map of South America would show this very spot of mangroves and the exact perch of my kiskadee—and the bird grew in importance.

To northern appraisal, our king-bird is nearest to this tropical tyrant, except that the latter is even more wonted to man's presence. The kiskadee has nothing of delicacy or dainty grace. It is beautiful in rufous wings and brilliant yellow under-plumage, it is regal with a crown of black, white and orange. But in life and caste it is decidedly middle-class. It is the harbinger of the dawn, but so is an alarm clock, and in regularity and blatancy of announcement there is much in common between the two.

The husky call crashes upon the ear soon after the bird is sighted, and from early times has caught the attention and been translated into human speech. I know not what the stone-ax man dubbed it; he may only have grunted and hurled his weapon at it, hoping for a morsel of

food. The Arrowaks and the few remaining Caribs know it as *Heet-gee-gee*, and the Spaniards, prompted perhaps by the Jesuit Fathers, interpreted it *Christus fui*; to Dutch ears it became characteristically tangled up with g's and j's, *Griet-je-bie*, the French more cleverly phrased it with the onomatopoeic *Qu'est-ce-qu'il-dit?* or *Qui? Oui, Louis!* while the negroes laugh it into *Kiss, Kiss, me deh'.*

I leaned back in the canoe and watched my kiskadee through a lattice of curved roots. Within five minutes it gave me a hint of the living chains of life with which the mangroves abound. The bird left its perch and with a wild outpouring of screams and shrill cries flew with unwonted directness, straight out and up over the river. Its mark was a caracara hawk—a menial, degenerate, vegetable-feeding accipiter, who, when eggs or nestlings offer, loves to be tempted and loves to fall! Swiftly after the kiskadee swept the next link in the chain, two humming birds whirring past, catching up at once and buzzing about the tyrant's head, well knowing that this sturdy eight inches of feathers, alias flycatcher, so quick to cry “wolf” at every passing hawk, was far from being wholly guiltless in the matter of certain nestlings.

But this is only an occasional failing, and we pass to admiration of other, more worthy, attributes. The kiskadee, like most strong characters, has a number of doubles and imitators; one has drawn a gray veil over the yellow breast, another has a wider bill, two are almost replicas in miniature, but they are all conventional in haunt and food. They all live in the compound of the bungalow and search the air diligently for winged insects, as their names say they should. But kiskadee has overthrown the traditions of his family. A kindred spirit to the mangrove, his quick eye has caught the advantages of aquatic isolation, and so we often find him nestling among the outer growths. And having accepted the sanctuary of this strange amphibious

tree, he has altered his habits in other ways. A gray-throated kingbird or a lesser kiskadee will often choose a perch over the water from which it gracefully swoops for flying ants and termites. But watch the kiskadee!

As a returning crusader flaunts the infidel's scimitar, and keeps silence upon certain ways and means and happenings, so kiskadee returned to perch, wiping from its bill the sordid taint of tweaked hawk's feather, and ready to explain the lost feather from its own crown as worthy mark of battle. Its next movement was significant of much of earthly progress and evolution—indeed, an accumulation of similar achievements would be quite enough to explain my sitting in a canoe, watching the kiskadee with high-power glasses, and endeavoring to philosophize upon what I saw, instead of still pushing my body into pseudopodia with my erstwhile amoebic *confrères* in the mud below. This thought came when the bird fell from its root, plopped into the water, and with effort, and a bit bedraggled as to plumage, rose with a small fish in its beak.

The eternal restlessness of two of our pet monkeys, “Sadie” and “Holy Ghost” suggested to one of us the excellent definition of a monkey, “An animal which never wants to be where it is,” and this applied to habits and traits emphasizes the importance of the kiskadee diving after a fish instead of merely swooping after a passing insect: the wide beak, the fringe of guiding bristles, soft plumage, the examples of its relatives and the instinctive dictates of hundreds of past generations, all point flycatcherward, yet it chooses otherwise and taps a more nourishing source of food supply closed to its superficial imitators, nearer to its new home, and less dependent on sun and season.

In this, as in all similar cases, the vital interest lies not in the fact of the actual change of habit, but how it came to arise. It were easy in the comfort of one's study with eyes fixed on pencil and paper to devise the method of origin,



clothing it with facile words. There come to memory the shrill chatter, the swift short flights, the trim, stream-line forms of midget mangrove kingfishers, tiny Izaak Waltons whose plunge, strike and return embody the perfection of piscatory art. How easy for the intelligent eye of the kiskadee to observe the mode of life of these little neighbors of the roots, to essay, to practice and to succeed! Or if this strains our credulity, let us take another sheet of paper and again logically explain the origin of the habit: a pursued insect falls into the water, the kiskadee swoops at it at the same moment when a minnow arises; the fish is unintentionally seized instead of the flying ant, the foundation of cause and effect is laid; and so, "dearly beloved," that is the way the kiskadee learned to fish!

For my part, I have not the faintest idea of how it began; in fact, the little I have been able to ascertain tends more to complicate than to clarify the problem, but there is one very significant thing about this flycatcher fishing. The Kiskadee Tyrant (*Pitangus sulphuratus*) in some of its several forms ranges from Texas to the Argentine, and from Guiana to Peru.

Many years ago in Western Mexico I observed the northern form of *Pitangus* plunging for minnows in an arroyo pool, later, in the Orinoco delta and in Trinidad the subspecies *trinitatis* fished for me in both places; during five separate visits to Guiana I have seen many individual kiskadees catching fish in widely separated localities, and I have heard of a similar habit in birds of Brazil and Argentina.

Now while some unusually adaptable or quick-sighted bird may learn a new habit, or a new variation of an old habit, it is quite another thing to imagine a similar spreading of it wholesale among the individuals of the species ranging over mountains, plains and islands throughout a continent and a half. Such an achievement is as absurdly improbable as the theory of a kingfisher tutor.

We do not know how it has come about, but when it is made clear I believe that many other equally mysterious phenomena will be understood: why so many groups of hoofed animals, quite distantly related, all began in past time to develop horns more or less simultaneously; why in hundreds of tropical lakes which never know spring, untold hosts of ducks and geese are, as one bird, stirred by something beyond themselves—as inexplicable and invariable as the magnetic needle; why a flock of birds in flight has no individual will, but is swerved and turned, carried aloft or settled to rest by some inclusive spirit of flock or species. All this is not recognized by any taxonomist, it is not explained by psychologists, it is hardly ever thought of by naturalists, but some day it will demand of our philosophy an explanation. When that time comes I shall understand the fishing of my mangrove kiskadee which now so puzzles me.

A strange city or shore or jungle, a new friend, or house or garden should always first be seen at night; should be glanced at, not scrutinized, listened to, not examined, wondered at, not studied. The glamour rightly born of dusk will then forever mitigate defects apparent in the glare of day, ash cans, thorns, thick wrists, oilcloth tiles, or blight. But no studied plan led my feet to the mangroves on a May midnight of the wettest moon at full. Raindrops from distant Venezuelan storms, and others which had spattered upon the mysterious heights of Roraima had filled the rivers up to their brims. And now the pull of the moon had slackened, and gently let the liquid mass sink down. There was not a ripple, only an occasional heave and settling, more effective, more potent of cosmic energy than any crashing waves or surging bore. And I did not wonder that ancient man failed to connect the tides and moon, for here high overhead hung the great satellite, while before me the gravity pull of yesternight's moon was just relaxing.

The light was somewhat grayed with

clouds, but quite bright enough for type, if I had not forgotten that there was such a thing: the mangrove world was oxidized, the leaves lost all their semblance to foliage—the branches merely dripped dark, oblong sheets of tissue. The slowly sinking mirror stretched the completed curves of roots—slits widening to ellipses, ellipses to circles—until suddenly the earthly halves were shattered upon the dull glisten of exposing mud.

I was perched upon the buttress of a small mora which had ventured far out beyond its jungle brethren, or had been long since isolated by encroaching waters. Behind me was a black palm swamp and the narrow trail between. Optically, both were invisible, aurally, they were clearly outlined. From the swamp came the cheery little voices of the black and scarlet leaf walkers, the cubee frogs of the Indians, snapping out their brief but vital message, and from end to end the white-collared night-hawks patrolled the trail, with short, silent flights, thistledown alightings, and never ending queries of *Who-are-you?* as distinct as though worded by human lips. I remembered my Brazilian frog who pursued my researches with his eternal *Why?* I looked at the moon and the water and the mangroves, I thought of my imperfect self, and I knew that never in this world should I form a satisfactory answer to either bird or batrachian.

Beyond the outermost roots came the low thrumming of a catfish singing in the shallows, forced perhaps by the lowering tide from some moonlit feeding ground hidden from my sight. It ceased abruptly and like an aerial antiphony came a deep rumbling throb from a root at my right—the call of the greatest of all tree frogs, well named *Hyla maxima*. Here night after night I had heard him and had tried to approach. But always he detected my lightest step and became silent. His is the resonant bass viol in the orchestra of a jungle night. At this moment from two miles away, a chorus of these great frogs rang clear from a

distant swamp. For about three-fourths of the time the calls were perfectly synchronized, coming in great successive waves; *wahrrook! wahrrook! wahrrook!* Wahruk, by the way, is their Akawai Indian name. Then some batrachian with a poor sense of rhythm got out of tempo, and this threw all the rest into confusion.

Now that I had remained quiet for many minutes, the fears of the giant tree frog were allayed, and he called, almost within reach. I examined every branch near me and at last saw the outline of his great goggle eyes, standing high above his inconspicuous head. I even distinguished a huge webbed hand, looking like a bit of splayed-out moss, resting flabbily against a bit of bark. In five minutes he rumbled forty-two times, grouping his emotional reiterations in series of eight, with long rests between. Steadily I watched him, until without warning, in the midst of a deep-throated *wahrrook!* he leaped into mid air. Only it was not my supposed frog with the outstretched hand which sprang, but a shapeless bit of dangling lichen a foot away, my image reverting into moss and bark; a lifetime of carefully trained eyesight availed nothing, even in this brilliant tropical moonlight, when pitted against the dissolving power of a giant tree frog. He splashed into the water, reaching another mangrove root in two kicks and vanished again. This was not *maxima's* usual habit of a creeping walk from leaf to leaf, now and then leaping to a higher part of the foliage—and I waited and wondered.

In front of me were several twigfuls of leaves, and just below two curved roots, one complete from trunk to water, the second lacking a few inches of crossing the arc of the other. The air was motionless, the water like glass, when I distinctly saw three of the leaves move to and fro. Then two more farther on, followed by quiet, then all waved simultaneously, as with memory of the breeze of the past rising tide, or anticipation of the breaths which would usher in the



coming dawn. No other leaf in sight even trembled,—only these rocked and swung. Another vegetable miracle followed—the shortened root began to grow before my eyes! I had recently measured and marveled at a bamboo shoot which pushed steadily upward almost ten inches a day, but here was a mere root which had added six inches to its length in half as many minutes! Finally my dull eyes cleared, and as the detective stories say, there was solved the mystery of the frog's leap, the shaking leaves and the sprouting root; a snake flowed slowly along through the leafy twigs, over the arched root to its tip, and then, with its suspended body, spanned the gap between it and the next root. Long before I had even seen the moving leaves the frog had sensed the danger and fled.

As I watched the root apparently grow thicker, then diminish, and finally again become a shortened segment, my memory pared down the moon, cleared the sky of clouds, held fast to the mangroves, but raised the flat lines of bordering jungle into rounded hills. The palms and dark water and cool tropic air were the same, but instead of the roar of distant howlers, there came to the ear the joyous whoops of gibbons—the *wa-was* of the deep Bornean jungle.

All this leaped vividly to mind because it framed the last time I saw a snake among mangroves. That time the snake was smaller but its effect was of infinitely greater moment. I was hunting Argus pheasants, but had unwillingly allowed my interest to be temporarily distracted by two great apes, orang-utans, which I saw now and then, and which were remarkably tame. One of these, a small animal about half grown, invariably retreated toward the river bank, and then vanished. No matter how carefully I trailed the strange little being, every trace of him disappeared when I reached the mangrove fringe. One moonlight night I sat upon a mangrove root, com-

pass in hand, trying to locate a distant calling Argus pheasant, as the correct lining-up of the bird would be sure to bisect its dancing ground. After I had sat quietly for a long time, something drew my eyes upward and there, high overhead, peering down at me, was the orang, chin on hand, leaning on the edge of his nest of branches. There was no fear in his glance—he looked like a meditative, aged man, who would have been more in place leaning on a cane in a chimney corner, than on a frail platform of broken boughs in a mangrove tree. I gradually focused my electric flash on his face and he blinked at the strange light. He mumbled with his lips as if talking to himself, saying strange tree-top things about huge fireflies which burned too brightly. Once he swept a huge hand across his face, then sucked a great, crooked forefinger and without moving his head, rolled his eyes upward at a passing bat.

I shut off my light and we gazed at each other in the moonlight, with interest, but without malice or suspicion, until suddenly his twitching lips drew together, and I saw his whole body rise and stiffen. I followed his glance as best I could, somewhere beyond me, and before long I saw a small snake climbing out of the water up one of the roots. I knew it for a harmless species and after watching it draw out its whole length of three feet, I looked upward again. Not a sound, neither snap of twigs nor rustle of leaves had come to me, but the monkey's nest was empty. I could see the branches more or less clearly on all sides for thirty feet, yet there was no hint of the great ape. The harmless little snake had sent him off in violent but silent haste into the jungle, whereas my presence had given him no apparent disquietude. He was absent the following night, but the second night was back and actually snoring before I came close enough to disturb him. I never saw him again.

## THE STORY OF AIMEE LOTHROP

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

FROM all my early memories of Den-  
nisport nothing is more vivid to me  
than my first sight of Aimée Lothrop.

One day soon after I had begun my  
work as pastor of the First Congrega-  
tional Church I had gone down to meet  
a friend at the train, and as I waited a  
girl stood near me. It was not her  
beauty that arrested me, but the ex-  
traordinary intensity with which she  
waited. One would have supposed she  
was expecting her beloved. She waited  
for the train to roll in, as though divided  
from all the people about her, lapped  
about by some absorbing emotion. She  
waited for the train, and I, too, waited  
to see on whom her mind was fixed.

From the train descended a little  
Portuguese woman. She limped, she  
was bent over, and she had a perpetual  
mump which swelled her face out in a  
grotesque fashion. A woman of no age  
at all, removed by her deformity to out-  
side the pale where age matters. The  
girl swooped down upon her like a swal-  
low. Some one beside me said:

"Well, well, look at Aimée Lothrop!"

Why had she waited in anguish and  
apprehension for that strange, deformed  
Portuguese woman whom I learned to  
know later as Illy Paulo? It pricked at  
my imagination; the picture of Aimée  
Lothrop waiting in torture would not let  
me be. What happened next served to  
rivet my curiosity more firmly in my mind.

That night my friend, Capt. Dan  
North, came storming into my parson-  
age, a great, burly fellow, handsome as a  
stormy sea.

"You saw," he said—"you saw her  
waiting? I thought she was waiting for  
her sweetheart."

"Whom are you talking about?" I  
asked.

"Oh, what's the use of pretenses?" he  
flung at me. "You know about me and  
Aimée. The town knows it. I've loved  
her all my life. Oh, why did I go away?  
Why did I leave her?" He tumbled out  
fragments of his story, furious and in-  
articulate. It had to do with his absence  
and Aimée's absence with relatives in  
the West for a year while Aimée's father  
was away in the South Seas on a cruise.  
"And since I came back I haven't been  
able to get at her. She won't have me."

Dan North's fury had irritated me in  
some fashion. It aroused me from the  
dignified calm in which role a young  
clergyman fancies himself.

"There's one reason why a young  
woman won't have a man—she doesn't  
want him," I told Dan North.

He grew very still; he sat there, his  
handsome head plunged forward, as  
though he were trying to penetrate the  
veil of mystery that separates one hu-  
man soul from another. Then he dragged  
up, as though from the depths of him:

*"I know she cares!"*

The passion with which he spoke those  
four words and his quiet sent a shock  
through me. Suddenly I understood his  
rage and the quality of his despair.  
What he could not bear was the mystery  
of it; what he could not bear was not to  
know what separated him from Aimée.

"Arthur," he said, "I can't live like  
this. I've got to know that she doesn't  
love me. If she loves me, my God,  
nothing shall stand between us!"

"What could stand between you," I  
asked, "if she loved you?"

"Have you ever seen her father?"

"I've seen him," I answered.

"Observe him, then," he flung at me  
with a resumption of his impatience,  
"and then you'll know what is meant by



'a jealous God.'" He lunged forward again, as though staring into the face of eternity. And now he demanded: "What was she waiting for? That woman, Illy Paulo, brought her word from her sweetheart!"

"Oh, I thought you were her sweetheart," I mocked him.

He turned on me a face pale with torture. "I've got to know, Arthur; I've got to know!" He made a rending gesture. Blind Samson pushing apart the pillars of the temple leaped to my mind. "Go to her," he commanded. "Find out if she loves me. Find out why she doesn't. Oh, why didn't I speak before I left? The conceit of boys! I wanted to sail away free, my life intact. How many times I was on the verge of speaking out, yet kept silence! And now I am chained, and the chains eat my flesh!"

The fury of him drove me out, as though before a wind, on his strange errand. He made it seem a necessity that I should go to Aimée Lothrop. I do not know what he thought I might accomplish which he could not do himself. Perhaps he thought that with a cooler head I might put my hand upon the obstacle that lay between them. I only know his distress compelled me from the house and up the steep, narrow street to Aimée Lothrop's.

Moonlight lay white upon the road. The air was flooded with the smell of lilacs. Bush on bush of lilacs swayed their white hands in the light evening air. Perhaps it was because of the night that the full measure of Aimée Lothrop's beauty gripped me and made it seem as monstrous to me as it did to Dan North that she should live alone, refusing love.

"Captain North sent me. You must know why," I blundered.

She looked at me under her dark brows and bowed her head in acknowledgment. She was not a woman to fence with reality. She was fitted to be the mate of an ardent, impatient man like Dan North. There was a warmth of nature and a richness of form to her

which were masked from casual people by the almost austere purity of her outline. Then and ever afterward she gave me the effect of a creature riotous with the abundant joy of living, a joy of living held in check under the high insolence of her pride. There was a lurking hint of sensuality in her short upper lip and the full curve of her throat. All these things I saw as she stood there in her flowing, cream-colored dress, her hands clasped loosely before her, waiting with a sort of rapt eagerness, as though greedy for what I had to tell her. Then she said:

"I think we could talk more at ease on the veranda."

She led the way, walking in that lilting fashion of hers, which made it always seem as though she had a joy in feeling herself move.

A fantastic notion came to me that she was part of the night and the smell of the flowers and of the treacherous beauty of the moonlight. She had both passion and pride and, besides that, an enigmatic, unexplained quality, something I perceived dimly to be hurt and suffering, something that held its head up under whatever pressure life had put upon it.

As I blundered out my plea for my friend I felt as if I were putting her on the rack. I felt her grow rigid before me, bracing herself as from a shock of pain. I felt her suffering, and the fact that I could make her feel, and that she was suffering under my hands, gave me a thrill of power.

I cannot remember what words I used. I know that no man has had his cause pleaded better vicariously. It was as if for that moment I was the expression of Dan North's passion. I saw her put her hand to her heart, as though pain had stabbed her, and she leaned forward, her little sensual upper lip lifted slightly upon her teeth.

"He insists," I told her, "that you love him, and since I have talked to you I am sure. What can stand between you, then?"

I saw her stiffen against me. It was

as though her pride were an impenetrable garment. She did not speak.

"What word shall I take him?" I pressed her.

"What I've already told him," she answered at last. "You can—repeat to him that—I am parted with love. I—have loved."

That was all there was to it. There had been in her voice a somber finality. And yet I went away with a moral certainty that she loved my friend.

She lived on behind the lilac bushes, all the upwelling tide of life pent within her, always about her a hint of the unexplained, trailing romance behind her as she walked down the narrow streets.

The next years Dan North came and went on journeys. He aged considerably and grew sterner of aspect. Always his eyes were on Aimée, and always hers sought his across whatever chasm it was that sundered them.

I grew to share Dan North's belief that it was the jealous fury of Captain Lothrop which stood between them. He was a proud old man who refused to bow his head to steam and those forces which drove the merchant marine off the seas, so his fortune was decaying. And when some seven years later he died, we all believed that he left Aimée a shrunken patrimony.

Then, since he had served for her seven years, Dan North felt the moment of his reward had come. But again Aimée refused him. There took place between them a scene which rent the very fabric of their friendship. I met him storming down the street. He flung himself at me without reserve under the pressure of his jealous fury. Insane jealousy streamed out of him.

Jealousy for what? He did not know. There was nothing that he could put his hand on in her life. She visited relatives in the West for a month each fall, and there was always Illy Paulo who came and went. I gathered from his unreserved torrent that he had accused her of something, that he had tried to torment from her what it was that kept

them apart. He had tried to beat her down with the fury of his love until at last she had turned upon him.

In his rage he left town, and came home six months later with a handsome, pouting, red-headed girl for a wife. And, between her love for him and her frank hate for Aimée Lothrop, she kept his life interesting to the boiling point, if she did not make him happy.

Not long after the death of Captain Lothrop, Illy Paulo came to be house-keeper for Aimée, and so the years drifted on.

For fifteen years after her father's death Aimée lived behind her lilac hedge with Illy Paulo on the top of town hill. Now and again she rented the square front room, as was the custom in our town for ladies with reduced incomes. And like some brave fall flower, she kept the illusion of youth. If you saw her walking down Main Street of an evening, Illy Paulo by her side, you would have sworn it was the swinging figure of a young girl.

Capt. Dan North's wife died, leaving him two red-headed, headstrong little girls to care for. With the passing of time the hot flame of his passion for Aimée had become a warm friendship, and after the death of his wife they saw each other often, and I began to imagine that late romance like a sturdy fall flower blossoming between them, when young Dr. John Davidson took both of the spare rooms in the Lothrop house.

Within a year or so he had established himself in a fair practice. He was a man with kind, serious ways, a tall, rangy fellow, who promised with age to have a commanding presence.

My clearest early memory of him is seeing him come swinging down the street in the fashion of a man who likes living, while beside him, looking up at him, was Jean McIntyre, a niece of Captain North's dead wife, who had come to keep house for the captain—a hot-headed Scotch girl like her aunt. There was something about the two of them so life-loving that it arrested my



imagination. The life in them signaled to me like a flame in the night in this gray New England street. It seemed to me a foregone conclusion that these young people should love each other, and presently came the news of their engagement.

Now in my story there stands out a scene, unimportant in itself, with luminous clearness. How many times afterward did I go over in the turmoil of my thoughts each small event, each little shred of evidence.

Aimée had never seemed lovelier to me than at this time. Her advancing years—for now she was nearly fifty—had brought, instead of fretfulness and discontent, a unity with life. It was good to be with Aimée Lothrop in those days; and so it happened that for a long time I did not notice that she was not well. Then one day, as we were sitting on the veranda, I saw she was suffering. A storm was ruffling the surface of the bay with the menace of its anger. For a long time we were quiet, our minds plunging back over the years. From time to time one of us threw into the silence a triviality such as old friends use to keep the silence from being too full of meaning. Then I began to see she was restless, and that her restlessness came from pain.

As I sat there I saw the pain grow large as the shadow of storm grew over the water. And still Aimée Lothrop waited, and I waited with her—for what I did not know. I started to go. She held me. She did not wish to stay alone. I saw her face contract as with the anguish of suspense. Then I knew for what she was waiting.

What she was waiting for was for John Davidson to come back.

Presently I saw him, dark and bearded, shambling up the street. As she saw him she relaxed, and I realized that she had been sitting as though bound by iron bars, and my tenseness had grown with hers. Now she gave a sigh and lay back, as though spent.

A thought stabbed through me:

"She loves him."

He came swinging in and flung at her: "Hel-lo, Miss Aimée! Do you feel better to-night, ma'am?"

He stood over her with a manner both solicitous and affectionate. She raised her eyes to him. She seemed little and weak, almost girlish in her shrunken outline, and he commanding and magnificent in a rough fashion.

A shiver ran down me. The gap of years between them did not seem so wide. There was some understanding between the two that I could not face.

I hurried off to the dunes, small events blowing through my mind like leaves in a hurricane. It was all summed up to me in one terrible question:

Had love come to my lovely Aimée Lothrop in this fashion? Had life revenged itself upon her, that, having been unwilling to partake of life in its fullness, the hunger for love should now clamor tardily at her door?

I would have begrudged her nothing. If she had wished to love unseasonably a young man and he had loved her I should have bent my head to it. But John Davidson loved hot-headed Jean McIntyre, and she loved him. Of that there was no doubt. Nor was he one to love lightly. He was one of the men who, like Dan North, are love's victims, one of the men who are involved by love to the marrow—yet there had been intensity in the solicitous kindness with which he had enveloped Aimée.

The next time I went to see her Illy Paulo met me at the door with:

"Miss Aimée's resting; she had a bad night. She says excuse her, please. She doesn't feel quite up to seeing people."

And this was all the answer I got whenever I went to see her. The days went on. Aimée was seriously ill. People gossiped about it in church. This one and that had seen her hand flutter to her side. People whispered under their breaths what they feared it might be.

She had been ill some weeks when strange thoughts about her began crawl-

ing around through the parish. In the bottom of all of the minds of us doubt left a slow, poisonous trail.

People looked questioningly at Doctor Davidson. When they would stop him on the street and ask him how Aimée Lothrop did, their eyes looked at him, some with doubt and some with accusation. There was nothing to go on, but now the gossips began to put together a crazy-quilt of evidence. One woman told how one night she thought young lovers were walking down the street, the woman leaning all unconscious against the man, drawn toward him as though by love; and then, as she looked closer to see who was sweethearting in the dusk, lo and behold it was John Davidson with Aimée Lothrop on his arm. The town began ebbing away from John Davidson.

The ugly thought that had come to us would not be downed. Had it had its birth in my mind, or in the jealous heart of Dan North, or had the old women's chatter given it birth? It remained mute and unspoken, a part of the fabric of life, as present as an odor, haunting us whenever we spoke of Aimée Lothrop. This thought hinged on a damaging bit of evidence.

We pieced together the fact that not one of Aimée's old friends had seen her since her illness. No one could come near her. She had seen no one but the doctor and Illy Paulo. She was there alone with this young man, who was, after all, a stranger to us.

One day I sat with Dan North and Jean McIntyre, talking about our futile attempts to see Aimée. We had not yet admitted our fears to one another when, after a long silence, Captain North brought them into the open with:

"You have to give a man the benefit of a doubt. Either he's right in keeping us away or there are queer things afoot on the hill. And if that's so I hardly see for what candle he's playing. For money? Aimée has no money. What then?" His hand came down with a thump upon the chair. "I hate a man

with a beard! I wish I could look straight in his face," he cried.

Suddenly there welled from Jean's mouth, as though forced from her, "I think you should see Aimée Lothrop!"

Her words startled us like the slamming of a door on a still day.

"What do you mean?" Captain North demanded.

"I think some one should see her," she reiterated. Her face stood out startlingly white against her bright hair. We all three looked at one another, frightened. We none of us could stand the unbearable implication; we none of us could bear to have brought out in the naked sunlight the blind, wordless thoughts that had been squirming in our minds. The startled silence between the three of us endured.

"What does the doctor say about Aimée?" I asked her.

"He doesn't speak of her," she answered, in a dull tone.

"He doesn't speak of her?"

"No," she answered. I looked at her curiously. It was as though some shadow had obscured the flame in her. With an effort she added, "I never see him now."

"You never see him! . . . You mean?"

She nodded. Captain North looked at her with his sharp, hawklike look.

"You've broken your engagement? When?" he demanded.

"About a month ago."

"Why?"

She faced him sharply. The women of her race knew how to deal with the men of his, and they stood no nonsense from them.

"Why do people break their engagements usually?" she demanded. "Because they don't care enough for each other."

There was silence again. At last into it came Dan North's voice:

"Jean," he said, "why did you break your engagement?"

She put her hand up, protesting, as though to ward off something.

"Why did you break your engage-



ment, Jean?" he repeated. "Had you a reason, or was it—"

She stopped him with stern finality. "Are you going to make him let you see Aimée Lothrop?" she demanded.

I walked slowly up the hill that led to the Lothrop house. The afternoon was still. There was a contented hum of bees around the house, an old house dreaming of other days under some enchantment, so it seemed. As I looked at it it seemed impossible that our sinister fears of the afternoon should find any fulfillment behind its peaceful walls.

Illy Paulo answered the door, with her monotonous, "I don't think Miss Aimée's feeling well enough to see anybody."

"Illy," I said, "I want to hear that from Miss Aimée's own lips. Let me in."

In the bright sunlight Illy Paulo grew ashen.

"Wha-what—?" she mumbled, as though she could not believe my words.

"I want to go in!"

She stood barring the doorway, desperately, quivering.

"I want to go in, Illy Paulo," I repeated.

"I can't let you in; it wouldn't be good—it wouldn't be right for Miss Aimée. Miss Aimée's sick, I tell you! Miss Aimée's sick! She don't want to see nobody." She stood there chattering until she gave the effect of some terrible apeline creature endowed with human speech.

"Let me pass," I commanded, shortly.

"Wait for the doctor," she begged of me. "Wait for Doctor John; he may let you in. I dasn't. I dasn't! Wait for him!"

"Let me pass, Illy Paulo," I said.

Before I could move she had slammed the door and I heard the grating of a heavy bolt and the clicking of the key. I knocked on the door.

Silence.

I waited.

"Illy Paulo," I called, "let me in!"

Silence again. I realized that I was

doing a foolish thing, and yet I thundered on the door. I waited. Silence. Then into the silence came the faint sound of some one talking. Aimée Lothrop somewhere was talking. I could not understand a word she said, but her voice traveled up and down the gamut of happiness and endearment. As I stood listening a cold shiver slid from the roots of my hair down my back.

I went back to find Dan North and Lawyer Higginson waiting for me. I told them of my visit. Dan North brought his fist down on the table.

"Arthur," he said, "I've had enough of this."

So for the second time that day I went to the Lothrop house. Our knock echoed startlingly through the humming silence of the afternoon. Then, as though he were standing behind it, waiting, the door opened and framed the tall, spare figure of John Davidson.

"We have come to see Miss Lothrop," Captain North told him, with level menace.

"I am sorry that she is not well enough to see you."

"Nevertheless I am going to see her." He edged up to the door.

"You cannot come into this house, Captain North," Doctor Davidson threw at him. "Miss Lothrop is my patient and she shall not have the privacy of her illness invaded."

"And I am her old friend," said Dan North, "and what will stop me seeing her?"

"I'll stop you, by God!" said John Davidson. "Stand back, stand back, here! No one shall pass this door."

For a moment I thought that the two would be at each other's throats. John Davidson came forward out of the house as though to protect it from us by force. As he came out, Illy Paulo slammed the heavy door behind him and barred it.

Dan North made as if to spring at him, as the doctor stood there, his back to the bolted door. But Lawyer Higginson laid a heavy hand upon the captain's shoulder.

"There's no need of violence here," he urged. "We can institute habeas-corpus proceedings. It certainly cannot be good for Miss Lothrop to have us fighting like savages in her front path." His matter-of-fact voice eased the tension for a moment.

The two men faced each other. It was John Davidson who spoke first.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I know this must seem like a very strange proceeding to you, but I am acting on my best judgment. I cannot let you see her. Miss Aimée's mind is wandering. She has an extraordinary aversion to any stranger going near her. Any excitement at this critical time might cost her her reason, if not her life. I have to beg you to be patient. I am hoping for a turn for the better at any time." He spoke with a depth of gravity that compelled our attention. "I have an alternative to propose," he continued. "Miss Lothrop's cousins, as you know, live in Barnstable. Let them come here and let them stay with her if they like and let them report to you her condition. Let them judge, and if they say, after they have observed her, that you should see her, very well."

"That's fair enough," said Lawyer Higginson. "Are you satisfied?" He turned to us.

There was nothing for it. We had to be satisfied.

It was little enough comfort we got from the visit of the Lothrops. They arrived together, the three of them—two were widows and one unmarried, a woman some ten years Aimée's junior. They were dressed in black, in recent mourning for their father. They were Aimée Lothrop's closest relatives, though spiritually not akin to her. Spare, forbidding New England women, life had denied them and they had denied life. They listened to our account with few questions. They had never approved of Aimée. The fuller pattern of her life displeased them; they sensed the wildness in her. I gathered that, had they told the truth, they would

have confessed that it was no more than they expected of her to fall in love unseasonably with a young man, and that doing so she was fulfilling their worst suspicions regarding her character.

They left together for the Lothrop house, and we waited their return. Evening came and we waited still. They never came back. We never saw them again.

Later we learned that two of them had taken the evening train, leaving Mrs. Dimock behind, and when she vanished we never knew. But so far as we were concerned, there the mystery was, impenetrable, worse than ever, sitting on the hill defying us.

The only satisfaction we got was a curt letter which I received within the week saying that they were perfectly satisfied with Doctor Davidson's treatment and that they felt it would be fatal should anyone insist on seeing Miss Lothrop. "Indeed," the letter ran, "you would scarcely recognize our poor Aimée, so altered is she in her wandering state."

The mystery was intolerable. Neither Dan North nor I could endure it. So I traveled to Barnstable to have an interview with the Lothrop cousins. They sat there in their black clothes on their haircloth sofa and parried all my questions in monosyllables. They were tight-lipped, disapproving.

What had they seen? I could not guess. They presented as impenetrable a face as the old Lothrop house. To my dying day I shall not forget Miss Lothrop the younger repeating obstinately in a sharp, parrotlike voice that I "could be sure that all was being done that could be, that it would be highly inadvisable, highly, for anyone to see our cousin." From time to time during my visit one or the other of them would interject, with a sort of desperate finality, that the doctor was right, that it would be inadvisable, "highly," for Aimée to see anyone.

The summer had dragged itself to a slow end. Autumn was on us, and in the fashion of our town it was ablaze with



zinnias and dahlias and chrysanthemums.

We had come, Dan North and I, to the end of our patience. Rightly or wrongly, we were not to be put off by the Lothrops or by John Davidson, nor yet by Illy Paulo. And so we went together to the house, and so we knocked, and again the door opened and John Davidson stood there.

"Come in, gentlemen," he said. "You wish to see Miss Lothrop?" He led the way upstairs, and we knew well enough what had happened.

She lay there in the twilight of her room, her hands crossed, emaciated, a curious look of happy innocence upon her dead face.

Dan North stood there, tears sliding down his cheeks unchecked. He did not know he wept, absorbed in the contemplation of his love who had never been his, who throughout her life had so strangely eluded him. I looked away from Aimée, impelled by some sudden impulse. John Davidson was standing at the foot of the bed with folded arms, looking at her with an expression of tragic triumph.

The news ran through the town. The curious people, so long denied admission, trailed up to see their dead friend. Always it was John Davidson who opened the door; Illy Paulo was nowhere to be seen. The day of the funeral came. Illy Paulo was not there. She had gone—vanished overnight, vanished as if the earth had swallowed her up where no curious tongue could ply her with questions.

How did the news about the will get abroad? I never knew. It seemed that Miss Aimée had gone out of town and had made her will, leaving all that she possessed to John Davidson. Her fortune was considerable. It was much larger than we had dreamed. She must have had a characteristic which we had never suspected—that of hoarding money—for she had added a pretty penny to the sum her father had originally left her.

When this news got abroad it was as though an electric storm blew over the town; something like a mob spirit was unloosed among us. A very fury of suspicion tore the hearts of the people.

I do not know who started the hue and cry; certainly I did not, nor Dan North, nor Lawyer Higginson. The mystery of Aimée Lothrop had dropped to the bottom of the people's hearts like a slow poison and there it had worked. A moral certainty of foul play stalked among us. The story that she had been kept under the influence of drugs until she died swept through the community.

"Run him out of town and tar and feather him," said the turbulent element.

"Law and order," counseled the calmer spirits. "Let him be excommunicated from the church."

Punishment—the town yapped for it. So, accordingly, John Davidson was summoned before the elders of the church. He stood before us, silent and defiant. Lawyer Higginson read the charges against him unemotionally; a terrible series they seemed. All the worse since they were handed out in his dry, lawyer, take-it-or-leave-it, here-are-your-facts fashion. John Davidson stood among the twelve of us, and behind his bearded face and behind his eyes, drawn by sleeplessness, hurt youth was what stared out at me. For a moment something inside me leaped to his defense.

"What have you to say for yourself, Doctor Davidson?"

"Only that I did the best I knew." His voice came resolute, almost accusing in its tone. What might have been the effect of his assurance I do not know. He moved us visibly. We were all men who had a love of justice, and I, for one, would have been willing to let a criminal depart in peace unmolested rather than that an innocent man should suffer wrongfully.

But at this moment the door opened and Jean McIntyre stood there, the furious red-gold of her hair framing the chalky pallor of her face. At the sight of

her an awful change came over John Davidson. It was as though he crumpled up. He threw at her a look piteous, pleading. He could face us; he could not face her. They stood there shrunken, it seemed, in stature, and she suffering equally. As I looked there rushed over me the conviction that their love was not dead, that Jean, in spite of all, cared for him yet and that each suffered the extreme torment of being betrayed by the beloved.

We all waited, and Jean waited, too. It seemed that she could not speak. It seemed as though now that she had come her tongue clove literally to the roof of her mouth and would not be docile to her bidding.

John Davidson spoke first, his low voice breaking with a sort of harsh desperation into the silence.

"Well, Jean," he said, "tell them what you have come to say." His tone flicked her like the keen lash of a whip.

She spoke as though rehearsing some piece she had learned.

"I came to tell why it was I broke my engagement. For a long time I have kept silent—I have given him always the benefit of the doubt, but not any more"—she faced him courageously—"not since the will! I came one day"—she paused, as though to command herself, as though to make some supreme effort to tell the story without a break; then she said, steadily, her eyes always on him—"to see Miss Aimée. The door was open, the house was still. No one answered the bell. I went in; I thought they were in the garden. I went through on to the side porch—" Again she paused, a long, tortured wait, striving to command herself, and again she succeeded. She went on, her quivering lips now as white as her face: "They stood on the little porch which overlooks the garden, his arm around her, Miss Aimée's head—on his shoulder. She spoke. She said, 'I love you, my dear sweetheart.' He said—and oh, in what a tone, in what a tone!—'I love you better than all the world.'" She stopped.

The silence of horror held all of us. Jean McIntyre stood there before us, robbed of youth and grace and girlhood, stripped of joy, stripped naked like a young blossoming tree hit by lightning. If she had shown one quiver of weakness we could have borne it better; but she stood there stark, tortured, steady as a rock. And he, with his hunted, crucified face, was unable to look away. He spoke at last; his words dripped out like slow drops of blood falling:

"Why have you done this, Jean?" he asked. And it was as though he had cried to her, "Oh, my love, why must you torture us?" We seemed to have vanished from his eyes—the accusing faces of the old men, his ruined career; there only remained in the world Jean and himself, Jean who had come to accuse him. For as he spoke these words, he walked slowly out of the room, as though carrying a burden heavier than he could lift on his strong shoulders.

Jean fled to the arms of Dan North and buried her head in his wide shoulder. I heard the little noise of her anguish like a fine thread of sound, barely audible, "Oh—oh—oh—!"

None of us looked at one another. Tears were falling down my face; tears were in many people's eyes. We had seen what should not be looked on—the naked hearts of those who love each other and who are yet irreparably sundered.

It took long to heal the wound left in all our hearts. I know that silence covered the name of Aimée Lothrop, and silence covered the name of John Davidson and of Illy Paulo—Illy Paulo, the accomplice, the witness. It was something that none of us could bear to talk of.

The will, to our surprise, remained uncontested by the next of kin, the Barnstable cousins. But even this we did not discuss; we could not bear it. There remained only the silent house, closed, shuttered, the garden overgrown, only the lilacs putting forth their white torches in the spring.

One other sight remained to keep the



memory of this tragedy before us—Jean McIntyre. The slow years dragged on over her, etching her face with line on line, sapping the youth from her drop by drop. Nor could she ever find again food for her heart, so it seemed. Her youth died of a slow bleeding.

And so the days went on and the months and the years, and Dan North and I never spoke Aimée Lothrop's name. One night I was alone in my study. And as I sat there the old days unrolled themselves before me like a many-colored carpet—the old mystery, the old enchantment, wrapped themselves around me. It seemed to me almost like the first time I had sat on Aimée Lothrop's veranda, flooded by moonlight, intoxicated by the perfume of the white lilacs. And from out of my mind the doubt that had always pursued me came to the surface. I gazed again on the young, stricken eyes of John Davidson, where something proud and hurt and dauntless looked out.

I wondered—

Then the silence of the night was broken by some one knocking on the door. There was a bell to ring, yet some one knocked. Then the air was shattered by a cough—hack on hack of racking cough. I hurried to the door, and there stood a figure; and for a second my heart stood still, for the racked body was that of Illy Paulo.

I helped her inside. She sat in the big chair, catching her breath and wiping her lips with a blood-stained handkerchief. And then she rasped out:

"I had to come—I had to come! I don't care what I swore to Miss Aimée—I can't die with this on my soul. I kept quiet all these years." Then, rallying her forces, she shrieked at me in accusation: "It's that's killed me! I ain't been able to sleep—I ain't been able to live! I think of Doctor John like I see him standing on the hill, his arms above his head in his torment. O God!—God!—God! how many times I got ready to speak! And then I think of Miss Aimée. It ain't right—it ain't right!

The living hadn't ought to suffer so for the dead.

"Call 'em together—you that judged him—and those white-livered women letting it go on. Get them here; make 'em speak. They know! They were shocked—it hurt *their* honor what they found out that day! They wouldn't open their heads—they'd have seen John Davidson drawn and quartered before they'd open their heads."

She steadied her forehead in both her hands and sobs rent her and her coughing racked her again. I feared she might die there before me. I took her by the shoulders.

"Listen, Illy Paulo," I said. "Draw yourself together and tell what you came here to tell me."

"I'll tell," she said. She looked at me with red-rimmed eyes, a grotesque and terrible figure with her face distended with its perpetual mump. "Call 'em all together, you that judged him—and call Jean McIntyre here who would not stand by her love.

"Call 'em here until I tell 'em all that John Davidson was Aimée Lothrop's son—and that I took him from the doctor's arms when he was born—and that I brought him up until I came to live with Miss Aimée and he went to school.

"Call Dan North until I tell him her heart broke when he left her—and how her hot blood went out to some one who loved her, John's father. And how he died. Call Dan North till I tell him how Aimée Lothrop loved him all her days."

She raised her arm over her head. "Call 'em all together," she cried, "until I tell 'em how they turned out Aimée Lothrop's son who stood between the town and her. Call 'em together—until I tell how her mind wandered at the last and she forgot to be secret any more and called him always, 'My dear son, my boy.' And you—all of you—snooping and suspecting him—who were not fit to touch his shoe—Call 'em together till I tell them how John Davidson gave up honor and love to keep his mother's name clean from their slanderous tongues!"



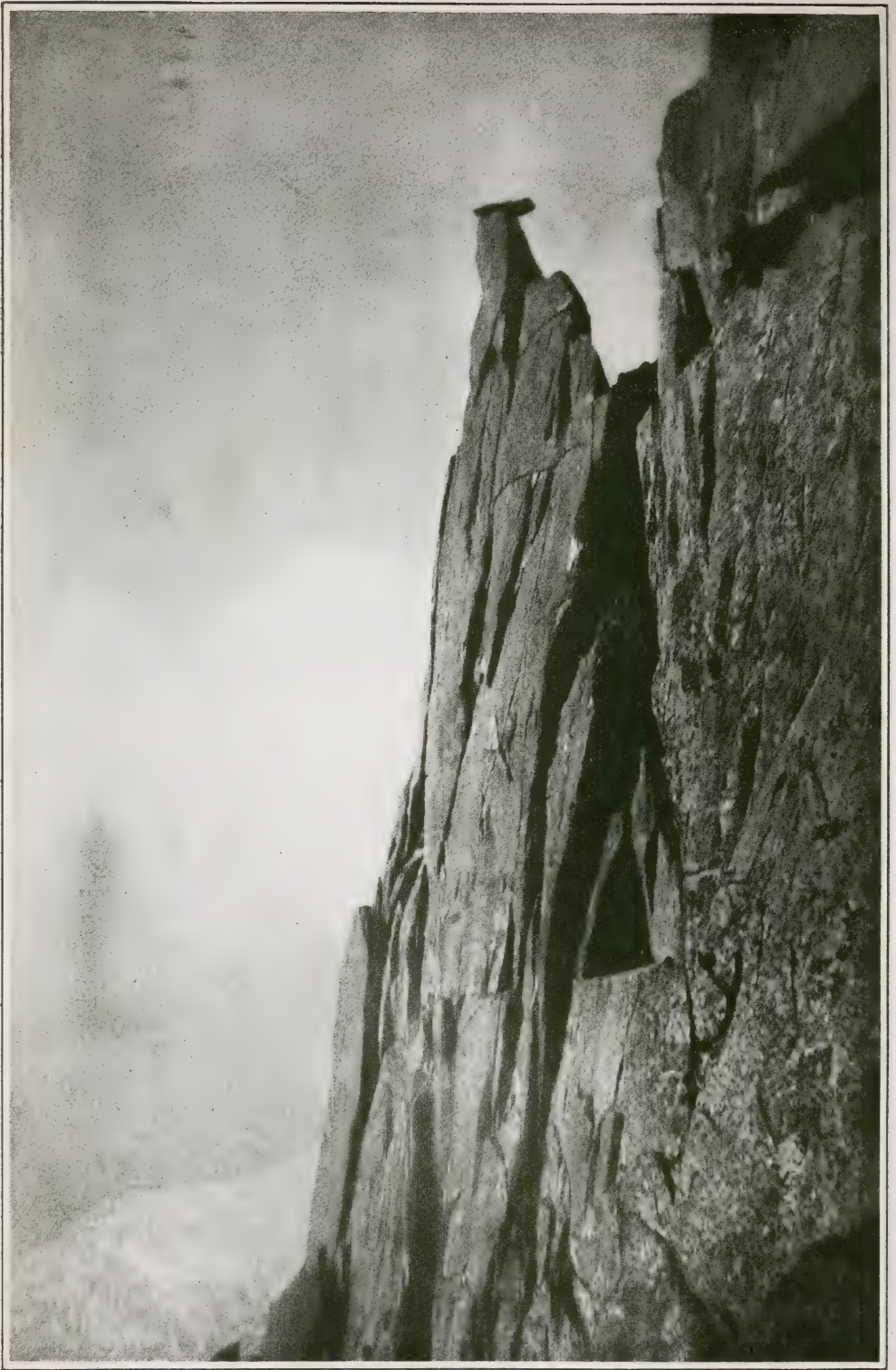
THE CATHEDRAL



HE chain of the Chamonix Aiguilles is seen from the summit of the Grépon, and the white peak above is that of Mont Blanc. This dome of ice is believed to overlies the junction of three rock ridges as sharp and jagged perhaps as that in the foreground.

*The Pyramids of the Alps*  
*A Series of Camera Studies*  
*by Margaret and J.W. Helburn*

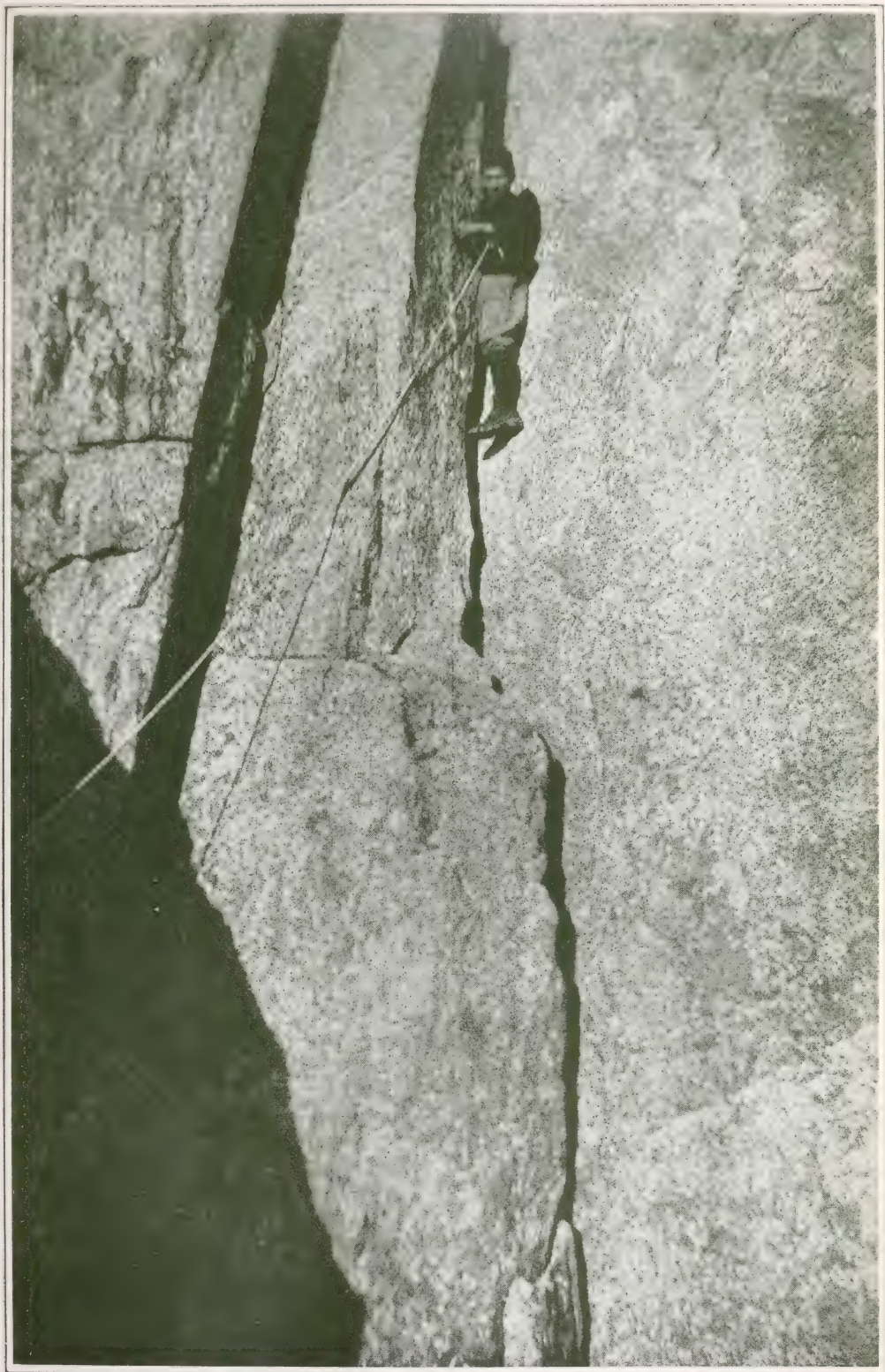




A PETRIFIED FLAME

So Guido Rey called the Grépon, the most spectacular if not the most difficult of the famous needle peaks of the Mont Blanc chain

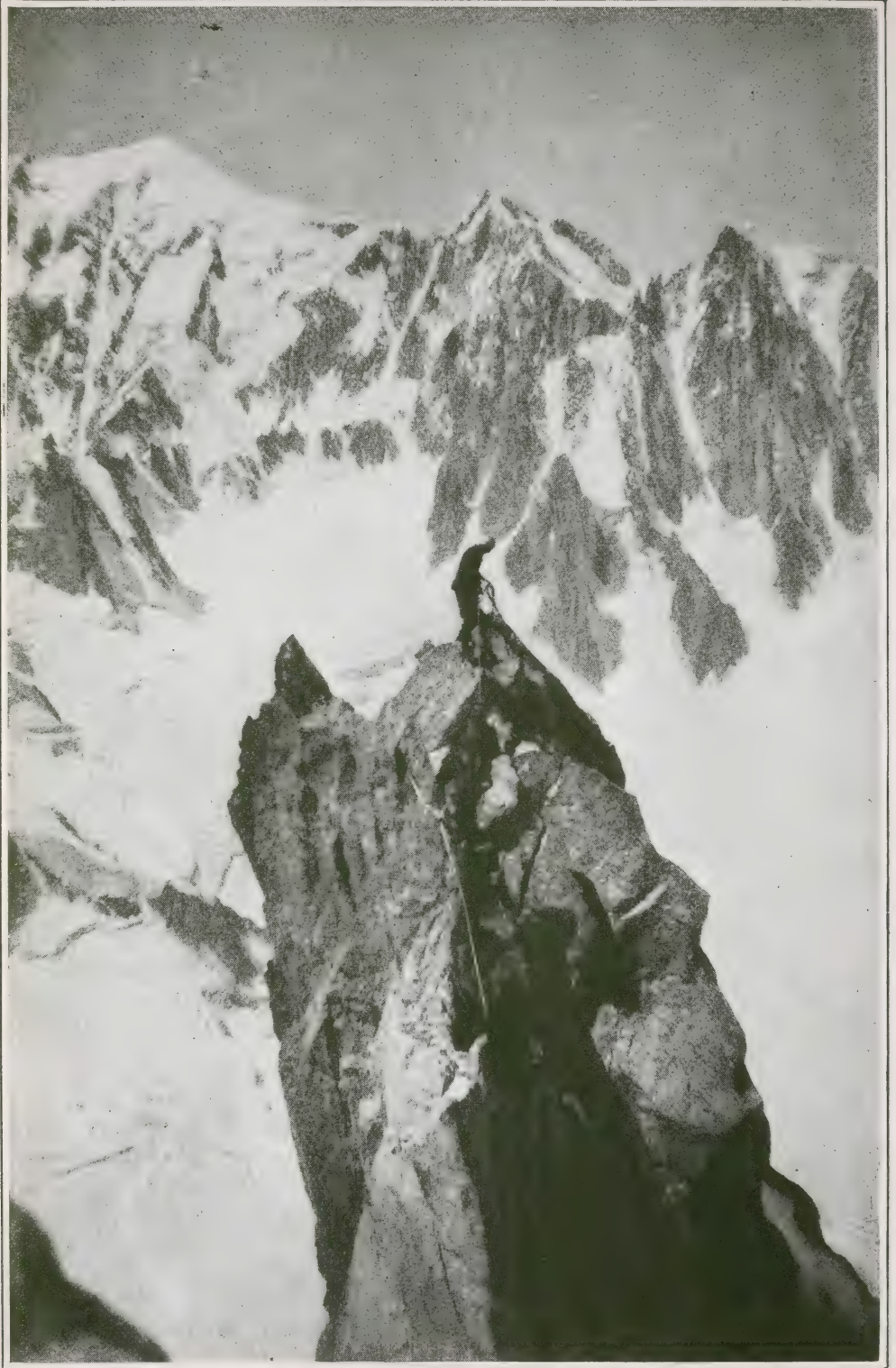




THE MUMMERY CRACK

The most celebrated rock-passage in the Alps is this vertical stretch of fifty-five feet in the ascent of the Grépon





#### THE GIANT'S TOOTH

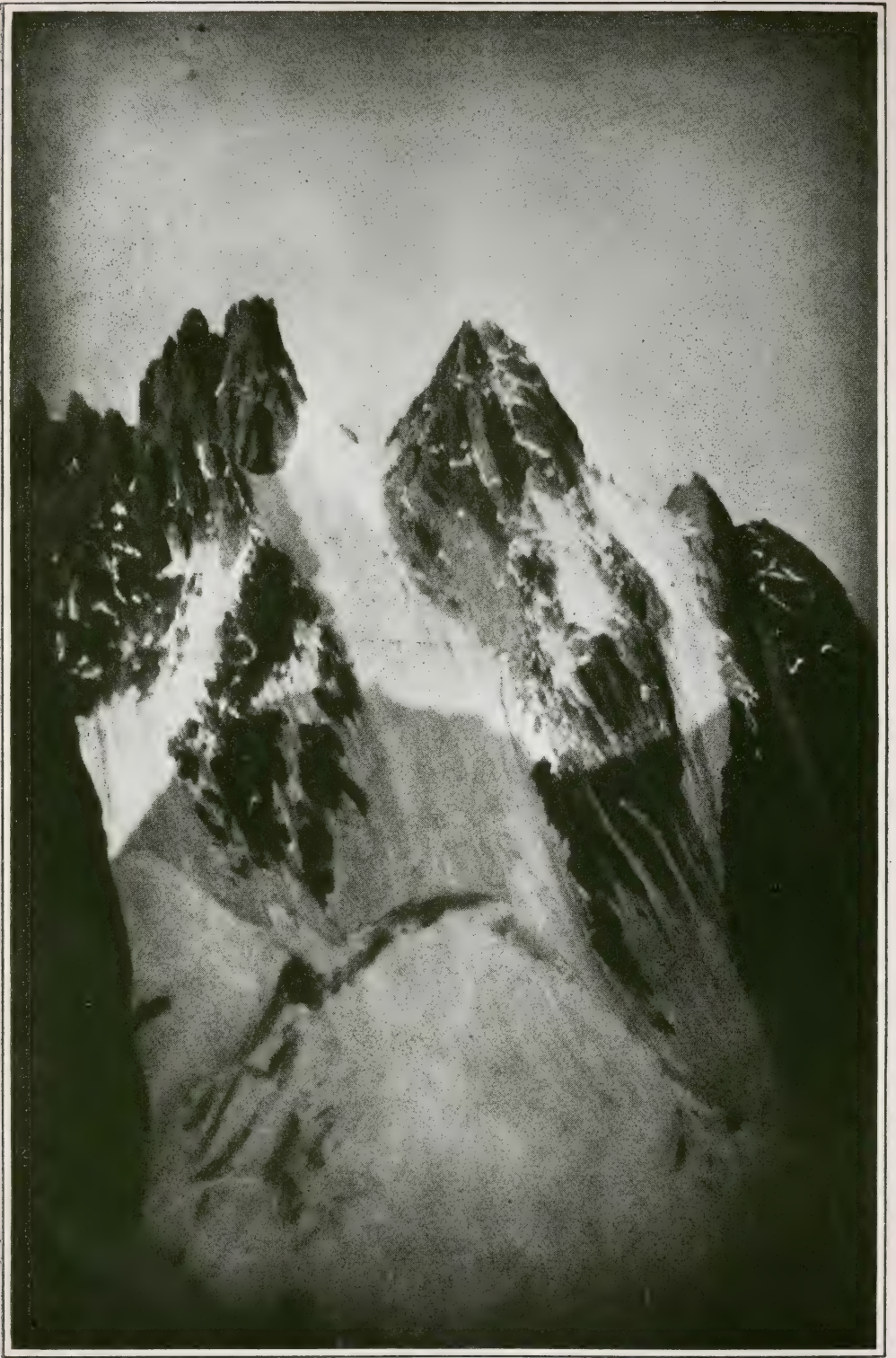
A view from the highest of the "Needles," which literally overhangs Italy, across the great bowl of the Glacier du Géant to the snows of Mont Blanc and Mont Maudit



### THE GRAND CHARMOZ

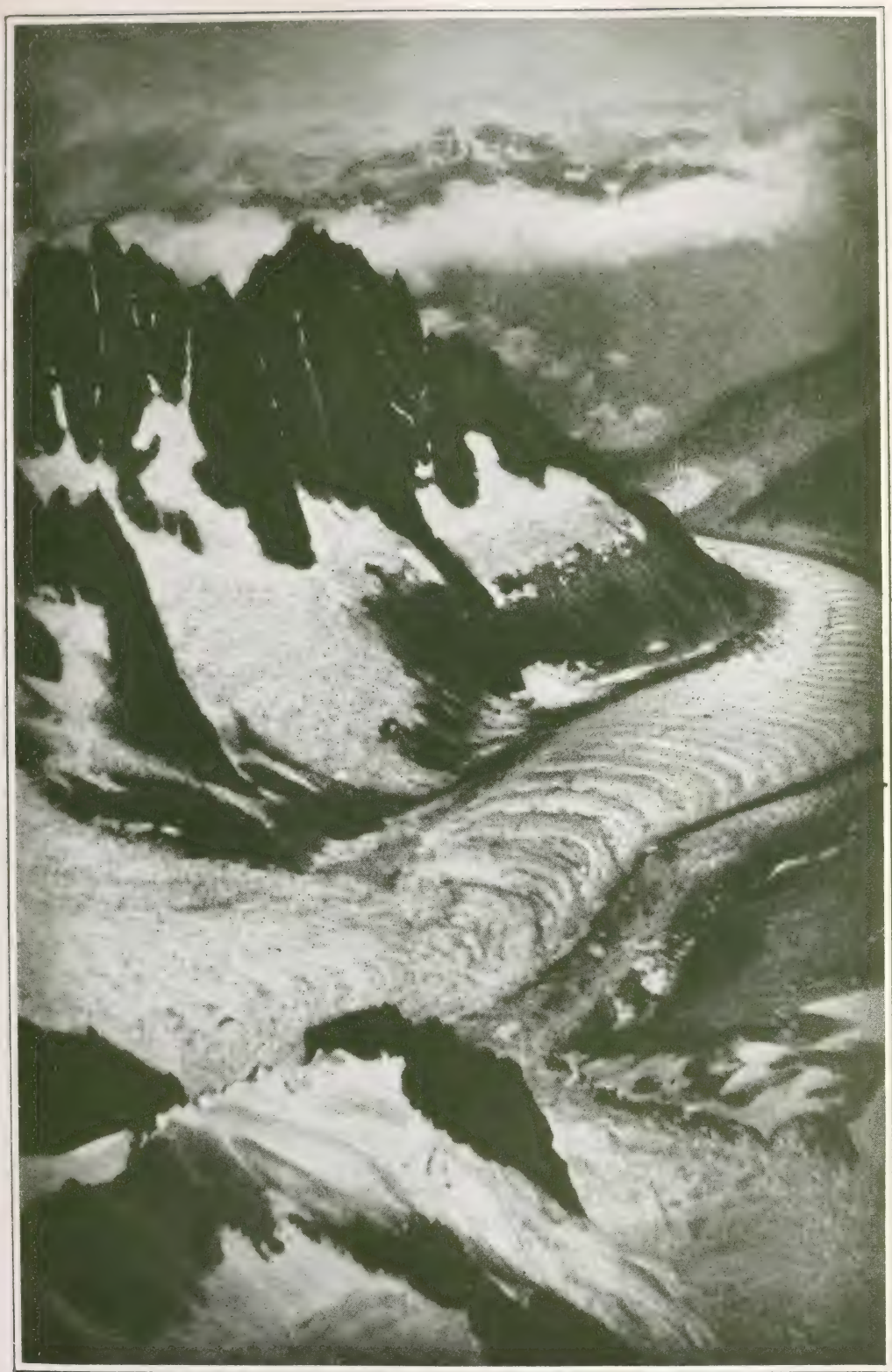
These fantastic pinnacles, formed by upended strata of perclivable granite, can all be climbed, though one at least has to be lassoed first.





#### SUNRISE

The Aiguille de Blaitière, seen around the wall of the Grépon couloir. To get the true effect, paint the snow orange, the rocks amethyst, wash everything below the shadow line with ultramarine, and touch a match to the whole



#### THE DRAGON

The ice falls of three glaciers meet in the Mer de Glace—a snake of ice six hundred feet thick, winding its scaly length six miles down into the valley of Chamonix





#### THE WHITE FLAG ON THE BORDER

Blowing steadily to the East along the Italian-Swiss line, from the great pyramids of the Matterhorn and the Dent d'Hérens, this flag of cloud is formed when the icy rocks of the border peaks condense the moisture of the Southwest wind from the Val d'Aosta

## "TREAT 'EM ROUGH"

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I WAS told, a year or two ago, that one of the transparencies carried in the alumni parade at the Yale commencement bore the slogan: "Marry 'em Young; Treat 'em Rough; Tell 'em Nothing." Now the legends on the transparencies of parading alumni are not what you would call considered comment on the state of the world, nor is anyone who lives in an academic town going to take them too seriously. Year by year we watch them, from the "Old Guard" to the seniors, with their bands, their costumes, and their humorous mottoes, and get a mild pleasure therefrom. No; we do not take them too seriously. But, apart from the vital statistics of the class, and a few local hits, their slogans are designed to amuse the crowd; and therefore are apt to express or to satirize the popular sentiments of the moment. A large number of the jokes deal, year by year, with Prohibition—as one would expect, in the reunion season. The political situation is likely to appear; relativity, spiritism, or wireless, may be referred to; even literature, if sufficiently popular, comes in. ("Two Good Books: *The Sheik* and *The Koran*" was one motto this year of a class that paraded as sheiks.) The returning alumni are more irresponsible than the serious cartoonist, yet in a sense they imitate him.

New Haven is not my bailiwick, and I do not know the context of the "Treat 'em Rough" motto. I do not know "as" what that group of young men was parading. However they were costumed, and whatever tunes their band was playing, they were giving utterance—humorous, of course—to the formula of the cave man. Now we all know that if all the essayists in the country wrote

simultaneously on one subject, their product would be less a sign of the times than one cartoon in a comic weekly. A joke does not carry unless it refers to something that everyone is aware of, or involves an absolutely general sentiment. The humorist has nothing to do with special minorities. His appeal is to the man in the street. In that sense, humor must always be broad.

To say that the cave man has come back of recent years in fashionable fiction, though true, is not exactly literary criticism. For it is not in "literature" that he appears; perhaps because the few living novelists whose work could be called literature are not young enough to take on new points of view. So this is not a literary essay. I would merely call your attention to the fact, and then, with you, ask "why?" After all, literature exists as "a criticism of life," and popular novels tell us indirectly a great deal more about the world we live in than unpopular ones. Any novel that sells over a hundred thousand copies is very informing about the public that reads it. Great literature is above fashion; it deals with the unchanging heart of man. It will tell you the same thing fifty years hence, and what it tells you will still be true. But the book that no one will have heard of fifty years hence tells you a good deal more about the peculiarities of its own decade. That is why "trash" is so illuminating—if it is popular.

Now there is no doubt that "Treat 'em Rough" is not simply a slogan on a class transparency in a Yale commencement parade. It is the motto of many a modern hero. Ten years ago, even, no hero who treated 'em rough would have been admired or beloved. But now



he is both. And there must be some reason for it.

First, the war. Well, yes: as long as we have the war there to blame for everything we do not like or do not understand, by all means let us use it until it is outlawed. The war, of course, which brought to the fore men's physical virtues, and taught the nice boy how to jab some one with a bayonet; which made of "hard-boiled" a current adjective; which by grim necessity exalted bodily courage above any other. War being eternally primitive in spirit, however advanced in method, is the perfect culture for the cave man. Having lived through the war, we were bound to glorify the man who possessed those primitive qualifications, and did that primitive job best. I admit that the war "blooded" our imaginations; and that since 1914 we have been able to bear manners and customs, as well as subjects of conversation, that we should have objected to before. Also, that muscles have been at a premium, and that in the war zones certain conventions of social conduct were automatically relaxed. But except as the war emphasized certain eternal facts which our generation was forgetting, I do not believe it accounts for the increasing prominence of the cave man in fiction. He was showing his head before the war came upon us. And the war itself has been an unpopular subject now for three years. Any editor or publisher, as early as January, 1919, would have told you that war-stuff was the last thing he could afford to deal in.

No; the fault, I think, is Eve's. Mr. Hergesheimer has complained recently that in America it is the women who are the arbiters of taste. He says that is what is the matter with American literature. American novels, according to him, are written to please the women. It is true, moreover, that you are more apt to find the cave-man hero in the "women's magazines" than in the older and more catholic publications, though he is by no means restricted to them.

The fault, I said, was Eve's; but I do not mean simply that the cave man hero is being provided for us because women find him attractive, or because women create the stories in which he figures. Some of the most violent types I have encountered recently have been created by male authors who gave no sign of writing for an exclusively female audience. I will not name names: if you read light fiction, you can search your own memories. The fault is Eve's, in another sense. More responsible than the war, I fancy, is modern feminism, particularly the American brand thereof. History has always had the trick of behaving like the pendulum. We were swinging very far in the other direction. Probably it was time to turn.

Someone may say that the cave man has been popular for many years; that Jack London and the multitude of red-blooded western tales prove it. That is different. The cave man of light fiction to-day is no sea-wolf. Usually he is very civilized and sophisticated, and moves in conventional society. Moreover, the earlier cave man treated his own sex rough, but was gentle as a child when it came to women. At least, that was the western tradition, both in life and in fiction—from Bret Harte to Bill Hart. If he used cave-man tactics with his women folk, that is, he was not a hero.

With this parenthesis out of the way, let me explain what I mean about the swing of the pendulum. It is a platitude that the American woman has, for at least two generations, been top dog. Have we not all been bred up on the comic literature that showed the husband the virtual serf of wife and daughters? Do we not get serious novels to prove it—*The Custom of the Country*, and *Alice Adams*? Does anyone question that the American woman has been more spoiled than any other civilized female? Every observant foreigner who has visited our shores, every social commentator, has noted it. In the privileged classes the advantage has

been all hers. The chivalry of the male has outrun itself in her behalf. I speak, I repeat, of the more privileged classes; not of the "submerged tenth" (which is, in any case, largely European in tradition). This has nothing to do with sweat shops, or child labor, or industrial politics. It has to do with the woman who has a man to support her—and a man who actually does support her, whether his income runs to a bungalow and a Ford car, or to matched pearls and thirty servants. All this about the American woman is very trite, and I merely mention it as a basis for discussion. It is also a platitude that the American woman has not been allowed to carry her weight in the boat, as a Frenchwoman always, and an Englishwoman often, does. Her husband does not want her bothered with financial or business details; he will simply buy what she wants until he goes broke. He has "put her on a pedestal"; and a pedestal is no place for anything but a statue. People were beginning some years ago to realize that the American woman's selfishness—also proverbial—was due to the false position the American man had put her in, the false glorification he had indulged her with. (Partly sentimentality on the man's part; but partly also sheer mental laziness. He was so busy making a living that he could not be bothered to rationalize his attitude to his womenkind.) Of course, the American woman, under this treatment, which was curiously compounded of flattery and neglect, grew capricious. She devised extravagant ways of amusing herself while her husband was working: she divorced if she felt like it; she refused to bear children; she demanded alimony at a rate that was laughable; she even had the blessed assurance that she could kill almost any man she wanted to, and be acquitted by a jury. She could not count always on justice; but she could always count on a sort of maudlin mercy.

In the end, it bored her. For since

the prehistoric days of the matriarchate the average woman has enjoyed—in imagination, at least—the legend of the dominant male. In no morbid sense, she has liked the spectacle of a creature stronger than herself. The feminist philosophy may be very pretty; but it does not happen to be true—as the heart of the average woman will bear witness. If I might be allowed to put the situation in vulgarly graphic form, I should do it thus. Granted that, as history and literature have always implied, there is a tiger latent in every male. The American tiger has, you might say, taken himself to the taxidermist, and got himself beautifully mounted as a rug. The American woman then sits on the rug, in front of the fire, and digs her little heels into the helpless fur. (There is really nothing else to do with a rug.) People always find charm in what they have not, even if they would choose, in preference, what they have. The American woman wanted her rug—and got it. But her imagination was going, inevitably, to play about the image of the traditional tiger before he went to the taxidermist. She does not really want a cave man—not yet, at least; she is too comfortable as she is. But she likes to think that her man could be a cave man if he wanted to. What she really wants is the true tiger lying down in front of her to dig her heels into, knowing all the time that the tiger could bite if it chose. Chivalry consists in not choosing to bite—not in being unable to. So you get various writers who cater to the undistinguished millions, pretending that the visit to the taxidermist was only a feint; that the eyes will roll, and the claws unsheathe themselves, and the jaws snap. The feminine reader shivers with delight at the animation of her rug; she experiences that perfect condition of eating her cake and having it too.

A hundred years ago Charlotte Brontë made the most Meredithian of her heroines—Shirley—declare that the only man she could marry was a man



"whom she should find it impossible not to love, and very possible to fear." But times changed, and for a generation at least, the only hero the heroine would look at was a man no one could fear, because he was so full of the milk of human kindness. He still persists, but another type has come in lately. If you wish the double thing illustrated, look at the two most popular novels of the last year and a half: *If Winter Comes*, and *The Sheik*. The hero of the one is the apotheosis of the gentle humanitarian; the hero of the other is the cave man, pure and simple, with the necessary modern adjuncts of sophistication and good looks. I do not know quite what it is that sells *If Winter Comes*; but it is clear that it is the cave man that is selling *The Sheik*. The jokes about its being read only by young girls in boarding schools and old maids in boarding houses are beside the point. Whoever has made its popularity, it is popular. It so happens that among the very few of my highbrow friends who have condescended to read *The Sheik*, the only one who had a good word to say for it was a man. But if it is the unenlightened women who are reading it, that is all the more significant. Fifteen years ago, I am quite sure, *The Sheik* would not have had its phenomenal success. The sheiks of those days were created by Mr. Robert Hichens, and they neither went so far nor were considered anything but villains. It was the woman's fault, in the first place, and she repented bitterly in the end. Mr. Hichens offered us a quite different ethic. In other words, when Mr. Hichens' Arab began to treat the English lady rough, she became disillusioned about him. Not so, nowadays.

I remember being shocked to the core, some years ago, by a certain short story. I will not identify it further than to say that it appeared in the most popular of American monthlies and was written by one of the most popular of American authors—a man, by the way. It showed cave-man tactics employed by a suffering

but civilized husband to bring a spoiled wife to her senses. This *donnée* has since become fairly familiar to readers of fiction. We have all been brought up on the axiom that, whatever a woman does, a gentleman may retaliate only verbally. Apparently the convention is changing. At least, there is documentary evidence now to prove that, according to standards prevailing in the magazines, a man may retaliate physically in one particular case. If she bites, that is. She may still, I suppose, throw a plate at him, or threaten him with a pistol, and his only reply must be a sorrowful word of reproach. But if she bites, he may hit her. Whether this has become to any extent a convention in life I do not know. We will hope that, in life, ladies who are beautiful as the dawn and wear clothes to match their beauty, whose lives have been "sheltered" and whose mammas are the mold of form, do not bite, even when they are irritated by their husbands. The extraordinary thing is that they should be biting in contemporary fiction. In all Kipling I recall only one lady who bit her husband, and she was a native of Kafirstan, wedded amid much conch-blowing, against her will. And when you consider our standards, it is almost more extraordinary that the husband should hit back. Is it because so many of our novels and short stories are written by women that the man hits back? Because, that is, the woman, having no illusions about her own sex, does not quite see why he should put up with every sort of devilry from women?

Not wholly. For, as I say, it is not only female authors who go in for "rough stuff." I said we were not discussing "literature"; but it is not only *The Sheik* and such things that show a new attitude. Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer (the same who protested against the setting up of feminine standards in fiction) is at the moment one of our most considerable novelists. If Mr. Hergesheimer had written *Cytherea* a

dozen years ago would he have included the very ugly parting scene between the hero and his wife? Would he even have imagined it that way: two ultra-civilized people condescending to physical conflict? I forget whether Mrs. Randon bites—perhaps she scratches. I know that her husband strikes her. In *Brass*, Mr. Norris does not pretend to be dealing with civilized or delicately nurtured people; the physical conflict is more credible. But *Cytherea* does pretend to be dealing with well-bred and sensitive folk; and that Lee Randon of the fine-spun psychology should treat Fanny rough seems to me a sign of the times.

Whatever else has changed, one fact remains unquestioned: the physical superiority of the average man to the average woman. Our exaggerated chivalry itself was based upon it. Men gave women every advantage because women were not capable of snatching advantages themselves. If heroes are beginning to use the strong arm on heroines, it is not because we think that the heroine's arm is, relatively, any stronger than it ever was. Simply, authors are transferring to civilized society the kind of scene that we were used to witnessing (vicariously) in the jungle and the slum. We always knew what the tactics of the Hottentot were; we always knew that the husband of a Badalia Herodsfoot beat her if he was not pleased with her conduct. We read about cases in the newspapers constantly—as we might have read about arson, or any other amusement of the criminal classes. But we did not take away for summer reading novels that showed gentlemen, with the full approval of the author, swinging their clubs like the cave man.

Let me say, here and now, that I am not confusing the civilized cave-man fiction with the literature—which we also have with us—that is preoccupied with cruelty. There is a vein of sadism in modern literature—but a very thin vein, fortunately, and probably no more manifest now than it has been in all

periods. For illustration, let me mention Mr. Thomas Burke. *Limehouse Nights* and *More Limehouse Nights* are merely morbid phenomena; they could always have existed, and they have nothing to do with the trend of the times. The story I have alluded to as shocking me some years ago shocked me because it also had a hint of morbid psychology in it. But, generally speaking, there is nothing morbid in the new cave man. Indeed, he is usually too funny to be morbid. I suspect that writers do not do him very well because he is not yet familiar to them in the flesh.

What it all comes to, as evidence, is merely this: that women no longer, to the same extent, occupy the pedestal. Whether it has been slipped from under them, or whether they have kicked it away, I do not presume to judge. The point is that conventions are changing; that a man is no longer supposed—in popular fiction—to put up with anything and everything from the woman of his choice. If she behaves outrageously, he can take the situation into his own strong hands. If she bites, he can hit back. For note that the new cave man is always in the right, and a mere dispenser of justice. He never hits first; he always has extreme provocation; treating her rough is his last resort. Merely, he has now become executioner as well as judge.

I said the fault was Eve's. I believe it is, in the sense that women in our civilized world have assumed every superiority they could think of, and have been unmolested in their assumptions. The pendulum—if not the worm—was bound to turn. Every possible basis of equality or difference between the sexes has been argued. There remains only one absolutely undebatable proposition: namely, that man is physically stronger than woman. If you take every other argument away from him, it is perhaps natural—if not logical—that he should use his fists. Possibly the war accustomed us all over again to the old idea of settling a con-



troversy by force. Perhaps people—men and women alike—are tired of one convention and looking for another. Perhaps we are never allowed, for more than a few decades at a time, to lose sight of any fundamental fact—such as the physical superiority of the male. Perhaps—though I doubt it—a reactionary philosophy is showing its head, and there is gathering a little group of earnest thinkers who believe that the law of the cave was logical—that the cave woman should obey the cave man and be hit over the head if she does not. No; I very much doubt that.

Nor, I confess, do I see any evidence that the new convention has entered into life itself. I see plenty of evidence that the famous "flapper" is not treated with much respect by her male counterpart, but I see no evidence that she is not still treated with kindness. There must, I suppose, in the acquaintance of any one of us, be married couples who differ vitally and say unpleasant things to each other; but I scan the human beings I know in vain for any sign that, like Mr. Hergesheimer's Randons, they would attempt to do each other physical hurt. I am sure that most of the women I know, though most of them promised at the altar to obey their husbands, have never considered that obedience in any but a rhetorical sense; yet I cannot fancy any of them biting, and if they did, I can still less fancy their husbands beating them. I confess myself as much at a loss as anyone to know whence comes the warrant for this new literary fashion. But that it should be there I find very interesting.

I incline to believe that, civilization being a highly artificial and compli-

cated machine, any slipping of a cog is going to throw outlying parts out of gear. "Sit tight, rivets, every one." Chivalry presupposed a certain attitude in the woman as much as in the man. It was, besides, one of the most delicate inventions of the human mind. When women abandoned most of the postures chivalry required of them, the man's complementary postures became untenable. As the new adjustment has not yet been invented, it is natural that some questing minds should slip back to an earlier formula. Of course the world is not going back to an earlier formula—it never does. We shall eventually get something more complicated and more delicately adjusted than chivalry. What wonder if, in the interval, people sit down, to look round them for a solution, on a few bedrock facts? I have no notion that civilization is going, even for a period, to take its law from the Cave. But it is very interesting that the Cave should have become, in any quarters, fashionable in our own day; and there is no question that it is. Twenty years ago no popular author would have permitted an ultra-civilized hero to drag an egotistical wife off into the solitudes and beat her. Twenty years ago, even if *The Sheik* had been printed, a million people would not have read it. Twenty years ago no transparency at a college commencement would have counseled, even humorously, "Treat 'em Rough." And as, while many periods of history are more attractive than our own, none can, by the nature of the case, be so interesting to us, we who like to keep our fingers on the pulse of things must note such fashions and wonder whimsically "Why?"

## OURSELVES WHEN OLDER

BY ALEXANDER PORTERFIELD

COLONEL CHENISTON stopped short, as if suddenly transformed to stone—that voice! How it carried him back!—Then, quite as suddenly, he realized the absurdity of it, and, clutching wildly at his manners, took off his hat and turned his distinguished though rather startled profile slowly and inquiringly toward the youthfully slender lady in black he had just passed. She smiled brightly, expectantly; it was evident that she, in turn, had mistaken him for some one else; but the remarkable thing about the whole business was the fact that she did look amazingly like Mrs. Arbuthnot. She was very fashionably dressed, with a marvelous hat half shading her face; her furs hung negligently from slim shoulders; a number of bright jeweled bangles which dripped from her wrists clinked and jingled together delicately as she moved her hands. She was astonishingly like Eleanor—slim, lovely, valiantly youthful. But, more overwhelming than any of these things, was the sound of her voice. It was low, deliciously liquid, thrilling. It assailed his senses exquisitely; indeed, Colonel Cheniston felt as if the world he had known for the past five-and-twenty years had miraculously vanished in that soft April sunshine which filled Green Park; he was a boy again, about to sail for India to join his regiment—a thousand ghostly half-forgotten memories faintly stirred. She was poor old Tommy Berringer's cousin, he remembered, and people always said she was unhappily married—but, good heavens! that was more than five-and-twenty years ago. She was gray now probably—and very probably a grandmother! Colonel Cheniston rapidly returned to earth. It occurred to him that he had

helped himself too liberally to that '87 port after luncheon—that was it.

It couldn't be Mrs. Arbuthnot. And yet—well, it was extraordinary that each should have been so completely mistaken in the other—there was something unmistakable about that low reproachful voice.

"Chris!"

"I—I beg your pardon," said Colonel Cheniston.

"Oh, Chris!" exclaimed the lady in black tragically, "have I changed so terribly as that?"

Certainly, it was very extraordinary. It stood to reason that it couldn't be Mrs. Arbuthnot but it was, apparently, some one else. Some one he had met at Simla, possibly—or Calcutta.

Colonel Cheniston hurriedly ransacked his memories.

"I'm sorry," he said eventually, "but I'm afraid—"

"You don't know me?"

"Oh, of course! Only, for the moment, you know—"

He paused, and smiled rather vaguely, and thought about Mrs. Arbuthnot. There was nothing bitter in these reflections; as a matter of fact, they were extremely kind, courtly, half-conscious things which passed back and back through the dim meadows of his mind in a faintly gay, faintly glamorous procession, and gave him a rather charming unworldly air of wistful dignity. Consequently, he was astonished directly to perceive a look of hurt perplexity upon the face of the lady in black. It was ridiculous, of course, but it made her more like Eleanor than ever.

"You don't, really?" she said presently.

Could it be Eleanor? A certain sud-



den uneasy suspicion that such indeed was the case hovered upon the outskirts of Colonel Cheniston's bewildered intelligence, much as a tame pigeon might hover upon the imminence of a cyclone. Those hurt, averted looks! That exciting and slowly remembered perfume! Those beastly jingling bracelets! But, most of all, that voice!—it was almost impossible to doubt that! Colonel Cheniston made a little helpless baffled gesture of uncomprehending acquiescence.

"I—I can't," he said.

"My dear Chris, don't be silly. Naturally, I've changed—"

"That's just it," explained Colonel Cheniston, speaking very quickly and wondering whether it could be that confounded port, after all, or his own sight, "you haven't."

"Haven't what?"

"Changed. It's simply marvelous! You've not changed a bit."

"Nonsense!"

"Not at all," persisted Colonel Cheniston stoutly. "Just look in your own glass."

"I do, occasionally," said Mrs. Arbuthnot. "However, it's very sweet of you—I suppose I'll have to forgive you your—er—temporary blindness."

"It's simply wonderful," said Colonel Cheniston. "I can't think how you manage it."

"What?"

"Why, to look the same dashed pretty girl you did—er—quite a time back."

Mrs. Arbuthnot smiled. "God helps those who help themselves," she remarked, rather cryptically.

"I see," said Colonel Cheniston, who didn't, as a matter of fact, but who felt called upon to say something.

It was amazing how young she really looked—no wonder he could hardly believe his eyes. Even the scent of lilac in the air, the soft sunshine of Green Park, the sedate procession of traffic in Piccadilly and the immensity of Buckingham Palace seemed divested of any

actuality; they were merely items of a vast uncertainty. He was vaguely aware that the fat dark buds of the plane trees were bursting into a delicate green leafiness; near the Palace the tulips in the flower-beds behind the smooth stone balustrades were flamingly bright in the slanting sunshine; above everything, very clear and slender against the warm blue-and-white sky, he observed the campanile of Westminster Cathedral resolutely pointing to another world. But Colonel Cheniston seemed to be standing behind life itself; as he looked at Mrs. Arbuthnot he felt as if he had glanced back into a world which lay lost beyond the horizons of time—hidden away back of the plane trees in Green Park, the Palace, the housetops of Westminster, and the campanile of the Cathedral. Either way, one world seemed as unreal and remote as the other. It occurred to him that he ought to be conscious of tremendous elation; five-and-twenty years ago, now—well, there was no earthly use going over that again—he was startled to discover that he felt only an immense amazement. It was simply incredible that time could deal so lightly with anyone as it had dealt with Mrs. Arbuthnot—indeed, it might be said to have dealt with her not at all.

"We must see something of each other now you're back," he heard Mrs. Arbuthnot saying. "Let me see—"

"To-morrow?" interrupted Colonel Cheniston.

It was not what he intended to say but—after all, she was still a very beautiful woman—he felt he owed her that.

Mrs. Arbuthnot reflected.

"Not—not later," urged Colonel Cheniston.

"Well, I can't say you've changed, really," said Mrs. Arbuthnot, abandoning her reflections by way of reply. "You're—you're just the same."

"No, I've not changed."

Mrs. Arbuthnot did not speak for a minute or two. She simply stared at Colonel Cheniston wonderingly, ap-

praisingly, rather intensely. Then she said, with enormous decision:

"Come to-morrow—at four."

Colonel Cheniston lived in huge, comfortable, rather old-fashioned rooms in Half-Moon street, just out of Piccadilly. He had not, however, lived there long; most of his life, of course, had been spent abroad, with his regiment; but he had every intention of making up for that directly. There was no necessity to hurry. Haste is the enemy of appreciation—besides, he was steeped in an agreeable, mildly sentimental melancholy. It was extremely pleasant sitting in a club window, looking out into Pall Mall and thinking, over an excellent cigar, about his youth and Eleanor Arbuthnot—too pleasant, as a matter of fact, to worry about unpacking and looking up people. Thus February slipped into March, and March into April, and Colonel Cheniston had still to attempt the adventure of London; the gayety and excitements of the theater, the houses of old friends, the golf courses, and the races beckoned in vain; more and more, Colonel Cheniston found his greatest satisfaction in dining quietly and well at the club, and, afterward, comfortably ensconced in a deep capacious arm chair of slippery leather, his coffee and a glass of old brandy at his elbow, thinking of Mrs. Arbuthnot and the long loyal years since he had seen her. Now and then some one stopped to ask him to make a fourth at bridge or take a cue at billiards upstairs.

"Presently, old boy—presently," he would say, and then sink back drowsily into his dreams again, watching the thin faintly bluish smoke of his cigar curling lazily upward, and finding a peculiar and absorbing gratification in the growing conviction that he was a simple, lonely, loyal old soldier who could not forget. . . .

Nevertheless, it would have been an unwarrantable piece of exaggeration to say that Colonel Cheniston's long and useful career had been a profound and

disappointing mockery—that, because of Eleanor Arbuthnot, he had undertaken never to marry—indeed, he proposed to Miss Cynthia Browne at Ceylon, in 1904, after an eager and most romantic courtship, and had been refused. Or that he had gone out to India when Mrs. Arbuthnot married Arbuthnot, K. C., vowing never to return. Still, it was certainly a fact that he sent her flowers every year, and he was apt to say, after dinner, that a beautiful woman may be the inspiration of a great career, and sigh gently and look away. These things, however, are largely a matter of habit. They came to Colonel Cheniston easily enough presently, so when people asked him why it was he never married he would shake his head and say with vast conviction:

"Ah, that's something I never care to talk about, my boy."

And thus it was that his man, Woollett, could not contrive to pin him down to the business of unpacking the extraordinary number of tiger skins and tusks and other trophies of his big-game shooting expeditions, the rugs and embroideries, the carvings, teakwood boxes, and accumulated rubbish of five-and-twenty years in the East he had brought home with him. He was hardly ever in, except to sit by the fire over his last whisky and soda in the evening. He was invariably late in returning to change for dinner—and, of course, no one ever unpacked in the morning. There were morning papers to glance through, letters to be answered, innumerable little leisurely duties to be performed. And in the afternoon Colonel Cheniston always went for a walk, prowling about Green Park or Westminster absent-mindedly, rain or shine. He could be seen on the very worst of days, well wrapped up, preoccupied and impressive, and looking much more like a Roman senator in a mackintosh than a retired Field Officer who belonged to decent clubs and knew everybody and went everywhere—or could.

"But then that's what India does to



you," explained Mr. Woollatt to the cook, who expressed her consternation one evening at "sich goin's-on."

"'E looks so un'appy-like, though," said Mrs. Inches, dubiously.

"Oh, 'e ain't un'appy—no more'n I am. 'E just thinks 'e is. But then there you are—that's India."

And thus it was, too, that Colonel Cheniston happened to be sauntering aimlessly through the sunshine of Green Park when—for the first time in more years than he secretly cared to remember—he met Mrs. Arbuthnot. He was on his way home for tea, forty winks afterward by the fire, and the business of changing for dinner: as a matter of fact, he was too profoundly disturbed when he finally reached his rooms either to enjoy his tea or to sleep. A visible uneasiness enveloped him—that last look of Eleanor's, now! There was, too, Arbuthnot himself—a very decent fellow—Colonel Cheniston reflected. My stick. Still—And then those infernal flowers!—would he be expected to live up to yellow roses for the rest of his life?

He realized, with a pang of shocked discovery, that he ought to be wildly excited at the very prospect of such a thing, and wasn't.

It seemed almost indecent after all those years. . . .

Well, that was life, he reflected—a thoroughly illusive, transitory and unsatisfactory business at best. A slight feeling of exasperation manifested itself in a little while—why on earth *wasn't* he eager and elated and excited? He would have been twenty years ago; very likely he would have been five years ago; and yet here he was merely perplexed and dispirited and not at all elated. He stared into the fire in bewildered irritation; then he frowned; and then he helped himself to a whisky and soda. And then it occurred to him that Mrs. Arbuthnot would expect him to send her some flowers that very evening—or one of those idiotic letters he used to write. She looked as if she expected a good

deal, in one way and another. That was the worst of women; you couldn't tell *what* they expected—or why; nobody could.

Colonel Cheniston gulped down his whisky and soda and rang the bell for Woollatt. It was not merely ridiculous but reckless, still—well, he owed her that, anyway. Hang it all! you simply had to play the game. And besides she *had* been very sweet and patient years ago; she was a very lovely thrilling creature even then; and—if it indeed came to that—he could explain everything later on. It would simply be an act of ordinary courtesy. Gratitude—

He grappled with these fine distinctions somewhat inconclusively till Woollatt duly appeared.

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Yes. I—er—I want you to run down to Solomons—you know Solomons, the—er—"

"The pawnbrokeridge people, sir?—just out o' Bond street?"

"No, no! The fruiterers, in Piccadilly."

"Oh, of course, sir! Very sorry, sir."

"In Piccadilly," continued Colonel Cheniston. "Pick out some decent roses and have 'em sent to Mrs. Arbuthnot in Queen Anne's Gate—you'll find the number in the directory."

"Certingly, sir. Any partikler color, sir?" asked Woollatt, solicitously. "Red? White? Yellow?"

"Not yellow," said Colonel Cheniston. "Er—white, I think."

"Very good, sir."

"And, Woollatt! Just lay out my things before you go, please; I think I'll dine early to-night."

He was guiltily conscious immediately of weakness in the matter of those flowers—they would take a good deal of explaining. Yet what could he do? He didn't want to hurt her—he supposed she would be hurt unless he did something of the sort. Colonel Cheniston lit a distracted cigarette. You couldn't very well *not* do anything. You had to spare her feelings as much as

possible—dash it all! that was only decent.

Still, anyway you looked at it, it was an idiotic business from beginning to end, and Colonel Cheniston dressed in greater gloominess of spirit than ever before in the course of his entire career. Did he care in the slightest for Mrs. Arbuthnot—or not? Has he indeed ever cared? And what in the devil was he going to do about it, anyhow?

It was in this state of depressed and irritable indecision that Colonel Cheniston dined that evening in his club in Pall Mall. By half past ten he was in bed.

If Mrs. Arbuthnot experienced any such doubts and fears and disillusionings, she was signally successful in concealing them the following afternoon when Colonel Cheniston presented himself in her drawing-room at four o'clock, exactly. She did not, nevertheless, speak at first but looked at Colonel Cheniston for fully five minutes of concentrated significance. Then, when she apparently considered they had enjoyed a sufficient period of silent communion, she said:

"You *angel*—to send those roses!"

Colonel Cheniston speedily perceived them, displayed in a large silver bowl on the piano, and they were not white. In that soft half-shaded glow of late afternoon sunshine they appeared to be of an especially passionate crimson—deep, flamingly beautiful, riotous. Colonel Cheniston privately resolved to sack Woollatt the instant he returned.

"I thought of you," continued Mrs. Arbuthnot, this time looking away a little and speaking in a very low, rapt, liquid voice, "all last night."

"I didn't sleep very well, either," said Colonel Cheniston, truthfully, "the fact is—"

"I know," said Mrs. Arbuthnot, interrupting him softly, "but let's sit down together on this sofa. Well, as I was going to say, I thought of you all night. How year after year you've remembered—how many, many years you've sent me roses."

She arranged herself elaborately on the cushions of the sofa and gazed at him in another prolonged silence. Colonel Cheniston glanced rather uncomfortably round the room. It was permeated with a rich personal quality and full of an immense number of odds and ends—old furniture, silver, brocade, lamps, framed photographs, gilt mirrors, flowers, almost everything, and especially crowded with fat gayly colored cushions. On a small and rather conspicuous table Colonel Cheniston perceived his own photograph, in a plain though exceedingly ample silver frame. He looked away hurriedly and encountered the intent burning gaze of Mrs. Arbuthnot. Since that old trouble in Afghanistan—and the subsequent retreat across the Frontier—his faculties had not been particularly exercised, but he could not fail to see that Mrs. Arbuthnot entertained no such perplexities as he himself entertained; she was, as a matter of fact, no longer young, but, lounging back among those bright cushions with her hands tightly clasped at her breast and gazing at him in that extraordinary silence, she was a woman rapt, transfigured, glamorous, as if lit within by some unquenchable radiance.

He was horrified, therefore, to observe a shadow suddenly overcloud her face.

"I say! Are you sure you're quite all right?"

Mrs. Arbuthnot made a gesture of superb disdain. "Quite, thanks," she said. "It's nothing."

"Really?"

"Really."

She moved slightly, and then said: "Would you mind ringing for tea? I suppose they're waiting. . . ." She did not, however, explain who were waiting, or why.

"But what on earth was it? Aren't you well?"

"Perfectly—I merely thought of our meeting yesterday. How—well, your not knowing me, you know."

"But I did."



Mrs. Arbuthnot shook her head, reproachfully.

"Not at first."

"Yes, at first. Only, I hardly dared believe it could be you, you know. It seemed—it seemed so wonderful!"

"Did it—really?"

"Oh, Eleanor!" exclaimed Colonel Cheniston, avoiding her gaze. It was not, of course, the sort of thing he had planned to say but, sitting so near her, with the perfume she wore faintly but deliciously perceptible and the sound of her voice caressingly in his ears, it seemed about the only thing he could say. Yet, even then, he could not meet her curiously dark gleaming eyes.

"I thought for a moment things were changed, Chris," she said gently, and paused, considering the toe of her slim satin slipper candidly. "A good deal of water has gone under the bridge since—"

"Since *then*. Yes."

"You've changed tremendously."

"Oh, I'm older!" said Colonel Cheniston, defensively. "But—"

"I don't mean that. . . ."

In the warm close quiet of the drawing-room her innumerable bracelets jingled together as she abruptly stretched out her hands toward him; it was like some faint echo of barbaric music; it got into his blood somehow or other—behind the flesh, within the bone, stealing through his entire being deliciously. The old oddly familiar perfume of her clothes overpowered him, the pallor of her face, the langourous appealing hands, her hair, the astoundingly youthful contours of her body, everything. He watched her helplessly, as if from a dream out of which he could not waken. He wanted to cry out, to move, to break that vast enchantment, and could not.

"Oh, Chris!" she said softly.

And then, with the most amazing presence of mind, "But here's tea."

She sat up without the slightest appearance of haste as a footman entered the room with the tea things. The footman seemed to be perfectly unconscious

of their existence, and, with a bland impersonal indifference to human scrutiny, dragged a small table from one corner of the room up to the sofa where they sat—it was exactly as if he were aware of being beyond good and evil. Mrs. Arbuthnot smiled at Colonel Cheniston.

"Sugar?"

She proceeded to talk about the ordinary uninteresting happenings of the day with immense vivacity—as if they mattered! Was he still keen on racing? She went—to Ascot, and she liked the St. Leger. Of course, he'd be in town over the season; now the Brigade were back in bearskins and scarlet, London looked its old self again; she thought May and June would be as delightful as ever. Wasn't it fun being home once more?

The footman withdrew, his functions at an end, and Mrs. Arbuthnot continued to discuss trivialities with tremendous savor. Vanished, that intimate, terrifying, delightfully abandoned mood! It shortly occurred to Colonel Cheniston that he was nothing to her—all his loyalty, his long devotion, his sacrifices. He became instantly still, suspicious, rather gloomily pensive. No doubt she despised the simple faith of an old soldier. No doubt she would dismiss him directly—forever.

He stared stiffly into the fire. . . .

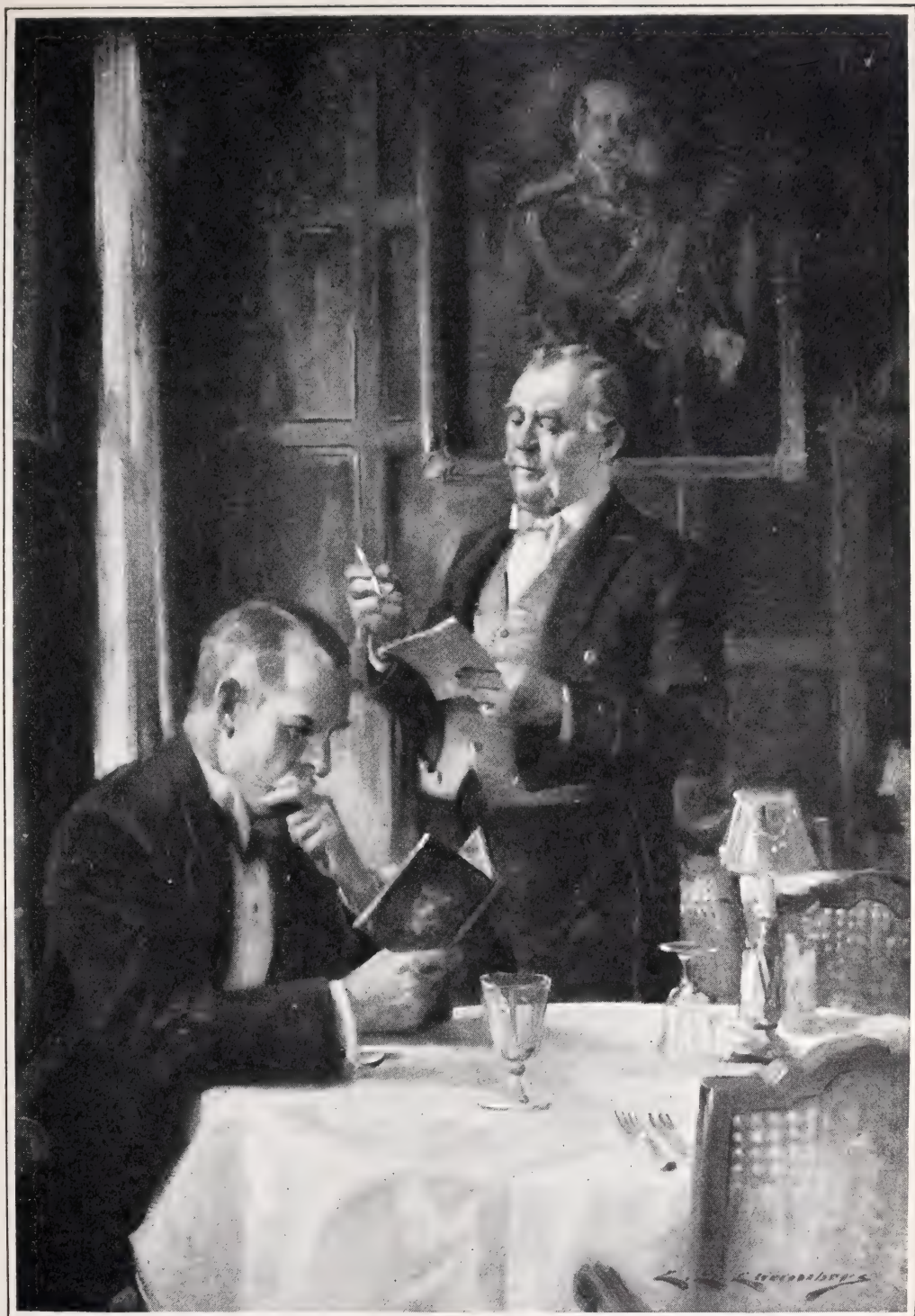
"Chris!"

Colonel Cheniston came slowly back to realities.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said, "I'm afraid—er—wool-gathering for a moment."

"Wool-gathering! With me?"

Mrs. Arbuthnot smiled demurely and looked away. She wanted to laugh—it was such a preposterous sort of affair from beginning to end. Those ridiculous flowers! And then that silence! Mrs. Arbuthnot was resolved to be rather more charming than ever; after all, one ought to be made to pay for the privilege of being not merely sentimental but selfish; and she was deter-



*Drawn by C. E. Chambers*

HE DINED ALONE THAT NIGHT AT HIS CLUB



mined that Colonel Cheniston should indeed pay—amply. The temptation was irresistible. He was explaining that he found her altered but that he supposed that was only to be expected. Nothing lasted. She smiled again but delicately. She laid one hand on his arm and sighed. She wondered just how far he might be adroitly led.

Colonel Cheniston coughed.

He understood. Still, he *had* thought—

“But, my dear Chris!”

“No,” said Colonel Cheniston. “Please!”

“But—”

“When a man cares—as I have—it hurts, to talk about trifles.”

Still, he supposed it was no use going back to those—those distant things. She had forgotten.

“Oh, Chris! I—I *haven't*.”

It was only afterward, as he sat over his cigar at the end of a prolonged, perplexed, solitary dinner at the club, that he comprehended the significance of that afternoon. He'd been carried away, of course; it was going to be very awkward—very awkward indeed; but what in the world could he do?

And, in a panic-stricken state of pre-occupation he sat so long staring at nothing that Venable, the wine steward, came up to speak to him, anxiously. Venable was large, deliberate, enormously dignified; he looked rather like the large and extremely bad portraits of dead-and-gone statesmen and generals which hung in the worst possible places on the walls of that vast high-ceiling room, only rather more venerable and important; he had been in the service of the club for almost fifty years. He knew everybody. He said “Good evening, sir,” in a very sympathetic deferential voice, and Colonel Cheniston glanced up guiltily—as if caught with his hand in some one else's pocket!

“Oh!—good evening, Venable.”

“An evening paper, sir?—the *Westminster*? The *Standard*?”

“No, no—I've seen 'em both. But I think, Venable,” said Colonel Cheniston,

slowly, “I'll—I'll have another half-bottle of that '87 port.”

April slipped into May and a glory of sunshine and flowers—seldom if ever had England seemed so utterly lovely. Mrs. Arbuthnot arrived one morning at Half-Moon street in a motor and commanded the reluctant services of Colonel Cheniston for the day. “Such fun!” she exclaimed gayly, as that distinguished though somewhat disgruntled officer climbed into the car. “We'll drive out to Bushey and see the chestnut trees, then lunch.”

“Where?” demanded Colonel Cheniston immediately.

“Oh, you men! You think of nothing but food,” said Mrs. Arbuthnot by way of reply. She gave Colonel Cheniston a singularly intent, protracted look which reduced him to speechlessness for the remainder of the morning.

In festive raiment, with a flower stuck jauntily in the button hole of his jacket, Colonel Cheniston looked more than ever like a Roman senator. His handsome rather ruddy profile was clearly cut, delicate, noble. It was also a little paler than usual; his gaze lacked a certain soldierly decision; he was apt to be absent-minded.

Still, he was eager and adoring as of old. As a matter of fact, he had yet to explain about those roses and the business of remaining a bachelor, with all its implications, and one or two other things as well; he would attend to that later. Meanwhile, he dined comfortably at his club, and played billiards afterward with Beaufort Archer of the Blues, and walked home contentedly to bed at eleven o'clock every night. He gave up sitting gloomily apart, staring out of a window into Pall Mall; he no longer prowled about Green Park; he was cheerful, lively, companionable—even in the club. And, so long as things did not come to any particular pass, he was perfectly content to be eager and adoring so far as Mrs. Arbuthnot was concerned. Anything—except explain-

ing—for the present. It was, of course, a nuisance to be hauled out to see Bushey Park on a Sunday morning when one might have been surveying the first glimpse of summer from the splendid bay windows at the club. It was mildly annoying to rush madly out for tea every now and again. The opera, too, was a trial—however, anything was preferable to a painful scene.

May became June and June in turn was glamourously superseded by July. Mrs. Arbuthnot departed for Deauville, and Colonel Cheniston, with one or two expeditions to Brighton, settled down to enjoy a tranquil summer. Beaufort Archer came back from Dieppe and reported it intolerable—"chock-a-block, and bloody awful," he remarked rather inelegantly. Colonel Cheniston resolved to stay in town; it was hot; it was empty; it was vaguely peopled by an extraordinary lot whose mere existence he had never before suspected; but it was London.

He heard frequently from Mrs. Arbuthnot; they were going on to Norway in somebody else's yacht; they would be home for the Twelfth—was he going north for the first day? They had taken the shooting at Strathpeffer. Perhaps he would come to them? He wrote back—little kind curious notes expressing a good deal more than he meant to express; somehow or other he either wrote too much or too little; he failed lamentably to find a really golden medium. He was aware that this would have to stop—and blithely went on.

And then he planned to go north to the Dalrymples for the first week of the grouse shooting. But before he went he had to meet Mrs. Arbuthnot, coming back from France and on her way to Scotland. They lunched at the Savoy, at an open window looking out upon the river. Colonel Cheniston ordered luncheon with fastidious care—iced consommé, cold lobster with a salad, hock and soda—"That Johannisberger, if you've got it"—some fruit and coffee, with a little Grand Marnier. Then he

leaned back in his chair and looked thoughtfully at Mrs. Arbuthnot. How jolly she *was* to look at! She wore a suit of pale lilac-tinted linen, with a straw hat and creamy white gloves; the usual innumerable bangles clinked together delicately at her wrists; she was clear eyed, vivid, glorious, superbly slim and demure. Colonel Cheniston resolved to be alert and wary—to be tricked into no impulsive, dangerous admissions.

"Well?" he said finally. He had to say something, and Mrs. Arbuthnot gave not the slightest sign of undertaking the burden of conversation. She merely gazed at him in that intent disconcerting way of hers and said nothing whatever.

"Well? . . ."

"Very," said Mrs. Arbuthnot.

Then, without the least warning, she bent across the table, and asked:

"Have you missed me, Chris?"

Colonel Cheniston made a helpless answering gesture and looked significantly at the river.

"Oh, Chris, I've been miserable!—miserable, without you. I've hated it—Deauville, the sunshine, the sea, people, the trip to Norway, everything. And now—" She paused and then she, too, looked out at the river. She went on, very rapidly: "Now I've got to go to Scotland. Isn't it awful?"

"Ghastly," said Colonel Cheniston, with extraordinary and astounding feeling. It was not at all the way he intended saying anything. What *was* it?—Her voice? The faint but exciting perfume she wore? The fatal tinkling of those confounded bangles? "I—I don't know what we can do, but—"

"But?"

"Eleanor, I know we've jolly well got to—to make the best of a—er—of a bad joke, if you know what I mean."

"But think of the scandal!"

As a matter of fact, that was exactly what Colonel Cheniston *was* thinking about, and thinking about very desper-



ately indeed. He hadn't intended saying anything so idiotic; at least, he hadn't intended to convey the precise meaning Mrs. Arbuthnot had extracted with such instant dexterity from what he had said.

Colonel Cheniston stirred unhappily in his chair. "Well, I didn't mean *that*," he said eventually. "Dash it all!"

Then what had he meant?

"Oh, not that—dash it all! it—it wouldn't be fair to you, Eleanor."

Mrs. Arbuthnot looked at him very steadily.

"Of course not," she said.

"Besides," pursued the harassed Colonel Cheniston, "I could hardly hope—"

"Well, I'm not so certain about *that*," said Mrs. Arbuthnot.

She gazed at him in a prolonged and pointed silence, as if to add: "Don't tempt me too far." It was not lost upon Colonel Cheniston; little icy shivers seemed to be playing hide-and-seek at the base of his being; even the natural normal business of breathing appeared to possess the most baffling difficulties. At last he managed to murmur:

"Oh, Eleanor! . . ."

"Do you care—frightfully?"

"Frightfully," lied Colonel Cheniston.

In for a penny, in for a pound. Besides, what else could he say? She was a very beautiful woman; most men would have felt nothing but envy and admiration for him at that moment; he realized he ought to be exceedingly proud and transported. He watched the waiter change the plates and haughtily refill the glass, as if in some fantastic dream from which he would presently awaken. It was all singularly unsubstantial.

"Chris, do you mean it?"

"Of course I do—only more, much more, than I can say," said Colonel Cheniston in a voice which apparently belonged to somebody else; it was certainly not his own. "How on earth can you doubt it, darling?"

"Well, it's easily arranged if you really do mean it—very easily indeed. I'm supposed to go north to-night. I've got one or two things to do before I go;

I'm supposed to dine with the Ballions in Montpellier Square, but I can leave early in order to catch my train. You could dine at your club, pack your things—you see, providentially, I've got everything I want—and wait for me at your rooms. I'll pick you up there, we'll drive to Liverpool street instead of King's Cross, and catch the night boat-train for Harwich. There's a boat for the Hook of Holland—it's better, as we're not so likely to meet anyone."

"Oh, my dearest, how—*how* wonderful!"

"Is it, Chris?"

"Why, I hardly dare think of it. After all these years, Eleanor."

"It is strange, isn't it? But then fact is stranger than fiction," said Mrs. Arbuthnot, softly.

She seemed a-light; indeed, as Colonel Cheniston glanced at her, a glamorous flamelike incandescence seemed to glow within her, like a devouring golden blaze; she was transfigured. For a moment a thrill of expectancy possessed him—then he thought of his club, his comfortable bachelor rooms, his man, his old friends and his orderly, leisurely, uneventful life. Well, there was no earthly use thinking about all that!

"It's much, much stranger, isn't it Chris?" he heard Mrs. Arbuthnot ask.

"Quite," he replied—as cheerfully as if assenting to his own immediate suicide. However—he coughed, and went on, rather more ardently. *That* was due her, however you looked at it. Of course, he ought to have explained, long ago—"Look here, I'll attend to everything. But you'd better take my keys so you can let yourself in without ringing. I'll expect you—"

"About ten, Chris dear."

"Darling!" murmured Colonel Cheniston, as he stood up suddenly. "And now for the tickets."

He dined alone that night at his club—for the last time, he reflected, as Venerable silently and respectfully handed him the elaborately bound wine list. Indeed,

he had the huge high-ceilinged solemn coffee room to himself; the club was deserted; it always was in August. Through open lofty windows the noises of Pall Mall floated in, reluctantly, as if aware of their unwarrantable intrusion. A hot dusty smell of sun-baked pavements permeated the still air; the footsteps of the waiters as they moved sedately from one empty table to another made a reproachful echo; only Venable was as silent, majestic, untouched as ever. Portraits of illustrious soldiers, bishops and ministers gazed down upon the solitary figure of Colonel Cheniston with prodigious haughtiness—red-faced, irascible, and extremely dingy in their pompous frames. To each, as usual, Venable seemed to possess some curious generic likeness.

"Very warm to-day, sir," he remarked to Colonel Cheniston as he glanced through the wine list. "Very warm indeed, if I may say so."

"Damnably," said Colonel Cheniston, briefly.

"But seasonable, sir—that's what I always says: if a thing's seasonable, it's—"

"What's this Lanson, 1911, like, Venable?" interrupted Colonel Cheniston. "Too old, now?"

"Very nice wine indeed, sir—none better. Very dry. Just to your palate, sir."

"H'm. . . ."

"Now that '93, sir, is a very fine wine; light, delicate o' flavor, very mellow. You'd like that, sir."

"H'm. . . ." said Colonel Cheniston.

"Then 105's an excellent wine for 'ot weather, sir. Voovray Tete. Excellent, sir."

"Don't know it. Never heard of it," grumbled Colonel Cheniston crossly. He resented its mere presence on the list. "I'll stick to Lanson—if the damned thing's not corked. And have it well iced, Venable."

"Certainly, sir. Thank you, sir."

Dinner proceeded gloomily. Colonel Cheniston was not hungry—indeed, he

had no appetite at all—but he had ordered enormously. The more he thought of it, the more insane he considered that confounded business before him. They were old enough to know better—running away! He'd be kicked out of his clubs, of course; people would cut him in the street, probably; he seemed to remember something of such drastic measures being meted out to all social offenders. Well, it would serve them right. They were making idiots of themselves; and for what? The society of the *déclassés* in general, second-rate watering places abroad, God knows what! But it was too late now to think about that.

The slanting August sunshine filled the room suddenly with a dustiness of powdered gold. It was a splendid, dignified, noble room, with its dark woodwork, its black-and-white tessellated floor, its pictures, its tremendously high ceiling—an admirable place in which to dine; lunching was perhaps gayer; one saw more people then; but it was in its usually deserted state at dinner time that Colonel Cheniston liked it most. One had the undivided attention of Venable, and Parks, the head-waiter, and two or three waitresses—would they ever have waiters again? He wondered; then remembered; it would soon be a matter of profound indifference to him.

"And now for the port, Venable," he said, waking up from forlorn meditations for a moment, "I hope you had the chill taken off—" He felt a melancholy twinge of immense regret; it was the last time he would sample that rich magnificent wine.

Venable placed the gleaming decanter reverently—like a priest in the performance of some piece of solemn ritual—in front of Colonel Cheniston and took out the stopper; in that last glamour of sunlight which slanted into the room its contents glowed like some immense and marvelous ruby.

"Certainly, sir—If I may take the liberty, sir, of asking? Is this a special occasion?"



Colonel Cheniston sighed. . . .

He wondered if Venable would remember asking that—later, when the infernal divorce proceedings appeared in the press.

"Well, it's something jolly like it, Venable," he said finally.

"Think o' that, sir—and you all alone in the club, too! Now, if Colonel Archer were only 'ere, sir—or Sir 'Enry—"

Colonel Cheniston winced.

What would they think? And say—but Colonel Cheniston hastily diverted the course of his reflections into other channels; he preferred not to imagine what those brother officers would think, or say; he ordered a cigar instead. He sipped his port, rather more cheerfully. What an admirable wine it was! Rich, noble, ample, mellowed! A generous glow suffused his being; he saw things in a slightly rosier light; a sense of vague well-being came over him. After all—

Well, things might easily be worse.

He strolled through Green Park on his way back to his rooms, smoking his cigar in the tranquil London twilight. Lights even then were beginning to twinkle in Piccadilly; shadows were lengthening slowly eastward; a pale green haunting glamour filled the sky. In his rooms, Colonel Cheniston found his bags, his golf clubs, a light traveling coat and a neatly rolled umbrella stacked near the door. It came into his mind that it was fortunate he had not bothered to unpack all that rubbish he had collected in India; that simply showed you, you never could tell what might happen. Woollatt was gone—he had been liberally paid off that afternoon—and everything was in readiness for Colonel Cheniston to move out. A feeling of depression manifested itself in that melancholy officer; he stood for a considerable period of time at the window, staring negligently at nothing. A gust of wind softly stirred the curtains; after the heat of that sweltering August day it was deliciously cool and quiet; only a rumor of traffic came up from the distance. A clock somewhere in the

house struck nine. Colonel Cheniston counted the thin precise repeating chimes, and sat down and composed himself to wait.

But *what* could be keeping Eleanor?

He listened, intending to get up and switch the lights on. For the moment, however, he sat there in the dark; it was extraordinarily pleasant and soothing, sitting in the dark; odd, too, how easily his thoughts flowed, he reflected—as quietly, serenely and graciously as some slow lazy backwater of time itself. . . .

It was almost ten by the time Mrs. Arbuthnot managed to leave the Ballions.

She could see no light in Colonel Cheniston's windows as she descended from the taxi in Half-Moon street twenty minutes later, and she wondered in sudden apprehension whether he was there or not. She told the man to wait, glancing at the watch on her wrist in the dim lamplight; there was no use carting a heavy dressing-case up and down those stairs; besides, there was not a great deal of time. She decided she would be very gently amused, wistful, kindly. Probably she'd put her hand on his arm and murmur something encouraging. . . . Poor old boy!—She wondered if he would be crushed?—hurt?—reproachful? She remembered he was almost fifty and instantly reached the conclusion he would be none of these things but rather quietly despairing. It *was* rather hard on him.

Still, he deserved it—richly.

She let herself into his rooms as stealthily as a ghost, closing the door carefully behind her. But suppose he was not there? What on earth should she do then? A faint cool breath of wind shook the curtains to a tremulous curve; there was an evanescent scent of lavender water and Russian leather; yet no sound disturbed that vast inexplicable silence.

"Chris!" she said nervously.

There was no reply—but what was that?

She listened, startled. An echo of Piccadilly came in at the windows with another gust of wind. Then unbroken stillness. Could—could anything have happened? She stood indecisively at the door—had she better ring his club? But then there was no point in that. She decided she would leave a note. But what was that?—

That curiously muffled noise she heard again? It sounded like—well, like breathing.

Her fingers found the switch and the room was filled immediately with light. It penetrated every corner; it revealed Colonel Cheniston's bags, neatly stacked near the door, and labeled; it revealed that distinguished officer himself, sitting quietly by the window, his hands folded in his lap, and his head tilted a little to one side, as if absorbed in some singularly engrossing view of his feet.

Mrs. Arbuthnot sighed triumphantly. "Chris!"

But Colonel Cheniston slept.

She smiled and crossed the room as softly as the wind, stealing in at the windows. On the table lay providential paper, pens, ink. Swiftly she wrote and propped what she had written conspicuously against the lamp and stole out, switching off the lights as she reached the door. . . .

Colonel Cheniston woke with a start. It was still dark; it was uncannily quiet; not a sound came up from the outside. He wondered what the dickens could have delayed Eleanor—it was evidently very late, or very early. It suddenly occurred to him that he had dozed off; he was conscious of a vague cramped uneasiness; he stood up and groped his way toward the switch. The room was filled with light.

Mrs. Arbuthnot's note, propped against the lamp, attracted his slow attention. It was an arresting and rather ominous sight—how had he missed it? *Could* it have been there earlier? Colonel Cheniston was concerned with these uncertainties for a

moment or two when he perceived a crumpled rose bud lying beside the note. He wondered when *that* had been left there; his uneasiness of mind increased in leaps and bounds; roses, after all, had a peculiar association with disaster for Colonel Cheniston. If there had been no such thing as florists!—but there wasn't any use going all over that again. He picked up the folded piece of paper:

DEAR CHRIS—I simply came to see just how far you'd go before you balked. I see. Good-by! We're both too old to be romantic but not quite old enough to be ridiculous—at least, I'm not. I'm not at all certain about you, though. Those roses! But turn about's fair play—here's one for you.

ELEANOR.

Well, *what* in the world could you think about that! But then it was like a woman. They were always doing the most extraordinary things; you couldn't understand 'em; nobody could. No consideration, no tenderness for the simple faith of an old soldier, nothing. . . .

A clock chimed two somewhere in the house, very softly. Colonel Cheniston crumpled the note up in his hand and hurled it into the yawning grate; he strolled to the window and looked down into the dark deserted street; then he glanced over one shoulder at the stripped unfriendly room. His baffled gaze rested upon his bags—his golf clubs, his traveling rug and despatch case—and he thought drearily about unpacking.

"Damn!" he exclaimed very suddenly.

He remembered that Woollatt had not left an address and it occurred to him that the business of finding a new man of equal excellence would be a joyless, uncertain, and difficult business. He stared hopelessly down into the street again. Presently it further occurred to him that at the club now they might know. . . .

After all, he *had* found out about Woollatt at the club. Colonel Cheniston sighed and started to unpack a few things for the night.



## THE NATIONAL SCHOOL

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

"WE must sell the public school to the American people," said the speaker, as if the public school were somebody's chewing gum, or a yellow dog, or a new idea, and foreign to Americans.

"We must sell the Stars and Stripes to the American people," he will say next, as if the flag were somebody's cheesecloth, or a mining stock, or a new idea out of Russia.

Sell their flag to the American people? They have already bought it and paid for it with their blood. So too, the American people have bought the American public school, and over it flung the American flag, and upon it, as the head of the corner, builded the American nation. I never knew until yesterday that we have yet to sell (how I loathe the term!) the public school to the American public.

The American public school is as truly national as the American flag. It came into being before the flag. It is the earliest and outermost breastwork of American defense over which the flag flies. In 1647 (only twenty-seven years after the landing at Plymouth) Massachusetts Bay Colony passed a law ordering every town of fifty householders to provide a public school by public tax, if need be, for all the people; the law further ordering that every town of one hundred families should set up a grammar school in order to prepare students for the University—for Harvard University, founded by the General Court in 1638, the original State University! Public education supported and supervised by the State was the original American educational program.

This act of 1647, embodying the prin-

ciple of universal compulsory education in Massachusetts, became the policy of the nation when, on the 13th of July, 1787, there was passed the "Ordinance for the Government of the Territory of the United States Northwest of the River Ohio," wherein the nation went on record, uttering its educational creed in the famous words: "Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." And the nation backed this faith up with works in the shape of land grants—public lands set aside to sell and lease for the purpose of maintaining the schools, these national land grants by the year 1900 reaching the grand total of 86,138,433 acres, an area as great as Prussia, and greater than the six New England states with New York, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware added. This is an impressive figure and national in its application, just as the utterance explaining it was impressive and national in its bearing. Word and deed are ample proof of our national faith in the public school, and of our purpose to render it national support. And they are more than proof that from the beginning the true character of the American public school has been strictly a national character, though administered by the separate states.

But the public school is not only national, as national as the flag, it is also native, as native as the Mississippi River and these hills of Hingham. These hills indeed were brought here on the back of a glacier, whereas the American public school is indigenous. It was not brought from anywhere. It originated here to meet an utterly new educational need.

Just so the famous Compact, signed in the cabin of *The Mayflower* that Saturday afternoon in November, 1620, originated here to meet an utterly new political need. And as the Compact stands to this time—and shall stand to all time, possibly, as the most daring and significant of political programs—and the most American, so in the whole history of education the law of 1647 and the Ordinance of 1787 became the most revolutionary and significant of educational programs, creating, as they did, the public school, the most truly native and American of all our national institutions.

The forty-one men who signed the Compact in the cabin of *The Mayflower* had sailed under authority derived from the Virginia Company. But they had sailed beyond the reach of that authority when they crossed the forty-first degree north latitude and came into Plymouth Harbor. Finding themselves outside the jurisdiction of a royal charter, those forty-one men compacted together for a new charter, "In the name of God, Amen!"—the first instance in human history where ordinary men, lacking royal and external authority, compact together and prove that from within they are capable of being their own authority.

Not less daring and momentous was the origin of universal and compulsory education in America. Of the act of 1647, requiring every Massachusetts town of fifty households to furnish free schools, Horace Mann said: "It is impossible for us adequately to conceive the boldness of the measure which aimed at universal education through the establishment of free schools. As a fact it had no precedent in the world's history; and as a theory it could have been refuted and silenced by a more formidable array of argument and experience than was ever marshaled against any other institution of human origin."

We forget this beginning of the public school, how strictly native and national it is—how instinct it is with the inmost

soul of democracy. The public school is more than the intellectual expression of democracy; it is the hope, the strength, the beauty of democracy; its way, and truth, and life.

Driven by the winds of destiny past the most arrogant parallel of royal power, the little *Mayflower* came to anchor with her Compact at Plymouth in a new human harbor, close in against a new political shore. The Pilgrims lived but a year under their Compact—it being but "the first foundation of their government in this place," as Bradford says. "First foundation" it was nevertheless, and on that foundation has since been reared the whole structure of our democracy. It was only twenty-seven years after the Compact was signed that the people of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, feeling out their new liberty and their new responsibility, created in answer to both liberty and responsibility their first native institution, the American public school, thus stamping forever the quality of American democracy, and establishing forever the character and the business of the public school.

How early they felt the true drift of their tide—that only universal intelligence and a common grasp of the moral nature of democracy would save them from the rocks! That personal intelligence and a common moral conscience were an absolute need for the safety of a free people!

The forty-one in the *Mayflower* could not realize fully the significance of their Compact. They were Englishmen, and they signed their revolutionary agreement in the name of God and also in the name of "our sovereign lord King James, of England," which means that they brought to the new land their old name of King and whatever they could of their old customs and institutions, using them so far as they applied to the new conditions. They lived but a year under their *Mayflower* Compact—only till the arrival of the *Fortune* bringing a new royal patent. But the "first



foundation" had been laid there in the cabin of the *Mayflower*. The *Fortune's* royal charter was destined not to endure. The Old-World king and the Old-World institutions were destined not to endure. The first to go was the Old-World school. They cannot pour the new wine of democracy into the old skins of aristocracy and have them hold.

Democracy is a new spirit. It is so un-European (if not anti-European) that no European term or institution can express or contain it. Yet we Americans have all come from European countries, and we have all tried to carry off with us, as Rachel did, our fathers' Teraphim—our ancient ancestral institutions.

Some of us hail from a mediæval Europe, as far back as the days of the Holy Roman Empire, and are bringing over and are trying to set up the old feudal castle, and the knight and the mediæval monastery to do the work of this new democracy. Others of us come from autocracies and aristocracies, bringing the institutions of militarism and of social caste, as if these could be made to function in a democracy.

They belong to our low-vaulted Old-World past. Their domes are too narrow for democracy. Ever since the daring dreamers started to build with Plymouth Rock their new American house, leaving the ancestral house, they

"Built up its idle door

Stretched in the last-found home, and  
knew the old no more."

Would it were true! But most of us do not yet realize how entirely new we are, how unlike Europe we are, and how futile are the mind and the machinery of Europe in democratic America.

The genius of this country is Anglo Saxon, English, by both inheritance and custom. Be it so. Nevertheless there is not a single existing English institution, habit or attitude, that, unmodified, will express what this country now is. Yet over all the land we are importing English aristocratic schools, and im-

porting English masters, not a few, to administer them. And we are sending our democratic children to these aristocratic schools to have them educated for democracy! Do men gather grapes of thorns?

English as we are in spirit, almost fifty per cent of us Americans are of other than Anglo-Saxon stock, and out of other lands than England; among other things we bring with us are our schools: Old-World religious schools, thousands of them, and we send our American children by the tens of thousands to them, schools named with old names, not with the new name of our nation; schools which look back into a dim dead past, not out upon a living present. And we expect these Old-World schools to make New-World minds! Do men gather figs of thistles?

One of the most mistaken institutions in America is the parochial school. If it is the purpose, as it seems, of the Catholic Church to build parochial high schools in addition to the grade schools and colleges, so that every Catholic child can be fully educated without entering an American public school, then the Catholic Church becomes educationally a rival to the State. Why in the fundamental process of making Americans, cannot the Catholic Church accept the historic, the established, the fundamental institution for that purpose? In withdrawing it proclaims its distrust of the American public school and of the American public, except the Catholic portion of it. It would seem to believe in educating only the Catholic public.

This is not true of the Catholics only. But let the millions of Methodists do this; let the Baptists, let the Jews, let Capital, let Labor—let every tribe and trade, every caste and creed thus set about the building up by the powerful means of education its own closed mind, and our House of Democracy, founded upon the rock of mutual understanding and support, comes crash to its fall!

As a fact, our House of Democracy cannot fall. It is as yet only a foundation. We have never had a democracy. There have never been enough of us who want one in America. We passionately desire one in China. Each of us in America wants his Theocracy, his Plutocracy, his Aristocracy and insists on getting it. Democracy is as intensely personal as any of these, but it differs from them all in being completely unselfish. Perhaps a democracy is impossible. Many believe the dream has already had its day, and must give place to something more practical. Democracy is still discussed, no term more discussed, or more distrusted, or more disliked. "American Misgivings" are not confined to our essayists. They are entertained by the whole world, this world which was to have been made safe for democracy, and which included America, of course. Events since the war make some of us Americans tremble for the safety of democracy here. We know that its enemies are not all in the ranks of the Reds. The ultra-Whites are as dead against it as the deepest-dyed Reds, the reactionary as much as the radical. Let one look with contempt, or suspicion, or indifference, upon so fundamental an institution as the public school; let him draw off and leave it to the poor, the colored, the "foreign," the unholy, and thus divide the House of Democracy—that one is the enemy of America!

But he talks of "liberty." Is not liberty, rather than democracy, the true spirit of America? "Am I not free to get anything I can honestly?" he asks. The letter killeth democracy. The spirit maketh alive; and the spirit of democracy is not get, but give.

Freedom and liberty are personal. "Give me liberty or give me death" is out of Cain's mouth as much as out of Patrick Henry's, only Cain had no sense of social responsibility. I am not first free, then responsible—but responsible first, then free; and my largest freedom is found only in my largest social

responsibility. The average American parent has not come to feel the social responsibility in education. His sense of obligation extends only to his own child.

In a recent letter to Ex-President Eliot of Harvard, a New York attorney writes:

The Board of Education in a suburban community of New York City in Westchester County, of which I am a member, has launched a campaign for new school buildings, new equipment and better teaching in the public schools to accommodate education through four years of high school. We have a very strong group of citizens in our community who favor the private schools—in fact twenty-five per cent of our school population is in private schools. Having the western point of view in public education, I have been amazed to see how strong the sentiment is against public education above the eighth grade, and how the college men in our community who came through the private schools are so completely out of touch as to be almost entirely unconcerned with the equipment for public education. This in itself, to my mind, is a tremendous indictment against the private school if the tendency is to create an aristocratic point of view toward education.

"I used to think the American public school a good thing," said an eminent college president the other day, "until I had children of my own." There speak a million American parents! Said another college president, "My children have never gone to a public school, and never shall go. The thing I hate about the public school—"

It is not necessary to detail here the things he hated about the public school; it is enough to see a college president taking this attitude in public, and acting true to his feeling in the education of his children. And still another college president—but let me stage this saying: I was addressing the Harvard and Radcliffe Teachers' Associations. Mr. John Finley, then Commissioner of Education from New York, sent a paper which closed with the suggestion that we have a great American Plattsburg for the



training of public-school teachers. The toastmaster, before introducing me, said that Harvard had received some millions of dollars for a school of education, and that Harvard could become that Plattsburg. I began by saying that I did not think so, for Harvard did not believe in the public; that so far as I could find out, only one professor on the Harvard Faculty had a child in the Cambridge public schools; and how could a Harvard faculty prepare an army of enthusiastic teachers for the public's children, while denying them the faculty's children?

Then this other college president arose, and after calling me a foreigner, and telling me that I was ignorant of democracy, proceeded to say that no father would send his son to the Boston Latin School to prepare for college if he could afford to send that son to a private school. He (this college president) had gone to that school as a boy, but at that time it was a good school, "because it was a homogeneous school"—homogeneity, and hence virtue, being constituted it would seem, of Bradstreets, Wigglesworths, Mathers, Lodges, Cabots, Elliots (there was at least one Sharp in the Massachusetts Bay Colony!); now, he went on, it is a heterogeneous school, *i.e.*, made up of Sharps and foreign odds and ends from the Ahamovitzes to the Zweigenbaums, and so it is no longer a good school. Again he said, if the private schools were closed, the only avenue for educational experiment and advance would be closed; all that we are educationally being due to the private schools. And lastly he said, answering the points of my discussion in order, that the equivalent of a high-school course (my minimum preparation for citizenship) for all the people was impossible. The only thing we can do is to educate the leaders and let the rest follow as best they can.

This does not sound like America, but Europe. It sounds ominous, yet terribly familiar. It may not be the dominant note in American talk to-day; but

whether the problem is education, or business, or politics, or social life, it resolves itself finally into a caste question: of capital against labor; of white against black; of Anglo-Saxon against "foreigner"—of class in some shape or color against the shapeless, colorless mass.

There is no denying the shapeless, colorless mass—though there are people who think it looks red. It is here. It is not yet the whole of America. It is not yet the major part, speaking racially. According to the census returns for 1910, those persons in the United States of English, Scotch, Welsh, Canadian (English), and Scotch-Irish stock numbered 49,800,000. "The Census of 1920 is likely to show stationary numbers, or even a decrease, for the principal elements of the foreign born, and an increase for all the native elements. The total population in 1920 will be found to approximate 105,000,000, of which, it is estimated at the outset, the whites number about 94,000,000. Applying again the 10 per cent increase to the distinctively native and allied elements, the latter group increases in 1920 to 54,800,000."

Come now, let us reason together. Surely in 54,800,000 of traditional Anglo-Saxon stock, out of our total of 105,000,000, the Lord of Hosts hath left us something of a remnant. It does not look as if the Daughter of Columbia were left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a besieged city.

New York City is besieged. Out of every thousand persons in New York City, 786 are foreign. Yet New York is an American city. In the 193 "whites of native parentage" there seems to be leaven enough for the lump.

If now the only question in America were the foreign question, and the only problem in education the problem of Americanization, it would certainly seem that 54,800,000 natives, with all their advantage of race and position, should be able to make over an equal

number of "foreigners," the most of whom are eager for the change.

And certainly the most natural process of doing this would be by social contact, natives and foreigners mingling—and where better than in the same school?—the foreigner changing by the experience, the native learning by the same experience, many necessary things of fact and spirit about his own duty as a citizen, in whose land every second person is literally a "foreign body," to be absorbed into the body politic.

The foreigner is not the only question in America, or Americanization our only problem. There are questions many, and problems many; but at bottom they are all a problem of education, are all the one old human question, Who is my neighbor? The fundamentals in a democracy are social. Seek first democracy in education, as in everything American. Education must first be social; the American child must go to school in his neighborhood, with his neighbors. It is better for democracy that he go to school with all the children in his little community than with all the books in the wide world; for the lessons he needs first are attitude lessons—lessons in what are the right feelings and faiths and manners of a democracy.

How can these things be taught? By but one method in a democracy—the simple, single method of leavening. There is nothing that may not help, except aloofness and segregation (the real ills of democracy); but when everything else is done, our social lump will still need to be leavened—with Anglo-Saxon yeast, and with the yeast of democracy.

It is not leaders we need so much as leaveners, many pervasive spirits working in the spirit of the people. The leader runs ahead of his people; the leavener moves among them. The leader is part of the machinery of an aristocracy: that complex of many members, and many bodies, held to-

gether by imposed force. In a democracy we are many members yet one body, where the foot cannot say, "Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body." In a democracy the body is *tempered* together, that there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another. Who would be first of all in a democracy must be least of all and servant of all. Our social settler comes nearest our ideal *leader* for he does not lead; he lives, he pervades (walks through), spreads and leavens. He works according to the biology of a democracy.

Autocracies have need of kaisers; armies of captains. It is different in a democracy. There is a better power even in an army. The last war was won by the Second Lieutenants, humble human factors moving among the men. American democracy needs 1,000,000 second lieutenants and precious few captains of anything. The leader too often goes it blind, and he thinks the people are blind. We need pervaders, those who stir us as Roosevelt did. He may not have been a great leader. But he had a way of stirring up the people with his big stick. He was a tremendous mixer; and he leavened the whole lump of American life with zeal and zest and fervent living. Woodrow Wilson was a born leader. He had plans. But while he was up in the mountain with his plans the people made them a golden calf and elected Aaron over them. You cannot lead the American people. How clearly Lincoln understood this! He was a true mixer and a great democrat. His leavening power amounted to genius. He was surrounded at Washington with leaders: Seward, Chase, and even Gideon Wells, would have snatched a banner and led, each to a different victory! Lincoln knew that slavery was wrong; that slavery must not be extended; that no state could secede from the Union without the consent of all the states; and that if the forts in the South fell the forts must be retaken.



This is *what* he knew, and besides this he knew the people; and his unparalleled place in the imagination of the people came of his holding to that creed and persuading his people to hold with him. *Abe Lincoln!* Little of commanding he knew! Little of the dash and glamour of the hero-leader about him! He was of, and for, and by the people. And the people were with him. He and his people were one. They loved and trusted him. He was the simplest, humanest, wisest mixer and American we have ever produced.

Whereunto shall I liken the democracy of America? It is like the leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.

Where do you get this leaven? Is there any school in America for educating leaveners? Yes—the school Roosevelt attended, which was a private school, and the school Lincoln attended, which was no school at all! We cannot argue from such exceptions. These two instances negate each other. Mr. Roosevelt learned a few valuable things in that school, but we all know he learned a great many valuable things in the ranch school out West. Lincoln learned about all he knew in that same frontier school. The question I asked was: Is there a school that will teach every American citizen what the leaven of democracy is, and how you hide it in the meal? For leavening is a quiet unassuming process, possible for almost everybody. Democracy may be as high as heaven, but it is as simple as sourdough bread.

There is such a school. If there were not, the first thing for this nation to do would be to create one. If it is true, as Galsworthy claims, that "Education is the most sacred concern, indeed the only hope of a nation"—true of England, how much truer of America! If the hope of England is not in her fleet, but in her schools, then the hope of France can hardly be in her army, but possibly in her schools; and this must

be so with America. Armies and navies are not the hope of the nation, but the curse of the nations. Yet this common knowledge is powerless to save us from war. Industry, commerce and wealth are not the hope of the nation. They both bless and curse the nation under the prevailing social and economic conditions. This is common knowledge, but it, too, is powerless to save; for like the knowledge of war it has as yet had no part in our education. We must be educated, not merely informed; and we must have a school where such subjects can be made the material for universal and national study, interpreted and taught in the large spirit of democracy. We have such a school. The trouble is, we lack both the national course of study and the national spirit to put it through.

This is not all there is to education. But this is the chief part of *school* education. We know that nations do not live by bread alone—not by peace alone. Peace and prosperity will not sustain a people long. A nation, particularly ours, is a spirit and asks for truth, and beauty and faith—for poet, and prophet, and philosopher—for every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God. And not the words which have proceeded only, for we cannot survive on closed revelation, nor on a neighbor nation's poetry, nor on our collected books of wisdom. We are new and our problems are new. We need a present God, and present poets and philosophers of our own.

The whole of American education means nothing less than this: that we must educate 110,000,000 Americans for democracy and as many of them as possible for poetry, and prophecy, and philosophy.

My child is first a national child. He belongs to the nation even before he belongs to himself. His education is first national and after that personal. We parents can hardly see this. It is a particularly difficult point of view for



the highly individualized, assertive Anglo Saxon, whose political weakness is his undeveloped sense of social solidarity. Every Northman was a Sea-king or a Vi-king—king of a creek or a bay. We look upon our child as having his only end in himself, and upon his education as a means to that end. But the whole history of American education proves that the public schools were founded for the defense of the nation, and not for the benefit of the child. The Federal Government leaves the schools in the hands of the states, and every state has a chapter in its constitution plainly commanding the legislatures to provide the schools, seventeen of the states pre-ambulating their educational chapters, wherein they justify the enormous cost of education *as a national necessity*, as the only safeguard for the rights and liberties of a free people.

There is nothing paternalistic or eleemosynary about the public school. It was not designed to dole out educational alms to the needy. Whether the child is rich or poor matters not; whether he wants this education or can use it later in business is not the question. The question is what the nation needs and can use in its business; and the nation needs an educated citizen, so peculiarly educated that he will safeguard the rights and liberties of his free people.

This is more peculiar than it appears. Other nations have school systems and national educational programs, but, except Switzerland's, ours is radically different from them all. Our rights and liberties differ from those of other nations. Ours inhere in education, and rest for safety upon the school. This must needs be a peculiar school with this peculiar work to do.

You cannot put a child through an English school and produce a safe American mind, nor through a German school, nor through any other European school, nor through any special school: vocational, religious, or social, even though American, and produce the safe American mind. For each of these

schools has some mark or object, less than an all-American object, and which is necessarily anti-American. The nation cannot stand behind these special schools, or sanction them, or set its seal upon them. They are not shaped to teach democracy. The only school with this national character and sanction is the public school, and this alone can undertake the national task of making the true American mind.

But it cannot do this until we fully realize the national need: until we make the school a national school, the child a national child, and his education the "chief concern, indeed the only hope" of the nation.

When we realize this, then we shall overhaul and refit the public school and give it a national course of study, bottomed upon the English language and English literature, but built up of universal history, elementary science, geography and economics, studied and taught in the pure light of democracy.

A democracy must needs speak one tongue and speak it well. Give us all the same language, and all of us the same good grade of language, and you have leveled at once the greatest of social and political barriers. Good language is more than a hall mark. There is no truer test of culture, no securer sense of social safety than in good language; but there is also no possession in common, no single touch of nature more certain to make a whole nation kin.

Every American child should *study* the English language, should be taught to reverence it, and helped to master it, both to write and speak it with sweetness and power. When American boys and girls go to school to the English language in the faith and in the enthusiasm with which French boys and girls go to school to the French language (ours is the greater language and literature), then shall American education have made its next greatest stride forward toward realizing its national character and mission.



And this is as true of the literature as of the language. We speak the English tongue. We brought it with us, and we brought what is still the grander part of English literature with us. We have Americanized the language. We have added a priceless portion to the literature, and this English-American language and literature is what we were, and are, and shall be—the only literature and language that will reveal us to ourselves and interpret us to the world. Allowing due place to music and history, geography, science and economics, we shall rest our whole educational structure upon the English language and literature, using them “from the first as the most direct and lasting communication of experience by man to man.”

No national heritage is more precious, not even “the glory that was Greece,” than the literature handed down with our English language. “For English children no form of knowledge can take precedence of a knowledge of English, no form of literature can take precedence of English literature,” and the “two are so inextricably connected as to form the only basis possible for national education.” That is even truer of the American child and of a national American education—with our crying need of some common ground, some common course of study that shall interpret and unite us to each other.

“Much of our social discord, suspicion and bitterness,” says Professor Caroline F. E. Spurgeon, of English social life, “of our industrial warfare and unrest is owing to this gulf between classes, between industry and culture, emphasized by the gulf between educated and uneducated speech; and nothing would do more to bridge this chasm than a common education, fundamentally English, resulting in a common pride and joy in the national language and literature.”

I am not remotely attempting to out-

line a course of study; but by the end of the high-school course, in addition to some of the great books of English literature, I should like to see our American children reading among other American books Bradford's *History of Plimouth Plantation*; Woolman's *Journal*; Franklin's *Autobiography*; a life of Lincoln; Parkman's *Oregon Trail*; Thoreau's *Walden*; Whittier's *Poems*; Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*; *The Americanization of Edward Bok*; for these books are both revealing and also prophetic of America.

Whatever else our education does or does not do, it must unite us. It must nationalize us, and after that internationalize us. Democracy is the only political and social principle broad enough to cover all of our peoples and all other peoples with us.

Yet democracy is not the doctrine of the crowd. It is the doctrine of every self, single and supreme. Nothing of the individual is lost in democracy. He has rather a dual consciousness of self and of an over-self, of one and many. If denied a narrow egotism, he is compensated by a wider altruism. If saved from being ministered unto, he is given the greater joy of ministering. If virtue goes out of him in the common press, he knows that someone has been healed.

In spite of the contrary statement, I believe that I know what democracy means, and I believe I am democratic. Yet I have my house in the Hills of Hingham and a woodlot. I am. I intend to be. I will fully realize myself. If the State is the ideal social end of my education, I am its very personal and real end. Thus democracy offers me a self and a society, a nation and a soul. The aristocratic doctrine of *noblesse oblige* is a doctrine of isolation and condescension. Democracy walks upright. It, too, is the doctrine of service—but of service for wages, the wages of a complete personal and social self.

# COMMAND

## A NOVEL

BY WILLIAM McFEE

Author of *Casuals of the Sea*, *Captain Macedoine's Daughter*, etc.

HE slept heavily on the engineer's settee. He had told that obliging person to give him a call at midnight—he wanted to see what the Old Man was up to. The Old Man, however, later gave the engineer explicit orders to let the mate sleep—he would remain on duty himself. The engineer felt it incumbent upon him to oblige the captain, and Mr. Spokesly slept on, much disturbed none the less by grotesque and labored forebodings of his subconscious being, so that he moved restlessly at times, as though some occult power within was striving to rouse him. Indeed, it was the spirit of duty struggling with wearied tissues. It was past three when the former was so far successful as to wrench his eyes open. He started up, stretched, looked at the engineer's clock and muttered that he must have fallen asleep again. He put on his coat and cap, and hurried out on deck.

The fog was gone, and a high, level canopy of thin clouds gave the night the character of an enormous and perfectly dark chamber. The *Kalkis* was moving so slowly Mr. Spokesly could with difficulty keep tally of the beat of the engines. Yet she was moving. He could hear the sough of water, and there was a faint phosphorescence along the ship's side. And a change in the air, an indefinable modification of temperature and, possibly smell, led him to examine the near horizon for the deeper blackness of a high shore. He listened intently, trying to detect the sound of waves on the rocks. He tried to figure out what the position would be if they

had made the course he suspected. They ought to be under the southern shores of Lesbos by now. But if that were the case the cool breeze coming off shore would be on the port side. He listened, sniffed and resigned himself passively for a moment to the impact of influences so subtle that to one unaccustomed to the sea they might be suspected of supernatural sources. He climbed to the bridge deck and went over to where the smashed boat hung like a skeleton from the crumpled davit. And he was aware at once of the correctness of his suspicions. But it would not be Lesbos. It was the high land which juts northward and forms the western promontory of the long curving Gulf of Smyrna. He could see it as an intenser and colder projection of the darkness. And then his curiosity centered about the more complex problem of speed. They could not be doing more than a couple of knots. What was the old fraud's game? Waiting for a signal, perhaps. He had evidently got himself and his old ship inside any mines that had been laid between Chios and Lesbos. If there were any. Perhaps he was waiting for daylight.

This was the correct solution. Captain Ranney had crept as close in under Lesbos as he had dared according to the scanty hints he had gotten from Mr. Dainopoulos, who had been informed by a Greek sailor from a captured Bulgarian schooner that there was a safe passage inshore to the east of Cape Vurkos. The result, however, of clearing the southern coast of Lesbos in safety was to engender a slight recklessness in the captain. For



his dangers were practically over. Even if he got run ashore later, they could get the cargo out of her. And he had made too much distance east before turning south, so that, in trying to raise a certain point on the western side he had grown confused. The chart was not large enough. When Mr. Spokesly appeared once more on the bridge, Captain Ranney had rung "Slow" on the telegraph, and was endeavoring to locate some sort of light upon the immense wall of blackness that rose to starboard.

And it could not be asserted that he was sorry to see his chief officer. That gentleman could not do much now. Captain Ranney, with his binoculars to his eyes was trembling with excitement. According to the chart, he ought to see a red light on his port bow within an hour or two. There was a good reason for supposing that light was still kept burning even during the war. It could not be seen from the northward and was of prime importance to coasting vessels in the Gulf when making the turn eastward into the great inland estuary at the head of which lay the city. He was creeping along under the high western shore until he felt he could make the turn. It was shallow water away to the eastward, by the salt-works. It was nearly over. He would get the money, in gold, and wait quietly until the war was over, and take a passage back to China.

He heard his chief officer behind him and maintained his attitude of close attention. He was trembling. One, two, or perhaps three or four hours, and he would know that all was well. He wished he could see better, though. During the fog there had been a curious sense of satisfaction in his heart because he knew that, whatever happened, his defective vision would make no difference. Oh, he could see all right. But those damned red lights. He was sure there was nothing, yet. That chief officer of his had gone into the chart-room. Captain Ranney forgot himself so far as to titter. Imagine a simple-minded creature like that trying to put *him* out of

countenance! Inquiry! A fine show *he* would make at the inquiry, with a woman in his cabin, and six months' pay in his pocket! These smart young men!

He started toward the chart-room door and found himself confronted by his chief officer. He would have brushed past with his almost feminine petulance had not Mr. Spokesly once again seized his shoulder.

"She hasn't got steerage way," said the mate.

"What do you mean by steerage way?" he inquired sarcastically.

"Do you know where you are?" demanded Mr. Spokesly steadily, "or is it your intention to run her ashore? I'm only asking for information."

Captain Ranney forced himself into the chart-room and, putting on his glasses, examined the chart afresh. Mr. Spokesly followed him in and shut the door.

"I only want to tell you," said Mr. Spokesly, "that you are too far to the westward. The current is setting you this way," he tapped the chart where a large indentation bore away due south, "and by daylight you won't have sea-room."

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed the captain, who meant that he did believe it. "I have taken the log every quarter of an hour."

"Well," said Mr. Spokesly, who was perfectly at ease in this sort of navigation, "the current won't show on the log, which is away out any way. I tell you again, she's going ashore. And it's deep water all round here, as you can see. It won't take a very heavy wallop to send her to the bottom with her bows opened out and the fore peak bulk-head leaking already. Put her about. If you don't," said the mate with his hand on the door and looking hard at his commander, "do you know what I'll do?"

He did not wait for an answer but went out and closed the door sharply. He picked up the telescope and examined the horizon on the port bow. He could discern without difficulty the lofty sil-

houette of a rocky promontory between the ship and the faint beginnings of the dawn. He turned to the helmsman.

"Hard over to port," he said quietly, and reaching out his hand, he rang full ahead on the telegraph. It answered with a brisk scratching jangle, and a rhythmic tremor passed through the vessel's frame, as though she, too, had suddenly realized her peril.

"You do what I say," he warned the man at the wheel, who did not reply. He only twirled the spokes energetically, and the little ship heeled over as she went round. Mr. Spokesly looked again at the approaching coast. There was plenty of room. He heard the door open and the captain come out.

"Easy now," he said. "Starboard. Easy does it. That's the style. Well, do you believe what I say now, captain."

"I'll report you—I'll have you arrested—I'll use my power—" he stuttered, stopping short by the binnacle and bending double in the impotence of his anger. "Remember, I can tell things about you," he added pointing his finger at the mate, as though he were actually indicating a visible mark of guilt.

"Shut up," said Mr. Spokesly, staring hard through the telescope. "Hold her on that now, quartermaster, till I give the word. There will be enough light soon."

Captain Ranney came up to his chief officer's shoulder and whispered, "You're in this as deep as I am, remember."

"I'm not in it at all, and don't you forget it," bawled Mr. Spokesly.

Captain Ranney had fallen back against the binnacle. "You threaten me?" he whimpered. "You threaten the master of the ship?"

"Threaten," repeated Mr. Spokesly, looking eagerly through the binoculars. "Couple of points to starboard, you. I reckon she's all right now," he muttered to himself, "but we'll go half speed for a bit," and he pulled the handle. At the sound of the reply gong and the obsequious movement of the pointer on the dial Captain Ranney was galvanized

into fresh life. It was as though the sound had reminded him of something.

"You've been against me ever since you came aboard," he announced. "I noticed it from the first. You had made up your mind to give me all the trouble you possibly could. I don't know how it is, I'm sure, but I always get the most insubordinate and useless officers on my ship. You go in these big lines and get exaggerated ideas of your own importance and then come to me and try it on here. How can a commander get on with officers who defy him and incite the crew to mutiny? Don't deny it. What you're doing now is mutiny. It may take time, but I'll do it. I'll get you into all the trouble I possibly can for this. I—I—I'll log the whole thing."

"Starboard, quartermaster. Go ahead, captain. That's one thing about you. Nothing matters so long as you can go on talking. Fire away if it eases your mind. But I'm taking this ship in. See the fair-way? If you make anything out of this trip, and I say you'll make it all right, don't forget you owe it to me. You had me rattled a bit when you ran into that ship last night. I thought you knew what you were doing. And you were just scared. Sitting over there on that life belt, blowing up that patent vest of yours. Thought I didn't notice it, eh? So busy blowing it up you couldn't answer me when I called you. Master of the ship! Yah!"

Captain Ranney was visible now, a high-shouldered figure with one hand in his pocket and the other resting on the corner of the chart-house. During the night he had put on a thick woolen cap with a small knob, the size of a cherry, on the point of it, and it made him look like some fantastic creature out of an opera. It was as though he had materialized out of the darkness, an elderly imp foiled in his mischievous designs. He stood there, looking down at the deck, his mouth working over his toothless gums, silently yet frantically marshaling the routed forces of his personality.



"All right!" he exclaimed. "You take her, I hold you responsible, mind that. I wash my hands of you. You incited my crew to mutiny. Defied my orders."

Mr. Spokesly turned suddenly and Captain Ranney rushed to the ladder and descended half way, holding by the handrail and looking up at Mr. Spokesly's knees.

"Don't you attack me!" he shrilled. "Don't you dare—" he paused, breathing heavily.

Mr. Spokesly walked to the ladder. "You'd better go down and pull yourself together," he said in a low tone. "You're only making yourself conspicuous. I can manage without you. And if you come up here again until I've taken her in, by heavens I'll throw you over the side."

He walked back quickly to the bridge rail, and stared with anxious eyes into the stretch of fair-way. He could not help feeling that something tremendous was happening to him. To say that to the captain of the ship! But he had to keep his attention on the course. Looking ahead, it was as though he had made the same error of which he had accused the captain, of running into the land. On the port side the low shore in the half light ran up apparently into the immense wall of blue mountains in the distance. A few more miles, and he would see. He looked down at the torn strakes dragging in the water alongside, at the smashed boat, and the tangled wreckage on the foredeck. She was very much down by the head now, he noted. Yet they were making it. It might be any moment now when the land would open out to the eastward and he would give the word to bear away.

And as the sun came up behind the great ranges of Asia and touched the dark blue above their summits with an electric radiance so that the sea and the shore, though dark, were yet strangely clear, he saw the white ruffle of contending currents away to port, and got his sure bearings in the Gulf. And as he

rang full speed ahead he heard a step behind him and a quick pressure of his arm.

She was wearing the big blue overcoat which was Plouff's last demonstration of his own peculiar and indefatigable usefulness, and her face glowed in the depths of the upturned collar. The morning breeze blew her hair about as she peered eagerly toward the goal of her desire.

"See!" she cried happily, pointing, one finger showing at the end of the huge sleeve. "See the town?" She snatched the glasses and held them to her eyes.

"You don't want to get into the boat after all," he said, putting his arm about her shoulders.

"Me? No! That fool said the ship would go down. Look! Oh, *quelle jolie ville!*"

"Where?" he said, taking the glasses.

"See!" She pointed into the dim gray stretch of the waters that lay like a lake in the bosom of immense mountains. He looked and saw what she meant, a spatter of white on the blue hillside, a tiny sparkle of lights and clusters of tall cypresses, black against the mists of the morning. And along the coast on their right lay a gray-green sea of foliage where the olive groves lined the shore. Range beyond range, the mountains receded, barring the light of the sun and leaving the great city in a light as mysterious as the dawn of a new world. Far up the Gulf, beyond the last glitter of the long sea wall, he could see the valleys flooded with pale golden light from the hidden sun, with white houses looking down upon the waters from their green nests of cypresses and oaks.

"Why don't they come out?" he wondered half to himself. "Are they all asleep?"

"Oh, the poor ones, they must come out in a boat. They have no coal," she retorted. "Look there is a little ship sailing out! Tck!"

He looked at it. Well, what could they do? He held her close. She must be interpreter for him, he said. Oh, of course. She would tell them what a hero



*Drawn by Harvey Dunn*

"PROMISE YOU WILL COME," HE SAID. "PROMISE!"



he was, how he had brought them safely through innumerable dangers for her sake. They would live, see! Up there. He had no idea how happy they would be!

The little sailing boat was coming out, her sail like a fleck of cambric on the dark water.

He said there was no need to tell them he was a hero.

"They will know it," she said, "when they see the poor ship. Oh, yes, I will tell them everything. I will tell them you did this because you love me."

"Will they believe it?" he asked in a low tone, watching the city as they drew nearer.

"Believe?" she questioned without glancing at him. "It is nothing to them. What matter? I tell them something, that is all."

He did not reply to this, merely turning to give an order to the helmsman. The other seaman was coming along the deck, and he called him to take in the log and run up the ensign. It was nothing to them, he thought repeating her words to himself. Nothing. They would make no fine distinctions between himself and the captain. Yes, she was right in that. He went into the chart-room and got out the flags of the ship's name. She, the ship, was not to blame, he muttered. She had been faithful. And so have I! he cried out within himself. He could not make it clear even to himself, but as he bent the grimy little flags to the signal-halyards and hoisted them to the cross-trees, and saw them straighten out like sheets of tin in the breeze, he had an uplifting of the heart. He rang "Stop" to the engine-room, and went over to Evanthis.

"Go down," he said gently, "and tell the captain he must come up. We are going to drop the anchor. There is a boat coming alongside."

## XV

"You can have no idea," said the flat and unemotional voice by Mr.

Spokesly's shoulder, "simply no idea, how miraculous the whole business seems to us. Astonished? No word for it. We were flabbergasted. For you saved the situation. You arrived in the nick, positively the nick, of time. I don't go beyond the facts when I say things were looking decidedly, well—blue, for us. Oh, don't misunderstand me. No ill-treatment. Just the reverse, in fact. But you can understand we weren't bothering much about politeness when we couldn't get anything to eat. And that's what it amounts to."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Mr. Spokesly. "I must say, finding so many of you here has surprised me."

"We had to stay. Couldn't get out," replied the other man, shooting a frayed cuff and flicking the ash delicately from his cigarette.

They were seated, as it were, at the center of that vast crescent which the city forms upon the flanks of Mount Pagos. On either hand the great curves of the water front sprang outward and melted into the confused colors of the distant shore. From their vantage point on the roof of the Sports Club, they could see in some detail the beauty of the buildings, the marble entrances, the cedarwood balconies and the green jalousies of the water-side houses. They could see the boats sailing rapidly across the harbor from Cordelio in the afternoon breeze, and beyond, bathing the whole panorama in a strong blaze of color, the sun, soon to set in the purple distances beyond the blue domes of the islands. To the right the shore curved in a semi-circular sweep to form the head of the great Gulf, while on their left the green water, ruffled by the breeze and given a magical luster by the rays of the setting sun, stretched away into the distance.

And it was into this distance that Mr. Spokesly, his elbow on the stone balustrade of the roof of the Sports Club, was thoughtfully directing his gaze. Even with his physical eyes he could make out a faint dot, which he knew was the

*Kalkis*. And while he listened to the remarks of his companion, his thoughts went back to the final catastrophe of the voyage. He had been leaning over, watching the boat come alongside, his hand on the telegraph to put her astern, when the whole ship shook violently, there was a grinding of metal on metal and a sound as of a load of loose stones pouring harshly upon hollow iron floors. He stared round him, even as he pulled the handle back to full astern, searching for some hint of the cause. And he realized he had been searching for something else, too. He had been voicelessly calling for Plouff and for the captain. As he sat calmly looking out across the water at the wreck—for he did not disguise from himself the fact that the *Kalkis* was a total loss—he was thinking of that moment when he had to decide what to do, and had turned his head to call for help. And he knew now that if he had called, if he had run down and hammered on that man's door to come up and take charge, to resume the authority he had abdicated so short a time before, there would have been no answer.

That was the point around which his memories clustered now, although nobody save himself was aware of it. Indeed, there had been a distinctly admiring note in this gentleman's voice, flat and unemotional as it was by habit, when he had climbed up the ladder and set foot on the deck of the *Kalkis*. "You were very cool," he had said. He had not been cool. There had been a moment, just after he had pulled that telegraph handle, and the ship, instead of slowly gaining sternway and moving off into the turbulence of her wake, had given another inexplicable shudder, and the bows sank into a sudden deathlike solidity when he rang "stop," as though that noise and that shudder and that almost imperceptible subsidence had been her death throe, the last struggle of her complicated and tatterdemalion career. That moment had settled the *Kalkis*, and it had nearly settled him, too. He had turned right round and

seen the man at the wheel methodically passing the spokes through his hands, his eye on the ship's head, his ear alert for the word of command. Mr. Spokesly had seen this and for an instant he had had a shocking impulse to run to the far side of the bridge and go over, into the water. A moment of invisible yet fathomless panic. Looking back at it, he had a vague impression of a glimpse into eternity—as though for that instant he had really died, slipping into an unsuspected crevice between the past and the future. . . . The man at the wheel was looking at him. He heard a voice, the voice of the helmsman, saying, "She don't steer," and the moment was past. He walked firmly to the side and looked down at the boat, and heard some one calling, "where is your ladder?"

And the next thing he remembered was the remark of this gentleman when he arrived on deck, "You were very cool." He had said in reply, "There is something I wish to tell you. I have sent for the captain and he has not come up. I must go and fetch him." He remembered also the dry comment, "Oh, so you are not the captain?" and the start for the cabin as Evanthis came out, buttoning her gloves, dressed for walking. He remembered that. The gentleman who had told him he was very cool, and who sat beside him now on the roof of the Sports Club, had been explaining that he came as an interpreter and was English himself, when the door opened and Evanthis appeared. He had stopped short and let his jaw drop, and his hand slowly reached up to remove his old straw hat. The others, who were in white uniforms with red fezzes on their heads, stepped back involuntarily in stupefaction at such an unexpected vision. And he, dazed by his recent experience, stood staring at her as though he were as astonished as the rest. For she came up to him in that long stride of hers that always made him feel it would be hopeless to explain to her what was meant by fear, and slipped her hand through his arm. "My husband," she



said, smiling at the men in fezzes, and she added, in their own tongue. "My father was Solari Bey, who had the House of the Cedars near the cemetery in Pera."

It was she who had been "very cool." She was wearing her black dress and the large hat, beneath whose brim her eyes glowed mysteriously, and she stood beside him dominating them all. He heard the astonished interpreter mumbling, "Oh—ah! Really! Dear me! Most unexpected pleasure! Plucky of you, permit me to say," and the men in fezzes making respectful noises in their throats as the conversation suddenly became unintelligible. He had stood silent, watching her while she spoke that bewildering jargon, the words rushing from her exquisite lips and catching fire from the flash of her eyes. There was a potent vitality in the tones of her voice that seemed to him must be irresistible to all men. She spoke and they listened with rapt attentive gaze. She commanded and they obeyed. They laughed, and bent their tall heads to listen afresh. She might have been some supernatural being, some marine goddess, come suddenly into her old dominions, and they her devout worshippers.

He heard the word "captain" and opened his mouth to speak to the interpreter.

"Is he English?" asked that gentleman. "She says he is a —well, I hardly know how to explain just what she means. . . . You had better tell this officer here. He speaks some English. Colonel Krapin? Ah, quite so. The colonel wishes me to say, he must see the captain. Perhaps, if you will allow us, we can sit down in the cabin, he says."

And when they had entered the cabin, and were seated about the table, the young Jew, who had been cowering in the pantry, was brought forth and ordered in crisp tones to descend and inform the captain.

"I knocked at the door," Evanthia told them quickly. "I said a boat is coming. I heard him move. I heard

him come to the door and then, he strike the door with all his force while I have my hand on it. The door shake *boom!* The fool is afraid for anybody to go in. Ask the boy, the young Jew. He will tell you."

The colonel studied his sword, which he had laid on the table before him, and made a remark in a low tone. He had been somewhat embarrassed by the absence of the captain. Without a captain and without the papers which would apprise them all of the exact nature of the cargo, he was at a loss.

And the young Jew had come stumbling up the stairs, his hands outspread, and in quavering tones said something which had brought the officer to his feet and grasping his sword. He had remembered that moment.

"You know," said his companion with a slight smile, "really you know, when he came up and told us the captain was leaning against the door and wouldn't let him open it—said he could see the captain's shoulder, just for a moment I thought you had been let in. Poor old Krapin was in a funk. He was sure he was in a trap. You remember he wouldn't go down. Made *me* go."

"Yes," said Mr. Spokesly steadily, "I remember. I couldn't explain because I didn't know myself. He thought I was in the plot, I suppose."

"And now he thinks you . . ." he paused and flicked his cigarette again. "H—m! Down there in that dark passage I was ready to think all sorts of funny things myself. I saw his shoulder. Extraordinary sensation running up and down my spine. I said 'Captain, you are wanted.' No answer, of course. What is one to say in a situation of that kind? I ask you. For a moment I stood with my foot in the door and him leaning against it. It reminded me of my boyhood days in London when all sorts of people used to come round to sell things and try to keep you from shutting the door. For a moment I wondered if he thought I had come off in a boat to sell him something."

He gave a short laugh and looked down with reflective eyes upon the people walking in the street between the house and the sea. His straw hat and linen suit were very old and frayed and his shoes were of canvas with rope soles. Yet he gave the impression of being very smartly attired. A gentleman. His bow tie burst forth from a frayed but spotless soft collar. A cotton handkerchief with a spotted blue border hung fashionably from his pocket. And his features had the fine tint and texture of a manila envelope.

"Absurd, of course. Yet in a case like that one doesn't know how to avoid the absurd. And finally, when I gave a smart shove, I said 'Excuse me, Captain, I really must . . .'. The shoulder disappeared and there was a most awful clatter and a thud. And then a silence. Frankly I was unable to open the door for a second, I was so upset. I half expected the thing to fly open and a crowd of people to rush out on me. That was the sensation I got from that rumpus. Imagine it!"

"Yes," said Mr. Spokesly, "I can believe you felt strange. But how was anybody to know?"

"And you still think it was an accident?" said his companion curiously.

"Yes, it was an accident," replied Mr. Spokesly steadily.

"H—m! Well, you knew him."

"I don't believe he had the pluck to do such a thing," went on Mr. Spokesly. "He hadn't the pluck of a louse, as we say. And you must remember, he was all dressed for going ashore. He had all his money on him, all his paper. He very likely had his hat on. But for some reason or other, before he could do anything and speak to anybody, he had to take some sort of pill. Small square white tablets. I've known him keep out of the way, go over the other side of the bridge and turn his back before speaking to me. I could see his hand go to his mouth as he came along the deck. I don't know for sure. Nobody will know for sure. But I know what I think myself."

"Yes? Some private trouble? That's the usual reason, isn't it?"

"He had a grudge against everybody. Thought everybody was against him. They were, but that was because he hadn't the sense to get on with them."

"Perhaps it was a woman," suggested his companion hopefully.

"Him! A woman? Do you think a woman would have anything to do with him?"

Mr. Spokesly's tone as he put this question was warm. It was a true reflection of his present state of mind. "My husband," Evanthia had said, and it was as her husband he had stepped ashore. And he was conscious of a glow of pride whenever he compared other men with himself. She was his. As for the captain, the very idea was grotesque. He stirred in his chair, moved his arm on the balustrade. He did not want to talk about the captain. The words "Perhaps it was a woman" did not, he felt, apply exactly to anyone save himself. He heard his companion reply doubtfully, as though there could be any doubt.

"Oh—well, you know, one has heard of such cases. Still, as you say, the circumstantial evidence is strong. Those tablets of his were all over the place, I remember."

"He had the medicine chest in his room," said Mr. Spokesly.

"Yes. The doctor showed me where he'd been mixing the stuff in a cup. And there was a mold for making them. So you think he had no intention of. . ."

"No intention of taking anything fatal himself," was the reply.

They rose and descended the broad staircases to the terrace facing the sea, a terrace filled with tables and chairs. Across the Gulf the lights of Cordelio began to sparkle against the intense dark blue of the land below the red blaze of the sunset. It was the hour when the Europeans of the city come out to enjoy the breeze from the Gulf, making their appearance through the great archway of the Passage Kraemer,



and sitting at little tables, to drink coffee and lemonade tintured with syrup. They were coming out now, parties of Austrians and Germans, with fattish spectacled husbands in uniforms with fezzes atop, and tall blond women in toilettes that favored bold color schemes or sharp contrasts of black and white, with small sunshades on long handles. There were Greeks and Roumanians, and here and there a quiet couple of English would sink unobtrusively into chairs in a corner. And a band was tuning up somewhere out of sight.

Mr. Spokesly plunged straight down the steps of the terrace, past a group of Austrian girls who were taking their seats at a table, and who eyed him with lively curiosity, and started toward the custom-house, his companion, whose name was Marsh, hurrying after him.

"By the way," said he. "I would like, some time, to introduce you to some of the crowd. They are really very decent. They have made things much easier for us than you might imagine. Of course, for the sake of my family and myself I kept well in with them; but quite apart from expediency of it, it has been a pleasure. You have been here nearly a week now," he went on, smiling a little, "and we have seen nothing of you."

Mr. Spokesly muttered something about being busy all day on the ship, getting the cargo out of her.

"Yes, but why not come round now? It is only just through the Passage, near Costi's. I can assure you they are a very interesting lot."

"Well, it's like this, Mr. Marsh. I'm under orders, you see. And I've got this launch now, and I'm not so sure of the engine that I want to get stuck with it after dark. I'll tell you what. I'll come to-morrow, eh?"

And to this Mr. Marsh was obliged to agree. Mr. Spokesly dived into the custom-house and made for the water-side where a number of gasoline launches were tied up. It was one of these which, on account of the gasoline in the cargo of the *Kalkis*, he had been able to get for

his own use. He had had long struggles with the engine, towing it out with him to the ship and working on it while the men loaded the barges. Now it was in pretty good shape; he understood it well enough to anticipate most of the troubles. He got down into it now and took off his coat to start the engine.

It was not that he did not appreciate the offer of his friend. The crowd alluded to were well enough no doubt—clerks and subordinate officials who had gradually formed a sort of international coterie who met in a wing of one of the consulates. Indeed, one of them lived in a house not far from himself on the hillside at Bairakli. But he was in a mood just now which made him reluctant to mix with those highly sophisticated beings. He wanted to go home. As he steered his launch through the entrance of the tiny harbor and made straight across the Gulf toward the eastern end, he was thinking that for the first time in his life he had a home. And she had done it! With a cool indomitable will she had set about it. He knew he could never have achieved this felicity by himself. She had held out her hand for money and he had handed it over to her. If she had not watched he would not have had nearly so much, she told him, and he believed her. That was the key to his mood.

He crouched in the stern of his boat and kept his eyes upon the house, a white spot against the steep brown slope of mountain. That house, rented from a poverty-stricken Greek who had left most of the furniture, and an old woman who had lived all her life in the village, as servant, represented for Mr. Spokesly his entire visible and comprehensible future. This was another key to his mood. It was as though he had suddenly cashed in on all his available resources of happiness, hypothecating them for the immediate and attainable yet romantic present. By some fluke of fortune he could see that he actually held within his grasp all that men toil and struggle for in this world, all that they desire in





*Drawn by Harvey Dunn*

SHE MUTTERED BETWEEN HER CLENCHED TEETH, "MON DIEU! JE DÉTESTE LES HOMMES!"



youth, all that they remember in age. But he had no certainty of the permanence of all this, and he lived in a kind of anxious ecstasy, watching Evanthia each day with eager hungry eyes, waiting with a sort of incredulous astonishment for the first shadow to cross the dark mirror of their lives.

As it must, he told himself. This could not last forever. And sometimes he found himself trying to imagine how it would end. To-night he was preoccupied with the discovery that each day, as the end approached, he was dreading it more and more. He had tried to explain this to her as they walked in the garden under the cypresses and looked across the dark waters of the Gulf, and she had smiled and said, "Ah, yes!" She was still a mystery to him, and that was another grief, since he did not yet suspect that the mystery of a woman is simply a screen with nothing behind it. She smiled in her alluring inscrutable way and he held her desperately to him, wondering in what form the fate of their separation would appear.

And when he saw that she had not come down to the jetty to meet him, as she had done on previous nights, he instantly accepted her absence as a signal of change. Yet at the back of his mind there burned a thin bright flame of intelligence that told him the truth. Evanthia had that supreme virtue of the courageous—her dissimulation was neither clumsy nor cruel. It was as much a part of her as was her skin, her hair, her amber eyes. He knew in his heart this was so and made of it a rack on which he tortured himself with thoughts of her fidelity. Each day the difference between this experience and the shallow clap-trap intrigues he had known became more marked to him. The thought of her out there, hidden away from other men, with her delicious graces of body and lucidity of mind, for him alone, was almost too poignant for him. As he came alongside the little staging, and made fast, he returned again to the foreboding thought of the day. There would

come an end. And beyond the end of this he could see nothing but darkness, nothing save an aching void.

Nevertheless, as he came up from the jetty and stood for a moment in the road which followed the curve of the shore, and listened to the sounds of the village that nestled in the valley like a few grains of light in a great bowl of darkness, he was conscious of something which he could not successfully analyze or separate from his tumultuous emotions. He put it to himself, crudely enough, when he muttered, "I shall have to take a hand." He was discovering himself in the act of submitting once more to outside authority. Looking back over his life, he saw that as his hitherto invincible habit of mind. He saw himself turning round to call the captain. And now he was the captain. And Evanthia's enigmatic gaze was perhaps the expression of her curiosity. She was, above all things in the world, stimulating. He found himself invigorated to an extraordinary degree by his intimacy with that resourceful, courageous, and lovable being, who would never speak of the future, waving it away with a flick of her adorable hand and looking at him for an instant with an intent, unfathomable stare. And as he started to climb the hillside, setting the loose stones rolling in the gullies and rousing a dog to give forth a series of deep ringing notes like a distant gong, he saw that the initiative rested with himself. He would have to take a hand. It would not do for him to imagine they could remain like this in almost idyllic felicity. The ship would be unloaded in a week or so and nothing would remain but to let the water into her after-hold and sink her, according to the commandant's orders, in the fairway. But he could not let himself sink back into a slothful obscurity. He had no interior resources beyond his almost desperate passion for this girl who seemed to accept him as an inevitable yet transient factor in her destiny, a girl who conveyed to him in subtle nuances a chaotic impression of sturdy fidelity and

bizarre adventurousness. That was one of the secrets of her personality—the maintenance of their relations upon a plane above the filth and languor of the flesh, yet unsupported by the conventional props of tradition and honor. For she had so just a knowledge of the functions and possibilities of love in human life that he could never presume upon the absence of those props. It amazed him beyond his available powers of expression, that in giving him herself she gave more than he had ever imagined. She had given him an enormously expanded comprehension of character, an insight into the secrets of his own heart. And it was, perhaps, this new knowledge of what he himself might do, that was impelling him to “take a hand.” When he reached the gate set in the wall of the garden, he had decided to take a hand at once. He had a plan.

And it would have been a valuable experience for him, advancing him some distance in spiritual development, had he been able to see clearly and understandingly into her alert and shrewdly logical mind when he told her his plan. For she saw through it in a flash. It was romantic, it was risky, it was for himself. It might easily be for her ultimate good, yet she saw he was not thinking of that at all. And because he was romantic, because he visualized their departure as a flight into a fresh paradise, they two alone, she turned to him with one of her ineffably gracious gestures, and loved him perhaps more sincerely than ever before. It was this romantic streak in the dull fabric of his personality which had attracted her, even if she had not perceived the emotional repose that same dullness afforded her. It was like being in a calm harbor at anchor compared with that other adventure, which had been a voyage through storms and whirlpools, a voyage that would inevitably end in shipwreck and stranding for her anyhow.

“I could do it,” he was saying. “They don’t know about it, but that boat is the fastest they’ve got in the harbor

and, with luck, it would be easy to get away.”

“To where?” she whispered, looking out into the fragrant gloom of the high-walled garden below them.

“Anywhere,” he exclaimed. “Once outside, we’d be picked up. Or we could go to Phytos, and get home from there.”

“Home?”

“Yes, home. England. I want you to come with me, stay with me, for good. I can’t—I can’t do without you. I’ve been thinking every day, every night. There’s nobody else now.”

She shot a glance at him. He was leaning forward in his chair, his eyes fixed on the floor thinking, in a warm tumult of desire, of the adventure. He saw the boat bounding through the fresh green wave-tops into the deeper blue of the Ægean, he steering, with his arm around her form which would be enfolded in that same big coat, making a dash for freedom.

And as she patted his arm gently, she knew he was not thinking of her save as a protagonist in a romantic episode. For to ask her to go to England was, from her point of view, the reverse of a dash for freedom. In her clear, cold, limited mentality, equipped only with casual and fragmentary tales told by the ignorant or the prejudiced products of mid-European culture, England was the home of debased ideals and gloomy prisons, of iron-hard creeds, and a grasping cunning avarice. Her mercenaries were devoted to the conquest and destruction of all that made life beautiful and gay. Out of her cold wet fogs her legions came to despoil the fair places of the earth. And his fidelity, his avowed abandonment of the sentiments of the past, inspired her more with wonder and delight than a reciprocal passion. For she was under no illusions as to her own destiny. She, too, knew this would not last for ever. Her quick mind took in all the fantastic possibilities of his plan, and she perceived immediately the necessity of giving her consent. He must be kept in this mood of exalted happiness. Intuitively, she knew that she herself fed on that mood,



in which he rose superior to the normal level of his days. And in spite of her dismay at the mere thought of going out again upon the sea, leaving everything she understood and loved, leaving a land of whose spirit and atmosphere she was a part, she asked him when he wanted to go.

"Not yet," he replied, still gazing at the ground and she looked at him with amazement. She could hardly repress an exclamation at his credulity. He actually believed she would go.

"And we shall take all our money?" she suggested.

"Yes, of course," he agreed absently. It was part of his happiness to put everything in her hands. There was for him a supremely sensuous delight in the words, "It is all for you. Take it. Without you, it is of no use to me." He was unable to imagine a more complete surrender, nor could he believe that a woman would accept it save at the price of integrity. Evanthia was like that. Money was never her preoccupation, but she never forgot it. She had none of the futilities of book education filling her mind like dusty and useless furniture, so that her consciousness of money was as clear and sharp as her consciousness of food or pain. And a sudden perception of his faith in her, his profound absorption in his own romantic illusions, struck her to a puzzled silence, which he took for assent and sympathy. She looked away from him and out across the sea. It was too easy.

"Evanthia," he whispered, and she turned her full, direct, untroubled gaze upon him with a swift and characteristic movement of the chin.

"I love you," he muttered and touched her arm with his lips in a gesture of adoration. She looked at him with glowing amber eyes. Sometimes he almost terrified her with the violence of his passionate abnegation. She had never seen anything like it before. He became gloomy with love, she noted; and her quick wit transfused the thought into a presentiment. She would break the spell of his infatuation with a quick

movement and lure him back to earth with a smile. She laughed now as he touched her.

"Tell me," he said, "you wish to come to England with me?"

"Ah yes!" she sighed sweetly, nestling against him. "You an' me in England."

"Some time next week I'll be ready," he said. "You must get plenty of food for the boat. And the money. Bring that."

She sat leaning against him, his arms about her, but at these words she stared past him into the darkness of the room thinking quickly. Next week!

"I am getting the engineer to make me a silencer, the boat makes so much noise," he explained.

"I understand," she murmured absently, slipping out of his arms. She must send into the town, she thought. Amos must go.

"To-morrow," he went on, "I go to the Club in the Austrian Consulate. Mr. Marsh asked me to go. I may be a little late. You won't mind."

She turned upon him in the darkness where she was feeling for the lamp, and gave him a blank stare. He never saw it; and if he had he would never have been able to understand that at that moment she could have killed him for his stupidity. He sat in silence wondering a little, and then the emotion had passed and she gave her delicious throaty chuckle.

"Ah, no, *mein lieber*, I do not mind."

"Why do you sometimes call me your *lieber*?" he asked playfully, "Is it a pet name?"

The lamp was alight and he saw her eyes smouldering as she raised them from the flame she was adjusting.

"Yes, *lieber* means love," she said gravely.

"You are not sorry we did not go to Athens?" he asked, smiling.

"To Athens . . ." her face for a moment was blank, so completely had she forgotten the ruse she had employed in Salonika . . . "ah, I understand.

Athens? No!" She turned the lamp up and began to set the table for supper.

This was the hour that appealed to him more than anything in their life. To see her moving about in a loose cotton frock, her bare feet thrust into Turkish slippers, to follow the line of her vigorous supple body beneath the thin material, and the expert rapidity of her hands as she prepared the simple meal of stew and young figs in syrup, red wine and coffee with candied dates, was sheer ecstasy for him. He would sit in the dusk by the window, sprawling in his chair, his head sunk on his breast, breathing heavily as he devoured every motion with his eyes. It never occurred to him to wonder what she was thinking about as she worked, with her eyes cast down toward the white table or turning toward the door to call in musical plangent accents to the old woman in the kitchen below. She was an object of love, and for him had no existence outside of his emotional necessities. He asked in lazy contentment if she regretted Athens. Her eyes, declined upon the table, were inscrutable as she reflected that the young Jew was even then in the city finding out for her whether any officers had arrived from Aidin.

"We'll have a house like this in England," he remarked, smiling, "and you will forget all about Salonika, eh?"

He would expect this, of course, she thought. It was the duty of a woman selected by a romantic to forget everything in the world except himself. She was thinking of Salonika even as she smiled into his eyes and nodded.

There was a noise below. The iron gate banged. Evanthia, her finger to her lips, her eyes shining like stars, came to the window and leaned over.

"Art thou come back?" she called in Greek. And the voice of the young Jew replied,

"Here I am, Madama. I am returned from the city."

"Any news of the Franks at Aidin?" she asked, smiling at Mr. Spokesly where he sat in silent admiration.

"They are here, Madama. Three, one of them the man you described to me, young and full of laughter."

"Aiee! A good servant thou art. I will keep thee always." She turned to her lover.

"Ah, yes!" she sighed. "A house like this in England. And I have forgot Salonika now. Supper is ready, *mein lieber*."

## XVI

YEARS afterward, when Mr. Spokesly, a cool and established person in authority in a far distant territory, would turn his thoughts back occasionally to the great period of his life, he would wonder how long it might have lasted had he not gone into the city that calm evening, had he never met that gay and irrepressible young man. There was no bitterness in his reflection. He saw, in that future time, how far removed from the firm shores of reality he and Evanthia had been floating, his romantic exaltation supporting them both while she watched him with a suspicion of amazement in her unfathomable amber eyes.

For there was a point in that period in the white stone house on the mountainside, high above the village in the quiet valley, when Evanthia herself wondered what was going to happen. She trembled for a while upon the verge of acceptance and surrender. They would go, she submitting to his command, and take that chance together which he was forever picturing in his mind as a rush for freedom and ultimate happiness. Almost she lost that poise of spirit which enabled her to mystify and subjugate him. Almost she succumbed to the genius and beauty of the place, to the intensity of his emotions and the romantic possibilities of the future he desired to evoke. For one brief moment, so swiftly obliterated that he was hardly aware of it before it was gone, she saw herself united to him, thinking his thoughts, breathing his hopes, facing with her own high courage the terrors of



life in an unknown-land, for ever. He remembered it (and so did she) for many years, that one ineffable flash of supreme happiness when their spirits joined.

They had been down the steep hillside and across the Cordelio road to the shore where there stood a blue bath house built out over the water. As they had scrambled and slid among the shingle and loose boulders, the upper reaches of the mountains touched to glowing bronze by the setting sun while they were in a kind of golden twilight, there came a call from the next house and they saw a white figure at the heavy iron gate in the garden wall. And by the time they were among the houses of the village and stared at by the shy, silent housewives who were gathered about the great stone troughs of the wash house, they were joined by Esther, Evanthia's friend. And together the three of them, with towels and bathing suits, went down to the blue bath house as the sparse lights of the city began to sparkle across the water.

Mr. Spokesly liked Esther. She traversed every one of his preconceived notions of a Jewess and of a Russian, yet she was both. She had come down from Pera with her Armenian husband, a tall thin dark man with a resounding and cavernous nose, who held a position in what he called the Public Debt. He had come over with her one evening and paid an extremely formal call, presenting his card, which bore the words "Public Debt" in one corner below his polysyllabic name. Mr. Spokesly liked Esther. She was a vigorous, well-knit woman of thirty, with an animated good-humored face and capable limbs. He liked her because she was a strong advocate of his. He heard her muttering away to Evanthia in a husky undertone and he was perfectly well aware that she was taking his part and proving to Evanthia that she would be a fool if she did not stay by him. She would talk to him alone, too, and repeat what she had said.

"You take her away," she urged. "Soon as you can. Me and my 'usban',

we go to Buenos Aires soon as we can. This place no good."

"I want her to," he said. "She says yes, too."

"She say yes? She say anything. She like to fool you. I know. I tell her — 'you stay wis your 'usban'.' Englishmen good 'usban's, eh?"

"Esther, tell me something. You think, when I say, 'come,' she'll come with me? You think so?"

For an instant Esther's firmly modeled and sensible features assumed an expression inexplicable to the serious man watching them. For an instant she was on the verge of telling him the truth. But Esther was empirically aware of the importance of moods in the development of truth; and she said with great heartiness, "I am tellin' you, yes! She come. I make her! But how you get away from here? You gotta wait till the war finish. And where go? Germany?"

"What for?" he had demanded with tremendous astonishment.

Esther looked at him then with some curiosity. She had all the news from Constantinople and in the light of that news it seemed incredible to her that anyone should doubt the triumph of the Central Powers. There would be nowhere else to go, in her opinion, unless one fled to America.

"Home, of course," he had said, and of a sudden had experienced an almost physical sickness of longing for the humid foggy land in the Northern Sea, the land of dark green headlands showing chalk-white below, of hedges like thick black ropes on the landscape with sunken roads between, of little towns of gray and black stone with the dark red roofs and stumpy spires against the sky of clouds like heaps of comfortable cushions. He had been amazed at her cool suggestion that they go to Germany, and she had been amazed at him. For she had all the news from Constantinople, news that told her that the British fleets were at the bottom of the sea, that the millions in England were starving, the King fled to America, and the great

Kaiser in his palace in Berlin was setting out on his triumphal march to London to be crowned Czar of Europe. And why then should he not go to Germany? That was what she would do. She looked at him curiously as he said "Home!" not understanding, of course, the meaning of the word. She had a house, but the subtle implications of the word, the word saturated with a thousand years of local traditions and sympathies, the word that is the invisible center of our world, she did not comprehend. For her, patriotism was a dim and unfamiliar perplexity. She had no abstract ideas at all. She could not read very well. She personified the things in her heart. To her, they were men as real as her husband and Mr. Spokesly himself. Husband, house, money, sun, moon, sea and earth—on these concrete manifestations of existence she based an uncurious philosophy. And it must be understood that love was very much the same.

Esther had none of Evanthia's untutored theatricality. She never saw herself as the Queen of Sheba or the mistress of a king. She had had a pretty hard life of it in Odessa as a child, and when she was fifteen she began to divide men into two main classes, the generous and the stingy. It never entered her head she could live without being dependent upon men. And then she made a fresh discovery, that generous men were often foolish and spent their money on women who were monsters of infidelity. Esther was faithful. Even when she was left with a baby and no money, when she was under no obligation to treat men with consideration, she remained one of those who keep their word out of an allegiance to some obscure instinct for probity.

And now she was married to her Armenian, a serious creature with vague longings after western ideas or what he imagined were western ideas. She was conscious of both love and happiness as tangible facets of her existence. She had hold of them, and in her strong capable hands she turned them to good account.

She liked Evanthia because she had that ineluctable quality of transfiguring an act into a grandiose gesture. When Esther's little boy came on Sunday to visit his mother it was Evanthia who swooped upon him, crushed him to her bosom with an exquisitely dramatic gesture of motherhood, stroked his sleek dark head and smooth little face, and forgot all about him an hour later. Esther never did that. When she looked at her son she seemed to see through the past into the future. Her kind capable face was grave and abstracted as she watched him. She seemed to be apprehensive of their security. Her husband did not dislike the child. But if they could only get to Buenos Aires!

She came with them now and soon they were in the water racing to the end of the jetty and diving into the flickering green transparency toward the white sand bottom. He watched the two of them sometimes, while he sat on the jetty and they tried to pull each other under, noting the differences of their characters and bodies. Esther was something beyond his past experience. She had the sturdy muscular form of a strong youth and the husky voice of a man. As she climbed up toward him, the water glistening on the smooth sinewy arms and legs, and as she shook the drops from her eyes with a boyish energy and seating herself beside him accepted a cigarette, he was conscious of that delicious sensuous emotion with which a man regards the friend of his beloved without invalidating for a moment his own authentic fidelity. His love for one woman reveals to him the essential beauty of all women. And it was characteristic of Evanthia to swim back to the bath house steps and go in to dress, leaving them there to talk for a moment.

"Say, Esther, where does your husband go every night? Why don't he come home and eat early?"

"He go to some club," she said, blowing a jet of smoke upward. "He very fond of his club. He read plenty book, my 'usban'."



"What sort of books?"

"I don't know. Politics, science, philosophy. You go to that club, too. Your friend the Englishman, him with Armenian wife, he go there."

"I know he does. I was thinkin' about it. But it's a long way out here at night."

Esther laughed, a low husky chuckle as she rose, flung away the cigarette and ran back to the bath house.

"Oh, ho! You love Evanthia too much!" she flung over her firm vigorous shoulder.

He knew by now that she meant "very much"; and as he followed her he agreed she was right. He had reached that stage when the past and the future were both obliterated by the intense vitality of existence. Only the never-ending desire to get her away into his own environment, to see her against a familiar background, held him to the plan he had worked out to get away. And it was the source of much of his irony in later, more prosperous years that he had come to see how essentially egotism and male vanity that never-ending desire happened to be. He saw the sharp cleavage, as one sees a fault in a range of cliffs at a distance, between his love and his pride. He saw that the fear in his heart was for himself all the time, lest he should not come out of the adventure with his pride entire.

But that evening he was absorbed in his emotions, saturated with the rich and colored shadows of the valley, the tremendous loom of the mountains and the vast obscurity of the sea. And as they crossed the road he put his hand on her shoulder while Esther moved on ahead in the dusk to prepare the evening meal. And they stood for a moment in the road, facing the huge lift of the earth toward the great golden stars, silent in the oncoming darkness. They heard the deep booming bark of a watchdog far up the valley, a sound like the clang of metal plates on earthen floors. She looked at him with a characteristic quick turn of the head, her body poised as though for flight.

"Promise you will come," he said

thickly, holding to her tightly as though she were the stronger. "Can't you understand? I *must* go, and I can't go without you, leave you here. Promise!"

She watched him steadily as he said this, her eyes bright in the dusk and charged with that enigmatic expression of waiting and of knowledge beyond his imagining. It almost took her breath away at times, this consciousness of events of which he knew nothing. He wanted her to go with him to that terrible, distant land where already the multitudes, starved out by the victorious Germans, were devouring their own children, even carrying their dead back in ships. . . . And he did not know.

"Promise!" he muttered, straining her to him. She looked up the dim dusty road, along which weary hearts had wandered for so many centuries, and a sudden wave of pity for him swept over her. She saw him for a moment as a pathetic and solitary being trembling upon the brink of a tragic destiny, a being who had come up out of the sea to do her bidding and who would sail out again into the chaos of tempests and war, and vanish. And it was her sudden perception of this dramatic quality in their relations, that brought about the brief passionate tenderness. It was her way, to give men at the very last a perfect memory of her, to carry with them into the shadows.

"Yes," she said gently, and her strong and vigorous body relaxed against his as he held her close. "How could you leave me here, alone? *Mon Dieu!* We will go!"

And for a moment she meant it. She meant to go. She saw herself, not in England it is true, but as the central figure in a gorgeous pageant of fidelity, a tragic queen following a beggar man into captivity in a strange land of her own bizarre imagining. They stood in the road for a while, he staring at the stars rising over the dark summits and she looking up the road into the dusk at a mysterious drama playing away in the brightness of the future. And then the moment was past, and neither of them

comprehended just then how far their thoughts had gone asunder.

And she was sincere in that exclamation, when she asked how he could leave her there alone? For she was alone. The young Jew trotted to and from the town, bearing fragments of news like a faithful dog carrying things in his mouth, but he had given her nothing as yet that constituted certainty. She trembled within the circle of the arm that held her as she suddenly saw herself—alone. She must keep him there yet a little longer. And as they climbed up the gully and reached the iron gate in the garden wall, the tears started to her eyes. He saw them in the light of the lamp in the kitchen and kissed her with a fresh access of emotion. He did not imagine the cause of them. She stared at him through their brightness and smiled, her bosom heaving. She knew he would never realize they were tears of anger, and were evoked by the perception of the helplessness of women in a world of predatory men.

But above and beyond this terrible abstract indignation she found herself regarding him at intervals with smoldering eyes because of a certain subtle complacency in his manner. She could not know that this was the habit of years, or that men of his race are invariably complacent in the presence of their women. She could not conceive him in any role in which he had the right to be complacent. Yet he combined it with a tender humility that was very sweet to her in her situation out there on the hillside, playing for a hazardous stake. It was then she would look at him in stupefaction, wondering if she were going mad, and she afterward would take the young Jew by the hair, dragging his head this way and that, and mutter between her clenched teeth "*Mon Dieu! Je déteste les hommes!*" And he, poor youth, would assume an expression of pallid horror, for he had no idea what she was talking about, and imagined he had failed to carry out some of her imperious commands.

"O Madama, what has thy servant done to deserve this?" he would whimper, less certain than ever of the solidity of his fortunes. And she would look at him, her hand dropping to her side as she gave a little laugh.

"Did I hurt you?" she would chuckle, and he would explain that she had not. "But when Madama speaks in that strange tongue her servant is afraid he has not done his errand in the town as she desires."

"Tck! Go every day. You will find him soon."

"If Madama gave me a letter . . ."

"And some great fool of an Osmanli soldier would go through thy pockets, and lock thee up in the jail on Mount Pagos with all the other Jews. And who would write the letter? You? Can you write?"

"Very little, Madama," he muttered, trembling.

"And I cannot write at all, though I don't tell anybody. I could never learn. I read, yes; the large words in the cinemas; but not letters. Let us forget that. You have the picture?"

"Ah Madama, it is next my heart!"

He would bring it out, unfolding a fragment of paper, and show her a photograph about as large as a stamp, and she would glower at it for a moment.

"You are sure he is not at the Hotel Kraemer?"

"Madam, one of the maids there is of my own people, the Eskenazi, and she has assured me there is no one like the picture there. But the general will arrive in a day or two. Perhaps he is a general, Madama?" he hinted.

"He? Not even a little one! Ha—ha!" she chuckled again. "The dear fool! But hear me. He may be with the general. He may be what they call an aide. He may . . ." She broke off, staring hard at the youth, suddenly remembering that he might not come at all. "Go!" she ordered absently, "find him and thy fortune is made."

(To be continued)



## DENMARK: A MODEL MONARCHY

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

UNTIL last year the word Denmark meant nothing tangible to me. I was told that it was a small country, neat and flat. I heard of its high schools, its butter and bacon. I gathered it was agricultural, co-operative, prosperous and democratic. But words like these are holes in the net of imagination. They permit one's vision to run away. It was not until I saw the country itself, fixed its image in my gaze, that the word became a personality.

My wife and I went to Denmark for five weeks. My wife is a Dane and I am an Irishman transplanted to America, with English as my only language. This, as I soon discovered, made me a linguistic dependent. During those five weeks I was for the most part trotting at my wife's verbal heels. Occasionally she flung me a bone of English to keep me from troubling her, but as a rule I stood on one foot and then the other, listening in hopeless vacuity while she and her fellow-Danes galloped through endless conversations. I pleaded for a translation now and then, pleaded with my eyes and begged in short sharp barks of matrimonial reproach. It wasn't much use. A woman just returned to her native country after fifteen years' absence—and silence—has a good deal to say. But after a month or so I began to pick up a little Danish on my own account. Once I was lost in a small town and worked my way back on six words and the sign language. Toward the end I used to go shopping in Copenhagen with a sublime faith in the ultimate intelligibility of shouting. Yet, in spite of this gross ignorance of the Danish language which hampered me at every turn, in spite of the extreme anxiety of Danes everywhere to strop their English on me,

I managed to acquire a few simple impressions which even to the dumb are not denied.

Denmark is racially homogeneous. This is the first obvious fact which strikes the casual visitor. When you go to Cook's in Copenhagen you see foreigners, of course. They slope in from the Angleterre at the other corner, where the men of fortune and the soldiers of fortune sit out on the sidewalk and eat and drink and stare. At Cook's you hear a good deal of English and American and Swedish and French and Russian. In the south of Denmark you hear much German. You see shopkeepers who have become Danes since the Slesvig plebiscite and who keep a Danish grammar handy on the counter. But outside Copenhagen, and not considering the thousands of Austrian children whom the good-hearted Danes have welcomed in the last few years, it may be said that the most indomitable impression one receives in Denmark is of a people unmixed in stock and blood. This, I suppose, is not scientifically very important. We are told that a "pure" stock is a biological fantasy, that in Germany and France and England and Scotland and Ireland there is substantially no difference in the range of skull measurements and the external physical characters that go to make up "race." So it may be, but in a land like Denmark that has no regular immigrants except a few Polish agricultural laborers, the effect of homogeneity is unmistakable.

It strikes the person who has come from New York, or even London, like passing from a room of variegated and multicolored decoration into a room where everything is in one key. I noticed



A DANISH FARM IN IDYLIC SURROUNDINGS

in the artshops in Copenhagen many paintings of a certain mild charm and distinction, representing in one case perhaps a mirrored wall with a console table under the mirror, or in another case a French window, with the sunlight tracing the window on a waxed floor, and the white curtains by the window crisp and fresh in the sunlight. The unity of Denmark's racial composition gave me the same feeling of clarity and repose as these *intérieurs*. There was diversity of feature and of coloring, but there was unity in the diversity; and sometimes, when we went to hear a choir singing in the open air, or when we observed the rows of pretty young flower maidens who stood waiting to greet the King in Slesvig during the Reunion festivities, I could not help being fascinated by the blondness of these Nordic blondes. They had not that snow-pure whiteness of complexion which one sees in Swedish women, a whiteness which is brought to an æthereal perfection by the faintest

glow of delicate pink. But without quite so ravishing a rarity, one beheld in these Danes, men and women, a fairness which seemed almost a symbol or representation of the second great obviousness in Denmark—its air of sanity, of soundness, of health.

One July day in Copenhagen, after we had roamed through the streets and parks with a willing cicerone, I said to him, "Where are your slums?" He answered, "We came through one of them an hour ago." I recollected some high, spare houses where we had met a shabby elderly man who looked at us with an acid expression, and where we had seen a dingy bookshop with cheap tobacco and smutty Parisian postcards in the window.

"But," I asked, "where were the babies and the cabbage stalks and the dead cat?"

He was bewildered. He had shown us the seamy side of Copenhagen and he thought we had shared his shame.

In Copenhagen, it is literally so, there



are no slums. There is a working district, and there are streets of dingy uniform cottages, and in one place we came on a huge cheap restaurant that had something of the air of a soup-kitchen. But in this serene and gracious city there was no sore of poverty to hurt the heart or offend the eye. On the other hand, there was no lavish wealth, no effulgence, no magnificence. After London, wrapped in grandeur—often soiled grandeur—this was a tame city. But the tameness seemed to me its charm.

We stayed at an old hotel, the Kongen of Danmark. It had been a famous hotel in its time, with its tiny electric elevator and its great porcelain bathtubs. Having a bath was still something of a ceremony, with two feet of water in the seven-foot tub, and a towel big enough for a grand duke, and a maid to summon one to the bath who looked like the goddess Juno. But the real charm came from the flagged courtyard down below, which remained from the age of carriages and horses. It was noisy. It echoed to songs and laughter and glad informal servant-meals and dances and jokes. But even if the traveling violin-player came there just as one wanted half an hour's sleep, the mirth that greeted him was worth hearing, and one felt indulgent in such an obliging, personal hotel. There was a waiters' strike, indeed, and the boys of fourteen and fifteen had been suddenly promoted to waiters, which made them solemn beyond imagining, but during the strike and after it one found a readiness to help that was out of all relation to tips. It was the same at the big department stores, where, of course, the tip is unheard of, and the same at the railway station, where the tip is fixed.

These amenities underlie one's pleasure in a city, but Copenhagen in itself could hardly fail to please. I leave aside the incomparable excellence of the restaurants, so much cheaper and so much fresher than anything we had met elsewhere, and I leave aside the hunt

for pottery and porcelain and bits of silver and fabric and furniture which always seems to me delectable, immoral and irresistible. (There was an old drop-leaf table for forty dollars, and a carved chest for sixty, that I would have stolen money to buy, and couldn't). Apart from these enjoyments of the city as it operates for the visitor, there is the organic reality of the city itself. It is this that one dwells on in happiness and despair.

Copenhagen, I am told, is not nearly so beautiful as Stockholm, and in no sense so romantic or thrilling as the richly-toned cities of Italy and Spain. Perhaps not. But when I think of its spaciousness, its clearness, its sedate yet insinuating playfulness, I feel its delight renewed. You come toward the unfinished Parliament buildings from the Kongen of Danmark, and then turn to the right. On one hand you have the comfortable red of the long low Bourse, with its pungent green copper roof, and its gay spire of twisted dragons' tails. And, in its foreground, trees shaking out their summer foliage, and the masts of the anchored schoolship in the canal that runs parallel. Straight ahead there is the cool gray of the Parliament buildings, with a tinge of violet in the stone, and an amusing tower which culminates in a crown. To the right, as you stroll along, you come on a branch of the canal packed with fishing boats, and out on the sidewalk the nipping ladies with their platters and baskets of red and green and silver fish. In the daytime it is just as busy as the glowing flower market around the corner, but in the evening these wide cobbled streets are deserted, and then one perceives the old houses that face them—houses as chaste in line, as fine in feeling, as delicate in color, as anything to be seen in New England. And as one wanders around one comes upon adaptations of the Renaissance which make the age of billboards and elevateds seem like a tragic nightmare.

It isn't merely a matter of restraint

and poise. The new City Hall is frankly red and gold and green, with audacious ornamentation of many kinds. The spires of all the churches are lively or frivolous, in keeping with the vivid roofs. It is rather a sort of municipal architectural consciousness and tact, as if each building said to every other building, "By your leave!" The tower of the Palads hotel defers architecturally to the tower of the City Hall. The railway station chimes in. And when it comes to the royal residences, where human intrusion is so little feared that there are no challenging sentries, one discovers that space, which is so essential to dignity, has been exquisitely granted and preserved. In the same spirit, the great old trees that surround a former royal residence have been kept free and untouched, and the residence itself has been given to the people, so that the elegance which was once exclusive and enslaving is now an actual possession of the liberated many. These liberated many take it quite calmly as their own.

In Rosenborg, as in their famous popular summer-garden of Tivoli, the Copenhageners are at their ease.

The easiness of Tivoli is really worth noting. To enter this amusement park, which is in the heart of the city, costs about a nickel. It is frequented by every class and condition of resident and visitor, foreigner and Dane. But instead of strident penny-grabbing amusements and exploitative "concessions," there is a host's conception that everything should divert and entertain. An open-air pantomime is free. So is open-air vaudeville. So is an open-air band concert, and an orchestra concert in a half-open hall. The best restaurants in Copenhagen surround this park, and when one has finished lunch or dinner one may hear Beethoven or Strauss—for nothing. A moderate-priced theater is also inside the park enclosure, and to one side is to be found the Coney Island of Copenhagen, with its invitation to gorgeously uniformed young soldiers, its loop-the-loops and carrousel and grotes-



"GAMMELSTRAND," COPENHAGEN, WHERE A DAILY FISH MARKET IS HELD



queries and dance hall. In the dance hall, which was jammed with tightly wedged couples, I happened to see a fight. It surprised me, somehow, in the humane atmosphere of Tivoli. But the five policemen who stopped it with their bare hands were entirely in character. They were a little fat, a little pompous and hopelessly without a friend. It was clearly not a Prohibition crowd that jeered at them. But neither was it a crowd from the grim, hard-drinking gnarled Scandinavian past.

That past, from which Denmark has come through many vicissitudes, was brought home to us in much of its earth-bound reality when we went to the open-air Folk Museum, situated in a suburb. There, in the fields occupied by the Museum, we saw actual folk-dwellings transplanted to this historical collection not only from the mainland of Denmark but from bleak and fog-drenched island possessions. In these rooms under the thatched roofs we examined the furniture, the kitchen utensils, the crockery, the set-in beds, which had been typical in Denmark for centuries. There was no great range of fancy in the folk-decorations, no great outburst of creativeness amid the harsh circumstance of tending cattle and tilling the soil. But there was visible a perfecting acquisition of grace and refinement, of higher privacy and ampler ease. And later on, when we actually went into the country and stayed on the land, we even better understood the victories in civilization of which this ethnological museum is a monument.

It is, above all, a folk-country. In the Royal Library in Copenhagen we went with Herr Ellekilde to his card catalogue room in the folklore section, and there we learned—my wife through Danish and I simply through my eyes—the nearness of those folk who have made this country what it is. The intelligent Danes have not left folklore to chance. Even with the intense interest of such errant collectors as Sharp, the English have allowed their

folk songs to blow away like wild roses, and the Irish, less favorably placed, have only had Douglas Hyde and a few other devoted enthusiasts to catch the sunset of Gaelic folk fancy before it goes under the horizon. The Danish folk tales and legends have been the object of a wiser policy—a policy of organized, systematic, intensive research and report, with the results sifted and classified and edited by the experts of the Royal Library. I say I learned of this research through my eyes. Herr Ellekilde brought out the photographs of the men and women from whom material had been collected by the educators and pastors and editors who had interested themselves in this community task. For an hour, I suppose, I went through a most absorbing national portrait gallery. Here was every type of simple man and woman, taken in instinctive pose and habit. It was, in a sense, a population in review. Here was the village wit, the scamp, the raconteur, but here also the deep-minded and deep-souled man of the soil, the earth-stained and sun-seasoned worker, the man of legends and the man of dreams. It was an earlier day than this present day of co-operative creameries, milk-fat estimates, patent separators, express milk-trains and butterboats fitted up with refrigerators and turbine engines. But it was these very men and women who had peered their way through folk tales to the agricultural high schools that have emancipated Denmark. It was they who became Free Christians or “merry” Christians and stepped boldly into modernity. The present generation is, if anything, urban. It prides itself on knowing the world. But it came from the farm, and has brought the farm with it, with these shrewd and keen-eyed country folk to keep it straight.

Yet it would be clumsy to suggest that Denmark was all purpose and no temperament. That did not seem to me the case. For nearly a week we found ourselves with a group of journalists



MODERN DANISH FARMERS AND FARM GIRLS IN OLD COSTUMES

who were following the Slesvig Reunion festivities, and during that week I discovered that there is no oppressive purposefulness in the Danes. We were with, or following, the King's royal excursion boat, and we lived on board a ship that in winter served as an ice cutter and in summer as a ferry boat on the Big Belt. It was, all things considered, an admirable little vessel, but in some curious way the space usually allotted to the supply of drink and the space usually allotted to passengers had managed to get inverted, so that we had a simply stupendous quantity of liquor on board, but about twelve abounding journalists to each cabin. Of the forty men and women on board there were, I think, two teetotallers—one a tripping elderly gentleman with a perpetual smile, and myself. The memorable fact about us two was not so much our odious sobriety as our hopeless infirmity compared with the accompanying Vikings of both sexes. We, the models of virtue, would slink

off to bed about midnight, utterly fatigued, and the human syphons would not come below till two. Then, at five, when the famous reformer and myself were just beginning to relax, the jocund brethren would start to roll out all around us, looking for shaving water and their morning cigars. After the third day, I thought to myself, they'll collapse. On the third day they arranged a banquet. It began, solidly and liquidly speaking, at nine thirty, and at ten the speechmaking commenced.

These journalists, it appeared, were chiefly politician-editors with great practice in short, snappy, impromptu speeches full of neat personal allusions and ironic compliments. The turns were so funny and they looked so easy that, with the aid of a little red Conversation Book, I tried one myself. But among these highly absorbent and supremely lubricated after-dinner speakers I felt like a highschool treble trying to sing opera. About 1 A.M. they began to be mellow.



At that point a very serious young man, a Swedish student, had got the floor and was discoursing at great length on Scandinavian fraternity. Strangely enough, they were giving him a kind of warm, brooding attention such as he had never had before. Something in the idea of fraternity appealed to them almost unbearably. They applauded him with the gravest affection. Yet the next speaker's tribute to the fifteen-month-old son of our naval guide and attaché was even more successful. The party went on till two. Then a number of them went swimming. And at six, when I woke up from a broken slumber, I was almost the only man not already dressing, except for the famous reformer. Only one of the whole party let his wine get the better of him, and he proved to be somebody's wife's young brother. The regular party would have been impossible to beat.

Yet from mosaic talks in Danish-English and English-Danish I found that these provincial editors knew much

about the United States, where a number of them had traveled, and I discovered that the most fervid speeches about regaining every inch of Slesvig, Germany or no Germany, did not deprive them of general political flexibility, imagination and hard sense. They dwelt, some of them, on the political debt that Denmark owed to the principles of Woodrow Wilson sanely applied to Slesvig, and they lamented his loss of popular favor. They talked cheerfully enough about Denmark's place in the world as a small and powerless nation. It had tried imperialism long ago, they said, and had become cured. Only a special group insisted on the ignominiousness of being small and powerless, on the torpor of being merely prosperous and merely comfortable. The men in this group had fretted at not being in the war. They wanted *la gloire* and complained of Denmark because it had no mountains, only the mountains of the surrounding sea. With this, somehow, I found myself sympathizing. Every-



FISHING BOATS IN COPENHAGEN HARBOR



OLD HOUSES ON "WATCHMAN'S PLACE" IN NORTH SLESVIG

thing is not settled when the problems of the state are settled, even to the narrowing of poverty and the solution of unemployment and pensions for the sick and the old. But there was a touch of neurotic chauvinism, a touch of vain-glory, in most of this uneasiness. The older men were quite able to show that the Danish state still presented problems, even as regards syndicalism and republicanism and the humble necessity of getting England to sell coal. The word bolshevism, however, had no terrors. "If we are not proof against the propaganda of bolshevism because we are democratic," one man said to me, "then we might as well give in." Only in a small commune quite remote from Copenhagen did we find the word alarming. There our host, the local stonemason, took bolshevism much to heart.

But what can bolshevism mean in an agricultural state which, whatever its class problem in the city, has really changed land slavery into land mastery?

It opened my eyes to spend a few days in a remote rural commune. It was no fairyland, either in the quality of the earth itself or in the nature of Denmark's climate. That climate is not harsh—in July we swam in the sweetish waters of the Baltic and in the shallow shore-reaches of the Kattegat, and found it as warm as swimming in Long Island Sound. But while mild, for all its "Northern" reputation, it is not a cheerful climate in winter and the winter is long. Not nature's beneficence but man's mind and will have emancipated rural Denmark and given to it its extraordinary political and economic stabilization.

In the Parliament we had seen and heard the peasant-proprietors and the agricultural laborers. This rural commune we visited gave us some explanation of their effective presence in Parliament. The youth of agricultural Denmark are not permitted to stagnate. Whether they are male or female, the



children of farm men or house men, proprietors or tenants, they belong to a country where culture and agriculture have been brought to the people, and where the co-operative system ensures to the people the largest return on their labor. It was not for nothing that we saw rows upon rows of plows in the agricultural museum. To the Danish farmer this evolving plow is the symbol of his own evolution. But it is not an inert symbol. In the very heart of the country we went to one of those "folk" high schools where the youngsters of Denmark congregate to take short courses, the boys in winter, the girls in summer. And there we saw the actual process by which the shy, isolated country boy and country girl are initiated not only into the means by which life may be mastered, but the ends for which life is worth having. It was no mechanical, routine institution. In the lectures we attended, the games we saw played, the songs we heard sung, it was evident that Denmark still remembered the crushing defeat of 1866, out of which sprang this deep impulse to self-cultivation; and the folk high school was even still being idealized as the one

means of escape from the blind sluggishness and enslavement of farm life. In Copenhagen we were told that the high schools were goody-goody and sanctimonious. Close to the land this judgment seemed captious. We were surrounded in this particular high school by girls who had seldom before left home, who for three months were mingling together from every district, were discovering not only the texts of Danish history and general culture but the texts of one another's lives. The program was hard, the food plain, the dormitories severe. But the buildings were handsome and well equipped, the surroundings idyllic, the temper gay and earnest; and a reunion the week before of 1400 graduates, who had come galloping from all Denmark, was perhaps as real an indorsement of this popular institution as any that could be given. My own feeling was one of amazed admiration. It was these people themselves, not the state, who had built up the high schools, under the best leadership in the country. The best sculptors and painters and architects and writers and teachers had interwoven their lives with them, and the result was a kind of Archimedean



HARVESTING IN DENMARK—OLD METHODS AND NEW

social leverage on what used to be the most thwarted and ugly of human careers.

But it was not until I visited a communal home for the superannuated and a communal home for orphans and neglected children that I really believed in the humanistic success of the folk high schools. Everything in this world is relative, and I know that Denmark is not without its bitter critics, but our casual visit to these little communal institutions revealed an intelligence about common needs and exigencies which is very rare elsewhere. The big lockers for toys, for irregularities, in the boys' home, for example, warmed a heart that was still chilled from the Foundling Hospital in London. And the old peoples' home was as pleasant a projection of social sense as I have ever seen. Each old person was known to our guide by his or her first name, and they in turn were Christian and Ingeborg to the old people. There was no class distinction. Fate had decided that the old peoples' last days should be spent here, at the expense of the commune, instead of somewhere else, at their own expense. Very well. But those who took us seemed to say, "These are *our* people, and we may be here in our own time," and sympathy marked every turn of the visit. This meant more than the brisk efficiency of the co-operative creamery, where we spent another morning. But, of course, the brisk efficiency, founded on a technology which is open to all Denmark, makes the humane attitude possible. If the co-operative movement had not, of itself, raised its own standards and perfected its own methods and developed its own buying and selling in big units, Denmark would still be throwing its weaker brothers to the wolves of poverty.

The conquest of poverty as a group undertaking is the special aim of modern Denmark. One has only to study the simple matter of seed-distribution to see how use, not profit, has guided Danish agricultural policy, and eliminated a

waste that is needlessly characteristic elsewhere. The farmers of Denmark have definitely been served by their scientific experts and then by themselves as legislators. And this result, coming largely from sound education, is reflected in the general well-being of the people. The critical Dane makes a grimace. "We are butter-fat. We eat too much. We have no tragedy, no passions, no sublimity." But these words of dissatisfaction are themselves a good answer to the charge of complacency. And certainly in a Europe where poverty has bred unlimited tragedy and intolerable passion, it is well to find a group that has not waited for disaster to drive it to thinking in terms of the group.

My most vivid impression of Denmark I have kept to the last, because it compels me to expose my own gross ignorance. I had always thought of the pig as cheerfully wallowing in mud, an animal hopelessly unclean. In late years I had learned that this was not the case, that even the pig would thrive much better in a well-drained, well-ventilated shed than in the mire of the classical pigsty. But not until I saw an electric-lighted pigsty on one of the small Danish farms did I realize what could be done in the right environment. The electricity that shone on these immaculate stalls was worked from a windmill in the yard. It was only one of many similar improvements. The healthy, valuable pigs had been studied and understood and favored—why not, said I to myself, the not less valuable human being? Everywhere farmers and farm laborers are always classed as "conservative," which is a polite word for suspicious, backward, inflexible. Is it really so? Is Denmark not an answer to the contrary? I believe it is, and that is what makes it so profoundly interesting. Denmark has standardized agricultural production and socialized agricultural existence. It has given the farmer his place in the Great Society. This is what makes Denmark sane and steady in a convulsive, unhappy world.



## THE LONG ROAD

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYER

**M**R. TIMOTHY DOLE, thirty-seven, or thereabouts, who a month ago had come back to his grandfather's old, brick, village house to die, sat coughing, with a white, worn, good-looking, and frightened face over the fire. He was a town man in his appearance. His tall frame, in its velvetreen dressing gown, was not so wasted but that it still preserved considerable distinction. Sickness had not wiped from his face, straight-featured and smoothly shaven, an open, generous expression. He must once, apparently, have sparkled with a great deal of energy, gayety, and good comradeship. In his features he resembled the daub of an oil picture which hung on the right wall of the old-fashioned, walnut-furnished parlor where he sat. The daub was his grandfather. The latter, smeared on the canvas when not much more than Timothy Dole's age, for some reason or other, held a sword in his hand. Even through the cracks that had come over his varnished surface he gawked forth, a daring and high-hearted person, with a blue, jewellike glance. Mr. Dole's grandfather had died suddenly, at the age of eighty, just as he had lost the trick in a game of two-handed cards. He hadn't had time to be frightened of death.

Timothy Dole had plenty of time. It was death he was scared of, here by the hearth. His looks said he wouldn't live very long now, possibly only a few weeks or so. Dying—what a horrible performance! He wasn't brave enough to die. He didn't have a sword, and a high heart like his grandfather. His heart beat so low he was cold. Neither the blaze of the wintry logs on the andirons, nor the pale, amber sunshine of the first spring thaw,

falling athwart his chair through the windowpanes, could warm him at all. The frost of fear had touched him all over.

He had never failed in courage before, this way. People had said that Timothy Dole wasn't afraid of anything. He had not been, living out his prosperous, bachelor days, back there in town which he'd left forever behind him. It hadn't taken so awfully much sand to be brave enough to live. Life was only life; it was not death. Death—Whoosh! He was not unafraid any more. He was dreadfully afraid.

It was not because of the matter of any particular sins on his conscience that fear of death weighed him downward. He had some sins, of course, unfortunately, to remember, like the rest of humanity. He was mortally ashamed of himself in a good many ways. He had been a merry, impulsive, hot fellow once. But even before his cough had caught him up short, like a well-aimed bayonet stabbed through his back, he had tried to wipe out some episodes of life by other and better things. He was ready to take the consequences in the next world of his misdeeds in this. He hoped he would be punished as he deserved for some things. He ought to suffer for them. Why not? He had liked other and better things really, only he had not always realized it. He was glad, that, although he had not in all respects done everything he should, he had at least invariably been honest. An honest lawyer, and a town one, who had never, so to speak, cheated at the game—perhaps that would count a little in his favor when his grandfather's arm-chair was once again empty. Empty—Good Lord!

No, it wasn't the Judgment Day Timothy Dole was trembling at. He prayed as well as he knew how, which was very awkwardly indeed, that he could square his shoulders and be a man there. Surely a chap, punished, pardoned, chastened, would be permitted in another existence somewhere to go on trying to improve. He did not know whether it said that in the Bible or not. He'd never read the Bible much. But he believed in it. He believed in God, too. But he couldn't get hold of Him now. He was too frightened for that.

Coughing spasmodically under the shawl that in an invalidish fashion draped his knees, his eyes went from the insufficient glow of his sufficient fire out of the window to the yet bare-branched maples in the dooryard. Below the trees some old fools of fowls were scratching about in the flower beds. By the time the maples had leafed out, and daffodils had begun to toss their heads between the box borders, everything for him would be over.

As well as most he could resign the pleasures of living. Living had not proved all pleasure. He, like everyone else he knew, had always wanted something which he had not obtained, but what it was he wanted he did not actually know. Uncertain joys—he felt he could resign these. It was not resignation which was troubling him. The pain of any renunciatory efforts in reference to the grave had been pushed aside by fear.

Between this life, when he left it, and God, Judgment, an alien home, there must be, he had reasoned out, a gray and lonely road. There must be. He could not think that God, however merciful He was, would be waiting for him, immediately behind the grave's soundless door—like a town hotel clerk, or a village innkeeper. Far off in majesty, behind some distant, cloud-veiled mountain peak, perhaps! Meantime a long, dark way, a naked night. No town or country lights any more. No signs for his feet, a stumbling, solitarily,

through nowhere until he could find somewhere. Hours, slow and blind, succeeded by others, blind and slow. If he missed the way—and went down—

The long road, this was death. This was what Timothy Dole feared. He feared the sere shadows, the loneliness—like none other—of the way. He was afraid, when his time came, to go home, all alone, in the dark.

His eyes returned wearily to the fireplace. He took a look in the glass over it at his wan face. If ever there was a coward in the universe he recognized he was that individual. A lily-livered wretch, for sure.

Heavens! he wasn't the only one who had ever died. Those of his own race, destined to death, had gone. Kings and beggars had perished. Men—men!—whom he had known; fond, like him, of warmth and light, friends, books, talk, laughter, gossip, the pleasant juices of their meals. Women with their tender throats, their soft breasts, their peeping eyes. Most all of these, he felt, if not all, had gone bravely, with a laugh or a smile, or a steady "Good-by." Confound their courage! Confound his own lack of it! Confound everything!

Once up in town where he had lived, and had liked to live—Timothy Dole really used the country only to die in—he had seen a workingman snuffed out of existence, almost at once, by falling from the top of a telephone pole to the street. He could remember him so well. He had had a long, pale, witty, and blood-streaked countenance, shaped like a ham. Intuitively, he had guessed that death was coming to him, but he had met it by twiddling two fingers nonchalantly on one of his hands. "Oh, well, everybody's got to croak sometime," he had observed in a whisper. He had croaked then, without quailing. What a man!

Timothy Dole could have died up in town if he'd wanted to. But he didn't want to. When his physician had told him that he had neglected his cough so long that nothing could save him—he



had not been afraid of a cough—he had left his bachelor's apartment for the country right away. He did not care to have his town friends discover how desperately afraid of dying he was. He preferred to have them think of him, as they always had, as of a hero. How miserably his hands had shaken as he had packed up his town belongings, torn up his old love letters, and made his will. He had no near relatives. The grave had already claimed his father, mother, sisters, and old grandparents. He had as possible beneficiaries of his estate, on the grounds of kinship, only some cousins he had never seen, and some whom he had. He chose, critically, to benefit by bequests those of his connections whom he had never met. He had arranged that his grandfather's house, here in the village, standing just the same, furniture and all, as it always had, should remain the home, as long as they lived, of the two old people, Amos Greene and his wife, who had been taking care of it for a long time, and who were willing to take care of him as long as he lived. As long as he lived—br-r-r!

It was about the hour, now, for his two country nurses to be coming into the room with more wood for his fire and some eggnog or something. He always managed to keep up a bold, false front before them, waiving his customary straightforwardness. He did not care to have country people, any more than town, see into his chicken heart. He could have brought a nurse from town with him, but he had not wanted a trained town nurse about, a sharp, self-complacent creature in starched white. Yawning back of her hand, she would long ago have penetrated, indifferently, to the uneasy depths of his soul. She would have been far too intimately acquainted with coffin lids, not to despise him for so slenderly desiring to make the acquaintance of his own. A coffin lid—Ugh! How enormously still he would be when his was over him! With what a cold grimace of vision and of peace his face would be wreathed! With

what assurance his hands folded! In reality sightless, panting, desperate, intimidated, he would be struggling forward, he knew not where.

Mr. Timothy Dole, shivering, gave a disconsolate poke to his fire. He pricked up his ears. Footsteps were clattering down the hall toward the parlor door from the back part of the house. Pulling himself together, he began to whistle, as well as his cough would let him, a devil-may-care town tune. The day, a month ago, he had come to the great old house at the top of a frozen hill, he had spoken of his impending death to Amos Greene and Amos Greene's wife. He had laughed as he did so—a broken ha! ha!—and had shrugged his shoulders. It had been easy to deceive them as to his heroism. They did not suspect him in the least. Only yesterday he had heard them whispering outside the threshold: "My! Ain't he wonderful?" "Not a bit afraid of dyin'." La, la, la! La, la, la, la! Of course, not afraid, not a particle!

The old country pair who entered the room after knocking were both rosy and strong looking. The old man had such a bushy crop of white hair and white beard that he reminded the invalid of an ancient hawthorn tree in full bloom. The old lady, in her flowered dressing sack, woolen skirt, and clean apron, wasn't nipped by time, obviously. She had a black poll yet. Her fat cheeks creased sympathetically over him as she handed him a thick tumbler filled with a yellow froth. The two asking him how he felt, spoke to him admiringly and with the greatest respect. Clearly they were addressing manliness on the verge of the grave. The sick man averted his glance from them.

Mrs. Amos Greene stood looking about her affectionately. "I never come into this room here," she said, "but what I think of Floretty."

She had made this remark every day since Timothy Dole had come, and sometimes more than once a day. He did not know who Floretty was. He had never



encouraged the subject, nor inquired. The old lady was extremely loquacious. Given the least chance, she overflowed, like a stream swollen by perpetual rains. He was a little wary about sending her over her banks. To-day, moved by some inexplicable impulse, he took some notice of what she said.

"Floretty?" he coughed.

"Our granddaughter," she explained. "She lived out West with her father and stepmother till she was twenty-two. She took sick, then, with a cough—like yours. She didn't get any better out there. So after a while she came back here to—to stay with us. We was more like a mother to her than her father and his wife. She used to sit here in the parlor coughing, in that same chair you're in. You know you always told us, Mr. Dole, to use your grandfather's house as our own. Floretty was so fond of this room."

"I'm glad Floretty could like it," said Mr. Timothy Dole, politely.

"She was here quite awhile. 'Twas just a year after she came that she—she got well. She was twenty-three then." The old lady looked at him deeply.

"Ah, Floretty got well, did she?" the sick man put in. A wave of envy went over him.

The hawthorn tree laid the wood, which he had brought in one of his branches, down on the hearth.

Mrs. Amos Greene smoothed her apron. "Yes, she—she got well. She went away from us then. She's out the hill road a ways now. It's two years ago she left us to—to go to be with her aunt Susetta and her uncle Ben, and some of the rest of her kin. You know where the hill road turns, Mr. Dole, past that clump of cedars, and those old weeping willows?"

Timothy Dole might have known, if he'd been thinking about it, but he wasn't. He was thinking at that moment, instead, of the road—of that desolate road!—which stretched ahead of him.

"I never know how to stop talking

about Floretty when I once begin," the old lady continued. "Floretty was the best little thing! Sitting here and coughing, day after day, she never complained. She'd look out of the window there at the trees and the—"

"And the speckled hens," suggested Mr. Dole, trying to be light.

Amos Greene's wife, as cheerfully as she was speaking, was not exactly light.

"She was awful sick, believe me! Face to face with death here in this room, Floretty was. But she didn't flinch. Not once before—before her cough was gone! My, but she was brave! I never came into the room but I heard her singing a little song to herself, and saw her head held high. A heroine, that girl, all the time she was sick till she was—cured. Not afraid of—of Anything no more than you."

The invalid drank off his eggnog hastily. "Oh!" he said, in a grim tone. He thought of Floretty, sitting up stanchly where he was sitting. Floretty, to be sure, had gotten well. But she had faced death beforehand, her grandmother had just told him. She had sat here, looking toward the great darkness and, looking, her spirit had not failed. Beaten in courage by a girl, was he? He inwardly groaned.

"My, but we missed Floretty when she was gone from the house!" the old lady flowed on. "Many's the Sunday since she left we've gone out the hill road—to her. It always makes us feel brave—just to go!"

Timothy Dole stirred tiredly. He did not feel that he cared to pursue the subject of Floretty's courage. He had never since he had come caught a glimpse of a young lady about the old place. Floretty must, however, he presumed, often be back to see her grandparents, if no farther off than out the hill road.

The old pair withdrew, cheerfully erect—if he did not mind they would go out on an errand in the village, to be gone an hour, possibly a little longer. He did not mind. They would be back soon—he would not be likely to die



while they were gone! It was not being alone for a little while in the sunshiny house which held any terrors for him. Left to himself, he went on again with his trepidation. Some day, before very long, he would be obliged to leave these two good souls. The warmth of their smiles, the support of their hands would fade away from him! He drew out from under his shawl a book of sermons, bound in black and gold, which had belonged to his grandfather. Every now and then he dipped into it. He didn't really care for the sermons. But often the old book allayed his fright by putting him, as doubtless it had done his grandfather, quite soundly asleep.

To-day the pages which he opened did not have their usual soporific effect. He heard Mr. and Mrs. Amos Greene go out of the front gate. Left to the crackling of the fire, to the mysterious, almost silent, sounds which the walnut furniture and the old woodwork made, his mind stayed alert and apprehensive.

It was not long after his caretakers had gone, and long before they would return, that he heard the front door open. The doctor, he thought to himself. The country doctor—it was singular he had not heard his cart wheels—sometimes dropped in on him unexpectedly, leaving his shepherd dog in the hall. It had not been hard to deceive him about courage, either, used as he was to stout, country hearts. Only the dog, snuffling without, seemed always to do so ironically, as if she could detect a coward if her master could not. "Humph, humph, humph!" she seemed to say, every time she came.

The parlor door knob turned. Timothy raised his head.

"Ah, Doctor Thorne!" he started to say. He stopped abruptly.

The girl who stood outlined in the doorway, instead of the middle-aged, professional figure he had looked up to see, was entirely worthy the surprised scrutiny he gave her. She was very pretty, indeed; fairly tall in her thin, white dress, with hair, richly brown,

curling above a forehead broad and lovely and low. Her eyes, widely open, were like a gray, wind-swept sky. The open neck and short sleeves of her dress revealed delicate young arms, and a young, round, delicate throat. She exhaled a whiff of outside air.

Rising weakly and courteously, the sick man knew quite positively as he did so, who the young girl was.

"You must be—" he began.

A fresh, well, girlish voice interrupted him. "I am—Floretty!" She breathed a little heavily, as if she had been walking fast. Before he could try to pull forward a chair for her she had fittted smilingly into one near the window. "Oh, do sit down, Mr. Dole," she begged.

"It's clear," he said, sinking down into his wrappings, "that we have heard of each other!" One thing he swiftly determined upon—Floretty, brave Floretty, should not guess his fear. His racking cough seized him, with its fatal note. "Your grandparents, I fear, are out," he said, when he could speak.

"I am glad you are here," Floretty returned to this. She looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. "The old clock," she remembered, softly, "ticking life out, moment by moment."

Mr. Timothy Dole, by an effort, lifted his shoulders. "What are moments?" he cried, with an assumption of gayety. "What is life?"

Floretty charmingly smiled.

He bent his pleased, brightened attention upon her. She must have worn, he reasoned, coming from out along the hill road in her thin white, a warm cloak and hood against the day's springlike chill. And surely she had worn, too, overshoes or something on her small, white-slipped feet. He noticed the little bunch of white, star-shaped flowers in her hands. She had slim hands, innocent of rings. It was not time yet, he knew, for any flowers to be out in any country gardens, but he could fancy there were pots with posies in them on many a window sill.

The fragrance of the bouquet came refreshingly and vaguely toward him.

Floretty's eyes swerved from the clock about the room. "I used," she went on, "to be sick in here, too. I used to sit here and cough, and think, and think and cough! I had plenty to think about. I overheard the doctor telling my grandmother one day that I might not live."

"And here," Timothy Dole generously laughed, "you are!"

"Yes," said the girl, with a bright intake of her breath, "I am here."

She did not seem to the town lawyer like a country young lady. He recollected that Mrs. Amos Greene had said, that afternoon, that her granddaughter had lived out West somewhere. She was, in her self-possession and her simplicity, curiously distinguished, as if she were really not from the village, or the hill road, but sweetly from afar.

"I've heard," he said, "how you sat here in this same room—"

He could not quite put Floretty's courage into words.

She gave her soft glance toward him. "It seems so strange to me now that I ever sat here, frightened nearly out of my mind by the thought of death," she remarked.

"What!" said Timothy Dole, in astonishment. "You were afraid? The idea of death frightened—you?"

"Terribly," said Floretty, candidly. "Terribly, terribly!"

He looked at her more eagerly. "But your grandmother—she told me this afternoon how brave you were, when you were sick, although you knew you might not get well. She said all the time you were in this parlor you never once flinched—"

"I never did anything else," replied Floretty, with a humorous inflection. "Brave! I wasn't brave—I was a coward. It was only that I didn't let on that I was one. I did not want anyone, not even the doctor or my grandparents, to know how frightened I was over the grave. I was glad when I was left alone

here. I felt then that no one could see into my heart. Often I'd sit there in the chair you're in and sing a little happy song, just to act as if I had no fear of dying—when I was cold with dread. How I clung to this old, worn house from which I thought that death might take me at any moment!"

"You poor child!" said the sick man, sympathetically. He did not look at her.

"I did not shrink from the next world," the girl continued, "because I had ever done anything so wrong—"

"No," Timothy Dole projected, attentively, still without looking at her. As a town lawyer, he had learned to read character quickly. He knew the young girl before him to be entirely good.

"Nor was it because I did not want to die," she said in her simplicity. "Of course I didn't. But I felt that I could give earthly things up. I wasn't afraid of dying, either, because I didn't love God. I do."

"Yes," interrupted the invalid. He knew that Floretty loved God. He was sure, too, that God loved Floretty.

She went on honestly: "I was a coward because of the darkness which I could imagine lying between this world and another. 'Oh, that awful way!' I would say to myself over and over. It stretched before me, lonely, unknown, ghastly. I was afraid to die, and to set out on it alone. I could not see God there. He wasn't there, but afar off somewhere. I saw myself trying to get to Him, not knowing where He was, nor where to go. This was what death meant to me—a black road with no one to show me where to set my feet."

Timothy Dole, as she ceased, shaded his face with his wasted fingers. Floretty's confession of a fear of the grave, like his own, during her sickness in his grandfather's parlor, relieved his sense of shame over his own cowardice. But it did not put him at friends with his self-respect. Floretty was a girl. Her fright at the road had been but the natural shrinking of a young, girlish heart. He was a man—his fears—!



"It's no wonder death should have frightened you," he said, slowly. "A young girl like you. With a man it is different. He has faced so many things before."

He could not say to her that he was afraid of the grave. What need, what unpleasant need, was there for him to confess what she had confessed to him? What he had confessed to no one? Because she had trembled in this room, getting well, did he any the less, on that account, want to be unshaken before her, when he must die? More than in anyone else's eyes, somehow, did he in Floretty's gray ones desire to seem to be a fine, upstanding soul. Her windswept gaze was on him. It was evident, he saw, she knew how doomed he was.

"Why shouldn't a man be brave before death?" he gasped. "The world has been always dying. Death—it's the common lot. Why mind the usual end, the unknown path?"

He twiddled, feebly, two fingers on one hand, like the workingman who had fallen from the telephone pole. His attempt at nonchalance was exhausting.

Floretty leaned forward earnestly. "I would not want anyone to sit here sick and to suffer as I did. I do not mean in body, but in mind."

The sick man sat quite still, his countenance hidden.

"I used to say to myself," Floretty proceeded, "that if I died and anyone should ever see, there in your grandfather's glass above the mantel, as frightened a face as mine, and for the same reason, I would return to this world and tell what the road was like. It should not be, at least, for another suffering here in this room, such a cruel mystery, such an unknown path as it had been to me. What I knew another should know also."

"No one," said Timothy Dole, dropping his hand, "can come back from the dead. It is impossible."

Floretty's eyes rested on the blue afternoon sky without the window. "You knew who I must be when I

came in," she said. "My grandparents had told you about me? They told you—?"

"They told me you are well!" Timothy Dole replied, gladly.

"Ah," said the girl, thoughtfully, "they told you that!"

"Your grandmother said how much they missed you, after you'd left the house—well, to go to stay with your cousin Somebody, and your cousin Somebody else, out the hill road somewhere. Near some trees, isn't it? Some cedars, and an old willow?" he asked.

She opened her lips to answer, then checked herself without replying. Presently she said, as if she were saying something different from what she had first started to say:

"Old people like to talk about cedars and weeping willows."

He went back to their subject of conversation. "Why should the dead return to tell us of the road?" he said, firmly. "Why should the living fret about what comes after? Only the dead, of course, could tell us anything."

"Only the dead," she echoed.

"It's just as well, perhaps," he reasoned in his constrained cheerfulness, "that those who have gone before us can't come back to give us the benefit of what they know. Ghosts might frighten us awfully. I don't mind confessing to you I'd be afraid of a ghost."

"It wouldn't depend," asked Floretty, sweetly, "at all on the ghost?"

"Not at all!" responded Timothy Dole, decisively. "Any ghost would be bad to have around, bound to be bad. Horrid, cold things, ghosts."

Floretty, in her preoccupation with what he was saying, looked so warm and lovely, so young and so alive, that suddenly to speak to her of death seemed blasphemy.

"Why," he exclaimed, "should we sit here talking only of the next world?"

She put one little, white slippered foot softly over the other. "Why shouldn't we?" she questioned.

Dwelling on her, he did not speak for

some moments. How dear she was! Never, in town, had he seen a girl like this. Her eyes, her lips, her throat, her innocent hands, her unclaimed look, wrought upon him with enchantment. He thought angrily of the quick fading of a man's days. A little work, merriment, youth, passing love, and then, just as he was ripe, bettered and chastened for the verities of living, for the truths of real affection, for peace, companionship, and home—pouf! he went out.

"Talk to me about yourself," he said, at last, abruptly, in a low tone.

"About myself? Why? I cannot stay long. I've a long road to go back this afternoon," the girl demurred.

"You must stay as long as you can," he urged, yearningly. "I have seen only old people here. You—you are young. I want to hear something about you—what you like best to do, your whims, your tastes. To hear you speak of these things, of yourself—you don't know how it would interest me."

Floretty considered silently. "I used to be fond of dancing," she said, after a little, obligingly. "I could hardly make my feet stay still when I came to sit before your grandfather's fire. Tom loved dancing, too. Before I was sick we danced, and danced, and danced together!"

"Tom?" said the sick man, jealously.

"I was engaged to be married to Tom, out West," nodded Floretty. "My wedding things were all ready when I broke down with my cough. I hadn't been back here in this room more than six months when Tom married some one else. My stepmother wrote to me about Tina, such a strong, well girl, so quick on her feet."

"He must have been an incredible fool!" the town lawyer burst out.

"He simply couldn't stop dancing," the girl extenuated. "The day Tom was married to Tina—my stepmother had told me when the wedding was to be—I was alone, in that same chair where you are. Tina and I had once been friends. I could see her in her wedding dress. I

could see Tom's eyes bent on her. It all came over me. I thought how I was missing everything—youth, a man's love, home. I wanted everything, everything, everything, everything! I did not want the next world. I could not give up this world, after all. I choked with pain and disappointment. A hot fire surged through me, burning my heart and soul. I was fierce, harsh, furious, strange, like somebody else. I fainted with rebellion. When I came to myself my grandmother stood beside me, looking at me anxiously. You'll never guess what I did then!"

"Tell me," said Timothy Dole.

"I—swore," she answered, deprecatingly, her head bent.

"You what?" he ejaculated.

"I swore," repeated Floretty, with a faint smile. "A book of old sermons was there on the table. I hated the thought of sermons at that moment, but I felt I must have something to stay me, to stop the wild commotion within me. I pointed to the table. 'Give me that book,' I shouted in my grandmother's ears. 'Give me that d——d book!'"

Lifting her head, she pushed back her hair with a slight gesture of fatigue. Her white forehead gleamed forth, angelically.

"Floretty, dear Floretty!" he said. He started to his feet. He felt inexplicably well, for the moment miraculously healed. A man's love, home, these were not gone from him to give—they could not be. The next world—away with it! This world—he would have it still.

"I—you—we—" he began. A spasm of coughing shook him to reality. He saw himself in the glass, ashen, done. He sank back in his chair. His grandfather's black-and-gold bound volume of sermons had slipped to the floor. Floretty stooped for it, rememberingly. "Give me that book," he said between his clenched teeth. "Give me that damned book!"

She laid it on his chair arm. His face fell into weary lines. She seemed stand-



ing quietly and earnestly near him, like some one he had long known, and always loved. He was childish, weak, dependent on her. Nothing was left to him. He did not want to deceive her any more. Why not tell to her the truth, what truth there was for him to tell? A mist of suffering suffused his eyelids.

"I am not brave, but a coward," he said, without opening them. "I am afraid of death. I shall meet it before long. I cannot meet it. I am afraid to die. The darkness, the long road—I can't bear to go forth alone on it."

He was conscious of her gentle touch on his shoulder. "I know that you are afraid," said Floretty. "I have known it all along."

"Have you?" he whispered, piteously.

"The way, the dark, the unknown, if it were different from what you think!" said Floretty, rapidly.

He was aware, without seeing her, of the misty folds of her dress near him, of the movement of her breath. Her presence wrapped him.

"If we only knew that!" he faltered.

"I do know it!" said Floretty. "When I left this room, the old house, no longer weak, coughing, sick, but well, I saw the road. Life, what is it but a dream?"

Ah, her clear, springlike voice!

"You had a vision of the way?" Timothy Dole asked. His eyelids went up. He looked at her.

Floretty's little smile, so bright now, so adorable!

"In Heaven's name, what did it seem to be like? Different, you said?"

He hung on what she would answer, despairingly.

She leaned to him, so close, pure, and eager to explain, there almost touched against his cheek the beloved warmth of her hair.

"It was like this!" she replied. She said a few words more, distinctly.

"What do these words mean?" he questioned. "I don't know them."

She gave a quick exclamation. "Of course you don't. Those are words of the road."

"You dreamed new words?" he said, incredulously.

"I learned new ones!" answered Floretty.

"Tell me what you saw in our words," he begged.

She opened her lips to speak, then stopped. An expression of surprise crossed her face. "We have no words for what I saw. I saw what I had never seen, what was beyond this world. I saw the Unknown. I—I cannot tell you what it was."

"You must tell me," he urged. "It's impossible you can't."

"It is true," she replied, with her gentle air.

"It can't be!"

"It is," Floretty responded. "I would tell you if I could. I want to tell you."

"Ah, well," he sighed, "it was only a dream, anyway."

Again her little smile.

"Tell me those few words over again." He broke, almost impatiently, a short, disappointed silence.

She repeated them, her lips moving slowly.

He went over them thoughtfully to himself, aloud, one by one. "They have a strange, golden sound!"

"They are strange—golden!" said Floretty.

He sat wrinkling his forehead. "I don't understand them. Of course not! But they affect me."

"Yes!" the girl breathed.

"A few words," he mused, "that I never heard of, dropped in an old room, by a young girl— It is nonsense that they could affect me like—like—" He paused.

"Like what?" She was nearly impatient in her turn, in her eagerness.

"Like a hand . . . held out . . . to . . . a child."

"Ah!" She spoke as if there were no necessity for her to say anything further.

He did not let go the words, but went on with them resonantly, in bewilderment:

"It's . . . as though . . . something

. . . were taking . . . away . . . my fear—" He interrupted himself to stare at her.

"Those are new words," she vouchsafed.

She did not, he knew, mean his. He doubted his senses.

"Words!" he nearly mocked. "Words that could take away fear like mine would alter life."

"Yes," said Floretty.

"And change death—"

The wind-swept gray of her eyes enveloped him, assentingly.

"They would be," he quite mocked, now, "as blood to an emptied heart."

She beheld him, in her grave agreement. "As blood!" she said.

He put the strange words aside. Why should he dally with them, with dreams?

"You are a new word to me." His voice vibrated with the suppression of his emotion.

Outside in the dooryard his grandfather's gate clicked.

"The old people are coming back," said Floretty, with a glance out the window. "I must go."

"Don't go," Timothy Dole besought her. "Don't!"

She moved toward the door. "Good-by!" she said, clearly.

He could hear the feet of his caretakers coming along the walk and going around the house to the back of it. Old Mr. and Mrs. Amos Greene never came in by the front door.

"Good-by!" she said again.

He stretched out his arms longingly. "Floretty!" he called. "Floretty, Floretty, Floretty!"

"The new words!" she said.

She was gone, leaving him with them. The door which closed after her looked so still. He had never seen a door as still as that before. Strength went out of his arms. He could hardly hold up his head. Another door opened and closed. The front door. The afternoon sun had dipped below the branches of the maples. It dazzled his eyes. He saw, through the amber haze, Floretty flit out of the door-

yard and through the gate, then turn toward the hill way. She hadn't waited to see the old people—she had seen only him! Amazed, he saw there was no cloak about her shoulders. Her white-slipped feet, uncovered, went surely through the thaw. The wind tossed her hair. She would take cold, be ill. He struggled up. He would take his grandmother's shawl, go after her, keep her from all harm—his head swam. He fell back. He dimly perceived, after a while, the two old people standing in the room, looking at him cheerfully. Had he been asleep, they asked.

"Floretty," he said, breathlessly, "your granddaughter, she has been here. She has just gone—!"

They did not appear to understand what he was talking about.

"Eh? What?" said the hawthorn.

He repeated himself. The old numskulls! What was the matter with them?

"You're mistaken," Mrs. Amos Greene said, finally. "It couldn't have been Floretty that was here."

"It was Floretty," he objected, irritably.

She shook her head positively. "Floretty couldn't have come."

"Couldn't!" he shouted. "I tell you she was here in this room, in that chair there. Couldn't come! Why couldn't she?"

The old tree bent over the hearth. "Because," he said, quietly, "Floretty's dead."

"Dead!" said Timothy Dole.

"She died two years ago, you know," Mrs. Amos Greene began to explain.

He heard his own hollow voice in the parlor. "You told me she was well—"

"Ain't she?" asked the old lady, simply. "Ain't death life? Wasn't Floretty well when she stopped coughin' and her fever left? Was she sick any more when she lay here, in this room, in her coffin, so cool and peaceful in her white dress, with white flowers—star-shaped ones—in her hands? I thought you understood about Floretty when I said she went away from us—"



He listened for what appeared ages of unbroken time, to the snap of the fire, and the spring wind outside. He made an effort to speak.

"I understand now, about the hill road, and the cedars," he said, quietly.

The hawthorn straightened up from the andirons. "Floretty's grave out yonder is next her aunt Susetta's and her uncle Ben's. There's cedars by it, and the old weepin' willow's near. It's a pretty place to be buried in. Floretty ought to have a pretty place. She was a pretty girl, Floretty was. A peach!"

Timothy Dole did not speak. His old nurses talked of other things. He paid no heed. Eventually they left him. He let them think that he had merely been asleep, and dreamed. What difference did it make?

"Of course you see now Floretty couldn't ha' been here."

"Of course Floretty couldn't ha' come."

The two old voices dwindled. A couple of pairs of old footsteps died away down the hall.

Alone once more, he wasn't alone. The new words which he had lately heard still rang throughout the room in a girl's clear voice. Floretty's vision of

the Way! That, too, now, he understood. In his mind's eye he saw a dear grave in a country burying ground. A white stone at its head, perhaps, "Floretty, aged twenty-three."

The great darkness, that dim path which he had imagined set about, probably, with pale, improbable shapes, himself there, caught in some wild passion of night wind, some hollow storm of sound, lost, ignorant, unaccompanied—it was as something which lay behind him, not before. He was no longer afraid. He need not mock his senses now. The fear of death had fled. Whither Floretty had gone he could go. Untremblingly, he could descend into the grave. Floretty, a pretty girl, a peach! She was to him a beacon light.

In time he looked around him. There before him by the window she had sat. Here she had stood beside his chair. A slight exclamation escaped him. On the floor, within his reach, lay a small, white, star-shaped flower. Stooping, he picked it up. It had dropped from Floretty's bouquet. Devotedly he pressed it to his lips. Its petals fell apart. Only a vague perfume remained.

Coughing, he sat erect, courageous and sincere.

## INTERVAL

BY ROBERT HILLYER

**G**REAT patient calm of autumn trees  
 Against the horizontal sun—  
 Most moving of life's tragedies  
 Till life itself be done.

The night will give you other fields,  
 And beauties too immense for tears;  
 The night will forge you starry shields  
 To guard you from your fears.

But now beneath the patient trees,  
 Helpless and huge against the sun,  
 Life and its long futilities  
 That never should have been begun  
 Fall withered, and are done.



# THE LION'S MOUTH

## TOLERATION

BY C. A. BENNETT

FROM where I stood I was able to command a good view of mankind, or of that part of it, at least, in which I was especially interested. Since my return from an enforced retirement of many years' duration I had formed the habit of coming to walk often upon this mountain road, partly from a natural love of solitude, partly because it amused me to observe and study the human scene spread out before me. From my point of vantage I could look down upon the insect-swarm of men and speculate upon the meaning of their febrile and marvelously complex activity. Seen thus, a courtship, the daily routine in an office, a factory or a university, the speech of a statesman, took on a profound significance. The ability thus to perceive a value in the inherently unimportant is one of the many fruits of the dispassionate attitude of mind engendered by modern science. We should be grateful to modern science for this.

I was gazing intently in an effort to decipher the actions of a small group of people in the valley beneath, when I felt a touch upon my shoulder. I started, looked round, and perceived a tall good-looking stranger in the act of offering me a pair of field glasses.

"Won't you try these?" he said. "You miss half the fun without them."

I recognized him then as the man I had seen several times in my walks on this road, sitting on a ledge of rock and surveying through his glasses the scene beneath him. I had detected a kindred interest, but so far had not ventured to intrude upon his solitude. Now that the barriers were down, we fell into conversation.

I learned that his business kept him most of the time down below, but that at intervals he had to come up here "for rest and diversion," as he put it. He too found human entomology a fascinating study. But he had been at it much longer than I. In that event he could tell me if I was right about that group of people down there.

They seemed to be conducting a good old-fashioned baby-show. As I had had several bad shocks since my return to the ways of men, it would be a relief to find that some things had remained unchanged. I said this to my obliging acquaintance.

"But it is not an ordinary baby-show," said he.

"How do you mean, not ordinary?" I asked.

"Well, you see, this is a eugenic baby-show. The mothers of these children are all unmarried. They are women who wanted to have children without the bother of a husband and a home to take care of. Above all, they wanted healthy children. So they just went out and selected suitable mates."

I thought he must be joking.

"*Sans blague?*" I asked.

"Absolutely."

"I see," I said; "and are all these little bastards for sale too, with pedigrees attached?"

"Ah, now you are becoming cynical. That is because you are shocked, yet too civilized to say so."

"Of course I am shocked. Why shouldn't I be? In my time I knew there were women who talked of doing this. I heard of a few audacious souls who, while consenting to marry a man and to live with him, had even gone so far as to refuse to take his name. But



I never supposed it would go farther than that. Frankly, this sort of thing seems to me beastly."

"Steady, now! That is going too far," he said, laughing; and tried to calm me down. He assured me that fifty years hence the system of eugenic babies would be the accepted custom. He told me that every invention and every innovation in conduct had been ridiculed and deplored and abused at its birth by old fogies like myself who had thought that each one heralded the end of the world. Look at Prometheus and gunpowder and the spinning jenny and chloroform and socialism and hockey and bicycles and short skirts and votes for women. Yet the end of the world had not come yet. He urged me to be broad-minded and to learn a lesson from history.

I had become bored during his sermonette and had again taken up the glasses.

"Don't let us quarrel about it," I said. "Tell me what those people are doing on the platform in the park down there. It looks like a band, but I can't recognize any instruments. Not that I suppose I am to infer much from that. What is it? The newer or the higher or the younger music?"

"I think you would find that they are playing Samuel Rosenberg's Subway Suite. It is extraordinarily popular just now. The reason you don't recognize the instruments is because it is orchestrated for two klaxons, three files, one siren, two tom-toms and five cats."

"How hideous!"

"Exactly: that's what it is meant to be. The theory is that the traditional music aimed at creating beauty. The modern composer claims that this is quite arbitrary. The ugly has just as much right to exist as the beautiful. They are striving to produce forms of ugliness. You find it all explained in their manifesto 'The Rationale of the Ugly.'"

"But why are they allowed to write music?" I exclaimed—rather naïvely, as I now see.

"Allowed! My dear man, are you for the Inquisition in Art?"

"I should think I am. If I had my way I would set these precious composers to collecting garbage and cleaning sewers. They could cultivate the ugly to their hearts' and their nostrils' content then."

"But why be so intolerant? Why not give them a chance to show what they can do with the new forms? Surely the history of music hasn't ended with us. For all we know, these men may strike out some new ideas; they may enrich our emotional experience. I don't care particularly for their stuff myself, but you never can tell what it may lead to."

"Oh, yes you can," I retorted. "But tell me: is there anything you really hate? Do you tolerate everything?"

"Yes; I hate intolerance. I can tolerate anything but that."

"Quibbler!" I said. "But I won't argue with you. I'll ask you only one more question. Take the glasses and tell me what is going on over there in that field, under the tree in the corner."

I had made out some figures kneeling about a low mound of earth. At first they seemed to be praying, but then I had observed that each held to his ear what looked like a telephone receiver from which a wire ran into the ground. I suggested that they were studying earthquakes or listening to the worms breathing.

"Oh, no; something much more esoteric than that. You are assisting at a meeting of the Psychophonic Society."

"The what?"

"The Psychophonic Society. That wonderful new invention the psychophone has put communication with the dead within the reach of all. At least the advertisements say so. You plunge the sharp sensitive end of the instrument into the earth over the grave, put the receiver to your ear, and the soul of the deceased does the rest."

Out of consideration for my reputation for moderateness in speech, I shall

not try to reproduce exactly my reply. Expressed in parliamentary language, my comment was that this was a return to an obscene and degrading supernaturalism. He countered by calling my attitude mediæval and unscientific, with references to Galileo and other heroes of enlightenment whose work had been hindered by just such narrow minds as mine. He informed me that the spirit of science was impartial, never prejudging an issue, and welcoming experiments.

"Never mind generalizations about science and dogmatism and mediævalism," I said hotly. "In any event I dare say I know as much about them as you do. Let us stick to facts. You surely don't call what I've just been looking at an experiment. Isn't it just the operations of a few credulous people who have been seduced into surrendering their intelligence in order to encourage their most ignoble desires? How can any advance in knowledge come from that?"

"Well," he admitted, "perhaps they are not experimenting in the strict scientific sense of the term. Their motives are perhaps not entirely laudable and probably they are being fooled; but even if they are not getting authentic messages from the dead, yet some queer things have happened and are happening as a result of psychophony. I don't believe, any more than you do, that these people are going to discover anything about life after death, but they may, indirectly, teach us a lot about what a young friend of mine likes to call the hinterland of the mind. You are the sort of person who would shut us out from that knowledge."

"I once knew a man," I said, "who had an insatiable passion for setting fire to chemical laboratories in the hope that in the explosion gold might by accident be synthetically created and afterwards discovered in the ruins. But when they caught him they called him a fire-bug and jailed him just the same."

Thus for some time longer we fenced unprofitably. He rose to go.

"I can see," he said, "that we two can never agree. I regard you as reactionary and intolerant, and, as for what you think of me—I am only surprised that you have so far refrained from accusing me of being totally lacking in standards and convictions."

"On the contrary: what I object to is not that you have too few standards, but that you have too many. You believe in too many things: you believe in everything."

"Well, my friend," was his parting shot, "when you have lived as long and been about the world as much as I have you'll think less of standards; you'll be less critical and be more ready to see some good in everything. You'll realize the truth of the old proverb that it takes all sorts to make a world."

After he was gone I remained for some time staring at the ground at my feet. Then I looked up and saw him just disappearing round a bend in the road.

It was only then that I noticed his tail.

## THE LAST WOES OF SUMMER

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

THE practical people who make up family budgets, and the still more practical ones who not only make up budgets, but actually live by them, have a trick of setting aside a sum each month for what they are pleased to call "advancement." This is a convenient category. It includes books, concerts, traveling, the theater, and all those other forms of reputable amusement which, with only such elasticity of conscience as is permissible among budget makers, may be classed as educational.

The academic summer vacation is a great time for advancement. That is, I have always heard that it is. This year, as I faced such a vacation, I made a vow that I would improve each shining day.

For one thing, I promised myself that it should be a big summer for literature. At the very least, I ought to be able to



read most of the things that I had meant to read during the winter, but hadn't had time to read. I went to a bookstore and laid in a supply. It began with Mr. Wells's so-called *Outline of History*, which I rapidly ascertained to be an outline also of astronomy, geology, anthropology, comparative religion, political theory, and Mr. Wells's ideas on things in general. If reading maketh a full man, said I to myself, this will fill me up solid. Now if Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle should turn to me at dinner and ask me my personal opinion of the Neanderthal man, I should have at my tongue's end a few snappy remarks which would put both the Neanderthal man and Mr. Addison Sims in their proper place. I bought other books, too—so many of them that the expressmen groaned when they laid hands on the barrel in which I packed them for transportation to the mountains. The supply included jolly books on birds and butterflies, for it was to be a big year for nature study as well as for literature. I pictured myself walking through the woods as full of birds as the tree on the bird chart which hung on my wall when I was a little boy—a most delightful tree, with a bird of a different feather sitting on every twig—and I saw myself calling them off by name from the pictures in my bird book; a most improving pastime, as you will agree.

It was to be a notable season for sport as well. I was going to make great strides in tennis, so that by September I should no longer turn white when the zero hour arrived and I was sent forward by my partner to be pitilessly shot down at the net. I was going to develop my golf game until it would justify my appearing on the links in knickerbockers. I was going to climb lofty mountains and explore inaccessible ravines. And finally I was going to become completely the master of a newly acquired flivver, caring for it day by day with the wisdom and tenderness of a mechanic, learning the secrets of its every rattle, and charioting forth in it to the scenic points of a

wide-stretching countryside. No one should be able to say again that I was a dub at machinery. And if the sketch-book and pencils and beautifully soft erasers and what not that I carried into the country should give me an opportunity to contribute in some small measure to the progress of art, so much the better. I intended that if I perished not earlier than September, my epitaph could fittingly say:

A VERSATILE CITIZEN  
HE DREW VERY CREDITABLE PICTURES  
OF THE MOUNTAINS  
AND HE WAS A WHIZ  
AT CHANGING A TIRE

The season is now nearly over. The evenings are getting longer; there is talk of early frosts; the academic machinery will shortly begin to revolve. I look back at my hopes for self-advancement and wonder what has become of them.

There on the mantelpiece is my row of books, the ones in the middle standing up bravely, the ones at the ends leaning in wearily, as if exhausted by their attempts to improve my mind. I began with the short and easy books first, because it was so hot in July. I delayed my attack on Mr. Wells longer and longer because it was so cool in August that there seemed to be other and better things to do. Then one bracing day, stung with shame, I dived in. For days I read like a demon. I covered eighty million years at the rate of several million a day. I crashed through Greek and Roman history with terrific speed. Then I got stalled among the Visigoths. And it was worse than that. Engaging one day in easy conversation about the beginnings of Mesopotamia, I found that the Assyrians, the Chaldeans, the Persians, and the Sassanids were completely tangled in my mind. Opening the history one evening at the wrong place, I read several pages with intense interest before I realized that I had covered them before. So long as Mr. Addison Sims sticks to

the Neanderthal man I may be able to reply to him with gusto; but if he mentions Thothmes I, I shall have to pretend that I am a little hard of hearing. And if he should question me upon Otto the Great— Manifestly, it has been a weak year for literature.

Nor have my advances in the study of nature been what I had hoped. I soon found that the birds were best studied at an hour when the only really pleasant thing associated with bird life was the large feather pillow in which my nose was buried. I kept putting off my ornithological studies on the theory, very plausible at 4 A.M., that I was tired from my labors of the winter and needed sleep above all things; until the birds gave up singing, out of sheer discouragement, and prepared to migrate to regions where they would be more appreciated.

I climbed one mountain. It was a practice climb. I was always expecting to climb another the day after to-morrow, but the time somehow never came. There were always other things to be done. I played just enough tennis to afford the spectators undisguised amusement, but not enough to shame them. I played just enough golf to convince myself that the local links were badly adapted to a dashing style such as mine. The pages of my sketchbook are still as clean and white as when I came to the mountains. And as for the flivver—

Frequently I have been told from the pulpit that we learn only through suffering, but I never felt the full impact of this statement until I took up the care of a flivver. Oh yes, I have made some headway with driving it. The dents on the doorpost of the garage are the marks only of my earlier and less inspired attempts at getting in and out. The days are past when to meet another car on the road was to be seized with terror at the narrowness of the margin between the Scylla of collision and the Charybdis of the ditch. I haven't had a panic—a real panic, with the car running wild and all mental processes at a standstill—

for weeks. Good-natured people humor me by saying that I drive very nicely. Upkeep, however, is another matter. I have a little book with a diagram in it which tells me where grease and oil should be applied to the flivver, and once a week I prop the book on a mud-guard and oil the places marked "A" and grease all the places marked "B" until the filthy job is done and I can wash my hands and face and elbows and ears and rejoin civilized society. This much I can stand. But the flivver has constant ailments, and each when it comes is strange to me. I have learned what to do when it coughs and when it starts sliding backward downhill, but there are a hundred other possible maladies, and each means a good day in my future utterly spoiled. I sicken to think what would happen if an unexplored portion of the flivver went wrong; the only hope would be that it would hang together till I could reach a garage and say weakly to the local member of the Black Hand: "We make a queer noise. Won't you look us over?" One of the preachers who said we learn only through suffering advised us to live each day as if it were our last. That is a perfect description of my life with the flivver. No, it has been only a moderate season from the point of view of mechanical progress.

The only way I console myself upon my inferiority to the garageman as a mechanic, my inferiority in climbing, golf, tennis, art, literature, and ornithology, is by considering how well I have learned to put in ice, to pump and carry water about the house in pails when the gasoline pump is on the sick list; to walk half a mile up the road and find out why the milk wasn't delivered; to welcome unexpected callers who come just as we are leaving for a picnic and stay long enough to put the picnic out of the question; to bring up wood from the cellar; to go to the village for errands; to sit on the porch and contemplate the mountains. In each of these respects my technic has notably im-



proved during the summer. As I look back upon the flying weeks, I realize that I have spent most of my time on these trivial things, these absurdities. I see how impossible it is to get in the ice and fetch wood and do errands and still accomplish all the noble things that I intended to accomplish. In particular, I see how impossible it is to combine a proper program of self-improvement with a really thorough mastery of the art of sitting on the porch and contemplating the mountains.

Sometimes when I consider these facts I am impressed with the futility of life. But not always. At other times, when I get discouraged at my own unimprobableness, I simply go out on the porch, stretch out in the hammock, watch the cloud shadows slowly moving over the hillsides, and listen to the wind in the treetops; and presently Mr. Wells's collection of useful knowledge slips out of my hand and I am contemplating the exceeding pleasantness of life.

### THE LOWER MATHEMATICS

BY FLORENCE GUY WOLSTON

IT has been my misfortune, at various times, to meet men and women I should like for friends, only to discover that they were experts in the exact sciences. Then I have known that all was over between us. My best efforts at social charm would pass lightly in the academic air, the weight of my brain would seem like a soap bubble in contrast with theirs. For what can a mere lower mathematician understand of the size of a micron, or how the distance from Ursus Major to the Southern Cross was determined without a ruler? In the presence of the mathematical mind which thinks at one time in terms of ten or a dozen figures and sees the earth to the minuteness of a spider's eyelash, it is not possible to get by, simply murmuring, with an attempt at an intelligent smile, "Wonderful!" "Strange Phenomenon!" "Extraordinary!" Yet that is about the limit of a lower mathematician's comprehension.

It has always been a matter of debate with me whether being a lower mathematician is caused by heredity or environment. In my case it seems to be both, for my cherished mother is not one hundred per cent. sound in arithmetical processes, and I myself made a bad start with Miss Sophie Goldthwaite in the first grade of grammar school.

Sophie was conscientious, to be sure, in her insistence that two and two made four. The trouble was she never went on to explain four what. It was her custom to write in big, chalky letters on the blackboard  $2 + 2 = ?$  and then, turning fiercely, demand the missing number. She smiled approvingly upon the child with the quickest memory and loudest voice who first shouted "Four!" But that this performance had any relation whatever to objects about us in life, no one in the grade ever suspected. It came upon me, quite suddenly during a summer vacation. One day I stumbled bare-legged into a hornet's nest and went crying to my grandmother. While binding up the wounds she remarked with impressive sympathy, "Why you've four bites—two on your arms, and two on your legs!" Then I realized poignantly that when people said you have two and two they meant four of something.

This valuable discovery, however, only added to my confusion, for as soon as I began to apply it, I found it wasn't so. If you said two apples and two dogs it didn't make four of either. To make matters worse, subtraction came along. When I tried the new formula on the boy next door who had three tennis balls, borrowing one from his three did not leave two, because he wouldn't allow it and behaved as though it were illegal. He said he wouldn't have any subtraction going around where he was.

Miss Goldthwaite's efforts were so markedly unsuccessful that my cheery little aunt who had been a kindergarten teacher volunteered to supplement her instruction in arithmetic. And so, with

peppermints offered freely as reward, I mastered the multiplication tables in rhythm. The tune was exceedingly simple, a few notes which were chanted to a swaying movement from left to right. It was a sort of monotonous tom tom, primitive music: two times two is four—er, two times three is six—ix, two times four is eight—ate.

Kindly as were Aunt May's intentions, the result of the tables made easy has been one of the blights of my life. To compute I always have to sing, and I have to stand up so as to get the swaying rhythm, which is part of the association. Then, too, I am obliged to start at the very beginning and sing the whole piece. It is a great inconvenience. Sometimes in a drygoods store, I have had the humiliation of standing before a haughty clerk who eyed me stonily while I sang long enough to get to two times eleven and determine the amount of change which should be given me.

Several friends who have little formulas for quick computing have tried to help me. But the short cuts are worse than the direct process. One friend says that if you want to multiply five and nine the easy way is to multiply five by ten first and subtract five from the answer. Another informs me that any multiple of nine can be remembered because the two digits of the answer always add up to nine. I tried to use this once in getting the answer of seven times nine but the result was seventy-two because all I could recall was that seven and two are nine.

After these lessons I always go back to the simple, direct action of counting on my fingers. Long years of practice have taught me to do this clandestinely, with considerable finish. I can walk along Fifth Avenue, chatting with a friend, and with my hands in my muff, determine whether I shall have a car fare left to take me home if I stand treat for afternoon tea. When the laundry man comes, by keeping my hands crossed behind my back, I can verify the change and discourse on the

weather at the same time. Of course, there is always some slight danger of being observed or of getting my fingers mixed with my thumbs, but most of the time I manage very comfortably.

A pleasant feature of the lower mathematics is that it gives so many people an opportunity to be kind. There have always been mathematical Samaritans in my life. In High School a nice boy with a passion for algebra and geometry sat behind me. We arranged exchange scholarships. Fred did all my home work in geometry and coached me in stage whispers, during recitations. In return, I translated his French and wrote a weekly theme for him. No one seemed to notice the similarity in our style. Once, in gratitude for my literary services, he wrote "U-R-An-Angle." The defects in his spelling saved the day, for when Professor Egbert found the note he thought it was some practice scribbling in geometry.

After school days I was equally fortunate. First aid always came from unexpected sources. The year I kept a household budget, I had a mathematical cook. She devised a miscellaneous column where we put fictitious items when the balance was wrong. It was always a bit nerve-racking, though, to have it in mind that a day's allowance for food must correspond with the amount expended. I spent hours in the market, trying to compute the relative economics of two pounds of porterhouse steak at fifty-five cents a pound, or three pounds of chopped Hamburger at thirty-eight cents. I lived in a perpetual debate as to whether two pounds of rice at twelve and a half cents would bring the stipend out more evenly than one and one-half quarts of beans at sixteen cents. Whenever neither the cook nor I could discover how we had managed, in receiving thirty dollars to expend forty-five, we regretfully put the family on a diet of Hungarian goulash and corned beef hash until the first of the month when we could start fresh.

In the matter of my relations with the



bank, I have a benevolent acquaintance who has a passion for bookkeeping. Regarding me as any philanthropist would a handicapped person, she has assumed complete charge of my checking account, and keeps me posted as to my financial status. It seems perfectly simple and easy. But she takes a month's vacation every year and then I usually have trouble. Last summer, in some mysterious way I added two hundred dollars to my account, when I should have subtracted it. At the end of the month the balance in my check book was larger than I expected, six hundred and fifty dollars, in fact, instead of two hundred and fifty. Since I never dispute what is in a bank book, I regarded the amount as a legacy. I had a wonderful sensation of unexpected wealth and spent it royally. Among other things, I bought a new suit. It was a great shock to me when the tailor called, in wildest excitement, waving my check which had "No funds" stamped upon it.

Besides giving others these large opportunities for helpfulness, the lower mathematics has the advantage of creating a sense of hero worship. If I had the awarding of gold and silver crosses and ribbons for buttonholes, I should bestow them first of all upon the men and women who deal regularly and painlessly with numbers. Neither a famous general nor an invincible statesman ever seems half so great to me as a bank cashier. Whenever I see just plain, ordinary men, sitting patiently in their little cages, counting serenely without the aid of their fingers, and not even humming their tables, I am filled with awe and respect.

Hero worship, however, arouses in me no desire for emulation. Almost every

one of the exact sciences is upset, in one way or another, every few years. Followers of Einstein claim that he has already upset almost everything and there is no telling where he will stop. Besides, it was an acknowledged expert in computation who proved, with an arithmetical formula which nobody ever disputed, that men could never fly. There were editorials about it, at the time, in the New York newspapers. And while people were reading his charts and findings, a couple of young men who may never have taken a course in logarithms at all, had put together boards and canvas and were flying around as easily as birds.

I have faith that by waiting patiently the time will come when a lower mathematician will have more show. I am hopeful that a day will dawn when the innocent brains of little children will not be encumbered with the horrible problems that are now put to them when they should be out of doors in the sunlight. Think of them now, in schools, studying out rates on mortgages they will never use, determining prices of goods they cannot afford to buy, figuring endlessly upon problems made up for the express purpose of creating misery for them. And it is all so unnecessary. We have watches to tell us the time instead of figuring it out as our ancestors did. Why can't modern calculating machines which instantly solve the processes of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division be made cheaper and smaller so that everybody can have one? When they are as cheap and as common as watches and toothbrushes, even the representatives of exact sciences will use them, and then the lower mathematician will achieve genuine social equality.



## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE cure of the world is going slowly, but it does go on in some places. Of Russia one might still say that she will have to be worse before she is better, if it were not so difficult to imagine anything worse for Russia than her present experience. As she is, her condition ought to lead to improvement on the general principle that day follows night. For there are a great many Russians still alive in spite of those who have been killed or who have starved, and some of them are intelligent, and in spite of present appearances, people who have faith and look far ahead are confident that the Russia that is now crushed will rise again, and make a new start for civilization.

And what the Mohammedan nations are up to, and which way they are moving, and how the Greeks and the Balkan nations are headed, and which way the tide runs in Asia, are all fairly speculative matters. But in Western Europe there are, at this writing, gestures at least that the newspapers welcome as signs of returning sanity. The manias of the war seem to be wearing off and the idea is penetrating even the most obdurate minds that if further and very serious catastrophes are to be averted, facts must be recognized and measures taken to fit them. The great fact that is now facing exposure is that the only one of the allied nations of Europe that can pay its war debts is Great Britain, and even for her the burden is very, very heavy, and she must have more trade to carry it.

France is gradually substituting for consideration of what Germany ought to pay to her the consideration of what

Germany *can* pay, and begins to realize that it is not to her interest to let Germany go bankrupt. Somebody said it took England a hundred years, or may be it was longer, to learn that it did not pay to keep a debtor in prison—that it was better for all hands to turn him out and let him get to work. That is the truth which France seems reluctantly preparing to accept in the case of Germany. It has been impressed upon her that she cannot get reparations out of Germany unless Germany can do some business, and that Germany cannot get the credit necessary to do business on an adequate scale unless the claims on her are reduced to proportions that she can handle. So long as she is hopelessly insolvent, without prospects of being anything else, bankers are shy of lending her money. So long as she cannot get money with which to do business, she cannot pay France anywhere near what she has been condemned to pay her.

So there is talk of a general readjustment of war debts—France to be excused from paying Britain three or four billion dollars and France in turn to let Germany off ten or twelve billion dollars, and so bring obligations down to a size where there is some possibility of handling them. It is proposed that Britain shall give up her war claims on pretty much everyone and find her compensation, if she gets any, in the release of trade from bondage. She must have trade; that is her life's blood. Britain owes war debts to no one but the United States. If she gives up her claims on the other nations, it may become embarrassing for us to maintain our claims against her, and indeed if this general



cancellation sets in, how are we going to keep on our backs the charges against France and Italy? So if England cancels France's debt to her, there is no telling what she may start. And it is these proposals that the newspapers speak of as the signs of returning sanity.

Sanity is a very scarce article in this troubled world. We can use a quantity of it at home. Perhaps its prevalence in Europe, if it does prevail there, will be helpful to us here. Sanity in human affairs consists of finding out what is necessary to do, and doing it. In the strikes that prevail in this country at this time of writing that has not yet been done, but it will have to be done before we can get due measure of satisfaction in our business affairs. There are great labor problems to be worked out in this country. They are difficult, and call for intelligence, forbearance, knowledge, and good will. They call also for acceptance of decisions when properly reached. The effort now proceeding is to work them out.

We might all be more tolerant of one another, nations included, if we realized and appreciated more fully how useful other people are to us and how many things they do for us and for the world, which we might have to do if they did not do them. We find a great deal of fault with the way other people do their work. We would undoubtedly find less fault with it if we had to undertake their work ourselves. The great use of other people, so far as we are concerned, is to do what we do not want to do, or are not fit to do. The great use of us, so far as they are concerned, is the same; to do what they do not want to do, or are not qualified to do.

People are qualified for very different employments, but, according to their qualifications, they ought to be worth their salt to one another. The miners are indispensable to the coal operators because without miners they cannot get out any coal or make any money. The operators ought to be just as indispensable to the miners, and they are, for

without the organization of the coal business the miners could not make a living mining coal. The railroad employees of all kinds are indispensable to the management of the railroads, but so is the management indispensable to the employees, and one ought to be as solicitous as the other to keep both management and employees together on fair terms.

So with the nations. We are beginning to find out that they are necessary to one another. It is being clubbed into us that we cannot allow great organized nations to fall into evil days without sharing their misfortunes. We have to trade with them in order to get the luxuries and conveniences of life that we are used to. If they do not prosper, trade is bad and we have to go without things that we like to have.

Just now there are people who are zealous advocates of the simple life. They go in very strong for the limitation of wants and the cultivation of the spiritual life on a very simple material basis. Gandhi in India is of that sort. He says to throw away all modern improvements and go back to plowing with a sharp stick. But that sort of thing would pretty well end the relations of nations, which are based considerably on the development and the satisfaction of wants. To want so many things that we need the help of other people to get them is a part of progress, and makes for the development of mankind so long as we can contrive that the other people shall help us willingly, and that they shall get from us as good value as we get from them. It is not possible to satisfy everyone any more than it is possible to satisfy oneself. We are all more or less greedy, more or less disposed to see our own wants big and to forget the wants of other people; but it is possible for us all to work for one another and to accomplish such a distribution of the results of thought and work as ought to satisfy reasonable people. That is the job that the managers of this world are on all the time and must continue to be

on. That they are not likely ever to accomplish it to the entire satisfaction of mankind is nothing to its disparagement—that is only like saying that there won't be any millennium. Perhaps there won't, but there can be improvements, constant improvements, and to secure these is sufficient justification of life.

It might encourage the despondent and bring patience to folks who need it if they could remember to look at the afflictions of the world as processes of progress. It is not a new thought, even in this department of this magazine, that pain is our great instructor. If fire did not burn and disease did not kill, and flies and other bugs did not carry it, and war were not so deadly, and starvation were not so painful and unwholesome and so conducive to low spirits and bad temper, the human race would really not get anywhere. There is a great "you'll be damned if you don't" behind everything, that keeps us moving forward if we are going to survive at all. Russia is a great example and a horrible one, and it has not yet gone far enough to find a moral; but take our own case at this writing, the railroad strikes and the coal strikes—they hurt so many innocent people! A lot of the coal miners' families are in a bad case. It is not really due to their having done wrong, so much as to the unsatisfactory condition of the coal industry; so it usually is with strikes in general. They go out and suffer and advertise that something is wrong. One notices that the Quakers, with their wonderful instinct for doing the right thing, are trying to relieve suffering in the worst of the coal-mining districts. That makes for infusion of reasonableness into the miners' minds.

We are assured that this is the age of democracy—that democracy is the last refuge of the perplexed, and that it has got to carry the world along through its next advance. The strikes are inevitable methods of democracy. They are popular revolts on a limited scale against existing conditions of living. More than that, they are the struggles

of the workers after self-determination. The power of democracy is a sort of tidal power. The wisdom of it comes out of the feelings of great masses of people based on their actual experience of life. That is where it is good. Its efforts and its choices are based on facts of human experience. Russia's present government is based on theory, and it is not working. It is not democratic, but our strikes are democratic. What they say to all of us—to government, to coal operators, to railroad men, to consumers of coal and to patrons of railroads, is that the machinery of mining and railroading is not good enough and must be improved. It says it with such penetrating emphasis that the improvements will probably come; very likely they will have started before these words reach their readers. In democracies, as in autocracies, managers will be few. It is better so. But they will be representative, deriving their power from the people they serve, and the voice of the people will always reach them. It will not tell them what to do, but it will tell them that they must do something, and they will scurry around to find out what that something is.

In our adventure in democratic government our fathers tried to secure for us such good as there was in autocracy, and gave great power to our President. It is curious how that expedient is being repeated in the handling of other details of organized life. Organized professional baseball kept having troublesome difficulties until finally various managers got together and hired a despot. It worked pretty well and encouraged the projectors of the great movie industry to do the same thing. They hired the Postmaster General away from the Administration. Now the producers of plays have followed suit, and set up Augustus Thomas as arbiter of things dramatic. In all these cases, discomfort and quarrels and loss led to progressive action, and they all illustrate the truth that organization cannot dispense with leadership and authority, and that



finally, in tight places, the safest decisions come out of the working of the mind of one man. In some head the facts must be digested, counsel must be considered, and a conclusion reached that has behind it the power to make it operate. It is the multitude that falls sick and demands a cure, but it is the doctor who must prescribe.

It is interesting to watch how far this movement toward one-man power will go. Will all the railroads presently have one leader, and all the coal mines, and all the motor car people, and all the advertising men, and all the hotel men, and all the automobile men, and so on through as many forms of organized industry as require to work together? Our fathers had some such idea in their heads when they constituted the Senate. There is no novelty about an executive head. Every railroad has one, every bank, every great corporation, every state, every baseball team. There is some novelty about the place invented for Judge Landis and Mr. Hays and Mr. Thomas. It is not so much executive as judicial. Their office is in great part to keep their clients out of court—to say what goes and what does not go. They have powers of punishment, at least

Judge Landis has, and can fine and suspend. After all it is self-government that set up these interesting autocrats. The baseball men said: "We have too many troubles. Let us take care of ourselves and get a man of our own to settle our disputes for us." The railroads in the war years had an autocrat, but he was not of their choosing. He did not represent the railroads, he represented the government. That is different. All the labor unions have labor chiefs, but they have not yet got a trial judge and general to keep them out of trouble.

All railroads hate boards. No doubt, everybody who has to do business hates boards. We still have in us some of the Oriental preference for judgment of our case by a single man. How far back the management of the world matters will swing toward that preference is something worth considering. In tight places we turn to one-man power, which is a swift instinct of age-long experience. In great wars we know we shall never get anywhere until we find a great general and give him power. The favorite cure of humanity's troubles is still the right man in the right place, and in all the current vogue of democracy it goes as strong as ever.



## THE MAN WHO JUST SAT

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

THAT very evening, "Sitting" Bull—his friends never did call him Livingston—had looked across the candles at his beautiful young wife, and thought how much she had contributed to the success of his favorite cult. For, if he had made his personal freedom his religion, Paula had certainly made it her profession. It was too bad, he thought, that all his friends—their guest of the evening, for instance—were not so helpfully appreciative as his wife. There was no use denying it. There was something in Jack Weston's manner which intimated that he, Bull, was not one of freedom's heroes, but merely a complacent, indolent, rather fat man; that what he believed to be freedom was really not freedom at all, but a sort of mental flatulence that would blow up and burst if you stuck a pin in it. All through dinner, Weston had been ready with the pin!

"You free?" he had said, as soon as Paula had gone upstairs. "You, with your charming and efficient wife, and your rotten money, and your obsequious servants, and your house that is a prison in itself? Why, you poor simp! You're not free at all. There's no such thing as freedom. And I can prove it. I can prove that you aren't free to do the simplest thing—here—now—in your own house."

Huh! Not free in his own house to do the simplest thing? Why, the fellow might just as well have said that he, "Sitting" Bull, could not sit in his own chair, in his own dining room, in his own home, as long as he liked! And that, as a matter of fact, is just what he did say.

"For instance," said Weston, "you are sitting quietly in your own chair. You

think you are free to sit there without asking anyone's permission, don't you?"

"I know I am," answered the host, belligerently.

"You think you can sit there just as long as you wish to, without explaining to anyone what it's all about."

"I know I can."

"Well, I know you can't." Weston looked at his wrist watch. "It is now eight thirty. I'll leave you sitting in that chair. I'll go to the opera and return at twelve. In the meantime you just sit—sit in the chair and sit tight, understand? And if you are still sitting in that chair when the clock strikes midnight, I'll say you are a free man. But if, when I return, you are not in that chair, I'll have proved what I say—that you aren't free at all."

"How ridiculous!" snorted "Sitting" Bull. "As if I didn't know I could sit in my own chair. I'll bet you any amount of money I can sit here all night."

"Never mind the betting. You just attend to the sitting," said Weston, rising, "and never mind all night. You won't last till midnight."

"I'll bet you ten thousand dollars that I will," cried Bull. He was more than annoyed. He was angry. "Ten thousand dollars, see!"

"Are you sure you want to?" said Weston. "It seems a shame—"

"I'm not a child, Weston," Bull interrupted.

"All right, old man, if you insist. Ten thousand bucks if you're in that chair at midnight. You're on." Jack Weston extended a hand which "Sitting" Bull took—without rising.



"At midnight," Weston called from the door.

If Jackson, the butler, had been as familiar with *Historia Religiosa* as he was with matters gastronomic, he might have attached a spiritual significance to his master's extraordinary behavior. He would have recalled that durable old boy, Saint Simeon Stylites, who sat thirty years on a pillar sixty feet high, and earned world-wide fame as the Sitting Hermit. He would have read into the strained, wan face before him something of the spiritual exaltation which Livingston and Simeon must both have felt. But Jackson had never heard of sitting saints. And so, naturally, he thought his master's trouble was strictly physical, presumably digestive.

"Can I get you something hot, sir?" queried Jackson anxiously.

"No thank you, Jackson."

For more than an hour "Sitting" had been amusing himself by composing, sometimes out loud, heroic stanzas in the meter of "Horatius at the Bridge." In these lyrics he found himself emerging as "Sittingus at the chair." Men before him had been heroes on the backs of steeds, and in poses wholly vertical. He it was who would go down in history as the man who fought his battle sitting down. He would introduce the right angle into the annals of freedom!

"A little apple brandy, sir?" pursued the butler.

"No. Nothing to drink, thank you."

"Soda and hot water is good, sir. Cook, she says—"

Livingston Bull turned astonished eyes on his usually silent servant.

"What are you trying to do to me, Jackson?" he said.

"Well, you see, sir," mumbled Jackson, "it's after ten."

"And what of it?"

Jackson was alarmed. His fears for his master's stomach had melted before worry for the condition of his mind. In all events, sudden excitement was to be avoided. Jackson determined on retreat.

"I just thought you might want to know the time, sir." With that he grabbed a tray of dishes and backed discreetly toward the screen that hid the pantry door.

"If I want to know the time I'll ask for it," growled his employer.

"Yes sir," agreed Jackson, with a final convulsive backing movement that landed

him against the screen instead of behind it. For a second the high tapestried structure rocked on its mahogany foundation, seemed to be tottering pantryward, and then, meeting a resistance more potent than Jackson's impact, pitched forward into the room. Before it went Jackson and his loaded tray. Behind it, or behind where it had been, were the standees—cook, squat, fat, and done to a turn; the second man, faded shadow of Jackson's greatness; a steamy laundress, a scullery maid who looked the part, and Molly, the pretty parlor maid—all drawn by anxious curiosity to witness the extraordinary behavior of the man who just sat. Oh, yes, there was one other interested spectator—O'Brien, the copper on the beat!

Livingston Bull was far too angry to speak, the eavesdroppers far too discomfited. At this critical moment the upstairs bell rang. Never was house bell answered with such alacrity. Cook, butler, second man, and girls incontinently scuttled. O'Brien's dignity would not permit of such a course. Unsupported and unflanked, the representative of the law faced the apostle of freedom—the screen like a gauntlet flung between them. What a subject for a tapestry or a mural decoration!

"What the devil are *you* here for?" shouted Bull.

"No offense, Mr. Bull. I just stepped in," stammered O'Brien.

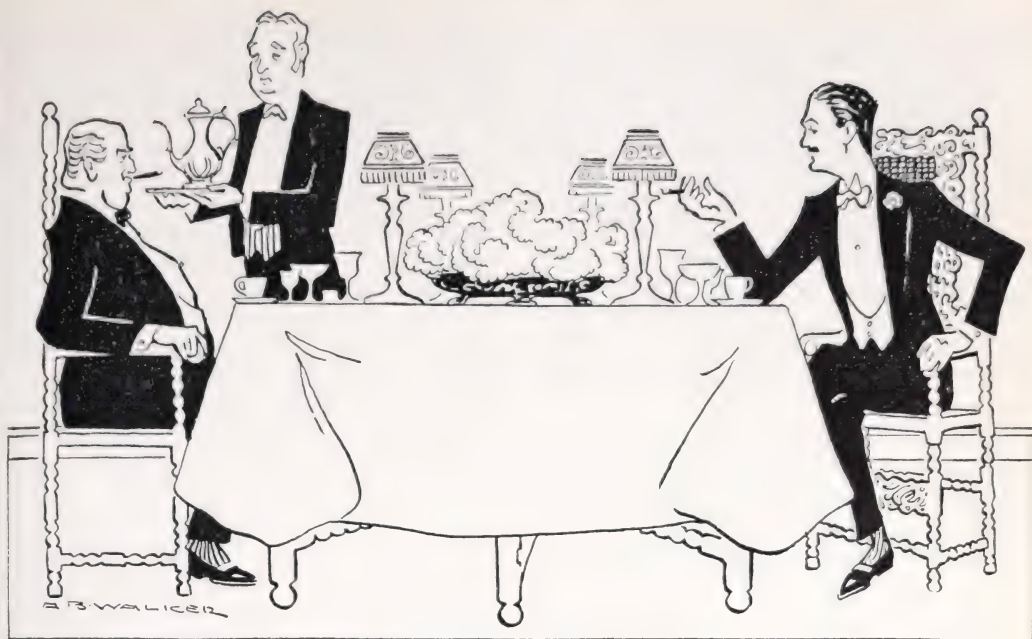
"Well, you'll please step out!"

"Just as you say, Mr. Bull. You seem all right now."

"All right—of course I'm all right!" This was too much. First Jackson thought he was ill. Now this fellow was inferring he had needed watching. Was he indeed mad? Or wasn't it possible for a gentleman to sit quietly in his own house? He twisted and squirmed in the Jacobean chair, *but he did not get up.*

"That's what I says to 'em," assented the officer, edging toward the door; he admitted afterward that the victim's polite manner had made him doubly suspicious but he determined to humor him. "It's just this 'ere bum hooch, I says. He'll get over it, I says, if he don't go blind."

Livingston Bull drew himself up in his Jacobean chair. For a moment, it seemed as if he were going to stand up. The strain was obviously telling on him. But he controlled his murderous feelings. *He did not get up.*



"TEN THOUSAND BUCKS IF YOU'RE IN THAT CHAIR AT MIDNIGHT"

"Can't a man sit quietly in his own chair, in his own dining room, in his own home, without calling in the police?" he cried, "without people saying he's sick or drunk or—"

He glared ferociously at the cop, who made a quick jump for the pantry door. Bull heard a slight noise behind him. The folding doors opened. Someone entered the room cautiously and stood at some distance from where he sat. It was his wife. Jackson had done his worst. Paula was pale—and volubly solicitous for his health.

"Me ill? Never felt better in my life. Look!" Mr. Livingston Bull began to do calisthenics with his arms and upper body. Mrs. Livingston Bull instinctively moved toward the door.

"Oh, Livingston, have you been drinking?"

Livingston looked wildly about. "Has that policeman been talking that stuff to you?"

His wife's eyes filled. This mad raving about the police was the last straw. A policeman—and in her dining room? How absurd! She shook her head sadly, and retreated openly to the doorway.

"No, Livingston, dear," she said soothingly, "you are mistaken. There was no policeman."

There came another of these sudden

changes in the man's mood—a most alarming symptom, she had heard!—and he straightened up wide-eyed. He seemed to be about to rise.

"That's right, dear," began Paula soothingly. "The best thing for you to do is to get up."

"Get up?" he cried as if she had hit him. For a long time he looked his wife solemnly in the eye. Then he spoke, "Am I, or am I not, a sane human being?"

That question was not to be answered—not then—for Jackson was again standing uncertainly on the threshold, making a mighty effort to find his voice. "He's come, ma'am," gasped the butler, ignoring Bull completely as if he no longer counted in the world of men.

"Who's come?" demanded Bull.

"The doctor, sir."

"Who's sick?" Livingston looked inquiringly at his wife.

The family doctor, peering cautiously from behind the protection of the butler, exchanged understanding glances with the madman's wife.

Officer O'Brien had, in his discretion, withdrawn to a telephone booth to consult his captain; and now he was, in his valor, returning to do his duty. His appearance in the pantry door, breaking his way through the rows of retainers, backed this time by two



hospital attendants, a white-coated municipal doctor, and a nasal young man in plain clothes, produced a varying effect on the occupants of the room. Dr. Barnard was obviously relieved. Paula just naturally swooned. Livingston Bull alone failed to recognize the gravity of the situation. Peevishness, annoyance, agitation, abuse, even protest, dropped from him. There came in their place, laughter, high, convulsive, maniacal laughter, that shook the whole upper part of his frame, that caused the Jacobean chair to rock and teeter like a dying top.

Immediately the hospital doctor saw his duty. This was no case for a private house. The patient's condition was clearly institutional.

"For the last time, Mr. Bull"—his tone was increasingly menacing—"I ask you to get out of that chair."

"I won't do it! I won't do it!" the victim growled in a low, gargling, cavernous tone. "I tell you to leave me alone. All I want to do is to sit in my own chair. In my own chair, do you understand?" And then he fell to laughing again in series of maniacal explosions so much more articulate than speech. "In my own chair, ha, ha! Chair, ha, ha, ha! . . ."

The hospital doctor had a kindlier side. He too was, in his unprofessional moments, a collector of antiques. He noticed for the first time the quality of that straight, high-backed Jacobean chair. He understood how Bull, even in his insanity, might cling to so valuable a possession. After all, it was but a short step, perhaps nothing more than the turning of a table leaf, between an antiquarian and a paranoiac!

"We'll humor the poor fellow," he whispered to his men. "Strap him to the chair. We'll take 'em both with us."

Two additional uniformed attendants, preceded by a blast of cold air from the front door, swept into the room. Automatically, they thrust the long poles of the stretcher under the soft seat of the precious chair. The two original uniformed attendants seized the poles from the rear. The hospital doctor gave the word of command. They lifted Livingston Bull, chair and all, and bore him from the room.

As Jack Weston and his gay mood and his high hat and his cape overcoat and his twirling stick swung around the corner into the avenue, he was amazed at the midnight throng around the Livingston Bull front stoop. The place was mobbed. Home-



BEHIND THE SCREEN WERE THE STANDEES

going town cars filled with theater parties had drawn up two and three deep at the curb. Their owners blocked the sidewalks and crowded against the steps. The shining black ambulance towered above the motor tops. Traffic policemen on chugging motorcycles were patrolling the block. From the deep shadows of neighboring windows bald heads and boudoir caps jockeyed for position. Bewildered, even a bit alarmed, Weston reached the edge of the crowd. Approaching a man in evening dress, he asked him the cause of the excitement.

"Why, haven't you heard?" responded the man, "old Livingston Bull has gone violently insane."

At this moment, "peal on peal of demoniacal laughter smote the midnight air." All eyes turned toward the open doorway. The first pair of bearers solemnly appeared. Immediately there was a loud and terrifying explosion. The avenue became like midday.

The poor wreck in the lifted chair was illumined in all his hideousy. A young man with over-developed nasal cavities, jumped out of a drawing-room window, landing on the granite railing at Weston's side.

"Did you get him?" he shouted into the darkness.

"Sure," came a voice from a second-story window, where Weston could just make out the square bulk of a newspaper man's camera.

"Good," cried the nasal young man; then added, as if to himself, "Too bad it's too dark for movies!"

A distant clock was striking. It was midnight—and "Sitting" Bull, in the cavernous recesses of the police ambulance, still sat. Over his face played the sweet smile of a contented mind. He had won ten thousand dollars. More than that, he had proved himself a free man.

Some ideas—like freedom—never die!



USHER: "Member of the family, sir?"

GUEST: "Well—er—not an active member. I'm the bride's former husband."





WILLIE: "I wonder if they'd crack this nut for me."

#### His Financial Standing

THREE small boys were earnestly discussing the ability of their respective fathers.

The son of a song writer said, "My father can come home in the evening and sit down after supper and write a song and take it in town the next morning and sell it for twenty-five dollars."

"But my dad," eagerly spoke up the young heir of a short-story writer, "can write a story in an evening and take it in town the next morning and sell it for fifty dollars."

The preacher's son was a bit nonplussed until he had an inspiration. "My father," he announced triumphantly, "gets up in the pulpit and talks half an hour, and then it takes twelve men to carry the money up to him!"

#### Signs of Prosperity

"IN the Cumberland Mountains of East Tennessee," says a Nashville man, "a good coon dog is considered a valuable asset."

"Once I asked a native how many dogs he had."

"I ain't got but four," Jim replied dejectedly. "Looks like I never kin git a start on dogs agin."

#### A Proficient Grammarian

IT was in the days when every school had a class in English Analysis. Gertie did not usually shine in such work, but this day she was sure of her ground. So she proudly began:

"Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting  
breath"—

"'Urn' is the subject and 'can bust' is the predicate!"

#### Sociability an Asset

A POLITICAL candidate, on paying a second visit to the house of a doubtful voter of the agricultural class, was very pleased, but somewhat surprised, on hearing from the elector that he would support him.

"Glad to hear it," said the candidate, "I thought you were against me."

"I was at first," said the other. "When the other day you called here, and stood by that pigsty and talked for half an hour you didn't budge me an inch."

"But after you had gone away, sir, I got to thinkin' how you'd reached your hand over the rail and scratched the pig's back until he lay down with the pleasure of it. I made up my mind then that when a man was so sociable as that with a poor fellow-creature, I wasn't the man to vote against him."



## A Matter of Construction

INTO a Southern police court was haled an individual charged with abusing his team and using loud and profane language. One of the witnesses was a pious old ducky, who was submitted to a short cross-examination.

"Did the defendant use improper language while he was beating his horses?" asked the lawyer.

"Well, he talk mighty loud, suh."

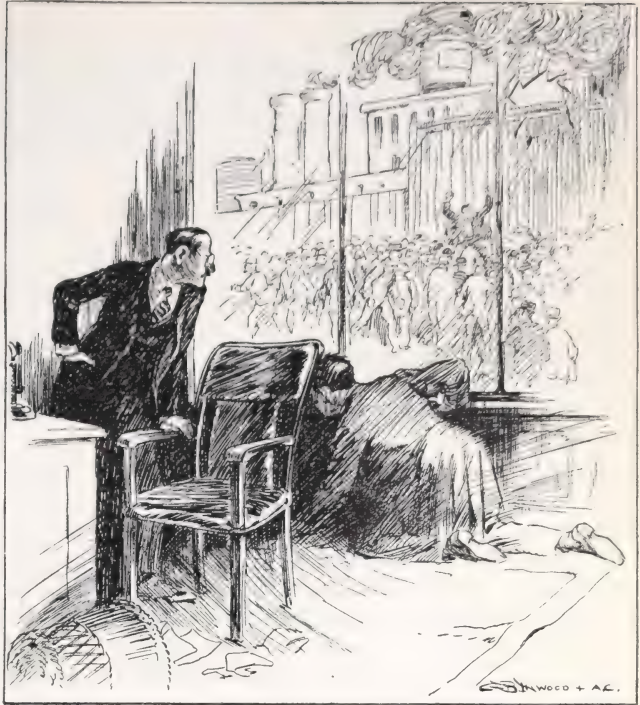
"Did he indulge in profanity?"

The witness seemed puzzled.

The lawyer put the question in another form:

"What I mean, Uncle Gus, is—did he use words that would be proper for your minister to use in a sermon?"

"Oh, yes, suh," the old man replied, with a grin that revealed the full width of his immense mouth, "but dey'd have to be 'ranged diff'runt."



FACTORY OWNER: "I wish there were some way to disperse those strikers."

MANAGER: "They'll disperse in a minute. I see the ring-leader starting to take up a collection."



MOTHER: "Why, Willie! You promised to-day to be Mother's good boy."

WILLIE: "This ends it! I'm through! I resign!"

## His Early Morning Task

NOT all "city folks" are as ignorant of the conditions in the country as some farmers are apt to suppose. A Bostonian who was spending his vacation on a farm in Maine, had resolved to rise with the birds, in order to get the full advantages of the rural life.

"Well, young man," said the farmer as the city chap hove in sight, "been out to hear the hay-cock crow, I suppose."

The city person smiled. "No," he said, "I've been out tying a knot in a cord of wood."

## Revising Zoology

DICK, aged five, thinks in terms of automobiles rather than those of natural history. Startled by a dog, running swiftly and barking gruffly, he described the event vividly, exclaiming:

"Daddy, he came tearing down the road with his cut-out open!"



## An Ecclesiastical Guide

WHEN Phillips Brooks, the great "low church" bishop of Massachusetts, made his visitation at the Church of the Advent, Boston, celebrated for its elaborate ritual, the rector considerably inquired if the bishop would like the usual service simplified.

"Oh, no" was the reply. "Turn everything on!"

A young but well-trained acolyte was told off to attend the bishop and before the towering figure paced, with impressive dignity, the small red-cassocked lad.

A lady present, who knew and loved her Phillips Brooks but knew little of ritual, regarded the situation at first with anxious face, but soon became quite serene. On leaving the church, after service, she remarked:

"In the beginning, I was dreadfully afraid the bishop would not know where to go or what to do, but I felt perfectly safe about him when I saw that that little boy knew a great deal more about it all than the bishop did and was taking good care of him."

## From Realism to Romanticism

LOUISE longed to see a pig killed. An older person suggested that such a desire on the part of a little girl was neither womanly nor nice.

"Yes, I know," said Louise, apologetically, "but mightn't we pretend that it was the execution of Mary Queen of Scots?"

## Why the Costs Went Up

COUNTRY storekeepers resort at times to ingenious methods to attract trade. A placard displayed in front of a store in a Southern town read as follows.

"Step inside and get the greatest bargains you'll ever get again. The reason why I have hitherto been able to sell my goods so much cheaper than anybody else is that I am a bachelor, and do not need to make a profit for the maintenance of wife and children. It is now my duty to inform the public that this advantage will shortly be withdrawn from them, as I am about to be married. They will, therefore, do well to make their purchases at once at the old rate."



HE: "Why on earth do you keep on clapping? The last singer was awful."

SHE: "I know; but I like the gown she wore and I want to take another look at it."

## PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

**Arthur Ruhl** has set forth in two recent numbers of **HARPER'S** his observations of some interesting phases of western homestead life; in this issue he turns his attention to some of the great western cities. **Prosper Buranelli** is a member of the staff of the *New York World*.

**William Beebe**, ornithologist, spends much of his time in scientific work at the British Guiana Zoological Station, of which he is director. From this outpost of science on the edge of the South American jungle he sends to **HARPER'S** his experiences in a mangrove forest, published in this issue. **Mary Heaton Vorse**, whose stories have been a feature of this Magazine for many years, is at work upon a new series of stories for **HARPER'S**. To **Margaret** and **J. W. Helburn** the Magazine is indebted for the wonderful photographic views of the Alps published in this issue, which were secured only by prodigious effort and risk on the part of the daring adventurers.

**Dallas Lore Sharp**, whose hobby of bee-keeping has been the subject of two articles during the past summer, is professor of English in Boston University, and this issue he writes upon an important phase of our national education. **William McFee**, chief engineer of the *Carrillo*, invites us aboard once a month upon his return from tropic ports. His stateroom is a picturesque melange—with books and autographed portraits of famous writers upon the walls, while the *dissecta membra* of broken machine parts are dumped unceremoniously upon the floor to make place for his frequent callers.

**Francis Hackett**, formerly literary critic of the *New Republic*, has gone abroad to engage in literary work as a free lance. **Muriel Campbell Dyer**, who now makes her home in California, will be recalled as the author of many distinguished stories published in **HARPER'S** some years ago. **Robert Hillyer**, one of America's younger

poets, has recently returned to his native land after doing graduate work at the University of Copenhagen.

The contributors to the *Lion's Mouth* this month are all well known to the Magazine's readers. **Frederick L. Collins**, who appears in the Editor's Drawer, is a new contributor to **HARPER'S**.



Mrs. Watts' recent story, "The Reward of Virtue," continues to be a storm centre among our readers. We print the following spirited objection from a lady in Seattle, Washington:

DEAR **HARPER'S**,—I was much surprised at the tone of the letters printed in the July **HARPER'S** praising the "Reward of Virtue."

The story was a long way from being so perfect as Mrs. Deland and "Carnegie Hall" appear to think it is. In the first place what has the title to do with the story? In a perfect story the title either tells the story, or is indirectly so related that the meaning is obvious; but in this case, what was the reward of virtue? Who got it? who deserved it, and where was the virtue?

So far as delineating character was concerned, the only well-drawn one was the aunt; we could understand her perfectly, but as for the mother or the girl, they were not well done unless we are to think that the girl was so entirely of her aunt's blood, and because of her upbringing could not enter into her mother's life, or inherit from her in the least particular; the criticism that naturally the daughter would have communicated with her mother, tho, only out of curiosity, is very good, but the whole scheme of the story is told from the outside, it is not subjective but entirely objective. My chief objection to the story is that my own experience of life was along the very same line.

My parents died when I was quite young and I was reared by my aunt, my father's sister, between whom and myself there was no sympathy, no congeniality. I was a booklover, a reserved introspective child, to whom all the details of life were distasteful, not to say abhorrent—Ugh, it makes my flesh creep yet to think of the sordid commonplace housecleaning, dishwashing, bed-making, sweeping, whitewashing, etc., etc., which were the horrid features of my daily life, and to



which my aunt bent all the energies of her mind, and mine also. There was this difference, I knew that my parents were dead and that I must take care of myself when I was old enough to do so. I was to be a school teacher. I do not know that I realized the reason for my dislike of everything in my life, but if I could have dreamed that somewhere in the world, there was a person working and providing for me, a person with whom there was such a solemn tie as my own mother, life would have been a wonderful thing, and I cannot believe that even to such an unromantic, unresponsive child as the poor creature was depicted, there would not have come a little thrill of something that set her off from other children, and she would not have been so hideously inhuman as Mrs. Watts depicted her. Mrs. Watts is not very "deep" not to have thought a little further as to how the human relation would actually work out, and as for the mother—

I will admit that Mrs. Watts has both "art and atmosphere" that she could make people accept the mother; the mother as perfect; a mother who could separate herself from her child all the growing years of her young life, when, if ever, she would have been interesting and appealing and there was an opportunity to draw her into her mother's life, and mould her into what she wished her to be, and that people couldn't see that she was merely a selfish individual—contrast her with the story of "52 Weeks For Fleurette" (one of the stories named in the O. Henry Memorial Prix Award) which, at least, shows that an actress does not of necessity need cut herself off from her children, if she has any love for them—but what shall be said of a critic who employs such words: "I was afraid after erecting a spiritual (?) wall between mother and daughter, which separated them as immutably as death, Mrs. Watts would permit such a TRITE device as duty or self-sacrifice to influence the mother into taking the girl back East and into her life." (?)

"A TRITE device as duty or self-sacrifice"! To us of the older generation the question naturally arises: "What is this Hedonistic Age coming to?"

Is it possible that if Mrs. Watts had risen to the occasion and shown that there were such things as mother love and filial affection: that they were real and would overleap the barrier artificially grown up between them, and have put the relationship on a level of human affection that the critic would have been less "profoundly moved"?

Is it any "art" to describe a human relation as obvious and commonplace? The art that would have taken those two people and have created love and understanding and affection between them and have raised the young girl out of that commonplace, sordid atmosphere in which her mother had so selfishly left her for all those young growing years, would have been ART indeed.

The person who could "thrill" to the idea that that young soul should be left in that death-in-life environment, must be supremely selfish; but

of one who could mix up a Beethoven Symphony with an O. Henry denouement and describe all as "a tingling down my vertebrae and my arms pricking with gooseflesh," (!)—it is, after all, only what one could expect.

I read the story several times to be sure that I got the idea, and the oftener I read it the lower it fell in my estimation. Certainly there are such mothers but do they appeal to our sympathy and affection? Are they perfect mothers? If this is "poignant, subtle and true" what of the "trite device" that runs through the noblest of our tales? In the *Scarlet Letter* is it not the mother love Hester develops for her little child that appeals to the human heart? What of Mrs. Deland's own tale of *Helena Ritchie*? Is it not the mother love of Helena for her foster son David that redeems the soul of Helena? The sense of DUTY and the willingness to sacrifice may be TRITE, but it is always noble, and strikes a responsive chord in the human heart, and while I do not ask that Mrs. Watts change the ending, I do claim that, in no sense of the word, is it a perfect story; and when a magazine publishes such "thrillers" as criticism—"unqualified praise" it surely is, and indiscriminate as well—I ask, how can we have literature in America worthy of the name, if "Blurbs" are the only standards by which everything is judged?

MRS. A. B. S.

DEAR HARPER'S,—Mrs. A. B. S., in her criticism of my letter praising Mrs. Watts' story, "The Reward of Virtue," illustrates the sort of thing which hampers the proper appreciation of American literature. Under the curse of the literary morality-squad the only sort of fiction which is deemed praiseworthy is the brand which depicts high and lofty characters and motives. Hence, because Mrs. Watts has created a heartless mother, she is blamed much more severely than if she had created an inconsistent one. I grant Mrs. A. B. S. that it would have been a "happy" solution to the problem if the author had turned on "The Flower Song" by way of orchestral accompaniment and had shown a typical movie "fade-out" with the mother and daughter in a fond and tearful embrace. But would that have been consistent and Artistic? (Mrs. A. B. S. speaks a great deal about Art, with a capital letter.)

To one who hasn't read this story, the answer might perhaps seem "yes." The average mother and daughter would behave just as Mrs. A. B. S. desires. But I insist that this particular mother and daughter would not, and in making the reader understand why the spontaneous combustion which Mrs. A. B. S. expected is impossible, Mrs. Watts avoided the trite situation of a trumped-up happy ending.

When visiting my home town out west not long ago I attended the "Study Circle" of a Ladies' Auxiliary. I heard a great deal of Mrs. A. B. S.'s

type of criticism. The author's style, characterization, and motivation were entirely ignored in the heated discussion of whether or not the hero and heroine "done wrong." As the book under vivisection happened to be Sudermann's *The Song of Songs*, I must say the "literary criticism" was almost as amusing as Mrs. A. B. S.'s letter.

But why argue the matter? It would be quite useless, since Mrs. A. B. S. misconceives the whole problem. For example, she exclaims against my words, "Such a trite device as duty or self-sacrifice!" as if the mere reiteration of the words were a rebuke. Won't someone kindly point out to her that duty and self-sacrifice are not trite, but the *device* of using them in a certain story situation may most certainly be trite, as in the case under discussion. She hardly needed to use large capitals here to draw attention to her sadly muddled thinking.

CARNEGIE HALL.

We are tempted to add that Mrs. A. B. S. has missed the point that the title of the story is ironical. This in answer to the questions in the second paragraph of her letter.

She would seem to let her whole case fall to the ground when she admits that "certainly there are such mothers." Her query as to whether they appeal to our sympathy and affection, or whether they are perfect mothers, is wholly irrelevant. The artist does not ask that you like or dislike his characters but only that you approve the artistic integrity of their delineation. If Mrs. A. B. S. proposes to apportion literary merit in accordance with her personal liking and approval for characters, we fear that Becky Sharp, Madame Bovary, and a host of other immortal creations will have to take a back seat.

It is indiscriminating censure of this sort—we can't dignify it with the term of criticism—that creeps too often into judgments of modern literary effort. Mrs. Deland's *The Vehement Flame* has been objected to because some of the people in the story act in a way that certain readers do not approve of. And the latest work of so fine an artist as Edith Wharton, *Glimpses of the Moon*, is now being condemned because the conduct of certain characters in the story is reprehensible. We will never attain to an intelligent appreciation of art in America until the public is instructed as to the grounds on which artistic judgment rests. Nor will the public be capable of an artistic judgment so long as they are chiefly concerned with their moral approval and personal liking of the subject matter of art.



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SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

One of the most distinguished of the younger English novelists, whose short stories are now reaching an American audience through HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

DEAR HARPER'S,—Among the responses that Mr. Harrison Rhodes' "Memories and My Mother" has evoked, the following verses have come into my hands. I have little personal knowledge of their author, have never seen her, but suspect that she is herself a "little bit" of Victorian, who has lived her fullest life in the days of the good queen that named this period; and also that she may have been "brought up" on a literary pasturage of a yet earlier period that faded away into the realm of "Faerie." Yet, if she be late Victorian herself, she appears quite unafraid that the really innocent flapper will fail to counteract the wiles of "false Duessa" even as did the Spenserian Unas and Britomarts. I subjoin the verses "Gentlewomen All."

RHODA LEIGHTON.

#### GENTLEWOMEN ALL.

Gentlewomen, one and all,  
You whose shadows backward fall  
While your gaze lost years enthrall,  
Pause, ere last farewell you call.

Gentlewomen—all degrees:  
You deep lapped in urban ease,  
You beneath your village trees—  
Farm-wives midst your toil-smooth'd leas.—

Drop the world a benison  
Ere your day shall quite be done,  
While you mark your sands outrun  
Golden in the level sun.

You who in your mirrors learn,  
Beauty's fires, howe'er they burn,  
Drift to ashes in an urn—  
Peace be with you, as you turn!



You the masters loved to limn.  
Still, your gaze, though something dim,  
Keeps a light that Faith did trim—  
As of "young-eyed cherubim!"

You whom we "*Victorian*" name,  
Mid-or-late—to you the same;  
For you sought no courtly fame,  
And you claim not, nor disclaim.

Oh, you never say: "A Queen  
Ruled that ordered, fair demesne  
Where we moved, and whence we lean  
In our gracious port serene."

No, you never cry: "Look how  
Evil fashions good o'erbrow,  
And to false Duessa now  
All our young Beloveds bow!"

Gentlewomen! But you say,  
Smiling through your wreaths of gray:  
"These our young Beloveds—they  
(Ev'n as we) must shape their way."

These you chide not, nor contemn,  
And you do not fear for them  
Aught shall steal their diadem,  
Womanhood its cloudless gem.

L'Envoi

Gentlewomen all—and one  
(Midst their circle gentler none)  
*Mother-soul*, thy day long done,  
Take this song—half-orison!



Albert Bigelow Paine was an editor for many years before he attained his present distinction as an author. Consequently the Editors of HARPER'S take unusual pleasure in printing the following letter in regard to Laura Spencer Portor's articles in the August and September issues of the Magazine, particularly as Mr. Paine's tribute belongs to the author of the articles rather than to themselves.

DEAR HARPER'S,—Ever so many magazine features these days command the admiration of my head, but there are mighty few of them that I can really praise with my heart. Most writers—even the best of them—are more concerned with the smartness of their phrasing and the exhibition of their knowledge than with their narration of events.

I am moved to these few remarks by the beautiful and unpretentious simplicity of Laura Spencer Portor's "*Local Color*" papers, which I have read with the purest enjoyment—a feeling so rare to one of my ancient and weatherbeaten wickedness that I would (or should) not feel comfortable if I did not send this word to you, and, through you, to the author, whom I do not know, but

whose rockribbed sincerity I do so strongly feel and admire.

What a refreshment and stimulation in this age of literary show-off and sham!

Sincerely,

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.



Major E. Alexander Powell, who has recently returned from many months of travel by car and caravan in the Middle East, is preparing for HARPER'S MAGAZINE a series of three articles on one of the most novel, interesting, and adventurous journeys ever made by motor—a journey which, starting from Teheran, the City of the Peacock Throne, zigzagged across the entire width of Western Asia, through Persia, Kurdistan, Luristan, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Syria, coming to an end on the shores of the Mediterranean.

In the first of his articles (to be published next month) Major Powell will describe the difficulties and dangers of travel across the brigand-infested mountains of northwestern Persia; he will tell of his adventures in caravanserais and palaces; he will recount his experiences in journeying through a land which remains virtually unchanged since the days of Cyrus and Alexander.

The second article of the series will deal with present-day conditions in Mesopotamia, "the Land Between the Rivers," or 'Iraq, as it is now known; of his stay in Baghdad, the capital of Haroun-al-Raschid, where the summer heat is so intense that its inhabitants spend their nights on the house-tops and their days in the cellars; of his audience with King Feisal, the most picturesque of modern rulers; and of his visits to the most remote of the ruined cities of antiquity—Hit and Nineveh.

The third article will describe the author's remarkable journey across the desert from Mosul to Aleppo and thence across Syria, through Homs, Hama, and Ba'albek, to the Mediterranean. He will tell of his thrilling encounter in the desert with the great Shammar tribe, with its fifty thousand camels and its twenty thousand men, women, and children, and of his novel entertainment by its leader, Sheikh Arjil, one of the most famous of the great Bedouin chieftains. He will depict the life at the lonely outposts of the Foreign Legion along the line of the Last Frontier, and will recount his narrow escape from death when he and his companions were attacked by hostile Arabs armed with slings.







*Painting by W. H. D. Koerner*

Illustration for "Twilight of the God"

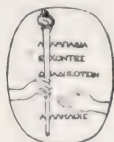
SHE WOULD STAND THERE UNTIL MANELL WAS OVER THE SIDE OF THE VESSEL

# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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A TOLL STATION ON THE ROAD FROM TEHRAN TO BAGDAD

## FOUR FERINGHEES IN INNER ASIA

I. FROM THE PEACOCK THRONE TO KURDISTAN

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

**T**HERE were four of us, counting Ladew's servant Sherin. There was Harvey Ladew, who spends his winters riding to hounds with the Meadowbrook or the Pytchley and his summers salmon fishing in Canada or shooting sheep in Alaska, and who is one of the keenest sportsmen I have ever known. The third was DeWitt Hutchings, who is vice president of the famous Mission

Inn at Riverside, in Southern California, and who, in his time, was the greatest second baseman that ever wore on his jersey the orange P of Princeton. Sherin was a young Irishman from the Isle of Wight, who had been in the service of the Duke of Portland until the Great War caused him to discard the ducal livery for the king's uniform. He had a joke or a pun for every occasion, he

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THE STREET OF THE GAS LIGHTS

never lost his temper, and he was equally handy with a pressing iron, a frying pan, or a gun.

Instead of taking the long and round-about journey down the Red Sea, across the Indian Ocean, and up the Persian Gulf, which is the only safe route open to travelers bound for Persia, we had reached the capital of the shahs by traveling overland from the shores of the Mediterranean, across Syria, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Persia, by car and caravan. It had been our intention, upon leaving Tehran, to strike northward to the Caspian and pick up a coasting vessel which would land us at Baku, whence the Bolsheviks maintain a railway service of sorts across the Caucasus to the Black Sea port of Batoum, where it would be an easy matter to get passage for Constantinople. This door to the outside world was slammed in our faces, however, when the Russian Legation in Tehran bluntly refused to visé our passports for the Caucasus. The Department of

State at Washington has steadfastly refused to have any relations with the assassins who at present control the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic, to give it its official name, so the Bolsheviks, by refusing us admission to their territory, proclaimed that *they* did not recognize the government at Washington.

As it was already June, when the heat becomes insufferable in the Persian Gulf and the monsoon season in the Indian Ocean begins, the only exit that remained open to us was across the scorching sands of Northern Mesopotamia and up the valley of the Euphrates. This involved retracing our steps as far as Bagdad, following the Tigris northward to Mosul and Nineveh, and thence in a northwesterly direction across Mesopotamia—"the Land Between the Rivers"—to the Euphrates, which we could ascend almost to Aleppo, where there is railway connection with the ports on the coast of Syria. Though since the war, owing to the unsafe

condition of the country, this route had not been attempted by Europeans—save, perhaps, one or two French or British officers engaged on political missions to the Bedouins—we decided to take it because it promised to be the quickest and the most interesting.

That it was the quickest is proved by the fact that I traveled from Tehran to Sandy Hook in just thirty days, which constitutes, I believe, a world's record. And it proved so interesting, not to say exciting, that I shall always be grateful to the Bolos for having forced us to take it.

Tehran (the word is accented on the second syllable and rhymes with John) might much more fittingly have been named Khaki, which is the Persian word for dust. During the dry season the unpaved streets are inches deep in dust, which, when stirred up by a passing vehicle or a vagrant breeze, rises in yellow clouds, dense as a London fog and almost as suffocating as poison gas. As a result, everything, including the trees, is heavily dust coated. To protect their clothing, the people of the upper classes wear thin, voluminous cloaks called *abas*, also of the prevailing

dust color, so that as they flit along between the high mud walls with which every street is lined they become almost invisible. The dwellings of the poor are of dusty, sun-dried bricks, with flat roofs of mud, and even the houses of the rich are built of the same uninteresting material, usually camouflaged however, by a coat of white or tinted plaster. This reminds me of one of my daily amusements in Tehran. A well-known politician was erecting a somewhat pretentious house in the same street as the American mission, where I was staying, and every morning, when I was out for a stroll, I would pause and watch the masons at their work. The performance never varied. The man at the top of the ladder would sing out, in what he fondly believed to be a melodious tone, "Brother, in the name of Allah, toss me up a brick," whereupon the one below would mark his compliance with the request by chanting, "In the name of God, behold a brick, oh my brother." I have often heard bricklayers in America invoke the name of the Deity, but they used it in quite a different sense.

There is little in Tehran to remind



FILLING UP WITH PETROL IN A PERSIAN VILLAGE





THE PLACE DES CANNONS

On the gallery above the gate is played at sunrise and sunset that strange barbaric fanfare known as "the music of a thousand years"

one of the greatness and the grandeur which once was Persia's; the turquoise domes, the stately mosques, the gorgeous coloring which I had anticipated are entirely lacking. It is true that the city gates and the walls of most of the palaces and public buildings are decorated with glazed tiles of charming colors, but the effect is ruined by the fact that many of the tiles have fallen off and have not been replaced, thus producing an atmosphere of decay and dilapidation. Save in point of size, for they are very large, the Tehran bazars have little to distinguish them from the bazars of a hundred other cities I could name, while, in articles of Persian art, they are far inferior to the marts of Shiraz and Ispahan. In the European quarter of the capital, for which Nasr-ed-Din Shah, the great-grandfather of the present ruler, was responsible, the streets are surprisingly wide and are shaded by double rows of spreading plane trees, whose roots run down to open conduits of

rapidly flowing water—miniature canals as it were, on either side of every street. The murmur of the water as it flows beneath the trees is very restful, and the general effect is charming, but, as the conduits are frequently several feet wide, and as there are rarely any bridges or cross-walks, the pedestrian has to possess the agility of a goat and the leaping qualities of an Irish hunter. Only a few of the more important streets have names—the city's principal shopping thoroughfare is known as Street of the Gas Lights, from the fact that an attempt was once made to illuminate it by means of gas lamps—and none of the houses have numbers, which makes it extremely difficult to find a given address. If you ask how to find a certain house you will probably be told to "go up this street four blocks, turn to your right and keep on until you come to a square with a fountain in the middle, cross the square, bear to your left, enter the first alley on your left, and the house you

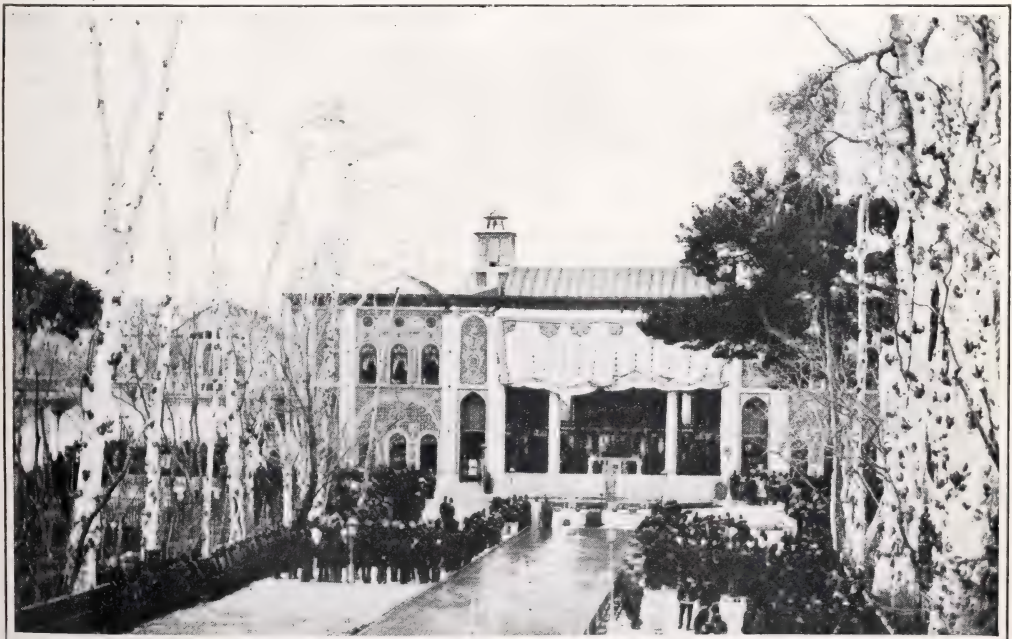
are looking for is either the third or fourth on the right—you can tell it by the green door in the wall."

The lack of street names reminds me that, until very recently, there were, with certain exceptions, no family names in Persia. This led to so much inconvenience and confusion that, two or three years ago, an edict was issued requiring that, before a specified date, every person in the empire must adopt a family name. The perplexity and excitement occasioned by this edict can better be imagined than described. For the next few months Persia was like a big summer hotel on the eve of a fancy-dress ball, when everyone rushes about demanding frantically, "What are you going to go as? For heaven's sake, can't you suggest something for me?" The names thus chosen were, as might have been expected, sometimes naïve, frequently curious, occasionally amusing. The old man who for many years had served as guardian of the gate of the American Mission chose the Persian equivalent of "Honest and Faithful." A postman decided, with rare appropriateness, upon "Here, There, and

Everywhere." And a merchant, who was of a practical turn of mind, selected his telephone number, "Three Hundred and Ten."

I have said that there is little in Tehran to remind one of Persia's vanished grandeur, but the rule is proved by one splendid exception—the Peacock Throne. This is that jeweled chair of state, once the property of the Grand Mogul, which was valued at thirty millions of dollars when it stood in the Diwan-i-Am in Delhi. It was carried off to Tehran in 1739 by Nadir Shah, the Persian conqueror, and is now kept in the treasure room of the royal palace. Ever since our arrival in Tehran we had attempted to obtain permission to see this historic and fabulously valuable piece of furniture, but, for some inexplicable reason, our requests had been met with evasions or excuses: the throne really wasn't worth seeing, we were assured; it had been greatly overrated; repairs were being made to the treasure room, and so on, and so on, and so on.

"But we simply can't leave without seeing it," Ladew insisted. "If we told our friends at home that we had been in



THE PALACE OF THE ARK, WHERE THE KING OF KINGS HOLDS HIS PUBLIC AUDIENCES



Persia and hadn't seen the Peacock Throne they would think we were crazy. It would be like visiting Niagara without seeing the Falls."

"I'll have one more try," I promised, "when we have tea with the Prime Minister this afternoon. If that fails the only thing left will be to cable to the Shah in Paris."

"I'll do that very thing," Ladew asserted. "I'll tell him that we've come half way round the world to see the Peacock Throne, and that, as his officials won't permit us to see it, we are wiring him for permission. And I'll bet that we should get it, too. Of course, we could word the message in a way that would be friendly without being too free and easy."

"Well, wait until we've seen the Prime Minister," I urged him. "Give him a chance to do the right thing before you trouble the Shah."

That afternoon we were received in audience by the Khavam-es-Saltaneh, who had just accepted for a second time the premiership of Persia. As we were taking our departure, after an hour's discussion of Persian politics and the inevitable tea, ice cream, and cakes, he asked me, by way of being polite, if there was anything that he could do for us.

"There is, your Highness," I answered promptly. "We should like permission to see the *Takhte Tavoo*s—the Peacock Throne."

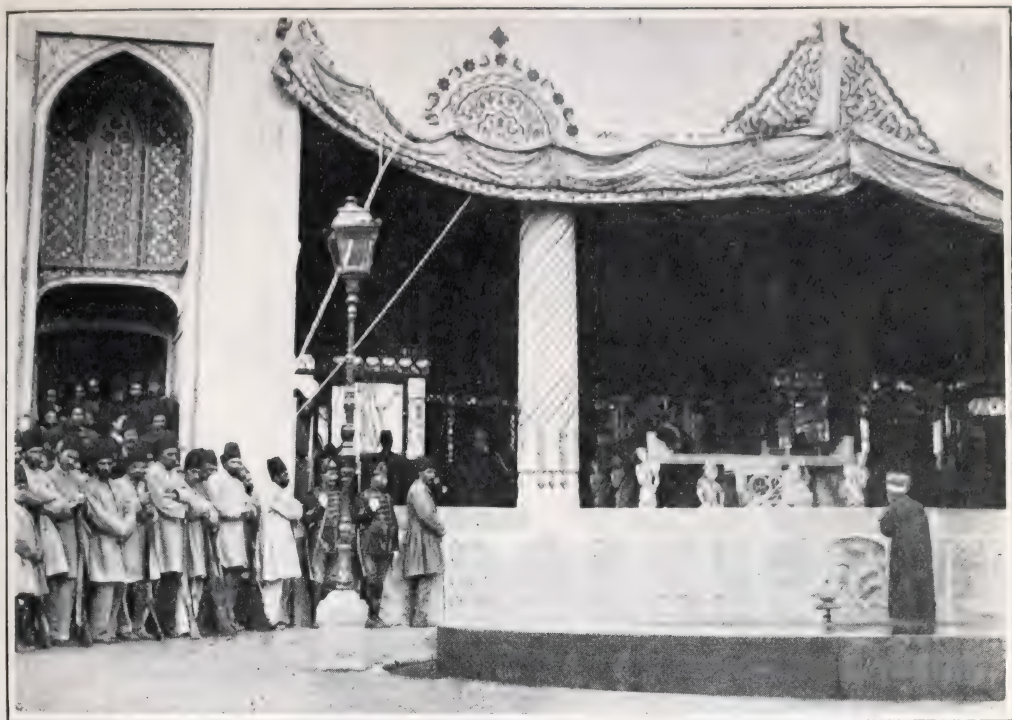
"If you are really anxious to see it I have no doubt that it can be arranged," he said amiably, making a notation on his desk-pad. "But I am afraid that you will be disappointed in it," he added.

That evening a messenger from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs brought word that, if we would present ourselves at the palace at three o'clock the following afternoon, the treasure room would be opened for us by special command.

The nucleus of old Tehran is the Ark, or citadel, whose battlemented walls inclose a congeries of offices, barracks, arsenals, stables, corridors, courtyards,

kiosks, lakes, and gardens, the whole comprising the city palace of the King of Kings. To reach the Palace of the Ark one passes from the Place des Cannons, a broad and dusty square flanked with antiquated cannon, through a charming gate known as the Nagara-khaneh, and so into the Diamond Street, a short thoroughfare, bordered with cypress trees, which leads to a little-used entrance of the royal inclosure, the façade of which is set with mirrors, which give the effect of diamonds when the sun shines upon them. On the lofty gallery above the Nagara-khaneh is played each day, at the rising and setting of the sun, that strange, barbaric fanfare known as "the music of a thousand years." This salute to the sun is a privilege of the shahs of Persia which goes back into the dark ages, probably to the Zoroastrian kings. The instruments used are horns of enormous proportions, whose hoarse, reverberating roar is broken by the rattle of kettle-drums and the crash of cymbals, thus producing a cacophony of sound which even the most fertile-minded of our jazz kings never dreamed of.

The Palace of the Ark is outwardly indistinguishable as such. One entrance, to be sure, opens on a small square where coachmen in high fur caps drowse the sunny days away on the boxes of their droshkies. But we knew the ropes, for Hutchings and I had been to the palace a week before for an audience with the Crown Prince, and the gate we made for was in an alley bounded by high mud walls. Here lounged a score of unkempt, unshaven soldiers of the Cossack Brigade in pale blue uniforms much the worse for dirt and high caps of white sheepskin, who regarded us with some uncertainty. But we wore hats, which throughout the beturbaned East marks the wearer as of a certain degree of consequence, and a mention of the fact that the Minister of the Household was expecting us did the rest. The guard hastily fell in and presented arms in a fashion which should have brought a blush of shame to the cheek



THE MARBLE THRONE OF THE SHAH

of their drillmaster, and we departed for the mysterious inner recesses of the palace under the ciceronage of a eunuch so cadaverous that his black frock coat flapped about him as he walked as on a scarecrow.

Following our wraithlike guide through an interminable series of tunnel-like passages, calcimined in bright blue and tastily touched up here and there with dashes of vermillion, and across numerous small courtyards where barefooted royal retainers in coats of faded scarlet slept peacefully with their backs against the wall, we emerged at length into an enormous rectangular courtyard, fully two hundred yards in length, down the axis of which ran a tank, or pool, lined with tiles of turquoise blue and bordered on either side by broad promenades of tessellated marble. At the farther end of the pool rose, from a low terrace of white marble, a most curious structure—a sort of a cross between those open-air theaters one sees at amusement parks and one of the Oriental buildings at the

San Francisco Exposition. It was two stories in height and every square foot of its façade was incrustated with glazed tiles in many colors, interspersed with mirrors. The most engaging feature of the building, however, was the *talar* in its center. The *talar* is a great loggia, raised four or five feet above the ground but rising itself through the second story to the roof, the outer edge of which it helps to support by means of two tall, spirally fluted columns of white marble, which had been brought—heaven knows how, in this railroadless land!—from the distant ruins of Persepolis. The resemblance to a theater was still further heightened by the great canvas curtain, elaborately stenciled, which hung from the top of the *talar*, and which could be raised or lowered, by means of cords, like a curtain in a theater. Near the front of the *talar*, between the supporting columns, stood the *Takht-i-Marmar*, or Marble Throne, a low platform of translucent marble supported by carvings of lions and other figures. Here, seated on a



pile of cushions in the Oriental fashion, the Shah holds his *salaams* or public audiences, the diplomatic corps in their brilliant uniforms, and the members of his government in the lambskin caps and Kashmir robes which are the court dress of Persia, being assembled on the terraces below the throne. When the massed bands in their scarlet jackets burst into the imperial anthem, and the King of Kings, blazing with diamonds, ascends the Marble Throne, the effect is all that the most captious of stage managers could ask for. All that is needed are a few diving beauties for

the pool and a well-drilled chorus of Persian houris.

Leaving the court of the *talar* we passed by devious ways into the *Gulistan* "the place of roses"—a lovely spot, where fountains spread sheets of rippling coolness, where crystal streams in channels lined with turquoise tiles run between lawns as green and smooth as velvet, and where, behind great masses of flowers, rows of stately cypress find an enchanting background in the palace walls, which are covered from ground to eaves with scenes of war, love, and the chase done in tiles of such

exquisite pattern and color that they have all the appearance of enamel. On the waters of the numerous lagoons swans float lazily; peacocks strut across the green-sward; the air is heavy with the fragrance of roses.

But, though the general effect is charming, it does not bear too close an inspection, for many of the tiles have fallen from the walls, leaving unsightly patches of bare plaster, while the execrable lapses of taste which so frequently characterize the Persians are illustrated by the ugly lamp-posts, the rococo summer-houses, and the cheap iron figures with which the garden is littered. I was particularly fascinated, I remember, by two ponderous Percherons of cast iron, heavily coated with gilt, on whose broad backs two boys, clad only in overalls and galluses,



THE PEACOCK THRONE



were precariously balanced. When the gardener turned a key, streams of water suddenly shot from the youngsters' pursed-up lips, giving the beholder the impression that they had been taken violently seasick.

On the east side of the *Gulistan*, screened by a fringe of cypresses and poplars, rises the *Shems-el-Emaret*, or Sun of the Palaces, its twin campaniles, with a slender clock-tower between, covered with tiles of blue and yellow. In these lofty apartments is the *enderoun*, or quarters of the women, who, concealed behind porcelain grills, can watch the comings and goings in the *Gulistan*, and, on the other side, look down upon the animated scenes at the entrance to the bazars. The state apartments, whose walls and ceiling are entirely covered with mirrors cut and set in the shape of diamonds, are connected with the *enderoun* by a long, lofty, glass-roofed corridor known as the Orangery, where, when the ground outside is white with snow, the King of Kings can stroll beside a running stream under boughs heavy with oranges. At the farther end of the Orangery is the jealously guarded *Porte des Voluptés*, through which no one may pass save the Shah and his eunuchs, for it leads to the *enderoun*. The present ruler, Sultan Ahmad Shah, a youth of twenty-five, is unmarried, and there are, I believe, comparatively few women in the imperial *enderoun*—few, at least, when compared with the galaxies of female beauty assembled there during the reigns of his more amorous predecessors.

On the second floor of that portion of the Palace of the Ark which overlooks the *Gulistan*, reached by a broad and imposing staircase, is the imperial treasure room, or, as it is more commonly called, the museum. That it is rarely opened was evidenced by the fact that when we arrived it was fastened by means of large wax seals, which the Minister of the Household broke in our presence. It is a room of imposing proportions, whose beauty is marred, how-

ever, by the ornateness of its decorations, particularly the thousands and thousands of mirrors set in its walls and ceiling, which give it a peculiarly garish appearance. Enormous crystal chandeliers hang from the ceiling, massive candelabra of the same material are ranged along the walls, and the floor is thickly strewn with priceless silken carpets, constituting a fortune in themselves. And it is crowded with the most amazing collection of junk that I have ever seen gathered under one roof: ponderous vases of Sevres and Dresden, gifts to the shahs from various European sovereigns; pictures of the Roman Coliseum and of the eruption of Vesuvius done in Italian mosaic; elephants' tusks mounted in gold; embroidered sofa pillows; cumbersome desk sets of gold, silver, malachite, lapis lazuli, ivory, olive wood; a collection of canes; a wash bowl and pitcher made from postage stamps; some stuffed birds-of-paradise, rather moth eaten; mechanical toys of every kind and description; ornately bound albums containing photographs taken during Muzaffer-ed-Din's periodic European junkets; and clocks of every size, model, and material, from gilt-and-glass extravagances incrustated with jewels to those atrocities in the form of a Swiss chalet, which indicate the hour by the doors suddenly flying open and a little wooden bird squawking *Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!* Now I understood why my requests to visit the treasure room had been met with excuses and evasions.

But at the far end of the room, hidden away in a recess so dimly lighted that it is scarcely visible, is the most beautiful object in all Persia—the world-famous *Takhte Tavos*—the Peacock Throne. It is not in the form of a chair, as I had imagined, but resembles rather an old-fashioned bed, about eight feet by five, supported by six curved and massive legs, two steps, decorated with salamanders, giving access to the platform on which the Shah sits in Oriental fashion, supported by a bolster-cushion and surrounded by pillows. In order that I



may not be charged with exaggeration, let me quote from the description of Lord Curzon, who was afforded exceptional facilities for examining the throne:

"The entire fabric is overlaid with a plating of gold, which is exquisitely chiseled and enameled, and is absolutely incrustated with precious stones, among which rubies and emeralds are the most prominent. An elegant balustrade containing inscriptions in panels runs round, and the lofty back, which is one mass of gems, rises to a point in the center whereupon is fixed a circular star of diamonds, with scintillating rays, made to revolve by a piece of mechanism at the back. On either side of the star are two bejeweled birds, perched on the edges of the back-frame and facing each other."

The value of the Peacock Throne as it stands to-day can only be conjectured. When it was in the possession of the Grand Mogul it was estimated as being worth some thirty millions of dollars, but since then important portions of it, such as the canopy of pearls, have disappeared. But it remains an object of surpassing beauty, an exquisite example of Oriental workmanship, its historical associations far outweighing its intrinsic value.

In traversing the land of Harun-al-Rashid—for that picturesque ruler was born within a few miles of Tehran and is buried in Meshed—it would have been far more appropriate, we realized, to have traveled by caravan, but we had crossed Northern Arabia by camel only a few weeks before, and one such experience with the ships of the desert is enough to last most Europeans for a long, long time. We should have welcomed an opportunity to fly down to Bagdad, or even right across to the Mediterranean, by airplane, which is really the modern equivalent of the Magic Carpet, but, this being out of the question, we compromised on a dilapidated Benz, which had already seen its best days when Bismarck was dismissed by the Kaiser, and an elderly member

of the well-known Ford family of Detroit for our luggage. The Benz was skippered by a Russian refugee who, judging from his looks, left his country between two days and for his country's good; the pilot of the Ford was some brand of a native Christian—an Assyrian, I think. After the cars had been loaded with our luggage, food, water, spare tires, and tins of petrol, they looked like hucksters' wagons, the only touch that was needed to complete the picture being for our disreputable drivers to sing out at every house we passed, "Any old bottles for sale? Old rubber? Old iron?"

We had completed our loading and had managed to wedge ourselves into the already over-crowded cars, and the servants had thrown open the doors of the mission compound, when I gave vent to a resounding sneeze. It was quite an ordinary sneeze, such as might happen to anyone, but our Muscovite driver turned in his seat and looked at me suspiciously, while the Assyrian, who had been attempting to start the Ford, dropped his crank and stood waiting.

"Sneeze again!" called our hostess, who had come out to see us off. "Sneeze quickly or it will be too late."

"But what—why—?" I stammered.

"Sneeze again!" she commanded. "Do as I tell you."

So, wishing to help along the joke, whatever it was, I managed, with some effort, to produce a second sneeze. It was not much of a success, as sneezes go, but it produced an immediate effect, for the Russian's look of suspicion changed to one of relief and the Assyrian resumed his cranking.

Then my hostess explained. The natives of that part of the world are extremely superstitious, one of their most deep-seated beliefs being that to set out on a journey after a person has sneezed *once* is to invite disaster. The regulation double-barreled sneeze portends no ill luck, it seems, but a one-gun salute is regarded as a direct affront to

Evil One. Mrs. Boyce told me that once, when she and her husband were traveling in the mountains, she had sneezed once, whereupon their muleteers stopped in their tracks and refused to go farther until she sneezed again. And there is a well-known instance of Shah Muzaffer-ed-Din having postponed a trip to Europe because of this unlucky omen.

It is in the neighborhood of four hundred miles from Tehran to the rail-head in Mesopotamia, and, considering that the road was used during the war for the transport of the British, Turkish, and Russian armies, that in two places it climbs to a height of more than eight thousand feet, and that the portion which traverses Kurdistan is infested by brigands, it is in surprisingly good condition. In fact, I have seen many worse roads in the United States. Motoring in Persia is an extremely costly means of travel. The hire of the two cars came to seven hundred tomans (nearly six hundred dollars), while petrol ranged in price from two and a half tomans to nearly six tomans a gallon. Between the capital and the rail-head there are fully a score of tollhouses, the toll amounting to approximately one hundred tomans per car each way, though, thanks to a *laissez-passer* given me by the Persian consul-general at Bagdad, we were exempted from payment of tolls both coming and going. On only one occasion was this document disputed. At Sultanabad the sullen-looking gatekeeper refused to let us pass until we paid, and, by way of enforcing his decision, ordered a soldier to unsling his rifle and prevent the bar from being raised. Now, it would have been easier, no doubt, to have paid the comparatively small sum demanded and have gone on our way without further argument. But in Persia, once you have taken a position with a native, you must stick to it, no matter what it costs; otherwise your prestige as a European disappears instantly and completely. So, in a very ill humor

indeed, I clambered out of the car and went in search of the *kalantar*, or mayor, of the town. After picking my way for nearly a mile through filth-strewn alleys, under a sun that must have registered one hundred and twenty in the shade, I found him. He was at his prayers, and, impatient though I was to get on, I knew enough not to disturb him. When he had finished his devotions I broached my troubles, but he would not listen to them until tea had been served. Finally he consented to look at my papers, only to shake his head mournfully and say that he would have to take the matter up with the governor of the district before he could give a decision. "But I am a friend of the Shah," I protested. (This was distinctly an exaggeration; I had merely spent an hour with his Majesty in Paris.) "He will be very angry when he hears of the treatment you have accorded to Americans."

"Is the Sah'b an American?" the *kalantar* demanded, his attitude changing as though by magic from ill-concealed insolence to profound respect. "Why did not the Sah'b so inform me in the first place? I had supposed him to be an Inglesi. That alters everything. Where is this miserable son of a toad who dared to annoy Americans? Let the Sah'b lead me to him. Before the sun sets his wretched feet shall feel the bastinado."

Judging from the *kalantar's* temper, I imagine that it was some days before that gatekeeper was able to hobble around without considerable pain. He probably won't be so brash to Americans the next time.

It is only about ninety miles from Tehran to Kazvin, but the road, which runs across an arid and dusty plain, is in execrable condition, being intersected at frequent intervals by rivulets, overflows from the irrigation canals, which reminded us of "thank-ye-marms" on country roads at home, and made even moderate speed out of the question. Back of us, beyond the flat, brown roofs of the capital and the wooded slopes of



the Shimran, the majestic peak of Demivend, its summit wreathed in veils of cloud, rose eighteen thousand feet into the Persian blue, while to the north and west curved in a great amphitheater the toothed range of the Elburz. It added to the romance of the scene to remember that over there, in his stronghold of Alamut, had dwelt the Old Man of the Mountains, the chief of that sinister secret order known as the Assassins, the Oriental Ku Klux Klan, which for more than two centuries laid a spell of terror over all this region.

Entering Kazvin by a gateway gay with green and yellow porcelains, above which flaunted the gaudy standard of the Lion and the Sun, we bumped down a long, tree-bordered thoroughfare, and then, in order to avoid running into the police station, turned sharply to the left into a much narrower street, jammed with camels, mules, donkeys, and pedestrians, and lined on either side by shallow porticoes filled with turbaned tea drinkers and upper balconies where now and then we caught, above momentarily raised veils, the flash of women's eyes. Why is it that about a woman leaning from a balcony, whether she be in Persia or Portugal, Siam or Spain, there is something peculiarly alluring?

There is in Kazvin a hostelry which has the effrontery to call itself a hotel. With this hotel I had a first-hand acquaintance, for we had stopped there for a night on the up-journey, and I had read about it in a book written a good many years ago by a Mr. Benjamin, who was the first American Minister to Persia. Of it he writes, "I was surprised and charmed to find at Kazvin a really elegant hotel, with rooms furnished in the European style and with an excellent cuisine." Either there has been a sad deterioration in the Kazvin hotel since Mr. Benjamin's time, or his ideas of what constitutes "a really elegant hotel" differ diametrically from mine. Of course some robust souls may consider me finical, but I must confess to an aversion to hotels where the

rush of patrons is so great that the proprietor does not find time to change the bed linen between departures and arrivals, and where a guest with a well-developed olfactory organ can deduce from the essences, hair oils, pomades, and perfumes which permeate his pillow the nationalities of the heads which have rested on it before him.

Just a word here about the caravanserais, so frequently mentioned in books on Persia. Many a time I have had friends exclaim, "How I envy you the experience of sleeping in a caravanserai! They must be so picturesque and interesting." Now, I don't like to destroy illusions, but I might as well state that I have never passed a night in a caravanserai if it was safe or practicable to sleep in a blanket on the ground. A caravanserai is, as its name suggests, a public building for the shelter of caravans and wayfarers generally. It is quadrangular in form, with a dead wall outside, usually loopholed for musketry, and, inside, a two-storied cloisterlike arcade which gives access to cellular storerooms below and to rows of small sleeping rooms above, runs entirely around it. A gateway, high and wide enough to permit the passage of a loaded camel, forms the sole entrance, which is provided with heavy, iron-barred doors. The courtyard itself is generally paved with cobbles, and in some cases is large enough to admit of several hundred kneeling camels or tethered mules, the bales of merchandise being piled away in the storerooms. The courtyard, where the cooking is carried on over open fires or charcoal brasiers, is always indescribably filthy; the bare walls of the rooms are blackened with smoke; the bare floors littered with the leavings of previous occupants. One has to have an overpowering passion for the picturesque to disregard the grunting of the camels, the braying of the donkeys, the interminable chatter of the guards and cameleers, the acrid smell of wood smoke, the stench of sweat-soaked leather and unwashed hu-



man bodies, and particularly the highly objectionable activities of a small insect, well known to caravanserais, which in Persia bears the significant name of *gharib-gas*, or "biter of strangers." The traveler in Persia who finds himself caught out at night between mission stations will do well to roll himself in his blankets and spend the night on the bosom of Mother Earth.

Owing to tire and engine trouble, it was mid-afternoon before we were ready to leave Kazvin, but, in spite of the fact that brigands were reported on the road, we determined to push on that night to Hamadan, a hundred and fifty miles farther, where we knew that we should find clean beds and good food awaiting us at the American Mission.

Passing beneath another of Kazvin's porcelain gates, we zigzagged through a suburb of high mud walls and interminable truck gardens and orchards and fields white with opium poppies and so into the empty plain. Occasionally we passed a flat mud village crouching behind mud walls in a small oasis of green, but otherwise the solitude was unbroken, save for a succession of block-houses made of mud, each in sight of the next, usually with a rifle sticking out of a loophole or a sheepskin cap showing above the roof-line. Rose gardens do exist in Persia, many of them; and friends in whose veracity I have confidence assure me that there are likewise bulbuls—which are merely Persian nightingales—but the impression left on the traveler is of a vast, silent, treeless, lonely land, a tawny waste which sweeps away, away, until it loses itself in the shadows of the distant hills.

But the monotony of the countryside itself is more than made up for by the variety and color of the scenes along the road. Interminable caravans of camels, their heads, with their bright, unfriendly eyes and their sneering, supercilious expressions, balanced on their cobra-like necks; their humps swaying in unhurried rhythm; their enormous feet splaying out as though made of

india rubber as they touch the earth with the regularity of clockwork. Long strings of gayly caparisoned mules, jingling with bells and with merchandise laden, for this is still the route by which English cottons and Indian teas, after sailing up the Tigris to Bagdad, transship themselves to caravans for the long journey into Inner Asia. Post carriages, distant cousins of the "sea-going hacks" of pre-motor days, drawn by four horses driven abreast, the passengers peering out from the stuffy interior like pall-bearers at a funeral; high two-wheeled carts, the horses driven tandem; and the big four-wheeled wagons with arching canvas tops, like the prairie schooners of our own frontier days, with women and children sitting uncomfortably on heaps of bales and boxes and determined-looking men in fur caps, with bandoliers across their chests and rifles across their knees, seated beside the drivers. Occasionally we passed patrols of mounted gendarmes, carbines slung across their backs, sitting easily on their wiry ponies; and once we overtook a long column of dusty infantry, the men chanting soldier songs, as they marched, after the Russian fashion. They were on their way to the hills along the Turkish border in an attempt to capture the elusive Simko, that Kurdish Robin Hood who, when he runs out of ammunition, sends a polite message to the authorities in Tehran, asking them to dispatch another expedition against him. And finally there were the flocks of fat-tailed sheep, their wool dyed in patches of orange, indigo, emerald, vermilion, just as the ranchmen of the West brand their livestock and for the same purpose, so that at times we seemed to be motoring through waves of colored wool. The tails of some of these Persian sheep are monstrous affairs of solid fat—it is said that when the nomads wish lard they cut a slice from the tail of the living animal—and their great weight must make them difficult to carry. Raise your eyebrows in skepticism, if you wish, but I saw one sheep whose tail



was of such record size that its owner had attached to it a pair of rude wheels, like a child's cart, to prevent it dragging on the ground.

No matter how long the day's journey, how dense the dust, how hot the sun, we never grew tired of watching the curious types which we encountered in the villages or along the roadside. Some of them looked as though they had stepped straight from the pages of *The Thousand and One Nights*. There was the old man who sold us bread in Sultanabad, for example—the bread being in the form of enormous pancakes, two feet across and tough as leather. He was an old man, but, in order to camouflage his years, he had with henna dyed his hair and beard a vivid orange, thus giving himself a decidedly rakish appearance. This was counterbalanced, however, by his enormous *kola*, a high, miter-shaped hat of black felt, the price of which is determined by the amount of grain it will contain. The combination of the orange beard and the pontifical-looking headdress made him resemble a pirate disguised as a prelate. This custom of dyeing the hair and beard is very common among Persians—nearly every man does it as soon as he finds that he is turning gray—though black is a commoner color than orange. There used to be in Meshed an American missionary who possessed an enormous flame-colored beard which was the pride of his life and which he found of great aid in his work of evangelism. "I am a Christian," he would say to a group of *mollahs*, "yet Allah evidently loves me more than he does you, for he has given me this splendid beard, whereas yours have to be dyed with henna." I am told that he found this argument very effective in making converts, for it was unanswerable—there was the beard as a visible proof of Allah's favoritism. He is dead now, poor man, and there has never been any one hirsutically qualified to succeed him.

It was nearly midnight when we

started on the last half-hundred miles which separated us from Hamadan, the Ecbatana of the ancients. The moon shone brightly, there was a distinct chill to the night breeze, and I drew my great-coat more closely about me as I snuggled down in my corner of the car. At the last gendarmerie post we had been warned that there were brigands abroad, and on the seat beside me lay a tube of cold blue steel with seven through tickets to Paradise neatly packed in its magazine. It was obvious that we were now upon a great trading route, for we passed interminable lines of camels laden with bales of merchandise, bound for the mysterious cities of High Asia. There is something weird and rather thrilling about the passage of laden camels at night. From a very long way off comes a murmur of bells, faint and silvery at first, which slowly increases in volume until the air pulsates with the sound. Then, quite suddenly, from out of the darkness, appears a succession of tall, fantastic forms, which swing by on silent feet and disappear as mysteriously as they came. And you vaguely wonder where they are going—to Ispahan, perhaps, to Samarkand, Bokara, or some of those strange cities which lie hidden away at the back of China.

The illuminated hands of my wrist watch pointed to twenty minutes after two, and a hint of dawn was in the eastern sky, when, our headlights boring twin holes in the darkness, we slipped down the flanks of the Karaghan, flashed past the guardhouse at the city gate before the sleepy sentry could grasp his rifle, turned sharply into a narrow street which ran between high walls of adobe, rumbled over a flimsy bridge, and came to a halt before the gate of the mission compound. Above the sleeping city a mighty wall of rock, gray-white beneath the moon, rose against the purple velvet sky. I gazed upon it fascinated, for I knew it for the outer rampart of Kurdistan, that land of mystery and massacre.

(To be continued)

## HIS SACRED FAMILY

BY HELEN R. HULL

WITH little swirls of sound released from durance—bodies pushing upward, feet thudding decorously, hymn book pages fluttering—the congregation rose for the last hymn. Constance gazed ahead, the corner of her mouth lifting in a faint curve as her only outer recognition that Lynn's thumb pressed hers under the cover of the hymnal.

"Sun of my so-ul, Thou Sa-a-viour dear—"

Constance did not sing. She heard, above the gray din of voices near her, the voices of her mother and John Barse, clear streaks of color over the ruck, her mother's voice green, water-clear, John Barse's purple, like deep water. By moving ever so little toward Lynn, she could see the choir loft, see her mother, a design in black and white. Triangles. Her white, pointed face, the long triangle of white net where her broadcloth jacket was pushed open, even a triangle of passive white hands. Queer that high and clear green shimmer could come from a design in black and white. She could not see John Barse; the shining pink baldness of Lynn's uncle, two seats ahead of her, roundly obscured John. That was like Lynn Holt's family, she thought, to shut from sight whatever they did not like. They were disturbed by John, for all he was Lynn's cousin and part of them.

Her mother was singing well to-night. Constance's thoughts escaped the slow rhythm of the hymn. "That's because she is defiant at what I said." What was her mother seeing from the choir loft? Constance wondered whether those neat proper backs had prying, hostile eyes. Everyone is talking about it, Lynn had told her. You should speak to your mother! My mother thinks so. She

is terribly indiscreet, at least, seeing so much of John. Can't you drop her a hint? Constance sighed. She had dropped the hint, clumsily, just before her mother started for church. Her mother had laughed, and started down the stairs to where John Barse stood waiting for her. Then, halfway down, she had called back, "I told you if I sang in church there would be trouble, Connie. Be sure you grow fat! That's the real cause of their disapproval, all those good women! Don't stay young when you are nearing forty! Slim hips are a deadly sin, aren't they, John! And you're marrying into the Holts, Connie! Grow fat and respectable. That's your mother's advice."

Lynn drew the book from her hand. The voices had ceased, and the church was full of subdued movement and murmuring.

"Shall we wait for your mother, Constance?" Lynn held her coat for her, without the fleeting touch of fingers on her shoulder.

Constance shook her head. Without glancing at him, she knew just how he looked—his blue eyes worried, his sandy brows pulled together making one deep, abrupt wrinkle at the bridge of his nose, even his sandy hair someway more erect and agitated.

"I hear your cousin is leaving us, Lynn." As they moved toward the aisle the seal coat in the pew ahead of them had turned. "We'll miss his voice in the choir. So nice to have him singing the few months he's stayed." Constance caught the quick dab the woman's eyes made at her. "He'll be missed in many ways, Mr. Barse will."

"Yes. He is going abroad. Business." Lynn cleared his throat.



Constance wanted to run, to thrust her way violently among the sleek fur-draped figures, and escape. Her impulse edged her to the door in advance of Lynn, so that she had to stand for a moment on the steps, waiting for him. Her heart was beating dully; she could feel it under her chin. Oh, she had only imagined that the people were staring at her with curious eyes! Only read into casual glances the malice of that message from Lynn's mother, Madam Holt.

"You were in a hurry!" Lynn took her arm, and they went silently along the village street, the shrill squeak of dry snow under their feet.

"Dear Lynn," thought Constance, as the pulse in her throat slackened to the steady rhythm of their walk, "he's so honest it's as if he lived in a glass shell, and I could see into his very self." She glanced up at his square shoulder, his profile faint in the half light of the street, and suddenly she hugged his arm. His face swung around above her.

"You're not cross, then?"

She laughed. "At you? Oh, Lynn!"

"Wow!" He let out an explosive breath. "That's good."

"I know your mother made you promise to say that."

"Well." He hesitated. "I think there's some basis—"

"Don't let's argue about it again." Constance pressed her shoulder against his arm. "Such a little way home! I'd rather just love you."

"Anyway—" They were at a corner, where the street light made crisscrosses of shadows from the bare trees, like a net into which they walked. "Anyway, John is leaving town to-night. That ought to stop the talk."

Something in Lynn's square chin shutting on his words fired the girl.

"Why doesn't your mother blame him? Why is my mother to blame? We just were kind to him, a stranger, your cousin."

"I wish he'd never shown his face here! Your mother's a woman, and older, that's why—"

"Oh! Oh!" Constance drew away, rigid, from his arm. "They just waited till they had a chance to jump on her, all the old women in this town! Because she was pretty and different—and hadn't grown up here—and—"

"Constance, that isn't fair!"

"They've never liked her—any more than your mother liked me! Oh, I know! She sent you away to college, to forget me! You are a Holt—and I? Nobody!"

"See here, that's all done with! I didn't forget you, did I?" Lynn stopped, and with a quick movement swung Constance into the circle of his arm. "We're going to get married next month, aren't we? And mother does like you. And I—Connie!"

For an instant they stood there. Constance felt his words blown warm on her forehead; she peered up at his familiar, substantial shape, massed darkly against the distant light. She shivered.

"Yes, Lynn." They went on quickly. "Sometimes I'm scared, I'm so happy. Scared of your mother, as I used to be when I was little. Scared to be so happy— Maybe that's why . . ." She laid her cheek briefly on the rough sleeve. "Let's not talk about it any more!" She slipped her gloved hand into his, and relaxed again into her thought, "Dear Lynn! Dear."

The house was dark. Lynn unlocked the door, turned on the light in the narrow hall, and kissed her soberly. "Good-night. You're tired. I'll call you up to-morrow."

"Lynn!" Constance moved her fingers along his sleeve. "Let's run away, just you and me. Let's—" She pulled herself to tiptoe against him. "A desert island, no folks, nothing but us!" She shivered; perhaps the cold night air from his coat— "There are so many people here!"

"Silly old dear!" Lynn kissed her again, and for an instant she clung to him, her eyes closed. "They don't matter to us."

"You mean that, Lynn?" Constance stood away from him.



*Drawn by R. L. Lambdin*

“SUCH A LITTLE WAY HOME! I'D RATHER JUST LOVE YOU ”



"Well, of course other people have to be considered."

"Oh, literal Lynn! I mean in the you and me part of life. No one outside of us could touch that—for me."

"You don't think anybody could touch my love for you!"

"Sometimes I am frightened. There are so many—your mother, your important relatives, your business. Oh, I'm bad and jealous of them all!"

"I guess you know where my heart is!" Lynn drew himself up so seriously that Constance's intensity dropped into a soft laugh.

"Yes, I do!" She pulled off her glove and pressed her hand against his breast, her fingers burrowing into the rough wool coat. "Right there, under my hand!"

He lifted her hand, and laid his lips on her wrist, a soft, devouring kiss, under which Constance felt her pulse singing, for a moment of delicate, tender happiness.

"Don't forget that!" He moved reluctantly to the door. "Good-night, dear."

"Good-night!" and Constance heard him crunch briskly along the walk. She heard other footsteps, and turned to run up the stairs, her softness gone into a hard thought, "Lynn wanted to hurry away! He was afraid they would come in before he had gone!"

In the upper hall she waited, her toe rubbing over the worn place in the runner, catching the coarse threads of the warp. Everything was shabby! Yes, John Barse had come in. She retreated toward her door at her mother's, "Ah, Constance must have sent her young man straight home. That's good. Come in, John."

Constance closed her door softly. "I'm going to bed," she thought. "Mother's wound up. She'll only make fun of Lynn if I am waiting for her. As she does when she is—upset. To-morrow John Barse will be gone. And in a few days father will be home." She was slipping her dress down from her shoul-

ders, and stopped, as if her thought had brought her father visibly to the door. A little man, with bright restless eyes, a nervous high voice, a constant artificial manner of cheerfulness. He was on the road most of the time, salesman for retail-store supplies. Clearly she could see him, running a hasty tongue over his lip, rubbing his hands—that awful, deprecating good humor! Poor father! Constance had a queer flash of understanding. He brought his salesman's manner home, trying hopefully to "sell" himself in the face of her mother's shifting, uncertain moods.

"She's so much cleverer than we are," thought Constance, "and unhappier, too. Brrr, I'm cold." She hurried into her bathrobe, and sat in front of the chintz-covered dressing table, brushing out her soft dark hair. "I look like mother, a little—" Her hands drew the flying cloud into smooth bands, framing the pale oval of her face, and she leaned forward to stare at her reflection. Gray eyes under long lids, short wistful upper lip—it was a serious face except for the whimsical upward fling of the fine dark brows. Impatiently she rose, her fingers moving quickly down the braid. "But I don't feel like her!"

When she had turned off the lights she hesitated a moment at the window before she let the shade spring up. Sometimes she was afraid of the pines outside! There they stood, the long, pointed black row, the nearest rising past her window. Lynn's pine trees. The corner of the Holt estate touched her father's lot—no, was divided from it by the wall of pines. For years Constance had looked out at them each night, and sometimes through their dark masses, had caught golden flickers of light from the windows of the Holt house. Only last fall that nearest tree, after years of straining toward her window, had reached it, touching it with a faint, slipping sound. She had been wakened by that touch night after night, until one night, when the fall rain beat down the pine smell and the wind drove the needles, she had

leaned far out, trying to break the branch. She remembered her panic when, slipping, she had just caught herself against the sill and had lain there, the rain in her hair. She had tried to tell Lynn about her feeling. "I think they hate me! They stand between us! I think that tree tried to pull me out!" Lynn had laughed and said, "Silly girl! Pines have to grow." But he had told his gardener to trim the branches.

To-night they were very black and still, except for patches of old snow caught in the branches. Constance could see no lights. "Lynn is sitting in the library," she thought, "talking with his mother. He is telling her that he did as she asked. Told me that my mother was making herself conspicuous with John Barse, his cousin, a man years younger." She shivered. "I won't think that! I'll think—how surprised the pines will be to see me living on the other side of them, in that great house." With a little rush she pushed the window high and flew into bed, the frosty air sweeping after her with the cold, clean, dark smell of the pine needles. "Dear Lynn!" She curled a hand under her cheek and slept.

A sound, faint as smoke, drew her abruptly out of sleep. Like a cry! She fumbled for her bathrobe. Still drowsy, she pushed her door open and clung to the balustrade, peering down, brushing a hand across her eyes. At the end of the hall, indistinct in the light which blurred through the portieres from the living room, stood her mother and John Barse. "He's going," thought Constance. "I just heard them talking." But as she turned, something in the quiet, rigid opposition of the two held her. Then her mother laughed.

"Afraid?" Constance shrank from the vibrant voice. "I am not afraid!"

"Then come."

"There are other things besides fear to keep me."

Constance could see her mother lift her hands in a gesture implicit with struggle. John had not moved.

"Perhaps you think that next week or next month I shall not love you."

"Do I care about that! *Now* you love me!"

"You will come with me, Amy. So easy! Just walk out of this door with me, to-night. The boat sails at nine. To-morrow there'll be ocean between you and all this you hate so. Europe ahead of us, love—"

"John! I can't! I would only make you unhappy. And here—there is Constance."

"You've given your life to her. Now she has her Lynn. That's all she wants. She's not like you! What have you if you stay!"

"No, I won't go. I'm old!" She flung her arms wide, swaying backward, as if she fought against a vortex which was drawing her down.

"Old! You?"

Constance, straining wildly forward, saw him move between those wide flung arms, saw his dark head swoop downward, and could look no more. Her breath hoarse, she closed her door softly—as if they would hear her!—and stumbling on the cord of her bathrobe, felt her way toward her bed. She heard, a thin wail creeping under the door and then expanding, filling the darkness, her mother's, "No! No! I can't!"

She crept into bed and hid her face. She pressed her palms over her ears until the blood pounded like slow drums.

Her mother! And she had laughed at Lynn. She had said, "My mother is fine. You don't understand her. She is generous, and reckless about—silly things. People don't like her, here. But she is all fine, my mother."

And John Barse! She had been afraid of him, when he had first come, last fall. He was like Mrs. Holt, Lynn's mother, more like her than her own son. Dark, lean, a kind of fierceness—his hooked nose and dark sharp eyes seemed wrought by his own spirit. Just as Lynn's mother made her feel. All her life she had stood out against Lynn's mother, because she had loved Lynn. Now when that fight



was won—Lynn had won, through his steadfastness, and Mrs. Holt had given in—this man had come.

Constance sat up, trembling. She heard no sound except that of wind rising and the pines moving in long sharp swishes outside the window.

"Mother's always been unhappy." She could see the dark gesture of a bough. "But this is wicked! She can't run away—Mrs. Holt would hate me again. John is part of her family. And Lynn—"

She pushed aside the covers, thinking, "I must go down. I'll tell them it is wrong. John will laugh. Mother—she would listen to me."

She heard the door close with a sharp whine. She flung herself up on her knees. Slow, heavy, her mother's feet climbed the stairs, dragged past her door to the end of the hall. Constance pressed the blanket against her lips, stifling the choking cry. Her mother had not gone!

The night was bewildering, like a sluggish stream with drifting flotsam. The past floated along with jagged bits above the surface and the rest submerged in sleep or oblivion. Constance and Lynn, children, playing under the pines, his mother calling him home. She always called him home. Constance in the stormy rebellion of fifteen, crying out, to her mother, "Well, Lynn says everybody thinks it's crazy for you to stand on a bridge and watch sunsets! Why aren't you like other mothers?" and her mother's reply, "So you want my sunsets, too, Connie? You'd like me to play bridge—not stand on one, is that it?" Lynn, her mother, her father, Lynn's mother—half-forgotten things—drifting along.

In the morning Constance stood at the head of the stairs, reluctant to go down. She was tired. The night clung to her like a heavy cloud.

"Oh, Connie!" Her mother stood below her, slender and crisp in green gingham. "Hulda wants your laundry. Bring it down, will you?"

At the foot of the stairs her mother took the bag from her hand.

"Hulda says we spoil you, letting you lie abed!" How clear and hard her mother's voice was! Last night couldn't be real, thought Constance. "But I told her that soon you would be living by system, rules, clockwork—everything we haven't in this house. And Hulda agreed. 'Let the pore thing sleep out,' she said. 'She'll have to get up sometimes when she moves in with the old Madam.'"

Constance looked fleetingly at her mother. Hadn't she cared at all! Her lips were colorless and her long white eyelids had a nervous fluttering, but the girl's glance could find no sure note of tragedy.

"I didn't sleep well," she said, awkwardly.

"Your coffee is perking. I'll give this to Hulda."

Over her breakfast Constance heard her mother's voice, light, unemotional, giving directions to Hulda. With a faint resentment she felt that she had been dragged off a peak of intensity down on to the level of commonplace daily life. She never knew just what lay beneath the surface with her mother. Well—Constance stretched a little, into comfort. Good rolls. Her mother couldn't have cared seriously and be so ordinary this morning. Everything was all right. She could think about Lynn—or read the morning paper. She propped it against the percolator.

The clock on the mantel began to strike, its sweet hurried notes tinkling nine o'clock. Then the hall clock sounded, deliberate and harsh. Constance lifted her eyes. Through the doorway she could see her mother standing in the hall, her face turned away. Something rigid in the straight, slender green figure caught at Constance's throat. Her first thought, swift and irrelevant, was about the green dress. Her mother liked soft flowing things of chiffon; that gingham was a concession to Constance's sense of morning propriety.

She saw one hand waver out and close about the edge of a step; she saw the cords of the white throat tauten into harsh, ugly lines. Nine o'clock! John Barse sailed at nine.

Constance shut her eyes until that clock had dragged to its ninth stroke. When she looked again, her mother had moved beyond the line of the door. The girl sat for a long time, motionless, her young mouth growing stubborn under her wide, pitying eyes. "There's nothing else she could have done," she thought, at last. "And there is nothing I can say to her. Nothing."

She heard the postman's shrill whistle, and immediately after, the opening of the front door. Her mother had been here in the hall all this time.

The door swung open.

"A note for you, Connie." Her mother flicked it to the table. "And a letter from Aunt Paul. She wants me to come for a few days."

Constance lifted her eyes from the sheet of gray paper with its sprawling uncertain old writing, to her mother's face. Her voice had dropped into a low vibrancy, disturbing. Her eyelids fluttered down over brilliant, dilated pupils.

"She's not sick?" Constance fumbled in the dark. Just the old aunt who had brought up her mother. What had happened?

"Not exactly. She's old. I haven't seen her since summer. You know—" Her mother rolled the sheet over a finger. "I think I'll go. You don't need me this week. The dressmaker isn't coming till next Monday."

"Why don't you?" Constance turned away, ostensibly to hang the checkered towel on the rack. "It would be a change." If she goes to Springfield she can get used to his being gone—the girl's thoughts darted at the relief—and I can get used to knowing!

"Yes, it would." Under the sudden intent gaze Constance's eyes filled with tears. Another instant and she would have cried out, "I know all about it. Don't hate me because you gave him up!

You couldn't have gone." But her mother added quietly, "Well, then, if you are sure you don't mind, I think I'll go this afternoon."

Just after luncheon, as they waited for the taxi, Lynn telephoned. Did Constance want to go to a movie after dinner?

"I don't know. I want to see you."

"You all right, Constance? You sound tired."

"Yes. I just thought I might like to stay here. Would you mind?"

"I should say not. Say, Connie—"

The clamor of the doorbell broke in on the whir at her ear.

"Oh, Lynn! I'm sorry—got to go—the taxi's here."

"Where you going?"

Constance smiled. That was one of Lynn's silly and adorable jokes, that loud, dominant air of possession.

"Just to the station, Mister. With mother." Silence. "Oh, Lynn, did you hear?" From the door her mother's voice, "Coming, Constance?" "Lynn!" What was the matter with that wire?

"Your mother is going away?" How blank and heavy his voice sounded.

"Yes. Just to Springfield. I'll tell you to-night. Good-by—"

As she stepped into the taxi beside her mother, she felt her face grow warm, and she stared uncomfortably through the dusty window. He hadn't liked it! Suspicious—of what! She twisted her gloves between her fingers. She had not thought of that. He meant that it looked queer, her mother's departure. As if she were running away. Not with John! He had gone. Just to hide—

"Your young man all right?" She felt an undertone of excitement in her mother's light words.

Then just a moment on the station platform.

"Shall I wire Aunt Paul you are coming?"

"Heavens no! A telegram is the yellow peril itself to her, old dear. I'll 'phone her from the station."

"You'll be back before father, won't



you?" The cold winter sun touched her mother's face into luminous pallor; no sign of years there, except perhaps the faint crinkling at the outer corners of her dark eyes.

The train rumbled past them.

"I suppose so. I'd like never to come back." Mrs. Sprague relinquished her bag to the porter. "But I don't like Springfield, either, do I?" She smiled at Constance, a hesitant, wistful smile, and the girl bent toward her, half breathless, expectant. But the porter shouted, "All 'bo'd," and with a faint shrug, Mrs. Sprague set her foot on the step.

"Good-by, dear," Constance lifted her face, and her mother's lips trembled briefly against hers. Then with a rush, the woman vanished into the car. Constance had a last glimpse of her moving along the aisle, a blurred impression of the white curve of her cheek against the long drooping feather.

Lynn came in rather late and apologetic.

"Mother got to talking—but you said you didn't want to go out, anyway, didn't you?"

"I don't care. Brrr! You're cold." Constance slipped out of his arms back to her seat under the lamp. She gathered her sewing into her lap, soft gray silk, with a patterned border of small, transparent beads. Her fingers made flashing, uncertain stabs among the tiny, slipping beads.

"Nice picture, Connie!" Lynn's wicker chair crackled as he settled himself near her.

Constance fumbled with a bead that wouldn't slip over the needle. She saw uneasiness in the way he swung his foot; she knew that if she looked up she would find that abrupt, harassed wrinkle between his sandy eyebrows. With a faint sigh she pushed away the box of beads; they rustled like water.

"What is it, Lynn?" She shook out the silk, glancing at him over its shimmer.

"That's good. Put it away. You never pay any attention to me if you

sew. What's that?" He turned his head quickly, at voices somewhere in the house.

"Hulda. She was expecting her sister to come in."

"Oh." He sank back. "It sounded—like your mother."

"Scarcely." Constance was curt.

"No. Of course not."

The moodiness Constance had fought all day swirled again around her. I won't talk about mother, she thought. I won't! She sought hastily for something.

"Shall I get that curtain stuff tomorrow? I'm going into Boston, I think."

"Oh, yes. I meant to speak of that." Lynn pulled his fingers along the arm of his chair, stopping to snap a loose end of wicker. "I meant to speak of it."

"Doesn't your mother like the samples?" Constance asked quietly.

"She thinks they are pretty, very pretty. But—" He gave his upper lip an extra twist over the words, a grimace of embarrassment. "She wonders whether it is wise to change the color scheme. For temporary quarters, you know. It would look startling from the outside. Right next her parlor windows. Sort of bright, don't you think? If we were going to live there always—"

Constance's white lids dropped over shining hostility.

"If you care about them—I mean, if they make much difference—I thought just curtains, you know—" Lynn stammered.

"Just curtains, of course."

"Another year, in our own house—"

"Sometimes—" Constance tried vaguely to stop the words, but out they pushed—"sometimes I think next year can never come. I think I am trying to marry your mother, not you at all! I think—"

"Constance!" Lynn jerked forward in his chair.

"To-night, as I waited for you, I thought—his mother is talking to him. Something she doesn't like. Some day it will be me she doesn't like. And Lynn



*Drawn by R. L. Lambdin*

"YOU MUST BELIEVE WHAT YOU LIKE"



will say, 'Just my wife, of course. If you don't mind, Constance—'

"Constance, that isn't fair! It's not like you, Connie!"

Constance flung up her hand to hide quick tears, and Lynn with a lurch of his chair was close to her, reaching for her hand.

"Constance, look at me!" His face wavered, grew enormous, then blurred; as the tears rolled down her cheeks, his blue eyes were clear again, disturbed, steady. "That's my girl. You know better than to talk that way. Go get the old curtains. I don't care if they do look queer outside."

"It's not curtains." Constance gulped. "It's always something, and she has her way."

"Now, Connie." Lynn's grasp was warm and firm about her quivering fingers. "You know I just want her to be happy. But I love you!"

Constance was somber.

"Suppose that some day—her being happy meant that she didn't want me to marry you. What then?"

"Stuff and nonsense." Lynn shifted uneasily, and Constance saw his eyebrows bulge over his frown. "Now, take these curtains. I gave in easy because she was worried. That's all. She's not so young, you know, and she has set ideas."

"What was she worried about?" Constance felt a shiver contract her skin like a cold breath. "No, tell me! I think I know."

"She didn't like your mother going away. Not to-day."

"What business is it of hers!" Constance pulled her hands violently from Lynn's grasp.

"She didn't like the looks of it."

"How does it look?" Constance was on her feet, her own anxiety running as fuel to her anger. "How does it look for mother to go to Springfield to see Aunt Paul?"

Lynn rose slowly, his face flushing.

Constance stared at him, her eyes dark.

"You see!" she cried softly. "They don't matter to us, but they make me say things to you. Oh, Lynn! We've waited so long. We'll wait too long!" She was clinging to him, her face on his shoulder. "Lynn, take me away! Tonight. Let's not wait—until it's spoiled."

"There." His arms held her close. "You're just kind of tired."

Constance sighed and looked up at him. She could see him struggling for words, comforting, banal, easy words.

"I've got to go off for a few days, too." His hand touched her hair gently. "When I come back you'll feel better, what?"

"Where, Lynn?" Her hand clutched at his sleeve.

"Connecticut, Philadelphia. Factory business. Got to see some of the directors."

"Lynn!" Constance stretched up, her arms about his neck. "Lynn, take me with you!"

For an instant, as he held her there, suspended, she felt she had driven herself through him, like fine wire. His lips were harsh against hers. Then his arms grew slack.

"How could we, Connie?"

"I don't know! Any way! The town hall—where do people get married in a hurry? They do!"

"We couldn't." His voice was stern, as if his own brief flame had alarmed him. "It would be foolish, with everything planned. Undignified."

"Yes. Foolish." Constance moved away from him, her arms limp at her sides. "It would look queer." She laughed.

"You shouldn't suggest such things." He followed her, but she would not lift her face. "I might do it!"

"No, you wouldn't."

"Well, someone has to have some common sense."

"I wonder. All these years I've loved you, Lynn, common sense has sat right on my love! Holding it under—so it couldn't grow. We've waited so long—for common sense."

"Constance, dear!"

"Oh, I know!" she broke into his protest. "I'm unreasonable. But I am afraid—we may wait too long."

"But it's only two weeks now, Connie. Good Lord! do you suppose I don't want you?" He seized her shoulders; Constance felt his cheek on her hair. Suddenly she was laughing, softly.

"There!" She choked a little. "Poor Lynn! I'm bad to tease you when I know—it wouldn't do."

"Is there something back of this—you're worried about?"

"No. No sense in it." Constance sighed with laughter. "Kiss me, Lynn, and run home before I disgrace myself—any more."

When he had gone she stood for a time where he had left her. The reading lamp threw softened light on her face, making a strange mask, catching in relief on all the oblique, downward planes of chin, cheekbones, eyelids. And the mask was fear.

Presently Hulda's feet clumped up the back stairs. Constance stirred, bent to turn off the light.

"I am foolish." Her lips formed the words deliberately. "Nothing is wrong. John Barse is miles out on the ocean. Mother is with Aunt Paul. And Lynn—why, Lynn just kissed me and went home. I won't be frightened!" Her voice was a thread of defiance in the darkened room.

Two days later Constance unlocked the door and let herself into the dark, empty house. It was Hulda's afternoon and evening out. Constance let her packages slip to the floor as she reached for the letters on the hall table. Mrs. Henry Sprague. That was from father. Miss Constance Sprague, from Lynn. Not very thick! And a third, in the black, abrupt writing of her mother. She would wash off the city grime and have the letters for company at her solitary dinner.

Lynn's first. Just a note. He had decided to leave the Pennsylvania trip till later. Part of their wedding tour.

They could stop at Philadelphia on their way south. So he would be home earlier than he had expected, perhaps as soon as his note. With haste and much love, Lynn.

Constance let her finger tips rest against his name, and her eyes dreamed a little. Dear Lynn! How foolish she had been, that evening, bothering him.

As she ran her finger under the flap of her mother's letter, she noticed the postmark. New York. Hastily she drew out and unfolded the sheets.

DEAR CONSTANCE,—Whether or not I deserve a hearing, I mean to ask for one. I didn't intend this. Not now. I meant to wait until you were safe from any effect of my actions. I should have known that the Holt tribe was so numerous that nowhere could I escape them. And now that I have been seen, I might as well go on. You yourself will admit I am done for.

I honestly thought John had sailed that morning. I fought all night, minute by minute, until it should be nine o'clock. If I had known in time I might have fought a little longer. But how would you act if you went to your execution, and found your head still on! His letter came too quickly after I thought I was through. He had canceled his sailing and come on to New York. I could reach him until Wednesday, when he would leave.

What I planned in all sincerity was just to see him once more. It seemed so plausible, with Aunt Paul's letter right there. I thought no one would know, and I could then grow old and die with one golden day in my life. I thought it couldn't harm you. That little hotel seemed safe enough. And then to see old Mamie Barse and her dried-up daughter staring at us! No way to shut their mouths. You have heard the scandal before this reaches you, I know. So you see I might as well go on with John. I can't be sorry. Not for that. I am sorry it happened this way.

I'll write your father. It won't make much difference to him. I know he'll divorce me decently, so I can make John an honest man. And when you have married Lynn, you may forgive me for loving. I meant to go away as soon as you married. I have tried, Connie, to stay respectable as long it would touch you. Don't let them bully



you about me. Disown me! I want you to be happy, too—

At a sound in the hall Constance lifted her head slowly. She stared through the doorway. That slender figure, rigid, groping with one hand for support, the taut agony of denial in the line of throat and head! The figure moved, blurred, came toward her. Not her mother. Lynn, hatless, his sandy hair bristling, his upper lip twisting grotesquely about his words.

"Good God! What a mess!" He strode toward the table, opposite Constance. "What a frightful mess!"

"You've heard so soon," Constance's words were distant, wondering.

"Heard! All the relatives in town are at the house pow-wow! Worst scandal the family ever faced." He dropped into a chair, his hands clapping violently on the table. "How could you, Constance! Telling me—why, you said they were just fools, the women, talking about her. You meant my mother, too! And all the time—you even helped her get away."

"Oh!" Constance stared, her fingers rubbing over the pages of the letter. "You think that?"

"If you had only told me!" Lynn ground one fist into his other palm. "I could have stopped them. Your mother! My cousin! Why, the town will never be through talking about it."

"What affair is it of theirs? Or ours?" Constance pushed unsteadily to her feet, and retreated slowly until she had backed against the window. She couldn't breathe, sitting there. Outside was the slip, slip, slop, sl-slip of snow melting, dripping from the great pine trees. Lynn had risen, his face brick red.

"You think it's all right, then! Fine!" He strode around the table toward her so abruptly that Constance moved her hands to her breast, palms outward, in a faint gesture of protection. "That's what you meant, the other night! About going with me—You knew this would come out. You wanted to be safe."

"Yes, I knew this would happen." Her white eyelids folded down, shutting out his angry, bulging eyes. "I didn't know just how. That doesn't make any difference. You don't have to marry me. You're quite free. I couldn't marry you! Live in the house with that old woman, your mother. Hear her thinking! Like a hawk, circling, waiting for a chance to pounce. She would say to you, 'What can you expect of the daughter of such a woman? Blood will tell!' Oh, she has already said that to you! I can see it." Constance had seen; just a flicker of admission in the midst of his fumbling, confused anger.

"You sound as if we were to blame! As if we ought to be ashamed instead of—"

"You think I should be ashamed? You'd like me to cry and be humble and . . ." Constance turned away; the winter night, beyond the window, seemed to lay chill fingers on her cheek and throat; she heard the sl-slip of the melting snow beneath the pines. "You'd better go, Lynn," she said, quietly. "Go tell them, your mother and the rest, the town, that you aren't going to bring that woman's daughter into the sacred family."

"I haven't asked you to break the engagement." Lynn retreated a step; his truculence had a note of bewilderment. "I felt you hadn't played fair."

"You didn't even have a doubt, did you?" Constance was motionless; only her voice reached out, living, with the leaping rhythm of a flame. "You didn't wonder what I felt. You were sure. Listen, and I will tell you how I feel. Not ashamed. I have done nothing. My mother—for years I have seen her made wretched, by talk; by what people said of her. Because she was different. Gossip! Before she married she sang on the stage, and so she must be—well, you know what they have said, in this little, cruel town. And—of this I am ashamed—I have been on the side of the town, critical, trying to make her over, until I built a wall between us.

I might have helped her. I didn't. I think she has gone now as much because of things that people said as because she loved John Barse. Your mother! The Holts are important, aren't they? It was such a pity you should take a fancy to me! But perhaps I wasn't like my mother. That was what they said, wasn't it? And I wanted people to think that of me. I wanted to be circumspect and conventional and respectable. But I loved you. I thought you were just and fair and fine. Then I began to be afraid. I was growing up and I did not know it. My fear was truth, and I have seen it for the first time to-night. The town has made you like itself. You don't know what I mean, do you?" Constance faced him. "You came to-night, believing all they said of me. All the worst. In spite of love. Your mother has won out."

"It isn't what she said! It's you, Constance! What you've said and done. If you can explain, for God's sake, do it! Instead of standing there talking as if I'd done something." He tugged at his collar, thrust his hand violently over his hair.

And Constance, standing so close to that abrupt gesture, had a strange moment. Her self had fled. Her hands, her lips, her throat, her breasts, were sentient, conscious beings, things of will and aching memory. Her hands wanted to touch his face, to feel the firm, warm, familiar contour, to pull him down, down, until her lips had their way beneath his mouth, hard, demanding. Her hands had floated upwards, fingers curling in their intensity, when he spoke again. With his voice, her hands stopped, clenched against her heart, and slowly, reluctantly, her self gathered up and integrated all those separate, clamorous wills.

"You must see that I was justified. Do you think I wanted to believe you had tricked me? That you could lie? Suggesting that we run off! Maybe you thought that would sidetrack attention

from your mother. What else can I think?"

"Nothing else." Constance's hands drifted down, empty of desire. Her eyes strained with queer wonder; could this be Lynn! This harsh, flushed face, with the twisting cruel mouth! "You must believe what you like." Her voice lagged.

"You can't explain, then?"

"I could explain and explain, and you couldn't hear my loudest word, because other voices make such din between us."

"I don't believe you ever loved me! Acting like this!" Lynn seized her wrists, swung her arms out in a wide arc. Constance swayed away from his rough breathing, away from his jerking eyelids.

"Let me go! Believe that too, if you can!" She fell back against the window frame as he released her. "There's no use talking. Go tell them you are free. You don't have to marry me. Let them say—of course he wouldn't marry her! Taking her into his family after what happened! Good riddance!"

"I haven't asked to be released."

"You want that, too! That little sop—to your pride" Constance laughed, her soft, wistful upper lip a thin line of crimson. You may have it! I won't marry you. Now go home!"

He wheeled and started across the room. His coat brushed a letter from the table. He stooped mechanically for it. Constance's hand pushed against the cry which quivered at her lips. Was it her mother's letter! If he should read it—But with an abrupt motion he tore the sheet across and the pieces fluttered behind him. One whirled to Constance's feet. "With love, Lynn." His own note. Then she heard his steps scrunching into the soft ice as he hurried past the house.

She slipped to her knees, her head against the window sill. Outside the slip—sl—slop came more infrequently, as the night grew colder. Suddenly the clock on the mantel whirled and hurried its tinkling strokes. Nine o'clock.



# THE ADVENTURES OF A LECTURE TOUR

BY PHILIP GIBBS

THERE is a common saying among cheery pessimists that "Everything is all right as long as you don't weaken." I find that describes quite fairly the experiences of a lecture tour in the United States. But one does weaken at times, unless one has the constitution of a Chautauqua orator—proof against canned foods and tent cooties—or the will power of Florence Nightingale. Having neither of these qualities to full pitch, I weakened, strained to the breaking point, on my last adventure in lecturing—the last I shall ever do—from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, by way of southern Virginia and western Canada, on a zig-zag course.

The first strand in my moral fiber snapped almost at the outset, in the town of Lynchburg, in Virginia, which is now imprinted on my memory by an agony of apprehension. There was something of a warning nature in my arrival at that city set on a hill, and there was with me all day a subconscious sense of accident ahead, which might have saved me a nerve-storm had I paid greater heed to it. I had misread the schedule, which I had learned to pronounce "skedule," in whose pages I had found my conditions and time-table of servitude, set forth with a wealth and deadly accuracy of detail paralyzing to the imagination of a man who measures up his powers of resistance to mental and physical fatigue, and morbidly foresees an inevitable breakdown somewhere about Boston, a long way this side of Grand Rapids, Omaha, and Minneapolis, to say nothing of Salt Lake City and other unknown places beyond the limit of imagination. I had mistaken the time of my arrival at Lynchburg, and still thought I had an hour to spare when we pulled

slowly into a station and stopped for five minutes. It was on the forty-fifth second of the fifth minute that I asked casually of a group of college boys who had been ragging each other for hours, "What's the name of this station?"

"Lynchburg," said one of the boys, politely.

He was alarmed when I paled in a ghastly way, said "My God!" with an air of tragedy to my traveling companion (who was my son), and leaped for my hand bag on the hatrack.

"What's the matter with Lynchburg?" asked the boy of one of his comrades, and they roared with laughter when we jumped out of a moving train.

A deputation of "leading citizens" had come to meet us. They had just decided that we were not on the train, and that my lecture would have to be canceled that night when we appeared among them, disturbed and abashed. That was just the warning of impending trouble stored up for us by some of those freakish goblins who tweak the nose of an English lecturer in America and speed up his heart beats.

I remember a pleasant day in Lynchburg—that city set on a hill above a river winding below rock-strewn banks, and the southern warmth and scent of it, even in February, and the colored people in its streets, and my kind hosts of old Virginia stock who showed me the beauty of their scenery, and the coziness of their country club, and a glimpse of many people like themselves who still feel ties of sentiment in their hearts for England, and who love it as the mother of old romance. But I remember also my physical fatigue after the lecture, when my young son and I went to our hotel with three full hours to spare, be-

fore catching a train to New York. It was the only train which would bring us to the great city in time for me to give a lecture, next night, much advertised, and most important—to the lecturer. It was, as I shall always remember, the 1.38.

"Three hours to sleep!" said a boy who had been cut down to short rations in his usual hours of repose, and resented it as an intolerable hardship not to be suffered at the dictates of a "ruthless agent," to whom I here pay my tribute as a most generous, considerate, and delightful friend.

"Two hours," I said, "and then a leisurely time to pack up all this welter of shirts and socks, to pay the bill, and drive quietly to the station."

"Two hours and a half, at least," said the boy, and he was already stretched on one of the twin beds in drowsy anticipation of deep slumber.

I rang down to the hall porter and put in a call for one o'clock, after learning from him that a taxi would take fifteen minutes to the station. It would be cutting it fine, but I hate cruelty, and Tony was asleep.

"Better keep awake!" I said to myself. "Better keep—" "better—" and I slept. How the little goblins must have gibbered with glee!

I awakened with the touch of a firm hand on my shoulder. "What's that?" I asked, impatiently, wide-awake on the instant. There was nobody in the room except the boy, who was deep asleep. Yet I was conscious of that touch on the shoulder. . . . Queer! . . . Some goblin must have played the game. I looked at my wrist watch. . . . 1.28!

"Tony!"

I gave a cry, and the boy wakened, startled from the gulfs of forgetfulness to alarmed consciousness. He understood the meaning of that ten minutes which lay between us and the railroad station, between us and the last chance of reaching a theater in New York with a waiting audience, and no lecturer. Shirts and socks were crammed into gaping bags.

Downstairs the hall porter had wakened to my telephone bell. There was no hustle in his movement or speech, but a slight amusement in his facial muscles.

"Likely you'll make that train!" he said.

I flung dollars at him to pay for the bill, and didn't ask for change. Outside the hotel was a waiting taxi. An enormous stroke of good fortune!

"The 1.38" I gasped. "Can you get it?"

"Sure!" said the driver. "With luck."

"Drive like hell!" I implored him.

He did. The boy, who is a reckless motorist, thrilled to the risk that was ours as the taxicab shot down a precipitous hill, swerved on two wheels round sharp corners, skidded half way across a narrow street, and dived down another gradient in a suicidal way.

"Great God!" I muttered with real prayerfulness.

"We'll just do it!" answered the boy.

Down below was the railroad track, with a dark mass of buildings and sheds, and beyond, signal lamps, and a silver gleam on the tracks, and two great eyes growing bigger, at the head of a black body crawling forward.

Our train! The 1.38!

The taxi driver put the last pound of pressure into his engine and hurled us toward the station wall, stopping a hairsbreadth this side of a deadly crash.

"You'll do it," he said with magnificent calm.

I flung out more dollars.

"Want any change?" asked the driver.

I shouted back that he was worth all that, and more. We ran across the tracks, with three bags which gaped hideously, and a colored porter said, "Plenty time!" . . . Just breathing time before the train moved out of Lynchburg.

"How many things did you leave behind?" asked the boy. "I miss that new pair of gloves, most. And my gold-tipped cigarette holder. I dare say I can buy a new pair of dress trousers in New



York. Of course it's a pity about those pairs of 'gums'."

"I'm here!" I said, triumphant but pallid. "Barring further accidents, I'll be at the lecture in New York to-morrow night. . . . Gosh! It's taken ten years off my life!"

As I have said, it was the visit to Lynchburg which broke the first strand of my moral fiber. One can't mend a lesion like that, especially when the general conditions of a lecturer's life put a constant strain on the nervous system.

It's the heat of the trains and hotels that is most intolerable to an Englishman before his constitution adapts itself to this enervating influence.

"Great God!" as Mrs. Asquith remarked to an interviewer, "it's as hot as Hell"—on those night journeys when the beds are made by the colored porters and the green curtains are pulled close across one's lower berth, and one lies inside, struggling to sleep through the shocks of stopping and starting, the arrival of fresh passengers (very lively in the small hours), the acrobatic efforts of a stout gentleman endeavoring to attain the upper berth above one's head, the resonant, reverberating snores of a lucky fellow who proclaims to the whole coach that he, anyhow, is fast asleep and enjoying himself.

The heat creeps up through the mattress which smells faintly of scorching. It envelops one in the atmosphere of a dutch oven. It dries the back of one's throat, gets into one's nostrils like red pepper, parches one's tongue until it feels like a newly baked brick. A sense of suffocation overcomes one's will power. It's frightful, this lack of air, this furnace bed! One night I found myself hating a man of most genial and kindly quality, who, while I was suffering in that way, called to the colored porter, and said: "Can't you get some more heat into this berth? It's like an ice-box! Gee! what a draught!"

Night traveling is all right if you can sleep. It saves time and a boresome journey, and anyhow, I found that my

schedule (pronounced skedule) put me on a train very often at some time after midnight, so that there was no alternative. Always it was at the end of a long day of social engagements, visits to hospitals, where I had to say "a few words" to the ex-soldiers; luncheon with leading citizens, where I had to say "a few words" again . . . on Anglo-American relations; tea at the Women's City Club, where I had to be bright and alert to numbers of ladies eager for information, and not to be fobbed off with unintelligent answers; followed by a brief appearance at the Press Club, for a speech on journalism to brothers and sisters of the Press and the pen; dinner with the high society of "a live little city," where conversation developed upon the subject of civilization and its possible escape from ruin (not to be argued lightly with men and women of wide knowledge and considerable philosophy); followed by the lecture, lasting an hour and a half, which I had to deliver with a nervous intensity worthy of a great audience who had come for a "message" and expected more than I have ever been able to give. Then came the usual line of friendly folk glad to shake one's hand, to express agreement (or disagreement) with one's ideas, to say kind, generous, hopeful words. . . . Wonderfully exhilarating! Enormously worth doing! But amazingly fatiguing to a man who is always pricked by pins and needles before a public speech, who never feels sure of himself, and who is not of husky physique.

That hour and a half of lecturing seemed to drain me of all vitality, so that sometimes I could hardly crawl off the stage, but after that, there was the packing to be done and the train to catch. It used to surprise the occupants of the smoking car (90 degrees of heat) to see the boy and me appear in evening clothes for a last cigarette.

"You guys look as if you'd been to a wedding!" said one cheery lad at Omaha, who sat without his coat on the edge of the wash basin, with a hat on the back

of his head and a stump of cigar at the corner of his mouth. He had the appearance of a young "yegg" but was the rich young man of Nebraska, spending his days in his father's stockyards or selling cattle from many ranches. He had strange and fascinating tales to tell, like so many men whom I have met in the smoking cars of American trains; and it is at midnight that one hears the best of them, the true tale of nation-building by men who are pioneers of business, or "drummers" who know the secret history of trade, and a lot about humanity. I used to linger with them, partly to hear the narrative of the man who held the spokesman's chair—conversation in the smoking car is nearly always a monologue dominated by the leading personality until some other man bears down upon an unfinished sentence and holds the attention of the company—and partly to postpone the awful moment of undressing in the fiery furnace of the lower berth.

After that acrobatic performance which generally produced cramp in the small of the back, there came the desire and necessity for sleep. Necessity, because at seven-thirty next morning I should arrive in another city, and receive a welcome from another deputation of leading citizens, with a full program of social engagements and episodic speeches to be fulfilled before the evening lecture. They would be fresh and alert. They would expect me to come into their city clean-shaven, spruce, in full possession of my wits, keen to see all the good things they were anxious to show me, and to meet all the good people who were willing to greet me. Obviously, sleep was an imperative need. But not obviously does sleep come to an Englishman unused to overheated trains. It was worse when it came—when at last a tired brain ignored all peculiar noises of railroads, and sleeping berths, and lapsed into a state of semi-coma.

What dreams beset me then! Subconsciously my brain was still working, running about like a rat in a trap, or

gnawing at old bones of experience and endeavor. It was a lecture which generally formed the theme of my dream adventures. "Ladies and gentlemen." So far, so good, but the nightmare came when I lost the thread of my address. I remember suffering agonies in which I vainly endeavored to find any connecting link between the Russian Famine and the subject of German Reparations. How could I get from Russia to Germany? How could I conceal from a great listening audience, from all those white, staring faces which I saw in my dream vision, that I had lost my thread of thought, and that something had snapped in my brain? Several times I awakened, bathed in perspiration, because of this disaster. At other times I found myself speaking French and German, very slowly and impressively, and wakened over a vain and desperate struggle to find the right word. I wakened unrefreshed, with a gray face and a tongue like a piece of pumice stone, slightly relieved by getting a paper goblet of ice water outside the smoking car, into which presently I plunged for a quick shave among a crowd of fellow passengers wonderfully cheerful, full of early morning chat, and elaborate in their ablutions, as they stood in their unbraced trousers, showing magnificent proportions of chest and arms.

"Some fellow was dreaming like hell last night," said the owner of a gold Gillette.

I blushed in a guilty way. It was that infernal lecture I was addressing to an assembly of dream faces until I lost the thread.

The others had slept well. They affirmed it triumphantly. It was obviously true, because they could even tell funny stories at this hour in the morning.

"Porter, how's this? One brown boot and one black!"

"Golly!" said the colored boy, "That's queer. The second time that's happened this morning!"

Always on the east side of the great mountains there was snow in the yards,



and a climate well below zero, on the platform of arrival where, often, I knew a deputation would be waiting for me. After the heat of the train it struck me with a deadly chill. But it was the deputation I shirked most. I tried to make myself look like an American, but failed miserably. I was always spotted by some hawk-eyed young fellow who was generally the secretary of the society under whose auspices I was to have the honor of lecturing.

"Mr. Gibbs? . . . Sir Gibbs?"

"Yes!" ("A fair cop," as English criminals say when they feel the hand of the detective on the coat collar.)

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Gibbs, sir. Let me present the President of the Literary and Debating Society; the Secretary of the local Den of Lions; the Vice Chairman of the Pen and Pencil Club; the Treasurer of the Women's City Club; Professor Smith of our University; Professor Jones, also of the Faculty; and the Reverend Mr. Robinson of St. Jude's Congregational Church."

They were all men worth meeting, and I have never met a deputation yet in which the members were not eager to be of personal service to their visitor, to provide unlimited hospitality, and to spend time and trouble in making his visit full of interest. They are out to do honor to a man who must have a mean heart if he is not grateful for so much kindness, and if he shows himself unwilling to fall in with their friendly proposals, or uninterested in their personalities and plans. Yet it needs physical and mental endurance on the part of a lecturer, who has been to many other towns on the way, to turn up with bright eyes, unabated interest, an alert and ready mind, quickly receptive of new impressions, new friendships, new conversations on old subjects.

It is difficult after a railway journey and a bad dream, especially when one has a cold in the head and an ache in the stomach. My spirit was willing always—for I have an inexhaustible interest in men and women and the drama of life—but sometimes my flesh was weak. I

caught a cold in the head at Toronto, and deliberately bought my other bodily ill at the corner drug store of that Canadian city. My voice had been carried off by an eighty-mile wind with twenty below zero in its bite. That night, as usual, I had to lecture.

"How can one marry without any wife,

"Or how can one cut it without any knife?"

as we used to ask in nursery days. So how can one lecture without any voice? At all costs it was necessary to recapture my vocal power, and for eighty cents I bought a bottle containing white pine and other—many other—ingredients. In the course of a day I took the whole bottle, and it restored my voice. But the remedy was worse than the disease, for it entirely destroyed my digestion for the rest of the tour, so that the sight of tomato soup on the dining car, or the smell of canned pork and baked beans, filled me with nausea. There were times when even shirred eggs made me shudder as at the sight of the Medusa head. It was perhaps this difficulty with railway and hotel food which broke other strands of my moral fiber between Grand Rapids and Minneapolis, so that only by exercising will power, as a motorist drives on one cylinder when the others miss fire, could I arrive at my right place on the lecture platform, survive the introduction of the chairman, make my bow to a new audience, and raise my voice in triumphant assertion of what I believed to be truth. There were times when it seemed impossible to get through that hour and a half, when a sense of overwhelming debility seemed to drag me down. That bottle of lung tonic had made me "go" at the knees, and I think an apprehension of public failure tore my nerves to tatters.

It is the preliminary introduction by the chairman that sets one's nerves twitching. However generous he is, however eloquent, however restrained, his remarks cannot assuage the misery

of anticipation before one goes "over the top." I was lucky in having chairmen who were brief. They did not need Mark Twain's vote of thanks to the "principal speaker of the evening," or invite the sarcastic rebuke of a famous, still living, character. When introduced by three-quarters of an hour's eloquence—ending with the words, "The distinguished speaker will now deliver his address," he rose grimly, and said: "My address is 250 Park Avenue, New York," and made a rapid and determined exit. The art of chairmanship is better understood in the United States than in Great Britain, but I remember one gentleman who somewhat confused me by his obvious forgetfulness of my name and work, which would not have mattered at all, had he not endeavored painfully to recall these insignificant facts.

"We have on our platform to-night a man whom it is unnecessary to introduce, whose name—er—whose name—er—" Here he paused and thought strenuously, without effect—"whose name—er—is indeed a household word. All of you here, men and women, have read his well-known book, with that remarkable title, with—er—that remarkable and familiar title—er—" Another long pause during which he traveled into the far recesses of his memory—"entitled, as you all will recall—" (A brilliant bit of improvisation) "*Then it could not be gainsaid* . . . Ladies and gentlemen, I have the greatest pleasure in introducing to you our famous guest—our—er—distinguished guest—" here he cast a beseeching glance at me, and I murmured, "Philip Gibbs" as he bent slightly down over the speaker's desk. He rose triumphantly, and introduced me with a sweeping gesture and a bow, as "Sir Frederick Boggs."

In some cases it was my privilege to have a chairwoman, or a "lady chair," as she is called in England; and there was one beautiful lady at Grand Rapids whose perfect grace and elocution was almost too good an introduction to my feeble oratory. I wanted her to keep on

speaking. Another lady, in the Western city of Seattle was so overcome with nerves behind the scenes that she excited my own nervousness. Utterly unable to carry on any polite conversation, we paced up and down, wretchedly, before the curtain was drawn, glancing at each other with haggard sympathy. Presently, as the curtain was rung up, she took a deep breath, as though preparing for a high dive, and plunged on to the stage. It was my innocent intention to follow her immediately, but to my embarrassment, I found myself preceded by twenty-six maidens of astonishing loveliness, in exquisite garments. They were the lady stewards who had decided to occupy a half circle of chairs behind my place on the platform, and waiting for them to pass through the wings, overcome by the brilliance of their beauty, the aroma of their perfume, the light of their eyes, and the rustle of silk, I tailed on behind, feeling exactly like George Gros-smith at the end of a beauty chorus, and looking, I am certain, like Charlie Chaplin after one of those blows which fate inflicts upon him for the mirth of the world. All through that lecture I was conscious of the beauty behind me, intensely self-conscious of my hands and legs, so that I adopted the most ridiculous attitude and gestures, and was overcome by cramp in the left calf, while I found myself looking over my right shoulder to get a sneaking glimpse of those twenty-six glories.

There were more than twenty-six virgins behind me in Salt Lake City, when I lectured in the Tabernacle to six thousand Mormons. I think there were sixty of these young ladies who, upon my entry, set up a loud and jubilatory chorus, as though greeting the appearance of an archangel. The Governor of Utah and myself shared this honor, and I am sure it was the Governor who deserved it most, being a man of great dignity and worth.

I found the Mormons to be a most admirable people, rather higher in virtue, I should imagine, than most average



people in this world, and so normal in their way of life that they give the lie at once to those silly old tales of girl-snatching which are still served up for a prurient public in low-class newspapers. They conform to the laws of the United States, which strictly forbid polygamy, rather better, I should say, than most others, because of the austerity of their code of conduct; and although the basis of their faith in the revelations of Joseph Smith forms one of the most amazing chapters in the long history of "The Eternal Gullible," I can see no difference between their present practice and that of any Christian sect, like the Baptists, who give their particular interpretation to the Scriptures and go about the business of life in the average sort of way. Certainly, I had no sense of being in a "City of Sin," as Salt Lake City is called in the sensational press of England, when I lectured in the Tabernacle before that great crowd of Mormon folk who filled six thousand of the eleven thousand seats in a hall without pillars, so perfect in acoustics that when a pin is dropped on the platform it is heard in the farthest gallery. I spoke too loudly at first, and my voice reverberated with returning echoes, but presently when I dropped my tone I could tell that each word could be heard in the last row.

The Puritanism of the Mormon code of custom, which forbids entry into the Temple of anyone who indulges in alcohol, tea, coffee, or tobacco, brings me inevitably to the subject of the "Blue Laws" of the United States, and to Prohibition generally.

To some English lecturers in the United States, the possibility of being cut off from all alcohol stimulant might seem a frightful handicap to their chance of success, but I hasten to tell them at once that, like the premature announcement of Mark Twain's death, the rumor is much exaggerated. My difficulty in many places was not in obtaining alcohol, but in refusing it. It needs strength of mind and qualities of tact to refuse cocktails and highballs that have been pre-

pared in one's honor by kindly people whose generosity of hospitality entails some self-sacrifice or sometimes a night of travail in the concoction of "home brew." Fear as well as distaste made me abstain, for I had heard dreadful tales of wood alcohol and the deadly perils of "home brew"; and indeed, on a night in New York, shortly after my arrival, I had to summon a doctor to my young son, because one little cocktail at a private party had given him a knock-out blow, so that he collapsed in the porch of the apartment house, to the consternation of myself and of an Irish policeman who feared the worst. I could not risk such a *débâcle* before a lecture, or even between lectures—for lecturing is a high and austere task; but it was difficult sometimes to make polite but insistent refusal of little glasses in which laughter lurked, and temporary forgetfulness of night trains and morning arrivals. Other guests were less timid. It seemed to me they showed extraordinary courage, and astonishing faith in their host's reliability, because, even as they sipped of the forbidden thing, they narrated dreadful tales about the dangers of the bootlegger's bottle.

"It's frightful," said a man, as he took a second cocktail. "Only yesterday in the city one man died and two others went blind from a bottle of so-called gin. It was at a friend's house, too! You never can tell!"

He turned to his host, and congratulated him warmly on his excellent "home brew." Later in the evening he upheld the value of Prohibition with excellent argument. His workmen came to the factory on Monday mornings ready for their jobs, alert and efficient. Their wives were getting a fairer share of their husbands' wages. There was less crime in the country, more thrift. I have seldom met an American business man who did not proclaim the immense nation-saving effect of Prohibition. But they take a cocktail when it comes their way. They also study the science of fermentation in leisure hours, or do a little

business with the bootlegger. That's human.

One of my own particular human touches is a vicious appetite for cigarettes of the worst possible kind, and as a lecturer, I could afford to smile at the rigors of Prohibition, except in regard to that form of tobacco. Imagine my consternation, therefore, when I heard that in Nevada no cigarettes could be bought, or smoked, in public places. I was on the way to Nevada, and my stock of cigarettes was almost depleted. I issued an ultimatum to those under whose auspices I was appearing. "No cigarettes, no lectures." It was what Chaliapin did in Russia, when he sang for his daily ration in the Moscow Opera House: "No chocolate, no singing." I found that in this case also the law is evaded. It was perfectly true that one could not buy cigarettes at Grinnell, but the undergraduates there were prodigal with Camels, and the friendly Fatimas lured me to the lecture hall.

It is one of the drawbacks to a cigarette victim in the United States, that he cannot smoke in a corridor carriage, as in an English train, but must either go to the hot little room at the end of the coach or to the "club car" at the rear end of the train, where, as likely as not, there is no vacant seat, but a heavy fog of cigar smoke through which loom the serious faces of a long row of men, the builders of industrial America, reading man-sized newspapers (the English news sheets are but pocket handkerchiefs in comparative measurement), or gazing in a meditative way ahead of them, as though considering the downfall of European markets and its effect upon American business. A friend of mine tells me that he has smoked many cigarettes in the seclusion of the lower berth, with the green curtains well drawn and the soap dish as an ash-tray, but I have never been a careless violator of law, and, apart from morality, I never could risk the wrath of a colored porter. They are patient and good-natured fellows, those railroad porters—whose life

is hard enough already without taxing them further by infringements of the regulations. One of them won my heart by confiding to me that he intended to hear me lecture on European conditions. "There's a terrible lot I want to know," he said. I gave him a dollar to buy a seat in the Middle West town to which I was bound, and that night, knowing no other soul in the audience, I spoke entirely to one black face whom I saw in the front row of the top gallery, listening with all his soul in his eyes.

As a rule there were faces known to me in my audience, and I could see some of them looking up at me with friendly eyes, sometimes understanding the point of a joke which lay between them and me, and no others. For, as I have said, my lecture was only one episode toward the end of a long and busy day, during which I had met many people at luncheon, tea, and dinner, or in newspaper offices, hospitals, colleges, and clubs. A lecturer must not go into a city and give nothing but his lecture in return for a certain number of dollars collected by his agent, with deductions of fees and expenses, from the balance of which he afterward hands over eight per cent to the income tax authorities of the United States, and thirty-three and a half per cent to the British Government. "It's not all honey," as they used to say on the music stage. He must give more than that, in common decency. He must give his time, his health, his mental vitality, his sympathy and understanding. He has to give himself, whatever is in him, without stint. That is easy enough for the first six towns. He is beginning to wear rather thin, feel that he is not giving enough, and has no more to give, by the time he is in his teens of towns. It is not altogether his fault if his hosts find him a dull or nerve-edged fellow. He has become a man who shrinks back from the tinkle of a telephone as though it had struck him a blow.

There are times when I have cried aloud in anguish when the telephone rang again and then again. As a rule it began



at 9.30 A.M., when, often after a night journey, I was trying to steal an hour's extra sleep. But no chance of that! . . . "Hulloa!—Yes, Philip Gibbs—Yes, Mr. Smith, of the City Star? Oh, certainly! Come up to my room, won't you?"

Sometimes it was 7.50, but not often. Always there were newspaper men and women who desired special interviews. I loved meeting them. They were mostly first-class fellows, brothers of my craft, whom it was good to meet; and they were doing me a service, so that the obligation was on my side. But it was difficult to steer them clear of asking all the questions which, if answered, would give away all I had to say, before I said it, in the lecture that night; difficult to suggest new lines of thought, to deal with thorny subjects on which they knew as much as or more than I did. It was a business, anyhow, with anything from three to a dozen interviews a day, to say nothing of photographic adventures on the roof of the hotel, or on the mezzanine floor, or in the bedroom, with the blinds pulled back, while that boy of mine was answering the telephone in an English—and, worse still, Oxford—accent that was like a foreign language to whomever might be at the other end of the wire.

"I'm not Sir Philip Gibbs. I'm his son. I say I'm his *son*. . . . You don't understand? Well, what do you want? . . . By Jove, this fellow doesn't understand a blooming word I say! You'd better come and talk to him."

Curious visitors arrived after telephone messages—curses on that telephone!—or without such announcement. At least, some of them were visitors with curious information to impart or to acquire. It was in Boston that a tap at the door was followed by the entry of an elderly gentleman carrying a little black bag. He introduced himself by my own name, and informed me that his whole life was devoted to the pursuit of the Gibbs family in the United States. He had discovered hundreds of Gibbsses.

He had already issued the second number of the Gibbs Family Bulletin. (I have a copy by my side as I write). There had already been a Family Convention of Gibbsses. They seemed to swarm in every nook and cranny of the American Continent. He showed me some of their family portraits, including that of his great-grandfather, who, to my consternation, and the delighted surprise of my boy, was the living image of myself as I should look after another lecture tour—"sans hair, sans teeth, sans everything." In the English Gibbsses he showed, I thought, only a passing interest. The American stock, of which I had not previously heard, seem to be the real thing.

Another visitor to one of my many bedrooms (one at a time) was a gentleman who came to inquire whether I thought Mark Sabre in *If Winter Comes* would have recovered from a clot on the brain, also whether I approved of his action in destroying the letter which proved his innocence. On Mr. Hutchinson's behalf, I answered both questions in the affirmative.

Then there was a young lady of the flapper age who came striding into my room after a somewhat alarming knock at the door, which startled me out of a brief nap and brought me trembling to my stocking feet. She desired my autograph in her birthday album, which she had started with Jack Dempsey's. She looked at me with frank eyes in which I saw disappointment. "I wouldn't have taken you for a war correspondent," she said. I know that in her imagination she had pictured me as a husky fellow well over six foot four, with oxlike shoulders. I was sorry she had caught me in my socks. I look taller in my boots.

Then there was a visitor who wished to know whether the rivers still ran wet in England. He seemed to be worrying about last summer's drought. "Isn't it all burned up?" he asked anxiously. It appeared that he was an Englishman, long in exile. It also appeared that he was a poet, and therefore poor. Did I

want a valet on the way back? He was anxious to see England again. Anyhow, he would be glad of some help toward a night's lodging. He would be very glad to send me one of his poems.

For a shy fellow like myself—and I was born shy—there are many embarrassing moments on a lecture tour in the United States, all increasing that wear and tear of nerves which is the punishment of those who seek to impose their ideas on fellow beings from the public platform. In this connection I remember still with dismay a visit to a certain college for young ladies in which I was perched on a high box for an oration to eight hundred and fifty fair damozels of America's richest and noblest strain. The box was rickety, and I was in imminent danger of falling abruptly to the floor—and the eight hundred and fifty fair damozels greatly desired me so to do. By skillful balancing I managed to avoid that humiliation, and afterward, stepping down at the request of the head mistress, who had previously paralyzed me by asking abruptly what I thought of the "biological aspects of war" (a thing of which I had never heard), I then stood with a hooked arm to receive the hand-clasps and the bob-curtseys of the eight hundred and fifty fair girls (some of them were dark as well as fair), each of whom was introduced to me by name. They were charming young ladies, frank-eyed and very friendly, with a jolly way of saying, "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Gibbs!" or "Happy to know you, Sir Gibbs!" but I was thankful that the boy, Tony, did not see his father's shyness as the one male creature in this assembly of super-flappers. It would have been necessary to remind him of a day in Kansas City when he was wafted away from me by a bevy of beauty, and not restored to parental authority until the jazz band had played the last dance

before the night train left for the long, long trail.

In Detroit I beat all my previous records by making a speech at ninety-three in the morning, after a night oration to the "Radio," followed by three other speeches and a lecture.

"Do you think we shall get a rest in New York?" asked Tony, in a wistful moment.

I hid from him the answer in my heart. I never expected to see New York again. I expected to die of lecturing somewhere, perhaps, between Calgary and Edmonton, to which, according to schedule (pronounced skedule) we were bound. Already, in morbid imagination I could see my little white tombstone, chiseled with the words: "Here lies an English lecturer," as an easy satire for the yellow press, who would give a double meaning to the second word. An awful fate! Thanks to my most enterprising lecture agent, and a human, kindly soul, I was able to stagger back to little old New York, where I recovered with startling rapidity.

It is a great adventure, this of the lecture tour in the United States. It is fairly profitable, though I could have made more money by staying at home, at a little cottage on an English hill, and anyhow, money is no good in England now, because the Government takes most of it. It is a great privilege to face big audiences and tell them the truth as one knows it, and the little hope in one's heart. It brings one into touch with hundreds, even thousands, of fine, generous-hearted, straight and simple folk. It gives one public friendship, if one deserves it. It helps one to understand the life of a great people. It is worth doing, though one risks a nervous breakdown and suffers exceedingly. But after three times, I shall never do it again!



# THE SOLDIER AND DEATH

A RUSSIAN FOLK TALE TOLD IN ENGLISH

BY ARTHUR RANSOME

A SOLDIER served God and the Great Tzar for twenty-five years, earned three dry biscuits, and set off to walk his way home. He kissed his companions with whom he had served so long, and boasted of the feasting there would be in the village when he should come marching home with all his wars behind him. Singing at the top of his voice he was as he set off. But as soon as he was alone on the high road, walking through the forest he began to think things over. And he thought to himself: "All these years I have served the Tzar and had good clothes to my back and my belly full of victuals. And now I am like to be both hungry and cold. Already I've nothing but three dry biscuits."

Just then he met an old beggar, who stood in the road and crossed himself and asked alms for the love of God.

The soldier had not a copper piece in the world, so he gave the beggar one of his three dry biscuits.

He had not gone very far along the road when he met a second beggar, who leaned on a stick and recited holy words and begged alms for the love of God.

The soldier gave him the second of his three dry biscuits.

And then, at a bend in the road, he met a third old beggar with long white hair and beard and loathsome rags, who stood shaking by the roadside, and he begged alms for the love of God.

"If I give him my last dry biscuit I shall have nothing left for myself," thought the soldier. He gave the old beggar half of the third dry biscuit. Then the thought came into his head that perhaps this old beggar would meet

the other two, and would learn that they had been given whole biscuits while he had only been given a half. "He will be hurt and affronted," thought the soldier, "and his blessing will be of no avail." So he gave the old beggar the other half also of the third of his three dry biscuits. "I shall get along somehow," thought the soldier, and was for making forward on his way. But the old beggar put out his hand and stopped him.

"Brother," says the old beggar, "are you in want of anything?"

"God bless you," says the soldier, looking at the beggar's rags, "I want nothing from you. You're a poor man yourself."

"Never mind my poverty," says the old beggar. "Just tell me what you would like to have, and I am well able to reward you for your kind heart."

"I don't want anything," said the soldier, "but, if you do happen to have such a thing as a pack of cards about you I'd keep them in memory of you, and they'd be a pleasure to me on the long road."

The old beggar thrust his hand into his bosom among his rags, and pulled out a pack of cards.

"Take these," says he, "and when you play with them you'll always be winner whoever may be playing against you. And here's a flour sack for you as well. If you meet anything and want to catch it, just open the sack and tell beasts or birds or aught else to get into it, and they'll do just that, and you can close the sack and do with them what you will."

"Thank you kindly," says the soldier, throws the sack over his shoulder, puts

the pack of cards in his pocket, and trudges off along the high road, singing an old song.

He went on and on till he came to a lake, where he drank a little water to ease his thirst, and smoked a pipe to put off his hunger, resting by the shore of the lake. And there on the lake he saw three wild geese swimming far away. "Now if I could catch them!" thought the soldier, and remembered the sack the old beggar had given him. He opened the sack and shouted at the top of his voice: "Hi! You there, you wild geese, come into my sack!"

And the three wild geese splashed up out of the water, and flew to the bank and crowded into the sack, one after the other.

The soldier tied up the mouth of the sack, flung it over his shoulder and went on his way.

He came to a town, and looked for a tavern, and chose the best he could see, and went in there and asked for the landlord.

"See here," says he, "here are three wild geese. I want one of them roasted for my dinner. Another I'll give you in exchange for a bottle of vodka. The third you shall have to pay you for your trouble."

The landlord agreed, as well he might, and presently the soldier was seated at a good table near a window, with a whole bottle of the best vodka, and a fine roast goose fresh from the kitchen.

When he had made an end of the goose the soldier laid down his knife and fork, tipped the last drops of the vodka down his throat, and set the bottle upside down upon the table. Then he lighted his little pipe, sat back on the bench, and took a look out of the window to see what was doing in the town.

And there on the other side of the road was a fine palace, well carved and painted. A year's work had gone to the carving of every door post and window-frame. But in all the palace there was not one whole pane of glass.

"Landlord," says the soldier, "tell me what's the meaning of this? Why is a fine palace like that standing empty with broken windows?"

"It's a good enough palace," says the landlord. "The Tzar built the palace for himself, but there's no living in it because of the devils."

"Devils?" says the soldier.

"Devils," says the landlord. "Every night they crowd into the palace, and, what with their shouting and yelling and screaming and playing cards, and all the other deviltries that come into their heads, there's no living in the palace for decent folk."

"And does nobody clear them out?" asked the soldier.

"Easier said than done," says the landlord.

Well, with that the soldier wishes good health to the landlord, and sets off to see the Tzar. He comes walking into the Tzar's house and gives him a salute.

"Your Majesty," says he, "will you give me leave to spend one night in your empty palace?"

"God bless you," says the Tzar, "but you don't know what you are asking. Foolhardy folk enough have tried to spend a night in that palace. They went in merry and boasting, but not one of them came walking out alive in the morning."

"What of that?" says the soldier. "Water won't drown a Russian soldier, and fire won't burn him. I have served God and the Tzar for twenty-five years and am not dead. A single night in that palace won't be the end of me."

"But I tell you, a man walks in there alive in the evening, and in the morning the servants have to search the floor for the little bits of his bones."

"None the less," says the soldier, "if your Majesty will give me leave . . ."

"Get along with you and God be with you," says the Tzar. "Spend the night there if you've set your heart on it."

So the soldier came to the palace and stepped in, singing through the



empty rooms. He made himself comfortable in the biggest room of all, laid his knapsack in a corner and hung his sword on a nail, sat down at the table, took out his bag of tobacco, filled his little pipe, and sat there smoking, ready for what might come.

Twelve o'clock sharp and there was a yelling, a shouting, a blowing of horns, a scraping of fiddles and every other kind of instrument, a noise of dancing, of running, of stamping, and the palace cram-full of devils making themselves at home as if the place belonged to them.

"And you, soldier?" cried the devils. "What are you sitting there so glum for, smoking your pipe? There's smoke enough where we have been. Put your pipe in your pocket and play a round of cards with us."

"Right you are," says the soldier, "if you'll play with my cards."

"Deal them out," shouted the devils, and the soldier put his pipe in his pocket and dealt out the cards, while the devils crowded round the table fighting for room on the benches.

They played a game and the soldier won. They played another and he won again. The devils were cunning enough, God knows, but not all their cunning could win a single game for them. The soldier was raking in the money all the time. Soon enough the devils had not a penny piece between them, and the soldier was for putting up his cards and lighting his pipe. Content he was, and well he might be, with his pockets bulging with money.

"Stop a minute, soldier," said the devils, "we've still got sixty bushels of silver and forty of gold. We'll play for them if you'll give us time to send for them."

"Let's see the silver," says the soldier, and puts the cards in his pocket.

Well, they sent a little devil to fetch the silver. Sixty times he ran out of the room and sixty times he came staggering back with a bushel of silver on his shoulders.

The soldier pulled out his cards, and

they played on, but it was all the same. The devils cheated in every kind of way, but could not win a game.

"Go and fetch the gold," says the oldest devil.

"Aye, aye, grandfather," says the little devil, and goes scuttling out of the room. Forty times he ran out, and forty times he came staggering back with a bushel of gold between his shoulders.

They played on. The soldier won every game and all the gold, asked if they had any more money to lose, put his cards in his pocket and lighted his pipe.

The devils looked at all the money they had lost. It seemed a pity to lose all that good silver and gold.

"Tear him to pieces, brothers," they cried, "tear him to pieces, eat him and have done!"

The soldier tapped his little pipe on the table.

"First make sure," says he, "who eats whom." And with that he whips out his sack, and, says he, to the devils, who were all gnashing their teeth and making ready to fall on him, "what do you call this?"

"It's a sack," said the devils.

"Is it?" says the soldier. "Then, by the word of God, get into it!"

And the next minute all those devils were tumbling over one another and getting into the sack, squeezing in one on the top of another until the last one had got inside. Then the soldier tied up the sack with a good double knot, hung it on a nail, and lay down to sleep.

In the morning the Tzar sent his servants.

"Go," says the Tzar, "and see what has happened to the soldier who spent the night in the empty palace. If the unclean spirits have made an end of him, then you must sweep up his bones and make all clean."

The servants came, all ready to lament for the brave soldier done to death by the unclean spirits, and there was the soldier walking cheerfully from one room to another, smoking his little pipe.

"Well done, soldier! We never thought to see you alive. And how did you spend the night? How did you manage against the devils?"

"Devils?" says the soldier. "I wish all men I have played cards against had paid their debts so honestly. Have a look at the silver and gold I won from them. Look at the heaps of money lying on the floor."

The servants looked at the silver and gold and touched it to see if it was real. But there was no doubt about that. . . . I wish I had more in my pocket of the same sort.

"Now, brothers," said the soldier, "off with you as quick as you can, go and fetch two blacksmiths here on the run. And let them bring with them an iron anvil and the two heaviest hammers in the forge."

The servants asked no questions, but hurried to the smithy, and the two blacksmiths came running, with anvil and hammers.

Giants they were, the strongest men in all the town.

"Now," says the soldier, "take that sack from the nail and lay it on the anvil and let me see how the blacksmiths of this town can set about their work."

The blacksmiths took the sack from the nail.

"Devil take it, what a weight," they said to each other.

And little voices screamed out of the sack: "We are good folk. We are your own people."

"Are you?" said the blacksmiths; and they laid the sack on the anvil and

swung the great hammers, up and down, up and down, as if they were beating out a lump of iron.

The devils fared badly in there, and worse and worse. The hammers came down as if they were going through devils, anvil, earth, and all. It was more than even devils could bear.

"Have mercy!" they screamed. "Have mercy, soldier! Let us out again into the world, and we'll never forget you world without end. And as for this palace. . . . No devil shall put the nail

of the toe of his foot in it. We'll tell them all. Not one shall come within a hundred miles."

The soldier let the blacksmiths give a few more blows, just for luck.

Then he stopped them, and untied the mouth of the sack. The moment he opened it, the devils shot out, and fled away to hell without looking right or left in their hurry.

But the soldier was no fool, and he grabbed one old devil by the leg.

And the devil hung gibbering, trying to get away. The soldier cut the devil's hairy wrist to the bone, so that the blood flowed, took a pen, dipped it in the blood, and gave it to the devil. But he never let go of his leg.

"Write," says he, "that you will be my faithful servant."

The old devil screamed and wriggled, but the soldier gripped him tight. There was nothing to be done. He wrote and signed in his own blood a promise to serve the soldier faithfully where and whenever there should be need. Then



HE BEGGED ALMS FOR THE LOVE OF GOD



the soldier let him go, and he went hopping and screaming after the others, and in a moment had disappeared.

And so the devils went rushing down to hell, aching in every bone of their hairy bodies. And they called all the other unclean spirits, old and young, big and little, and told what had happened to them. And they set sentinels all round hell, and guards at every gate, and ordered them to watch well, and, whatever they did, not on any account to let in the soldier with the flour sack.

The soldier went to the Tzar and told him how he had dealt with the devils, and how henceforth no devil would set foot within a hundred miles of the palace.

"If that's so," says the Tzar, "we'll move at once, and go and live there, and you shall live with me and be honored as my own brother." And with that there was a great to-do shifting the bedding and tables and benches and all else from the old palace to the new, and the soldier set up house with the Tzar, living with him as his own brother, and wearing fine clothes with gold embroidery, and eating the same food as the Tzar, and as much of it as he liked. Money to spend he had, for he had won from the devils enough to last even a spending man a thousand years. And he had nothing to spend it on. Hens don't eat gold. No more do mice. And there the money lay in a corner till the soldier was tired of looking at it.

So the soldier thought he would marry. And he took a wife, and in a year's time God gave him a son, and he had nothing more to wish for except to see the son grow up and turn into a general.

But it so happened that the little boy fell ill, and what was the matter with him no one knew. He grew worse and worse from day to day, and the Tzar sent for every doctor in the country, but not one of them did him a halfpenny-worth of good. The doctors grew richer and the boy grew no better but worse, as is often the way.

The soldier had almost given up hope

of saving his son when he remembered the old devil who had signed a promise written in his own blood to serve the soldier faithfully wherever and whenever there should be need. He remembered this, and said to himself, "Where the devil has my old devil hidden himself all this time?"

And he had scarcely said this when suddenly there was the little old devil standing in front of him, dressed like a peasant in a little shirt and breeches, trembling with fright and asking, "How can I serve your Excellency?"

"See here," says the soldier. "My son is ill. Do you happen to know how to cure him?"

The little old devil took a glass from his pocket and filled it with cold water and set it on the sick child's forehead.

"Come here, your Excellency," says he, "and look into the glass of water."

The soldier came and looked in the glass.

"And what does your Excellency see?" asked the little old devil, who was so much afraid of the soldier that he trembled and could hardly speak.

"I see Death, like a little old woman, standing at my son's feet."

"Be easy," says the little old devil, "for if Death is standing at your son's feet he will be well again. But if Death were standing at his head then nothing could save him."

And with that the little old devil lifted the glass and splashed the cold water over the sick child, and the next minute there was the little boy crawling about and laughing and crowing as if he had never been sick in his life.

"Give me that glass," says the soldier, "and we'll cry quits."

The little old devil gave him the glass. And the soldier gave back the promise which the devil had signed in his own blood. As soon as the little old devil had that promise in his hand he gave one look at the soldier and fled away as if the blacksmiths had only that minute stopped beating him on the anvil.

And the soldier after that set up as



"GET ALONG WITH YOU AND GOD BE WITH YOU," SAYS THE TZAR

a wise man and put all the doctors out of business, curing the boyars and generals. He would just look in his glass, and if Death stood at a sick man's feet, he threw the water over him and cured him. If Death stood at the sick man's head, he said, "It's all up with you," and the sick man died as sure as fate.

All went well until the Tzar himself fell ill and sent for the soldier to cure him.

The soldier went in, and the Tzar greeted him as his own brother, and prayed him to be quick, as he felt the sickness growing upon him as he lay. The soldier poured cold water in the glass, and set it on the Tzar's forehead, and looked and looked again, and saw Death standing at the Tzar's head.

"O Tzar," says the soldier, "it's all up with you. Death is waiting by your head, and you have but a few minutes to live."

"What?" cries the Tzar, "you cure my boyars and generals and you will not cure me who am Tzar, and have treated you as my own born brother. If I've only a few minutes to live I've

time enough to give orders for you to be beheaded."

The soldier thought and thought, and he begged Death: "O Death," says he, "give my life to the Tzar and kill me instead. Better to die so than to end by being shamefully beheaded!"

He looked once more in the glass, and saw that the little old woman Death had shifted from the Tzar's head and was now standing at his feet. He picked up the glass and splashed the water over the Tzar, and there was the Tzar as well and healthy as ever he had been.

"You are my own true brother after all," says the Tzar. "Let us go and feast together."

But the soldier shook in all his limbs and could hardly stand, and he knew that his time was come. He prayed Death, "O Death, give me just one hour to say good-by to my wife and my little son."

"Hurry up!" says Death.

And the soldier hurried to his room in the palace, said good-by to his wife, told his son to grow up and be a general, lay down on his bed and grew iller every minute.



He looked, and there was Death, a little old woman, standing by his bedside.

"Well, soldier," says Death, "you have only two minutes left to live!"

The soldier groaned, and, turning in bed, pulled the flour sack from under his pillow and opened it.

"Do you know what this is?" says he to Death.

"A sack," says Death.

"Well, if it is a sack, get into it!" says the soldier.

Death was into the sack in a moment, and the soldier leaped from his bed well and strong, tied up the sack with two double knots, flung it over his shoulder and set out for the deep forest of Brian, which is the thickest in all the world. He came to the forest and made his way into the middle of it, hung the sack from the topmost branches of a high poplar tree, left it there and came home singing songs at the top of his voice and full of all kinds of merriment.

From that time on there was no dying in the world. There were births every day, and plenty of them, but nobody died. It was a poor time for doctors. And so it was for many years. Death

had come to an end, and it was as if all men would live forever. And all the time the little old woman, Death, tied up in a sack, unable to get about her business, was hanging from the top of a tall poplar tree away in Brian forest.

And then one day the soldier was walking out to take the air, and he met an ancient old crone, so old and so ancient that she was like to fall whichever way the wind blew. She tottered along, blown this way and that, like a blade of withered grass.

"What an old hag," said the soldier to himself. "It was time for her to die a many years ago."

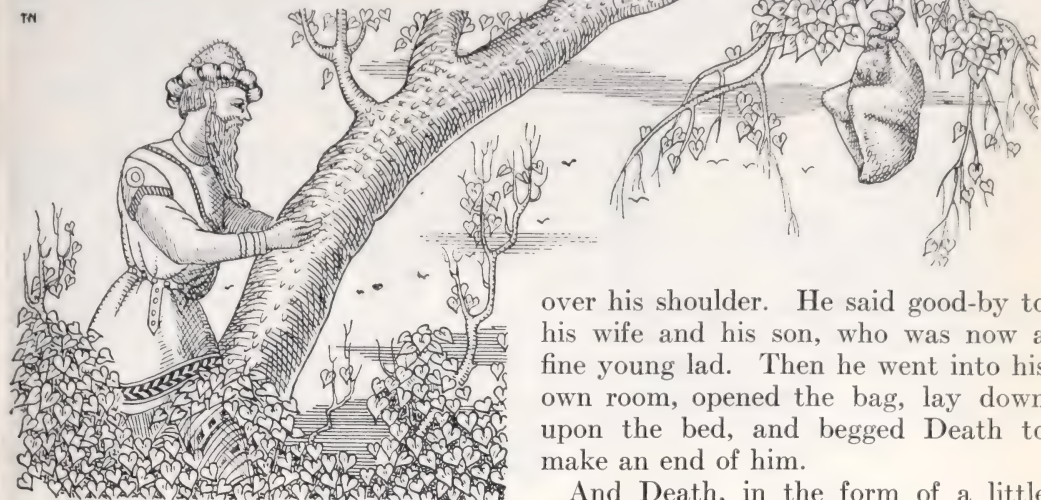
"Yes," says the old crone, with her toothless gums mumbling and grumbling over her words. "Long ago it was time for me to die. When you shut up Death in the sack I had only an hour left to live. I had done with the world, and the world had done with me, and I would have been glad to be at peace. Long ago my place in heaven was made ready, and is empty to this day for I cannot die. You, soldier, have sinned before God and before man. You have sinned a sin that God will not forgive. I am not the only soul in the world who is



THE HAUNTED PALACE



tortured as I am. Mine is not the only place that is growing dusty in heaven. Hundreds and thousands of us who should have died drag on in misery



HE HUNG THE SACK ON A TREE

about the world. And but for you we should now be resting in peace."

The soldier began to think. And he thought of all the other old men and women he had kept from the rest that God had made ready for them. "There is no doubt about it," thinks he; "I had better let Death loose again. No matter if I am the first of whom she makes an end. I have sinned many sins, not counting this one. Better go to the other world now and bear my punishment while I am strong, for when I am very old it will come worse to me to be tortured."

So he set off to the forest of Brian, which is the thickest in all the world. He found the poplar tree, and saw the sack hanging from the topmost branches, swinging this way and that as the wind blew.

"Well, Death, are you alive there?" the soldier shouted against the wind.

And a little voice, hardly to be heard, answered from the sack: "Alive, little father!"

So the soldier climbed up the tree, took down the sack, and carried it home

over his shoulder. He said good-by to his wife and his son, who was now a fine young lad. Then he went into his own room, opened the bag, lay down upon the bed, and begged Death to make an end of him.

And Death, in the form of a little old woman, crept trembling out of the sack, looking this way and that, for she was very much afraid. As soon as she saw the soldier she bolted through the door, and ran away as fast as her little old legs could carry her. "The devils can make an end to you if they like," she shrieked, "but you don't catch me taking a hand in it."

The soldier sat up in the bed and knew that he was alive and well. Troubled he was as to what to do next. Thinks he, "I'd better get straight along to hell, and let the devils throw me into the boiling pitch, and stew me until all my sins are stewed out of me."

So he said good-by to everybody, took his sack in his hands and set off to hell by the best road he could find.

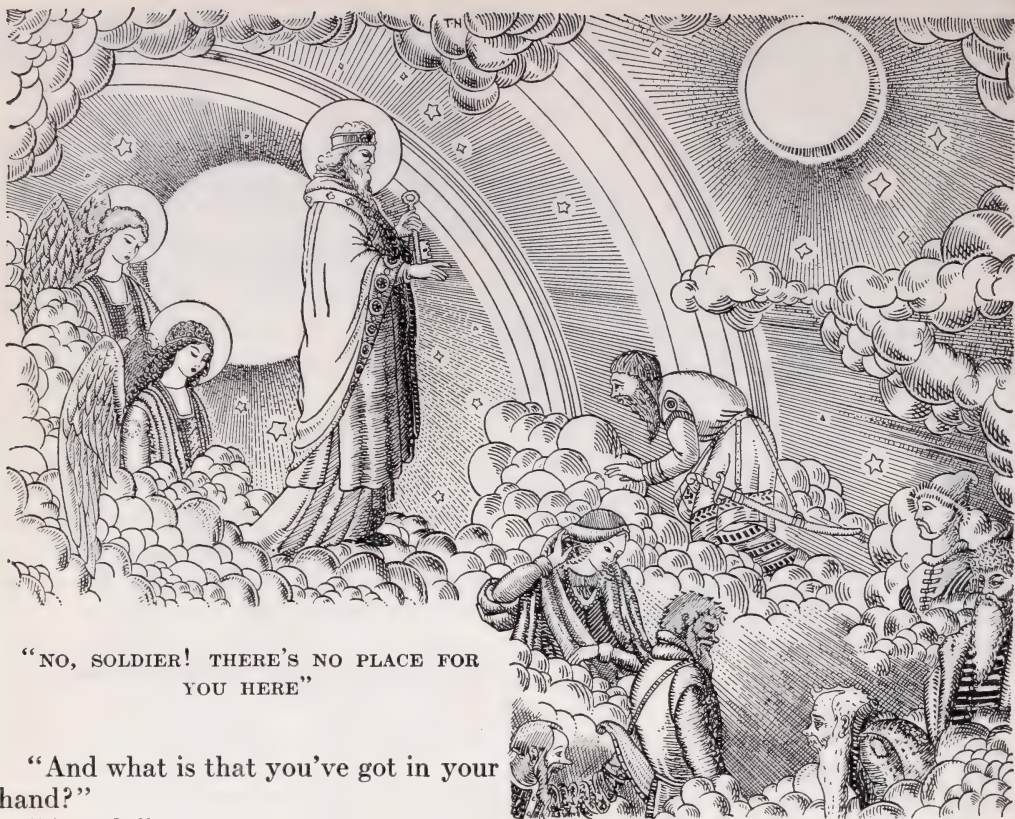
Well, he walked on and on, over hill and valley and through the deep forest, until he came at last to the kingdom of the unclean. There were the walls of hell and the gates of hell, and as he looked he saw that sentinels were standing at every gate.

As soon as he came near a gate the devil doing sentry-go calls out:

"Who goes there?"

"A sinful soul come to you to be stewed in the boiling pitch."





"NO, SOLDIER! THERE'S NO PLACE FOR  
YOU HERE"

"And what is that you've got in your  
hand?"

"A sack."

And the devil yelled out at the top of  
his voice and gave the alarm. From all  
sides the unclean spirits rushed up and  
began closing every gate and window  
in hell with strong bolts and bars.

And the soldier walked round hell  
outside the walls, unable to get in.

He cried out to the Prince of Hell:

"Let me into hell, I beg you. I  
have come to you to be tormented, be-  
cause I have sinned before God and  
before man."

"No," shouted the Prince of Hell,  
"I won't let you in. Go away. Go  
away, I tell you. Go away anywhere  
you like. There's no place for you here."

The soldier was more troubled than  
ever.

"Well," says he, "if you won't let me  
in, you won't. I'll go away if you will  
give me two hundred sinful souls. I  
will take them to God, and perhaps,  
when he sees them, he will forgive me  
and let me into heaven."

"I'll throw in another fifty," says the

Prince of Hell, "if only you'll get away  
from here."

And he told the lesser devils to count  
out two hundred and fifty sinful souls  
and to let them out quickly at one of  
the back doors of hell, while he held the  
soldier in talk, so that the soldier should  
not slip in while the sinful souls were  
going out.

It was done, and the soldier set off for  
heaven with two hundred and fifty sinful  
souls behind him, marching in column  
of route, as the soldier made them for  
the sake of order and decency.

Well, they marched on and on, and  
in the end they came to heaven, and  
stopped before the very gates of Paradise.

And the holy apostles, standing in the  
gateway of Paradise, said: "Who are  
you?"

"I am the soldier who hung Death  
in a sack, and I have brought two hun-  
dred and fifty sinful souls from hell in  
hope that God will pardon my sins and  
let me into Paradise."

And the apostles went to the Lord, and told him that the soldier had come, and brought with him two hundred and fifty sinful souls.

And God said: "Let in the sinful souls, but do not let in the soldier."

The apostles went back to the gateway, and opened the gates and told the souls they might come in. But when the soldier tried to march in at the head of his company they stopped him, and said, "No, soldier! There's no place for you here."

So the soldier took one of the sinful souls aside and gave that soul his sack, and told him: "As soon as you are through the gates of Paradise, open the

sack and shout out 'Into the sack, soldier!' You will do this because I brought you here from hell."

And the sinful soul promised to do this for the soldier.

But when that sinful soul went through the gates into Paradise, for very joy it forgot about the soldier, and threw away the sack somewhere in Paradise, where it may be lying to this day.

And so the soldier, after waiting a long time, went slowly back to earth. Death would not take him. There was no place for him in Paradise and no place for him in Hell. For all I know he may be living yet.

## PORTALS OF THE DAWN

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

**E**ARTH yields to man no more delicious joy  
 Than for a vivid moment to recapture  
 The magic world he dwelt in as a boy;  
 To know the tang of grapes again—the rapture  
 Of forest brooks, the scent of whittled ash,  
 The glamour of the pirate beacon's glow,  
 And spirit casements opening for a flash  
 On sunrise heavens of the long ago.

Earth yields to man no more insidious pain  
 Than when his dulling senses yearn to be  
 Tasting the old sweet sting of love again,  
 The old sharp kelpy fragrance of the sea;  
 Only to find how far his feet have gone  
 Forth from the dewy portals of the dawn.



## THE VOTER WHO WILL NOT VOTE

BY SAMUEL SPRING

THE right of free men to rule themselves by the ballot seems celestial in its sanction. All Americans boast of enjoying it. Orators passionately play the gamut of human emotions in praise of it until they reach the final note of ennuï. On the Fourth of July we celebrate it proudly as our heritage and our portion in life. Indeed, most of us would die to maintain the right to representation in government.

And yet on the rainy election morning, when "the fate of the nation hangs in the balance," from a fourth to a half of us invariably do not vote. We either oversleep, and thus are too rushed to catch our train, or procrastinate until the afternoon and then completely forget about voting. Some of us even fail to remember that there was any election at all! And many are so indifferent that they fail to place their names on the election lists by registering.

We talk constantly of "pull" in American politics. It is an unhappy, literal truth that the basic "pull"—the "pull" that counts and rules—is the tugging and hauling by the party leaders to drag the recalcitrant, oversleeping, procrastinating voter to the polls. Almost a majority of us are willing to disfranchise ourselves by letting the other fellow's vote decide the election. What does one vote more or less matter, we lazily say.

Most of us at heart are only school-boys. We know we ought to vote; yet the subtle elixir—or poison—of indolence and procrastination sways us. Because the sly politician, who supplies carriages and automobiles for the voter to ride in and henchmen to corral the voter and place him in the waiting conveyance, can almost always win the

election, we have hard-faced political bosses who rule us. We talk bitterly of corrupt bosses and jeer and storm at machine rule—yet we regularly overlook the small detail of throwing the bosses out of power by voting. The bosses know too well that our bark is worse than our bite, so they provide the automobiles and the henchmen—and go through life gayly secure and openly defiant.

Let some ambitious young man who has been placed in office by a boss set out to fight the people's fight. Let him wage a spectacular battle and illumine the heavens with eloquence. Let him pride himself upon his vast achievements and rejoice, like another St. George, at his courage in assailing the dragon. Chances are, unless he is a Roosevelt at the right twist in public affairs, he will find himself, at the crisis, stabbed to death at the polls. The voters may admire and praise him. They may feel proud of him—even grateful. Yet they will not walk a block to vote for him. And the political boss who pulls his voters to the ballot box by his party organization calmly buries the people's friend at the polls. Yet we tell ourselves that he was honest and independent and therefore the machine murdered him.

"He has lots of friends," experienced politicians often say about a candidate. What they mean is that there are many in the community who not merely admire their hero but who admire him so strongly that they will not forget to vote for him. And it is votes that count.

Here in America there has been too marked a tendency to view democracy as a sunlit Arcadia. We have failed to give due consideration to human nature

in devising our machinery of government. No educator or parent to-day overlooks the fact that if boys were left free to go to school or not as they pleased our whole educational system would collapse like a house of cards. Fortunately, men are older and maturer than our school children and show less of that delicious, lethal yearning for the primrose path leading to the everlasting bonfire. Yet if we desire to improve American politics, establish efficiency and economy in government, and thus reduce the crushing calamity of high taxes that is overwhelming us, we must increase the number of those who vote—particularly at the less important state and local elections—by penetrating beyond the romance and hopeful idealism of democracy and grappling with the naked realities of human nature.

It is clear to-day that the cost of government is becoming a serious modern problem. Until recently most of us accepted our government as a noble abstraction. It did not penetrate intimately into our lives. Yet when the Selective Service Act was enforced, and the hand of the government reached into American homes and selected the youngest and fittest for the perilous duel with death, we suddenly came to feel the overwhelming and supreme obligation of the citizen in a free government. So, too, to-day when so many of us are paying income taxes to both state and nation—and we often have to borrow the money in order to do so—we have come to understand that government and the cost of government is a serious affair.

After all the fond hopes that we had and the oceans of eloquence and promises with which Congress deluged the nation, the Federal tax burden has been reduced but little. It is probable that in the next few years taxes will increase rather than decrease. Our complex industrial life has made it necessary for the government to afford so much protection to the individual, and the attitude of mind of modern civilization requires so many conveniences, that

governmental machinery is becoming extremely involved and extremely expensive. Our street cars for example we consider an elementary necessity. It is probable that, if they are to survive, the taxpayer will have to contribute something to their support. In many places he is doing so already. The tendency of modern civilization is always toward greater complexity and involvement, and this in turn always requires a greater degree of governmental protection and aid. Such increased governmental aid, it must be remembered, will require an increased public expenditure.

Unquestionably, our government to-day is run, on the whole, at an extraordinarily unnecessary expense and involves a dismal waste. The experience we had with the governmental control of the railroads and more particularly the wild orgy of the shipping board indicate this to us clearly. Of course, these were war expenditures and the ordinary machinery of government is not so distorted and voracious as were our railroads and our shipping board. Yet they illustrate the extreme of an unquestioned truth. We must, if we are to keep the burden of taxes at what it is, or reduce it in view of the constantly expanding governmental functions, create efficiency and economy in government.

Efficiency and economy are ideals that have been boldly promised in almost every election from the beginning of our government. To-day we must begin to translate these terms into reality. Otherwise we shall find ourselves so hardened that life will be intolerable. We cannot have efficiency and economy so long as we are ruled by a class of bosses who exist by virtue of machines which they have built up and which enable them to exploit the public and reimburse their henchmen for their labor. Unless a greater number of the voters go to the polls, and vote without being pulled and hauled there by the bosses through their machine organization, we cannot expect



either efficiency or economy in government.

Our present system of absentee voting—of letting the other fellows' votes decide the election because we are so lazy that we feel that one vote more or less does not matter—not only creates but demands a boss system. Our bosses are to be honored. They at least drag a respectable minority to the polls and thus prevent freaks and sinister cliques with no sense of morality from capturing our local governments. Political banditry is all too frequent in American politics. We are slowly accumulating a picaresque political literature. Men who have the ideals of Jesse James and use lung power and spurious promises instead of bullets, insults and vituperation instead of dynamite, hold too much power. Were it not for our wiser and more discreet political bosses, who are able to drive away and defeat the minorities supporting political bandits, by dragging a sizable minority of votes to the polls, we should have a much larger army of unscrupulous adventurers, collecting even higher taxes from us as tribute and even ransom.

Of course, at times the people revolt. They sweep out the bandits—and even the bosses—from power. And then, having roused themselves and walked to the polls, they immediately slump off into indifference and forgetfulness again. Once more they forget or are too lazy to walk those few magic blocks. Government by political revolution—as ours so often is in local affairs—is dangerous and grotesquely expensive.

Once create a means by which the vast majority of our voters will always go to the polls, rain or shine, at every election, whether a President or local board of water or gas commissioners are to be chosen, and we shall not only hurl into oblivion political bandits, who live by the vote of small minorities who always vote, but we shall also readily upset and even destroy the rule of our bosses. And if this is not thought desirable, consider the municipal govern-

ment to-day of three of our largest American cities—New York, Chicago, and Boston.

The salient objection to bandit and boss rule is not that it is tyrannical and immoral and undemocratic—it is far too expensive. A political boss must compensate his henchmen who lead the voters to the polls on election day. He must maintain a large army of workers for this purpose, not only on election day but throughout the year. Only the amateur reformer thinks he can play politics on election day and forget "fences" and friends throughout the rest of the year. Now this vast political army maintained largely for the purpose of getting out the votes must be compensated. The political boss pays his organization out of the public treasury. Since he can pay only when successful, he pays handsomely. Taxes, therefore, soar, and the voter who will not vote pays and groans. The luxury of not walking a few blocks to vote is far more expensive than he dreams.

What is more, minority rule, or party organization, chills and decays that which is indispensable in free government—independent idealism. The honest man who votes feels that his vote is destroyed by his honest neighbor who does not vote. He loses hope and talks of "pull" and "graft" and wooden-headed Congressmen. No man of independent instincts and clear vision cares to meddle with politics. He cannot build up an elaborate machinery by political bribery in order to drag voters to the polls; and he knows human nature well enough to understand that comparatively few men can be relied upon to vote regularly because of free-will and a mere sense of obligation. And not caring to be slaughtered at the polls, he dreams of Arcadia instead of entering actively into politics.

No wonder our political bandits and bosses in private jeer and sneer at the voter. Public opinion? They consider it comparable to a sleepy, hornless cow, or a decrepit elephant, unaware that it

has so much power and strength. "The public? It sulks and groans and threatens—but almost always forgets to vote. So why dread the public?" So speak our politicians, who perhaps have just come from a public legislative hearing on some problem of vital and moving public concern where only a few freaks and windbags have appeared. Thus our political rulers prepare foolish, threadbare political slander and gossip for election day in order to encourage those whom they can drag to the polls, and continue undisturbed in their scarcely hidden contempt for the public and the slothful voter.

The facts are significant. According to the last census, there are in America over fifty-four millions of men and women classed as citizens of twenty-one years of age and over. In the last election of November, 1920, despite the fact that we were keyed up by a great war, and despite the fact that the foreign policy of the nation at issue was of greater importance than any problem which had confronted the voter for a generation, and also despite the large expenditure of money by the two parties, only 26,000,479 voters went to the polls. In other words less than one half of those who could vote, voted. And consider what happens in a local election. On an average, not more than one tenth of our voters attend party primaries. In Boston less than one third of the registered voters cast their vote for city councilmen or school committeemen in a recent minor election. Multiplication of figures is of no avail. These illustrative figures indicate fairly well the prevailing situation.

Of course, the situation is not so bad as it seems at first glance. A great number of the women who had newly received the vote had not had time to register and vote in the last Presidential election. The electoral machinery in many parts of the country was not geared up to so large a representation. Moreover, the number of those men and women who are in our penal

institutions or who are disqualified as paupers from voting is considerable. Again many of those eligible to vote were over seventy years of age and physically unable to go to the polls. A large portion of our population is constantly moving from residence to residence, or traveling about the country, and cannot establish a voting residence. Yet if we deduct ten million voters because of these natural disqualifying qualities, we find that about a third of the remaining eligible voters failed to go to the polls. And the Presidential election of last year represented the high tide in political interest. When an off-year election is held or a municipal or local contest is involved, the vote slumps dramatically. As a rule, a minority decides our municipal and state elections in non-Presidential years in America.

It is futile to speak of methods of enticing the voter to the polls. The time has come when we must cease indulging in the fond hope that we can educate the public through a sense of patriotism to vote. Putting aside the truth of the schoolboy, we must bear in mind the fact that taxes are not collected through patriotism but through compulsion. We found it inadvisable to raise an army in the recent war by voluntary choice. Our courts could not function a single day without our judges holding complete control over the bodies of those who disobey. The Boston Police strike illustrated all too vividly what would happen in any of our communities if for an instant we remove the police who are persistently and everlastingly suppressing the criminal element, and who are never able to do more than sit on the lid. Turn where you will in government, you will find that about the only function which is placed on a purely idealistic, voluntary basis is that of voting. We must look upon government and the right to vote as a serious obligation and place it upon a more practical basis.

Indeed it is not fair to the voter to



picture him merely as a slothful, procrastinating dunce who is moved by indolent impulses. Some writers have glibly marveled at the fact that the American public crowds stockrooms in order to watch the stock ticker, jams our streets to see the returns of a world's baseball series, devours extras like a fiery dragon, and yet stubbornly refuses either to go to the polls or to study governmental problems.

Yet on election night we always have a great crowd on the streets anxious to hear the results. When the President comes to town, everybody forgets work in order to see him. If the number of people who flock to see a Presidential parade would vote at a primary or a municipal election, the result would be widely different.

Those who compare the eagerness of the voter to read the stock ticker or attend sporting events with his failure to vote, overlook human nature. We are living in a distracting, harrowing age, where a great strain is imposed upon us all. Monotony and nervous exhaustion are the twin demons of modern-city civilization. We cry out for relaxation, for relief, for excitement before all else. Watching the stock ticker affords us the gambler's joy and relief. Watching the baseball scores and parades is a form of amusement that appeals to those of us who live under the blight of our modern cities.

But voting is a duty. Like going to school, it is the right thing to do, but it is neither interesting, exciting, nor enjoyable. The voter to-day has problems and troubles enough in order to fight off the undying wolf from his doorstep, and cannot be expected to vote unless he is summoned to the polls in some unmistakable, vigorous manner. We must sadly remind him that he has one more duty added to his burden. He must vote as well as pay taxes. Voting cannot be continued as a side issue or an act of patriotism.

Compulsory voting! That suggestion is no sooner made than there comes to

one's mind the difficulty of putting over one half of our voters in jail because they will not vote. And nothing is more futile than to enact unenforceable laws. Are we confronted with the bare wall of reality beyond which we cannot go, and is it impossible by any device to bring the duty of voting in line with the force requiring attendance at school or the payment of taxes? In a word, is there a practical way of enforcing the obligation to vote?

The practical experiment in other countries to increase the attendance at the polls casts a little light upon the problems. Belgium has had compulsory voting since 1892. A voter who fails to go to the polls in the absence of a satisfactory excuse is punished for his first offense by a reprimand or by a fine of from one to three francs; for a second offense within six years by a fine of from three to twenty francs; for a third offense his name is posted in a public place; after his fourth offense his name is removed from the voting list for ten years, he is fined, and he is held ineligible to hold any public office. Professor Leon Duprez, formerly of the University of Louvain, who has made a thorough study of this problem in Belgium, has concluded that this system has been very successful in Belgium. During the last twenty years only 6 per cent, and at times even as low as 4 per cent of the voters have failed to go to the polls. When it is remembered that many electors die or move or suffer from some other disability between the time that the election lists are made up and the day of election, the conclusion seems reasonable that from only 2 to 3 per cent of the voters in Belgium failed to vote.

On the other hand, Spain has had a system of compulsory voting since 1907, which consists of publication of the delinquent voter's name for a first offense, and an additional tax levy of 2 per cent upon his tax for his subsequent offenses, which has not tended to improve the situation. Probably one



third of the residents of Spain who have the right of suffrage do not vote. Yet a most significant distinction must be made between places like Catalonia, the Basque provinces, and Navarre, where the people are better educated and where 90 per cent of the electoral body attend the polls—a surprisingly high average—and such other regions as Andalusia where illiteracy prevails and where from only one third to one half of the people vote. In Austria since 1907 several provinces have adopted compulsory voting with fair success. In Switzerland, in the cantons of Zurich, Schaffhausen, St. Gallen, Aargau, and Thurgau, the system of compulsory voting by fining prevails, with the result that an average vote of 70 to 80 per cent is cast, which is a higher percentage than that which prevails in other cantons.

It must be remembered that in most of the Catholic countries in Europe elections are held on Sundays, which makes it easier for the people to go to the polls. Yet the tendency to-day in America is to have election day a holiday, and this does not improve the situation markedly. No country in Europe has such frequent elections as America. If the referendum, recall, and direct primary are to be applied as their advocates desire, we shall have frequent elections indeed in America. The duty of attending all these elections is an exacting but not a heavy burden. If we believe in the vote of the people, then we must be practical enough to be willing to expect the people to vote at all elections.

Should we adopt a system of fines in this country, or should we adopt a system of publishing the delinquent voter's name? Illinois has a rather amusing provision that only those who refuse to vote are forced to do jury service duty. Yet the efficient administration of justice requires able jurymen. Such a provision adversely affects the courts and the administration of justice. In Kansas City, Missouri,

provision was made that a poll tax of two dollars and fifty cents should be levied upon every male citizen of legal age excepting those who voted. This the Missouri Supreme Court held unconstitutional in an unsatisfactory decision that seems without merit.

The practical approach to compulsory voting is to link it directly with the payment of taxes. Those who fail to vote increase the cost of our government, and thus increase the taxes which must be paid by the conscientious citizen. The burden of taxes is getting to be a serious question, and the most desirable way to encourage more efficient government is to link such encouragement directly with the payments of taxes. To-day the income tax is enforced by the federal government and prevails in many of our states. It is rapidly spreading throughout the country. Under the income tax a certain amount, usually one thousand dollars in the case of a single person and two thousand dollars in the case of a married person, is deducted from the taxpayer's income before taxes are assessed.

Would it not be simple to arrange to deduct, say, only one half of this exemption, or three fifths from the income of the taxpayer who does not vote at all elections simply because he is slothful or forgetful? The difficulties involved of checking up would not be great, because the tax collector could take the voting list, and in the absence of adequate explanation from those who do not vote, simply increase the tax bill. This procedure would seem to be more desirable than adding a penalty by way of a percentage of a tax, because taxes vary and it would be perhaps unfair to allow a wealthy man ten or fifteen times greater credit for his voting than a man of small income. To decrease uniformly the amount that can be deducted from the taxpayer's income before the tax is assessed, is a simple, fair, and equitable method of enforcing the vote. It is also possible where a state income tax does not pre-



vail, to follow the Missouri plan of imposing a poll tax which shall be paid by the voter who does not vote.

The details of such a change in our electoral machinery must be altered in view of local conditions. For example, it would be impossible to apply compulsory voting in any form to primary elections, because the state cannot force a man to join a party and take part in a party vote. A uniform plan therefore should not be suggested. But the fact remains clear that if we are going to have compulsory voting in any form, it can best be worked out by a method whereby the voter who refuses to vote is denied certain exemptions under his tax, which should be enjoyed only by those citizens who walk to the polls and do their duty on election day. By some such method we shall greatly increase the number of votes cast and decrease the influence of our political bandits and bosses who are piling mountains of taxes upon taxes, because of their inefficiency. This burden in truth is tribute which they exact in order to maintain their political armies who get out the vote.

Of course, bringing the voter to the polls alone is not sufficient. Intelligent voting is necessary. Voters must make themselves familiar with the issues and cast a helpful ballot. The question of information on political issues and the commercialism and venalism of our press are grave American problems. Yet they represent additional difficulties, apart from the question of compulsory voting. Fortunately we have in this country a relatively small proportion of illiteracy. And patriotism is abundant, although sufficient energy to vote is not. As soon as the voter is forced to vote he will give some con-

sideration to how he will vote and will study our public questions more carefully.

There are those, needless to say, who will feel that voting should be kept upon a voluntary basis and that to make it compulsory or to link it up with the payment of sordid taxes will chill patriotism and destroy American ideals. Those who cling to that view are to be admired for their faith. They can only keep from being jarred by not observing who fails to vote. They refuse to face the grim realities of modern government. They cling to their ideals and thereby allow bandits and bosses to rule.

The weight of modern taxation is becoming so great that it is beginning to be almost a spiritual problem in the effects that it has upon the individual's life and his happiness. It is beginning to discourage initiative and deaden ambition. It is the most potent force rushing us toward socialism, if any force can bring us there.

So we are rapidly approaching the time when we must bring voting into line with all the other functions and duties of government, and thus rigorously and with grim determination, set out to decrease the cost of government. Government can only be made both beneficent and inexpensive when we strangle our political bandits and bosses and establish genuine free government. To do that we must have the ballot box represent the will of the majority no matter how uninteresting the problem may be. The voter may lag on the way to the polls like the schoolboy; he may creep with snail-like pace. But when we force him to the polls instead of letting him turn into other paths, voting, like education, will have a firm basis founded upon the realities of human nature.

## TO ALBANY BY WAY OF YESTERDAY

BY SARAH COMSTOCK

ALBANY stages will leave New York every day at ten o'clock in the morning; arrive at Albany the fourth day at nine o'clock in the morning. Fare of each passenger seven dollars.

It appealed to us. The Artist and I are by nature leisurely—or, at any rate, we are leisurely in our leisure hours, which is more than can be said of most of our fellow countrymen—and as for the Wife, it struck home to her practical sense of values.

"To get four days of travel for seven dollars when the railroad is offering only four hours for four dollars and sixty-one cents is a chance that we can't let slip!" she cried. "We must engage our seats in the stagecoach at once!"

"Hm—pretty late in the season—December first," the Artist demurred. "However," he went on to concede, "there's color in the river—effects of light may be interesting—browns and grays in the landscape rather subtle—" I could see that his palette was secretly smacking its lips.

With frank greed I snatched at the prospect. "The veritable old Post Road! Eighteenth-century taverns still standing, perhaps—who knows? And the whole way must be haunted by ghosts of other days. It will be our own fault if at least one ghost doesn't somewhere sneak forth to meet us.

It is not at all likely that the average New-Yorker en route to Albany to-day, gazing forth from tobacco-scented and upholstered luxury upon sixty miles an hour of highly ornate scenery, does much reflecting upon the vicissitudes of his ancestors' travel over the same way. In the first place, the New-Yorker isn't inclined to reflect much, anyhow, and

when his mind does pause to browse it greatly prefers the pleasures of the near future to the hardships of the distant past.

The earliest New-Yorker set off for Albany with his wife on the pillion behind him—a padded cushion with a sort of platform stirrup which assisted the lady to maintain the dignity demanded by the costume of that period. They followed bridle paths that were but broadenings of the Indian trails; and as travel increased with the years and these bridle paths broadened in turn into wagon roads, and chairs, gigs, and chaises, light vehicles of two wheels, were seen here and there, the way still led up hill and down dale, around a fallen tree or into the depths of a gully, in the same capricious fashion as that of the earlier footpaths.

An attempt was made, in 1703, to correct the bad manners of this incorrigible route, when an Act was passed by the Provincial Legislature, ordaining that a "Publick and Common General Highway" be extended from "King's Bridge in the County of Westchester through the same County of Westchester, Dutchess County, and the County of Albany, of the breadth of four rods, English measurement, at the least, to be, continue and remain forever, the Publick Common General Road and Highway from King's Bridge aforesaid to the ferry at Crawler over against the city of Albany." This was the original Post Road, and to a large extent the present familiar, docile, and gasoline-scented highway coincides with it; but there remain to this day certain stretches now almost forgotten and deserted that once echoed to the hoofs of those old-time horseback jaunts, to the thunder of



the old-time stage; they lead through as wild and romantic a solitude as any novelist of the late eighteenth or early nineteenth century could ask for a background of peril, slayings, and true love.

It was in 1786 that "modern" transportation appeared. In that year Isaac Van Wyck, Talmage Hall, and John Kenny stepped forth from the obscurity of their Columbia County occupations into the public eye, and obtained from the Legislature the exclusive right to "erect, set up, and carry on, and drive stage wagons between New York and Albany on the east side of the river, for a period of ten years, forbidding all opposition to them under penalty of two hundred pounds." The fare that these pioneers of transportation were allowed to charge was not to exceed fourpence a mile; they were required to make the trip at least once a week, and they must pledge themselves to provide covered wagons and four horses to draw them. Cortlandt Street was announced as their starting point (later changed to Broadway and Twenty-third Street) and they were to follow the Post Road, finally crossing the Hudson at the Greenbush ferry and proudly entering the city of Albany.

And so, to follow likewise, did we mount our phantom coach. Those whom we met en route never started at the sight of our egg-shaped vehicle, at the rumble of our wheels over some ancient covered bridge. They offered well-meaning but blind sympathy for "such a long walk" here, or "such hard motor-ing" there, as we varied our jaunt according to whim, wind, and weather. But for us the whip cracked, the horses lunged, the vehicle reeled—we were off! River and Highlands and misty Blue Mountains, rocky road and velvet valley—all ahead of us, all luring us, all drawing us irresistibly onward into the glamour of a century flown.

Our coach was the typical American stage wagon of over a century ago, built to carry ten or eleven passengers and the driver, all facing forward from four

bench seats. Eight slender pillars supported its light roof, and three large leather curtains hung from this roof, one on each side and the third behind, to be rolled up or lowered as the passengers wished.

The Artist, in the childish spirit characteristic of his calling, chose to sit up in front with the driver. The Wife and I, finding no doors at the sides, were obliged to clamber in over the front wheels. Fortunately we managed to get the rear seat, which, as "The Stranger in America" wrote long ago, is "the most esteemed because you can rest your shaken frame against the back part of the wagon." Little did we wot at that hour, however, just how shaken our poor frames were to be later on!

"Be careful, both of you," warned the Artist, "to maintain your reputation for youthful grace. 'The Stranger' wrote (here he pretentiously drew forth a portly volume): 'It is laughable to see women crawling to this (esteemed) seat. If they have to be late they have to straddle over the men seated farther in front.'"

"One never has to be late," rejoined the Wife, with dignity and significance. (Morpheus had that very morning wooed and won him back to somnolent arms even while the repeater was repeating, and he had been obliged to forego the omelet altogether.) "When traveling by eighteenth-century stage one must make an especial point of being prompt. . . . Dear me! Where *shall* I put my two suit cases? And one of them so dreadfully big; but I'm certain they don't exceed the fourteen pounds of baggage allowed per passenger, and I *couldn't* leave the blue taffeta behind—"

"There's nothing for it but to keep your baggage with you," I groaned, having just made the discovery myself. "I remember now—Thomas Twining, traveling in 1795, warned us. He wrote, 'Each person is expected to stow his things as he can under his seat or legs.'"

"When traveling by eighteenth-century stage," observed the Artist, delib-



THE FIRST TRAIN FROM NEW YORK TO ALBANY

erately striking a match, "one must make an especial point of being compact." And he gave a smug tuck to his one small bag, and vanished complacently behind a wreath of smoke.

As the twentieth-century hotel and the limited train of to-day are closely associated in the traveler's mind, so, in old days, were the tavern and the stage-coach. The tavern was the center of the town, where townspeople and travelers met; it was the one available stopping place and relay station for the coach. We could never have made a proper start from Twenty-third Street without a peep at the Buck's Horn, only a block to the south.

This famous road house was one of the most popular in New York for many a year, and its sign, the actual head and horns of a buck, was known to all who traveled what was in old days the

Bloomingdale Road. Being near the starting point of the Albany stage, its good cheer speeded many a parting guest on his way up the Hudson. Only its memory exists to-day, a genial shade lurking among skyscrapers.

The Blue Bell was our next tavern stop, and we had it upon the mental map as having stood on the lane leading to Fort Washington, 181st Street. We could inquire in the neighborhood, we thought.

"Blue Bell?" repeated the oldest-looking grocer we could find. "I never heard of it, and I've been here a long time. But there's an apartment house down there with some kind o' fancy name. Maybe that's what you're lookin' for."

New York hangs few wreaths upon the tombstones of its memories. No one whom we met in the neighborhood could point out the site of that vanished



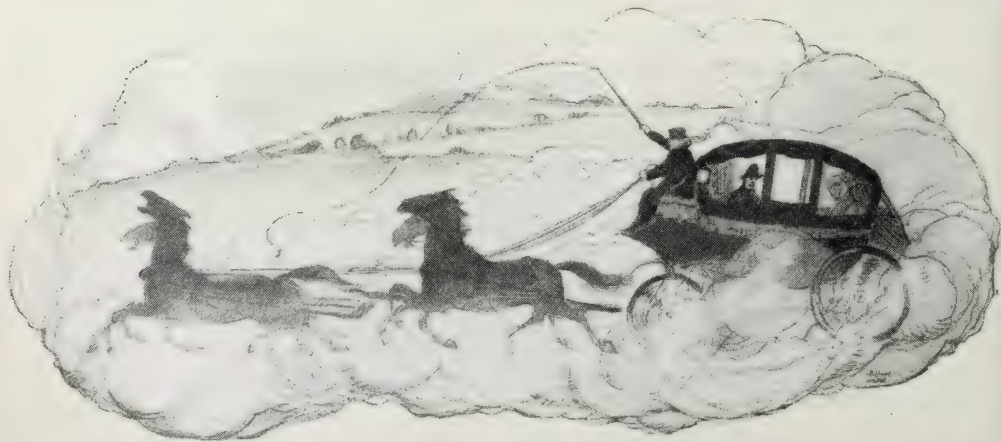
tavern of so long and highly colored a career. Yet it is said that General Heath made headquarters under its roof, being in charge of the American defenses near Kingsbridge before the island was evacuated by the patriots in 1776. Moreover, the Father of His Country himself is supposed to have stood before its door and reviewed his troops, marching past after the British evacuation. We three, claiming that the *billet-doux* is sometimes mightier than the sword, especially cherish the Blue Bell's love story.

The Hessian Colonel Rahl, you see, being stationed hereabout, a young aide of his fell in love with the tavern keeper's charming daughter, promising to remain in America if she would but marry him. The wedding promptly took place in the tavern, beamed upon by father, mother, and commanding officer; and later on, when the Hessians were captured at Trenton, the young aide refused to be exchanged, and rejoiced his bride by taking the oath of allegiance to the United States.

At "Spiting Devil, else King's Bridge, where they pay threepence for passing over with a horse," the early travelers to Albany found welcome at Cock's Tavern, which Frederic Philipse built in 1693, and which a succession of hosts kept open until 1797, when Alexander Macomb rebuilt it into a residence, now

long familiar—squared in every outline to the angles of a cubist's dream, pompous and melancholy. But to the conjurer's wand rises Mrs. Lighte of Satanstoe, holding sway and offering hospitality. Here Corney Littlepage and his friend Dirck made frequent stops. And here more actual, but perhaps less real, heroes called for a mug to cheer them over dark hours of the Revolution.

At this point we parted company with the old road to Boston, and went our own way up the Hudson. Old Broadway, identical with the Post Road in these parts, led us through Yonkers, Hastings, Dobbs Ferry, Tarrytown, Harmon. It was all very up to date, very highly developed, very modern improved, very opulent. Our stage-coach passed with a meek grumble in the wake of assertive motor cars, like an elderly gentleman who feebly protests at the scorn of overriding youth. Large objects called villas loomed at us; millionaires' residences were starred on the map; rolling lands, where once the manor lords roamed proudly and at leisure, viewing the majestic Hudson and their own prosperity, were being cut up like so many yards of cloth into lengths, short lengths, and remnants, and offered as "exceptionally desirable." It was a sophisticated country, suave, unimaginative—and then, all of a sudden—



THE POST ROAD ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

I don't know how it happened. It never could happen again, because it was like some door that Alice found, like all those magic entrances to wonder worlds which, once closed, we never more can find. We recall them in half-caught and finally eluding flashes—memories that halt a moment in their swift brushing by, then, mocking, are gone—and again it's a world of Subway din, and, "Why *don't* they deliver the chops I ordered?" and learning that the laundress has lost two fine linen towels on the roof. That ever and again a magic door does open into a world which thrills, and that afterward the brush-and-away memory of it does now and then halt for an instant and let you feel the throb of its wings beating like the throb of your own imperishable youth, is perhaps the chief secret of fortitude in a world of Subways and laundresses and chops.

I don't know how it happened. I only know that somehow of a sudden we had slipped away from it all—from the reek of gasoline and the glare of modern improvements—and we were in a wild solitude, a lost and forgotten country, rising against the winter sky in purple peaks, flung out under the winter sun in long valleys, lithe and brown as wrestlers. We were in Scotland, in the north of England, in the land of Hardy, in lands made known and dear to us by the books we have loved—anywhere we were, except within an hour or two of our own bustling American metropolis.

And this the Post Road had done for us. It had translated us, picked us up bodily and made off with us to a world



THE POST ROAD TO-DAY

of romance. Not the so-called "Post Road," known to every tourist and efficiently mapped for his convenience through a maze of straight lines, wiggly lines, bridges, railroad crossings, and hostelries; but the veritable Post Road of other days, when chivalry and hearts were young, and when it was with a heigh and a ho and a heigh-nonny-no that love and adventure set out hand in hand.

Somewhere, somehow this old road runs away from the new, back beyond the river, and, as if it were the younger of the two in spirit, it gives a fling to its heels and is off for the mountains, into a world of solitude and mystery and charm.

The Wife was poring over guidebooks. "It must have been near Croton-on-Hudson that the roads separated," she said, tracing lines on the map with a diligent finger. "We followed the banks of the Croton a way, you remember, until early bridge builders found an easy crossing, then over, and then a curving



road around the base of Hessian Hill. Next we dashed through Peekskill and entered the Highlands. One map says, 'Manito Mountains'—"

My fingers were in my ears and I cried out upon her: "Facts, guidebooks, geography be consigned to everlasting grief! Leave me to my illusions! I'm in another world, the world of the past. You practical little wretch, I've no doubt you would say that this is a jitney we're in, and that a sober young chauffeur is getting politely nervous about his tires, and that the taximeter is picking our pockets. But I tell you it's the stagecoach in which we are reeling and struggling up Gallows Hill, and that the horses are stumbling over frozen mud, and that a fat and furious old driver, embellished by numberless toddies, is shouting and rocking upon his perch, and beating the horses and warning us

all that we'll soon have to get out and march in weary file beside them. Meanwhile our frames are being shaken upon the bench seat—"

"As for shaken frames, I should say that the past hasn't anything on the present," she moaned, with such long-suffering in her big blue eyes that I relented, as usual, and hugged her, as our vehicle gave a despairing bump upon the rocks of this appalling road and came to a standstill.

We were in very fact on Gallows Hill, where Putnam hanged the British spy, and in the midst of an eighteenth-century adventure. The stagecoach itself couldn't have done more for us. To be sure, it was a modern motor truck loaded with coal that had stuck in the road ahead and halted our progress, but I'm sure they were eighteenth-century farm hands who came lumbering with bags to



THE HAUNTED TAVERN, CLAVERACK, NEW YORK

relieve the load, and, eighteenth-century-wise, did we descend. Artist and chauffeur giving a lift, and then, returning to our car, did we ourselves stick in the selfsame ruts until the farm hands pulled us out in turn—and all the while, to my imagination, a toddy-heated driver shouted and cracked his whip and cried, "My blood!" With my very ears, I feel certain, did I hear him cry, "My blood!" although the Artist tells me that he used other and more modern phraseology.

Yes, we were in fact traveling the exact road of those early travelers, through the most famous stretch of all the old way to Albany. The road of to-day leads gently nearer the river, but the milestones of the past point deep into the perils and the beauties of the mountains. At Cortlandtville, near the fiftieth stone, the most



A WEDDING AT THE BLUE BELL TAVERN

wildly lovely portion of it had begun.

It had been at this point that a blow awaited us in our failure to find Dusenberry's tavern. We had seen delightful photographs of it taken by traveler scribes in recent years, and showing the room marked by an impressive X where André tarried.

"That's the place—right there," said the man driving the milk cart. And he pointed to a modern stone cottage, with willow chairs sitting in chilly loneliness upon the veranda.

"But it isn't!" we declared, fresh from

our Jenkins and our Hine. "This is Dusenberry's!" And I fairly shook in his face a half tone reproduction of the old Colonial building. "'Major André and his escort stopped here while on their way to West Point,'" I read. "'André was within a few miles of Arnold's headquarters and safety when the express sent by Jamieson arrived, and André was taken back to North Salem; Lieutenant Allen continued on through the Highlands with the note to Arnold, who was thus warned of the capture of his confederate and escaped.'" And they show



you the front room on the right where André stayed—”

“Yeh,” the milkman wagged. “*Did* show you. *Wa* here. *Tore* down now.” And he withdrew his head back into a fur collar, as a disdainful bird withdraws into its plumage, and drove off.

“Tore down” was Dusenberry’s, and along with it was “tore down” one of our fondest hopes. We were consoled like children with a stick of candy, however, by our visit to the Pierre van Cortlandt house opposite, that landmark of the old Post Road where were sheltered Washington and his aides on many a night. It stands lonely and vast in the midst of its wintry land; and when the young English caretaker and his little wife in her ruffled English cap led us upstairs, and with bated breath threw open the door of what appeared to be a closet and revealed instead a closely built wall, I know that my spine, for one, was creeping.

“I can’t say,” said the young caretaker, and his voice sank to a pitch of mystery, “but they do say as that wall incloses a secret staircase that led down to the cellar, and then a tunnel out to the woods—”

“Ooo! I’ll be thinkin’ about it after it’s dark!” And I turned to see a ruffled English cap disappearing down the hall.

The building is, I understand, to become an orphan asylum. And my prayer rises that no poor little orphan may ever be naughty enough to be shut into the room upon which opens that door.

To the road again—and next the plunge, across Annsville Creek and into the very heart of the most thrilling stretch of all the old miles. Here travelers were at times overtaken by darkness and storm and delayed many nights; here the highwayman lurked; here the overturning of the coach was no unheard-of event on a road that dips now like a diver, again cat-stitches in a series of sharp bends. In 1823, when two stage lines were competing here, the newspapers reported a dire disaster resulting from the rival drivers racing.

The stage was overset in the Highlands with six passengers on board; one of whom, a gentleman from Vermont, had his collar bone broken, and the others were more or less injured and all placed in the utmost jeopardy of their lives and limbs by the outrageous conduct of the driver. . . . He could not assist them, as it required all his efforts to restrain the frightened horses from dashing down the hill which must have destroyed them all. It was with the greatest difficulty that the wounded passengers extricated themselves from the wreck. . . .



UP OVER GALLOWS HILL

Such wanton acts of drivers under the stimulus of ardent spirits calls aloud on the community to expose and punish.

But if the gentleman from Vermont had any poetry in his soul the price of a collar bone was a bagatelle. I have a vision of near-by tawny mountains over which the madcap road led; of distant blue and purple ones; of the sudden bursting of vistas—winding valleys with their meshing of silver and gray rivers far below—all under a wild, early winter sky. The clouds flew, now in somber black-winged flocks; again, the sun would be tipping their pinions and burnishing their breasts; and every move of them was recorded in every water, great and small, that spread below us. Once, in a quick glimpse of the Hudson between hills, the sun itself seemed to swing like a searchlight describing its arc, as a swift cloud rift swung the light over the water and produced this weird illusion.

Brown and darkly dove-blue and mistily purple the mountains; brown and deeper brown the land—all this richly sober, like the background of some ancient tapestry. And against it vivid flashes embroidered with the skill known only to supreme art; the vermilion of a laden bittersweet trailer wound about a black stem—the wine color of tardy sumach—the shining gold of corn drying in the porch of some lonely farmhouse—the cold, sharp green of a late-planted field—the orange of piled pumpkins—the violet and mauve of bare berry stems tangling over a stone wall.

"It's near the fifty-third milestone," the Enchanted Princess answered us as



A KNICKERBOCKER WITH HIS WIFE ON A PILLION

she drove by behind an old sorrel, a coop of chickens in the back of the buggy. She wore quite dreadful old garments, and her eyes looked forth from her lovely white face in a bewildered way, as if begging help to break the spell of the past. And so, we found, do these crumbling milestones stand as measures to all.

And the Beldame! Surely she had never stirred from her eighteenth-century trance! Her great farmhouse sat back from the road on a wind-swept knoll, gray and inscrutable as the dead. And she—tiny and crooked and snowy and peering—beckoning us in to her fire with a finger that seemed to our overwrought imaginations almost as long as her dwarfish body—she knew the old names, she dwelt in the old memories.

"Rogers? Rogers?" she repeated, and sadly shook her head. "Rogers and his tavern both—they're gone this many a day." But her eyes seemed not to believe her own words. They shone in the light of the past.



Here we asked our way at a tiny farm where the wide old fireplace had warmed generations of the same family. There we accosted a muffled pedestrian, driving his cow against the gale.

"Ye'll find the road bends to right oop away," he told us. "But taverns—they're few and far."

"Oop away"—"this many a day," murmured the Artist. "Surely we are never in the state of New York, county of Putnam!"

Everywhere it was the same—quaint phrases, isolation of life, the appearance of having halted a century and more ago and never having stirred since. "Washington came this way," or, "Washington stopped over night," are the only items of news they have to offer, and they offer them with a fine glow in their lonely, eager eyes, as though they had looked upon the General but yesterday. Surely we were in very truth the travelers of that stagecoach past!

The day darkened. The deluge descended.

It may have been just a little gray house by the roadside where we found shelter, just an old but unhistoric dwelling place, shabby and obscure and warming and welcoming, but to us it was any, all of those old hostleries—Rogers's, or Travers's, or Mead's, or Weeks's, or Van Wyck's—any of them, all of them, opening a door to the belated and half-frozen travelers who clambered with aching bones down from the clattering coach, while the driver made off to stable his horses, to find them supper and a bed, before arranging for the morning's relay, when we would be called at three o'clock, and, by the help of a candle, make ready for the day's journey ahead.

But we didn't dwell upon that three-o'clock call.

"It's one of the advantages of making a journey by imaginary stagecoach," observed the Wife, "that you can dwell on the pleasant things, and forget the others."

So we summoned only genial memories. The host, rubicund, jolly, with his "loggerhead, whose hissing dip, timed by wise instinct, creamed the bowl of flip," greeted us at the door. Our fellow travelers in costume of a bygone day, entered with us—the testy old Revolutionary officer, the adoring young spouse with his bride, that little lady of fashion who shuddered at the tavern's rude shelter and fastidiously produced her own nutmeg-holder of wrought silver that she might sprinkle her favorite seasoning atop the wine—a silk-clad ghost of dainty disdain among the farmers who had joined



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT CORTLANDTVILLE

the group around the hearth. The chilled travelers waxed warm and jovial; the buxom daughter of the house flitted here and there, serving, exchanging a joke; stories began to crack like lively whips. . . .

Travelers of the past differed widely in their reports of tavern comforts *versus* discomforts. We read in many writings that privacy was impossible on account of crowded quarters, four persons, perhaps unknown to one another, often lodging in one room. Twining stated that the landlord might enter your room at any hour of the night, candle in hand, escorting a stranger to share your bed. Others fared better in this respect; and Melish, an Englishman, sang the praises of New York State taverns in 1806. At one in the backwoods he found a twenty-five-cent breakfast which included "tablecloth, tea tray, teapots, milk pot, bowls, cups, sugar tongs, teaspoons, casters, plates, knives, forks, tea, sugar, cream, bread, butter, steak, eggs, cheese, potatoes, beets, salt, vinegar, pepper."

Steak, fish, or eggs were served at the best taverns for breakfast, with cakes, tea, or coffee. At two or three o'clock everyone gathered at a general table for a substantial dinner of many boiled dishes and a great amount of meat. At seven o'clock came a sturdy supper. "Brandy, hollands, and oth̄er spirits" were furnished at dinner, and a vast variety of other beverages might be ordered, from the "kill-devil" of early fame to the small drinks so popular "to quench an honest thirst, not to heat the brain." New York State was famous for its cider, and the many other drinks made from its potent apple. Kalm, in 1749, saw the horse press in use in the Hudson Valley.

The Artist summoned mine host. "Know you the felicitous combination of cider and rum which results in stone-wall?" he demanded.

But mine host, alas, was only a Putnam County farmer of 1920, generously tolerating three erratic travelers through

a stormy night, and he stared in blank astonishment.

"To fare farther we must needs be revived by some ancient beverage," the Artist cruelly persisted. "Mayhap you can offer cider-royal, which you have made by boiling four barrels of cider into one barrel."

But by now the farmer was evidently convinced that stern methods must be employed in dealing with a lunatic.

"Ef you can't drink that, I guess you'll have to go dry," he pronounced, and a pitcher of creamy milk came down upon the table.

The taverns of this old Post Road are deplorably vanishing. Among the few to be found is one near Croton-on-Hudson, shabby and much altered in form.

"Yes, this is the old Black Horse," its tenant proudly told us. "The old Black Horse itself (Hush, Buster! Can't you see I'm talking?)—only it used to reach to the street; that part's been torn down. (*Hush, Buster!*) But the old oven's in the cellar. I can't think why Buster always barks like that when I tell anybody that our house was the Black Horse."

Buster may be aware that the old tavern's history includes a dark period when, so the legend goes, bodies of its robbed and murdered guests were deposited in a slide of boards which carried them down to the Croton River, and so on, by the tide, they reached the Hudson and disappeared. At any rate, he continued to raise canine protest against the revival of tradition, as we were led to the great cellar kitchen of old, with its fireplace and bake oven that once fed the stage traveler.

As sad as the vanishing of Dusenberry's is that of Rogers's, a famous tavern kept during the French wars by John Rogers, on an Indian path deep in the Highlands, of which it was said that any traveler who stopped there later than the forenoon must stop all night, because of the perils of the mountainous and solitary road that led to Fishkill.

But in Columbia County, what land-



mark treasures awaited us! Here the Post Road jogs gently through Blue Store, named for the tavern that never changed its color; through precious Claverack, with its Dutch Colonial houses sitting as they have sat since the eighteenth century, in mild and elderly dignity, when the stage's arrival was the event of their day; through Kinderhook, where the Dutch kerchief and cap used to bob forth in sprightly welcome of the vehicle as it rumbled ponderously across the covered bridge above the creek. And the "Old Brick Tavern" greeted us, on the road approaching Kinderhook—deserted, but imposing in its retirement—no humble wayside inn, this, but an almost stately building on an eminence, where once the stage horses met their relay, where famous flip hissed, where the country people gathered from miles around for the tavern balls. The fiddle's squeak, the gales of laughter, the swaying of puffed skirts, the clink of glasses. . . .

"Whoa!" A passer-by came to a halt with his load of apples. "Yes, that's the Old Brick, built by the Sagendorfs about a hundred and twenty-five years ago, 'cordin' to what I've heard the old folks tell. It was one o' the big changin' places—they used to drive ten-mile relays along here. The wide room upstairs was the ballroom, clear across the front. Pretty good times, I guess. Well—some day somebody from New York 'll rent it summers, and they'll bring a lot o' old furniture they call 'antiques,' and buy rag rugs in a department store to make it look old-fashioned. Now I could fit up that building with modrun things so 'sit'd look as good as new. Well—get ap!"

"We are slighted by the ghosts," I sadly observed a little later on. "Here we are approaching the end of our journey, and not a genuine ghost has risen to meet us."

It was fortunate that I chanced to say it just then. "But didn't you visit the Old Stone House at Claverack?" a descendant of Holland exclaimed.

There it was at last—our ghost, our genuine ghost, our live, flesh-and-blood ghost, so to speak, and gladly did we retravel the miles back to this one-time tavern which is now a private dwelling snuggling so unostentatiously beside the Post Road that we had passed it unknowing. It took the proprietor of the village store, his assistant, one Old Inhabitant, another Old Inhabitant, a third Old Inhabitant, and, finally, the former occupant of the house, whom we summoned from his beehives, to ferret out the ghost for us. The last named was feeding his bees molasses in a spirit of loving deception since he couldn't make clover bloom in December. I have worried ever since about the bees missing that molasses breakfast for our sake.

"I can't say as I ever saw that ghost," Old Inhabitant number one admitted, perched upon the counter where he had probably perched for sixty years. "But I've always heard about it, ever since I was a little shaver."

"I know a man that heard groans one night," put in Old Inhabitant number two, eager to play a higher card than number one.

"Well, I don't know about those groans," doubted number three. "Some say there's nothin' in that. But I *have* heard for certain that a door opens and shuts in the night when nobody goes through it." And heads were wagged and heads were shaken, and chorus echoed dubiously, "Well, I don't know, I don't know."

The former occupant of the Old Stone House, deserting his bees, gave us his father's version, the truth about the ghost.

One late night, so says tradition, a solitary peddler arrived at the tavern and sought lodging. Having supped in comfort and trust, he was led to the upper landing and shown the second door upon this landing, which opens into a small front chamber with one window toward the street. The peddler bade good night and closed the door of the chamber, and that was the last that he was

ever seen alive. Before morning he was robbed, murdered, and made away with.

Many years later a dark and unused cellar was discovered under the north end of the barn; the cellar was sealed by heavy planks and could be entered only by tearing these out. Daylight rushing in at last revealed a man's skeleton, believed to be that of the ill-fated peddler.

And to this day, some allege, the tavern ghost stirs in his century-old sleep, groans in his pain, and restlessly moves about that upper chamber. And others say, "Piffle!" but wouldn't sleep in that chamber for anything. As for the Artist, the Wife, and me, whether believing or unbelieving, a sense of deep satisfaction soothed our spirits; we had found our true ghost at last.

At Albany we dismounted from our phantom coach. "Shall we put up at the tavern of one Gregory, pronounced by an English traveler of long ago equal to many London hotels?" I proposed, "or proceed out to the inn of Vrouw Pye, who so bravely defended it against the highwayman? Or—"

I glanced at the Artist. His six-feet-three drooped wearily.

"It's been a peach of a trip," he said, "but I'm ready for something besides a phantom dinner. Let us seek some hostelry where the ubiquitous bell boy doth flourish, and interior decoration doth please the eye, where there's a private bath to every room, cushioned chairs, open fires plus steam heat, silver and glass and china surrounding a vase of roses upon each table—a place where we can spend all the money we haven't spent on the way up; in short, a typical, first-class, twentieth-century hotel."

And we found it. This Evolution has given us—Evolution, which, a century ago, set out to see what she could evolve from the American tavern with its rude table, its broken window panes, its candle-lighting and scant heating, its simple food, its overcrowding. From this, in only a hundred years or thereabout, she has developed the plushy, electric-

lighted, flower-scented, every-want-anticipated hotel of modern luxury. Side by side with the hotel she has developed transportation; from the thumping and rocking stagecoach with its meager accommodation for both passenger and baggage, she has worked out the modern railroad with its apartment-like ease of closely packed comfort, even to the daintily appointed dining room that travels along with you.

In 1831 the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad was opened, and the fussy little engine, "De Witt Clinton," set forth from Albany to Schenectady, three coaches in its wake. The difficulties of constructing a line along the river shore were so great, however, that not until 1851 were operations finally extended from New York to east Albany. But from 1807 steamboats known as "palatial" had been plying between the two cities, so that the stagecoach felt the pressure of competition, and the railroad sealed its doom. From those four days of laborious travel, during any of which the passenger might be called upon to aid in getting the stage out of a mud hole, we have reached the modern leisurely steamboat, the any-rate-you-please automobile, and the railroad which flings you from the heart of New York into the heart of Albany in as short a space, on its fastest trains, as three hours and one minute.

A recent periodical quotes from an old scrapbook that in 1828 the Lancaster, Ohio, school board refused to permit a debate as to whether "railroads were practical," stating that "there is nothing in the Word of God about them. If God had designed that His intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour He would have forecast it."

"Perhaps I am not an intelligent creature," observed the Artist, perusing the time-table, "but I like the look of that number fifty which leaves at seven and arrives at ten-ten."

With a sigh I faced the truth. We had emerged from our phantom past.



## THE SHAME OF HEALTH

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

JONES had been aware all along, of course, that the colleges and the schools are out of touch with the main currents of modern life. That is implicit in the very nature of a college and a school. They are Institutions, and we know that Institutions have always been the foes of progress. The colleges are manned by professors, and it is no secret as to where, in the swing of Creative Intelligence, the professor gets off.

For instance, one of the saddest, and at the same time one of the most instructive sights imaginable, is a college professor digging up the upper skull and lower canine tooth of a Neanderthal Man. It is a contrast between growth and petrification, the Neanderthal Man representing growth and the college professor representing petrification. Lucian, Montaigne, Swift, M. Anatole France, all the great practitioners of the satiric guffaw or the ironic smile, could ask for no more clinching demonstration of the futility of things than the story of two hundred thousand years of human endeavor which begins with the infinite promise revealed in the brainpan of the Piltdown Man and eventuates into a member of the faculty of Political Science at Freshwater, Mass.

So much was a commonplace to Jones, as it is no doubt a commonplace to the reader of the present lines.

But just how completely the colleges—and the schools—to-day stand outside of life Jones had never realized until he learned how zealously they were going in for the Binet-Simon intelligence tests. Now, it is the purpose of these tests to take any group of students and mark off the mentally subnormal, the normal, and the supernormal; and to shape the curriculum accordingly. The defective

child (or undergraduate) gets one kind of training. The child (or undergraduate) enjoying normal mental health gets a more rigorous training. The child (or undergraduate) bursting with a supernormal amount of mental health is allowed to go as far as he likes.

So the alarming thing about the practitioners of Binet-Simon as Jones saw it, was this: They were actually as much concerned with the welfare of the normally gifted child and of the exceptionally gifted child as they were with the welfare of the defective child. In fact, Jones thought he could detect among these professors and psychological surveyors a sneaking preference for the healthy child as against the sick child. For the benefit of the 150-point Binet-Simon baby special classes were organized, special methods were devised, special instructors were engaged. In other words, special pains were taken to encourage the 150-point Binet-Simon baby to go ahead and grow up into a 150-point man or woman. It is true that the 85-point Binet-Simon child was far from neglected. He continued to share in that passionate concern for the unfortunate and the handicapped which is one of the few redeeming features of our inhuman economic and social system. But that was not the important thing, as Jones saw it. The wonder was that any concern whatever should be exhibited for the healthy and superhealthy child.

For in so doing, Jones felt, we violated the basic doctrine of our modern world-interpretation. By separating the healthy from the sick, we violated the principle that what is good enough for the sick is good enough for the healthy; what is good enough for the defective is good enough for the sane,

and that in general the only proper way to bring up a healthy child is by the plan found successful in dealing with cases of arrested development. To the extent that the colleges and schools went in for Binet-Simon, they stood more than ever condemned of obscurantism. They went in for salvation through health, when the entire trend of modern thought was toward salvation by pathology.

There were exceptions, to be sure. No institution is altogether impervious to the infiltration of new ideas. In the lower schools, and especially in the elementary grades, the pathologists had succeeded in driving deep salients into the entrenchments of normality. It had been found, for example, that open-air classes are a boon for sickly children. Therefore, it was demanded that all children be put into open-air classes. If the ill-nourished or constitutionally feeble child was enabled to carry on with the aid of a sweater, heavy coat, ear muffs, and mittens, it seemed more than an idea—it was a duty—to impose sweaters, coats, ear muffs and mittens upon perfectly healthy children who would thus be enabled to make about half the progress they could make if left bareheaded, free-handed and lightly ginghamed in the ordinary well-heated school room.

It had been found that there are children who cannot be taught to read in the ordinary way and whom it was, therefore, best not to teach reading at all. It consequently became manifest duty not to teach reading to children who would easily master the art if left to themselves at the age of five in a corner with a phonetic First Reader and a lollypop. Thus, it was no rare occurrence for Jones to encounter bright little girls of twelve, say, to whom the printed word—in this world that lives so much by the printed word—had been rendered happily inaccessible.

It had been found that there are children not readily amenable to discipline who could best be dealt with by permitting them to walk out of the classroom through the window instead of by

the door. It therefore became manifest duty to encourage the normally civilized child to choose the window instead of the door for which he might instinctively dive.

Yes, it was a commonplace for Jones to encounter conscientious, modern parents who were worried because their children preferred to do their arithmetic inside the house instead of on the lawn; preferred to go out by the door instead of the window; preferred to read at the age of six instead of twelve; and in other ways preferred to tread the institutionalized paths. There were mothers, Jones recalled, who sat up nights worrying because there was nothing the matter with their children.

And the number of such mothers would undoubtedly have grown, and the number of open-air classes for children who didn't need them would undoubtedly have increased, and the reading age for children would without much difficulty have been steadily prolonged, if the Binet-Simon schedules had not come along to reinforce the reactionaries and obscurantists. We were almost in sight of realizing the great dogma that the ant must go to the sluggard and consider his ways, when Binet-Simon, aided and abetted by Terman of Leland Stanford, came along to suggest that perhaps the best thing we can do for the healthy child is to allow it to behave like a healthy child.

In such dark moments of reflection on the state of our educational machinery, there was naught for our friend Jones to do but turn elsewhere for comfort. He found it. Let the schools do their worst. Outside of the schools and the colleges there were vast stretches of human activity in which the modern current ran strong and men still believed that what was good enough for the hospital was good enough for the home.

Side by side with the Outline of History, reinforcing it and interpreting it, flourished the Outline of Hysteria.

Jones recalled that Sigmund Freud



first tried psychoanalysis as a cure for hysteria and found that it worked. Freud dug down into the substrata of neurosis and released all kinds of unfelt suppressions, inhibitions and complexes; he hauled them to the surface of consciousness and cast them out. The method worked, just as all kinds of therapeutic methods, for the body and the mind, have worked when the patient and the cure have chanced to coincide happily; like hypnotism; like mesmerism; like the sacred shrines for the afflicted of all religions at all times; like mind-cure; like the violet ray; like the Kneipp cure for the barefooted in wet grass; like the ultra-dilution of food in Fletcherism; like the consumption of great amounts of roughage in anti-Fletcherism; like bran; like mineral oil; like internal bathing; like Carlsbad; like Spa; like Vichy; like vitamins. It is a very big world with very many people in it and a great burden of ills, and it is a poor cure that will not find its lucky patients.

Then came the inevitable next step. This inevitable next step is, in a way, inherent in all therapeutics. It is the reverse of the well-authenticated principle that one man's food is another man's poison. It is the principle that somebody's strychnine tonic is good enough to be everybody else's food. It is the worship of the great Goddess Panacea.

The physician knew the great Goddess's touch when he prescribed slow mastication for the chronic food bolter, and got results; thereupon he insisted on slow mastication for people who ate moderately fast and persisted in keeping well. The surgeon knew the Goddess when he began operating on people for appendicitis to save them from sepsis, and went on to cutting out people's appendixes to save them from nothing in particular. Bernard Shaw's Dr. Walpole worshiped the Goddess with his operations for the removal of the nuci-form sac. The surgeons knew the Goddess when they began cutting out tonsils and adenoids to promote free breathing,

and proceeded to cut tonsils and adenoids for children who were not in the least handicapped thereby, but who did lose a great deal of useful blood in the operation.

And so it was inevitable that psychoanalysis, having succeeded with the hysterics, should look about for new healthy worlds to conquer. But it was the peculiar merit of Freudism that it went at its task with an *élan* that put the old physicians and surgeons to shame. It took all mankind and all history for its field. It went back to the Neanderthal Man, and forward *ad lib*. Its resourcefulness in the discovery of symptoms had never been approached. For if you had the symptoms of hysteria it was a plain case. And if you lacked the symptoms it was just as bad or even a little worse. If you described your symptoms to the psychoanalyst correctly he knew how to get at you. And if you lied about your symptoms your lies were the very best symptoms he could ask for.

No one before Freud, thought Jones, had ever put health so thoroughly on the defensive. That was the essential difference between Freud's way of casting out the devils of hysteria and those other well-known cases of hysteria once upon a time treated in Galilee. It is not on record that in Galilee the unpossessed ever thought it necessary to present themselves for treatment. If there was no wailing and gnashing and frothing then there was presumably no daemonic occupant. Whereas Freud rendered it a duty and a pleasure for the man who felt no stirrings of perdition within him to make that very fact a subject of anxious inquiry. If a man went on feeling pretty well it became his manifest duty to say, "Now what the devil can be the matter with me?"

Patients in the psychopathic wards had complexes; at least, they had them before Freud got through with the patient. It followed inevitably that men who ate too much lobster salad for supper and danced too late at the Midnight

Frolics and showed no interest in their work next morning should wonder what particular kind of complex they were suffering from. Within fifteen years after Pastor Wagner conquered a good part of the world for the simple life, Freud reconquered the greater part of the world for the complex life.

No man could be so unfortunately endowed with health as not to find a complex or two lying around. It might be timidity in the presence of the toast-master at a Rotary Club dinner. It might be a habit of biting one's finger nails. It might be the habit of looking out of the window on a languorous spring afternoon and sighing after the ships putting out to sea for Cherbourg or Antwerp. There were refinements. For if on a languorous spring afternoon a man looked out of the window and felt that he would much rather go to Cherbourg than to Antwerp it was an Antwerp complex, and the other way about it was a Cherbourg complex.

It might be a Joseph Conrad or Nikolai Lenin complex. This is what impressed Jones most—this Freudian restatement of what had been formerly considered health and strength in terms of hysteria and disease. Jones had been brought up to think that a strong man was one who loved hard and hated hard. But he saw now that not to like Joseph Conrad was a complex, and to detest Lenin was presumably a super-complex. England (so Jones had once been taught) was full of strong and healthy men when it was full of men of whom everyone was "in his humor"; men, that is, who swore round oaths when the ale was not satisfactory, or who consigned their eyes and souls to perdition before they would eat beef too well done. Those were the days when the British Empire was established.

But as Jones saw it now the British Empire was built up not by strong men but by neurotics. For Francis Drake obviously had a highly-developed anti-Philip II complex; and Cromwell had a decided anti-Dutch complex, and Clive

was driven on by his inhibitions and repressions to the point of conquering India. So Bill Sykes must have been the victim of an anti-social complex. Taken in time, he might have been cured by the Freudian method—Bill Psyched, thought Jones, in one of the irresponsible moments that would break in upon his most serious thinking; due, no doubt, Jones felt, to an anti-reverence complex in himself.

Repression and inhibition all round. We wrote certain kinds of books and editorials because we had complexes. And we did not write books and editorials, but preferred to look out of the window on languorous spring afternoons because we had complexes. Leonardo da Vinci had complexes, and Moses had complexes, and the president of the Radiator and Aluminum Corporation had complexes. But it would be a mistake to suppose that Freud neglected the plain people for the Da Vincis and Moseses and corporation presidents. He brought the complex within the reach of the humblest purse. The complex was standardized and popularized and distributed by large-scale production methods until no home had a valid excuse for going without its little repression. It was like Hart, Stein, and Wallach. Ready-made inhibitions for people with the desire to be different. Distinctive dementias for discriminating denizens of Main Street.

And again Jones sorrowed that, in this universal sweep of Freud through life, the schools and the colleges should be an exception. To be sure, there were plenty of school teachers and young college professors who went in for psychoanalysis, who strove to recast their own specialty, say Trigonometry or the Garment Industry on the basis of Freud. But they were fighting a losing battle. To be sure, there were advanced parents who had disciplinary difficulties with their little ones in the fourth elementary grade and who proceeded to have the kids psyched for a possible case of introversion (Jones sorrowfully recalled his



own childhood when he used to break window-panes at school and his mother contented herself with subtraverting him on her lap and applying the extraverted palm where she thought it would do most good). But it was a losing cause. Fewer and fewer children were being psyched, more and more children were being Binet-Simoned and put into the grade where they really belonged.

But after all the schools and the colleges *were* the exception. Pretty nearly everywhere else life continued to reveal that inner meaning, that rich emotional content which Freud had lent to it after so many uncritical centuries of evolution. Through the ages the poets and philosophers had speculated on the world and man, and come home with the mournful reflection that life is a dream. It remained for the psychoanalyzers to point out that that was just it. Life is indeed a dream and this word which you cannot understand in terms of reality becomes as plain as a pikestaff in terms of sex phantasy.

For ages the poets have stood on the bridge at midnight and besought the dark current for its secret, in vain. Why? Because they failed to see that a bridge is not really a bridge but Eros, and the swift-moving current is the flux of physiological desire. They have looked out upon the mountains and failed to recognize in them the promontories of sex. They have regarded the arched trees in the forest either as trees or as cathedral aisles, utterly ignorant of the truth that both trees and cathedral spires are phallic.

Yes, that was the grievous error, said Jones. The poets and the thinkers have looked out upon the world of hills, streams, seas, and forests and thought of it in terms of health instead of terms of neurosis.

What is good for sore eyes is good for sound eyes.

In a picture gallery one day Jones objected to a modernistic landscape; he said it did not show the world as he saw

it. And he had gone on to describe just how he did see that particular landscape in respect to form, light, and color.

"To be sure," said his artist friend, "that is the way you see the world. You're so beastly healthy. But that is not the point. The question is how does the world look to anyone endowed with progressive glaucoma and in an advanced stage of paresis." And there was nothing Jones could say.

What is good for a sick nation must be good for a healthy nation.

That truth had been driven home upon Jones by Soviet Russia, of course. When Jones used to grieve over the loss and the pain of the Great War, he was told that Russia alone was enough to justify the vast expenditure. He was informed that the world would yet redress its deficits if only it gave heed to the Great Experiment that was working itself out in Russia. And when Jones ventured to doubt whether events in Russia were moving in a desirable direction, he was told that everything that happened in Russia was inevitable. And when Jones asked why inevitable, he learned the following:

Russia was, even before the war, a moron among the nations. It was at least one hundred years behind western Europe in the total of what we call civilization. In some respects it was four hundred years behind. It was a land of poverty. It suffered from a congested agricultural population. This population was eighty per cent illiterate, and enslaved to a religiosity from which western Europe had fortunately emerged. It was a peasant population with only the most rudimentary sense of nationality. It was a population habituated to despotism: Russians could not live without a dictator, either a White Czar or a Red Chief Commissar. Because Russia was given over to illiteracy, there was an impassable gulf between the few who did break out to knowledge and the masses who remained in darkness. The thin stream of Russian Intelligence stagnated

for lack of infiltrations from the springs of the national life. Russian Intelligence, restrained by the autocracy from healthy and fruitful activity, went neurotic (so Jones was told). When the Revolution came, power passed into the hands of men who had not been trained in life but in midnight debates on the theories of Karl Marx.

But that is anticipating. Such was Russia before the war (Jones was told). The war came and wrecked the hollow shell of Czarism. Three-quarters of the able-bodied male population were drafted into the armies and sent forward to break the German lines without guns and ammunition. With the draining of the manhood of the villages the supply of food was cut off. The enormous strain upon transportation wrecked the railroads. The factories were given over to war work. Before the end of the war there were in Russia no engines, no machines, no ploughs, no needles and thread, no medicines, no clothes. The villages ceased to feed the towns and the towns ceased to equip the villages. In other words, physical breakdown and nervous prostration. The only thing to keep going the feeble pulse of Russian life was the heavy doses of Soviet strychnine. To cavil against anything that is being done in Russia is to kick against the inevitable.

Very well, Jones used to reply, in those unregenerate days before he saw the light. Granted that Russia needs the Soviet strychnine, do we, too, need it? What interest have we in the Great Experiment?

People used to say, "What do you mean?"

Here is what I mean (Jones used to say). This America, unlike Russia, is not one hundred years behind in industrial civilization. Unfortunately or not, our country is not a land of poverty and we have no congested agricultural population. Instead of being eighty per cent illiterate, we are ninety per cent literate. Instead of being slaves to religious superstition, we are content to send some of

our women to church. The sense of nationality, instead of being atrophied, is highly developed with us, to a regrettable point as you have pertinently remarked. Instead of being habituated to despotism, we not only make our own laws but break them just as eagerly. Our leaders are far from neurotic; no one ever accused them of thinking too hard or of cutting themselves off from the great mass of the national life. Doing things is the one thing we do well. By the time a man in this country has come into power he has learned the ropes; and when a man gets elected to office with us he does not spend the nights debating the Marxian theory of surplus value; he is busy running the machine.

That (Jones used to go on saying) was before the war. Then came the war, and we went into it quite unlike the Russian peasant who is reported to believe that Constitution is the wife of Grand Duke Constantine and that Respublica is the wife of the Chief Commissar. We went into the war after thinking it out; in the wrong direction perhaps, but we thought. And our villages were not drained of food producers. And our factories found time to manufacture not only clothes and needles but even the phonograph records without which life has no meaning. And our railroads did not break down, and the country fed the cities and the cities equipped the country. In other words, we have remained in a very fair condition of health. What then has debilitated neurotic Russia to teach us? In what sense is her Great Experiment of any value to us?

They used to tell Jones that his country was not so all-fired blooming healthy as he thought.

Jones said, perhaps not. No doubt we had our ailments and our debilities; and we ought to be thinking about them. But why assume that we are done for unless we gave up feeling pretty well, on the whole, and reached out for the Russian medicine bottle? For that matter, said Jones, the patent-medicine marketeers, even before the Pure Food Law came



into operation, used to begin by asking whether you suffered from ague, bronchitis, chilblains, dipsomania, erysipelas, fainting spells, gastritis, heart trouble, indigestion, jaundice, etc. If you did, then you must send for a bottle of Mother Smith's Walnut Syrup. But at least they asked you, or went no further than suggesting that you might have all these things the matter with you. But where is the sense in assuming, without fear of contradiction, that we must send for the Soviet strychnine tablets, that we are bound to be victims of ague, bronchitis, chilblains, dipsomania, erysipelas, fainting spells, gastritis, heart trouble, indigestion and jaundice?

That was the way Jones used to argue. But this was before he had been converted to the new doctrine that what is good for a sick nation must be good for a healthy nation. He began to watch the progress of the Russian Experiment with interest and sympathy, and to watch, hopefully, for symptoms of pain at home.

What is good for the distracted spirit is good for the quiet soul.

Jones thought of the ouija board. That experience had hardly endured long enough to impress itself upon Jones as a fundamental need of our civilization; and yet in the swift retrogression of ouija he saw regretfully the same symptoms of reaction that were now ravaging the schools in the form of the intelligence test.

It was no accident that ouija, like its more respectable relative, Psychic Research, should have received enormous impetus from the war. Psychic experimentation had always emphasized the need of a sympathetic audience, and the war had enormously increased the sympathetic *milieu*, that is to say, the number of those present with the will-to-believe. The war had snatched away sons, husbands, lovers, fathers. If those who were left behind set out to re-establish communication with their lost ones, and succeeded in some cases, as they thought, it was exceedingly diffi-

cult for the skeptic to assert reason against faith. It was humanly impossible to be critical of pain that searched for solace, and of agony that wanted to believe.

But it was more than that. If it were only a matter of bereavement seeking escape from pain, post-war spiritism would have had what was after all its limited field. Narcotics may sometimes be indispensable in the sick room, but narcotics are not recommended to the healthy as a mode of solving the riddle of life. Yet that was just what post-war spiritism did believe. It insisted that through pain, through longing, through wounded hearts, through overcharged susceptibilities, it was endowed with the ability to unveil the truth hidden from the man who had not suffered loss and who was not in search of forgetfulness. It was ouija for everybody, though not for long.

If spiritism and ouija have shown a sharp decline as the war has receded into the background, it only proves the general truth, thought Jones: health is inimical to the capture and the interpretation of reality. Time's hand, that heals, also conceals. It seemed a pity.

But, as we have said, these were exceptions—this reaction away from the ouija board and in the direction of the intelligence test. Life as a whole still offered to Jones's eye the reassuring spectacle of health sitting, humble and emulative, at the feet of disease; of health on the defensive; of health apologetic; of health trying its darnedest to interpret itself or disguise itself as disease. Strength was not strength, but only the discharge of a powerful inhibition: the man who in behalf of a cause said to the world "Come one, come all," was only concealing an inferiority complex. Reason was not reason: the man who said, "This is how I have thought it out," was only laboring under the defense complex. Faith was not faith, as we have usually understood it; faith was only the Freudian wish. Exceptional

men who see the world differently from their fellows see the world differently not because they are strong but because they are sick.

For some time, Jones had been troubled by the idea of war. It seemed so unrepressed. In war, as the common phrase goes, our so-called civilization reveals how pitifully near it is still to the brute state. In war we show how little we have moved forward from the Cave Man and the Stone Age. But if that is the case, Jones thought, war must be a healthy exercise. For the Cave Man had no inhibitions and the Early Stone Age had no suppressions, and the Freudian theory would not therefore apply. To the extent that our wars are like the wars of Early Man, they can not be the result of a complex; they must be regarded as a normal expression of our untrained brute energy.

Jones grieved over this notable exception to Freud until one day a thinker came along and said No. America did not go to war in 1917 out of a healthy hatred for an enemy, or out of a healthy sympathy for an ally, or out of a healthy appetite for world markets and gold reserves. We went to war in 1917 because we were a Puritan, hypocritical, sex-inhibited nation, particularly the last. The repressed sex desires of a couple of centuries of Anglo-Saxonism broke out into a furious passion against Germany.

So after all, the great unitary principle for Jones was vindicated, and everything fitted in with everything else. Perhaps it was because he was happy to have his doubts resolved that Jones did not stop to ask why a nation like France, which traditionally does not suffer from sex-inhibitions, should have gone to war; or a nation like Germany, which is not the victim of Puritan hypocrisy; or a nation like Russia which is neither Anglo-Saxon nor tight-lipped. But that would be reasoning; and reasoning, Jones knew, is only a defense complex.

So on the whole, and in spite of threatening signs like the Binet-Simon test, Jones was glad to see that for some time to come the shame and fear of health as health would persist. Life would go on being interpreted as a great neurosis in the scheme of Evolution, and the world would remain a carbuncle in the Solar system. The ant would continue to be diffident before the sluggard. The sane artist would bow to the higher revelation vouchsafed to the neuræsthete. The man who had self-control would envy the sweep of the uninhibited. And human institutions, built up during the ages, would continue to defer to institutions for the insane.

For some time to come, thought Jones gladly, this will continue to be a world looking out on the stars from the sanitarium porch, swapping symptoms.



## TWILIGHT OF THE GOD

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

SANTOS didn't want to go home, and that was a fact. He told as much to his mate, Deutra, as he clambered over the side of his vessel, the *Maria Virginia*. He said:

"I don't want to go home to-night. I'm damned if I do!" And to emphasize it, he spat in the water which reflected the violent crimson of the sunset.

"Why not?" asked the mate, though he knew well enough the reluctance with which many men married a long time turn their footsteps toward home.

"I don't want to go home because my house hates me," said Santos.

"You mean you hate your house," said the mate.

He was a huge red-faced man whose belly swung as he walked.

"No," said Santos, "I mean just what I say. I mean that my house hates *me*! It seems, when I go in, as gloomy as a woman who never wanted you to come and who wishes you'd go. My house hates me."

Santos was sitting high on the dory thwarts. His well-shod feet were placed daintily where the luster of his shoes would be undimmed. In the evening light the face of the men rowing him looked scarlet. They gazed at Santos with affectionate and respectful eyes, for he was an able captain and a great killer and they were in from a great catch.

"You should have stayed in Boston," said the mate, eying Santos through his little piggy eyes which were like shining slits in his fleshy jowls. "What you need is a bat. There isn't a man who doesn't get tired of his wife now and then!" In this simple manner the mate interpreted Santos' discontent.

Santos said no more, for he wanted understanding. The reason Santos hated

his house was that it was drenched with tears and it was empty.

Santos' wife, Julia, was a plain good woman. She was little and swart and her eyebrows nearly met in a sullen line. She had been childless for five years, and for this she had somehow managed to shift the blame to Santos in a skillful woman's fashion. Then she had had a child which had died as it was born.

At this Santos' mother commented:

"It's too bad, Manell, that you should be married to an awful plain homely woman, but that you got a homely woman an' a barren woman, too, is worse than any man deserves!"

After the baby, Julia was harder to get on with than ever. The first few times Santos came home and found her crying over the useless baby clothes he had been moved and he had petted Julia and loved her; later her tears had made him angry, for he had felt the lack of children to the core of his heart. The desire for children clamored loud in Santos to make up for his swarthy, nagging wife who kept such a jealous watch on him. He could feel her watching him all the time, every minute, when they went up town. When Julia was along he could take no pleasure in the admiring glances of the girls who looked at him, for she was jealous in a covert underhand fashion.

To-night Santos felt sure he would find her sniveling over the baby clothes again. He had a wordless perception that she did this to rivet his attention on her. But she only greeted him in an accusing sort of way, and after supper he sat smoking on the veranda, figuring out all over again how he had come to marry Julia.

When he was a bachelor he roomed

at her grandmother's with whom she lived. He never noticed Julia for a long time. Then he saw that when he passed her an ugly red would cover her face. Next he noticed how quick and trim she was about the house. Santos was keeping company at that time with Nellie Cabral, a wild, splendid-looking girl. He was even thinking it was time he got married, when he caught Nellie kissing his handsome cook, Anthony Silva. His pride and his vanity were hurt, and when he next saw Nellie on the boardwalk he didn't speak to her. Santos missed Nellie. He missed her kisses and her pretty cajoling ways, and for several days he was misanthropic.

One night he came home and as he went into his room he was conscious of some one there. Then he saw that it was Julia silhouetted against the window.

"Julia," he said softly, "what is it? What do you want?"

"You—" she answered.

"W-what? . . ." He had a sudden feeling of intense surprise; a sort of gladness swept through him.

She stood, there, little and humble and very lonely.

"I love you," she said into the silence. Her voice was very low, hardly above a whisper, and clear like the note of a bell.

He found himself shaking with excitement. There was something in her sheer audacity that roused him and pleased him as beauty never had.

"See here," he said, "see here. I—I don't love you."

"Oh, I know—I know—but I love you—I've always loved you."

It touched him inexpressibly. It soothed his vanity, too. He admired her blank courage. His heart pounded so it hurt him. She stood there waiting.

The air in the room seemed thick to Santos. Suddenly he seemed nearer to this plain little girl with her heavy lips than he had ever been to anyone else.

Caution stood a moment beside him. But she had bared her heart and it left him helpless. Then suddenly she sank

down on the edge of the bed. He could see her dim outline shaking with sobs.

She had vanquished him by her humble audacity and he had married her.

But always she knew he had never loved her, and for this and her childlessness she had never forgiven him. He was a handsome gay man and the eyes of women followed him. She didn't forgive him for this either.

He was thinking of all these things when Julia joined him on the veranda. After a time:

"I'm going out to walk," said Santos.

Julia answered nothing to this, and he sauntered down the brick walk. The streets were full of shadowy people; they seemed eager and happy to Santos, who felt remote and cut away from life. Two girls passed by, staring at Santos with the boldness of seaport girls. They were handsome, with cheeks like apricots, and well built. He wished he was in a strange town so he could talk and laugh with them; but even away from Julia he was still tied to her. Her sad hostile presence was there beside him.

There was no escape.

He didn't know where he would go. He thought he might stop at the pool room or the movies. But then the music of a dance at the town hall struck his ears, and indifferent as a jelly fish in the tide, he wandered up the steps. Santos, drifting in on a slack tide of idleness, all his desires adrift, everything in him slack, ebb tide of the spirit, ran into Victoria Sonza.

He ran into her literally, caromed against her, drifting as he was on the stream of inertia and disgust. For a minute they stood staring at each other, at first in amazement and then in glad recognition, as though the mute blind self who knows no obligations but the obligations of its desires had cried out: "Here is my mate."

Victoria was a tall woman, and when this happens among the Portuguese such a woman is of extreme magnificence. Victoria's eyes were deep and melan-



choly; her mouth, darker than a pomegranate flower, had the disconsolate droop of a woman made for love whose life is unfulfilled. Her face was a pale olive accented by her deep eyes and her dark crimson mouth. Her skin was drawn smoothly over her cheeks.

Some one introduced them. Santos, with his eyes on this woman who suddenly seemed more his own than any other human creature, could not remember afterward who it was who said their names. He held out his arms and she came to them, and as they danced they seemed to flow along like two streams joined. This woman danced close to him, enveloping him with her nearness.

"Are you a single woman?" he asked her, knowing well enough what the answer would be.

"No," she answered.

Though Santos had expected this, her words were a sharp knife in his side. Then Santos knew that he loved this woman, Victoria, though he didn't put it into words. She did not spur his fancy as did the little girls he met on the street. She was not escape from Julia, or entertainment, or passion. She was his woman. She was his mate without argument or question. He did not tell her these things; he only suffered because both of them were bound to some one else. Yet he was glad, too, with an overwhelming gladness, as though he had always before been a cripple and now, with this woman in his arms, he was whole. To spare himself from the silence of confession:

"Do you live here?" he asked. "I don't remember I saw you before."

"We've just come. My husband just opened a tailor shop."

"Where 'bouts do you live?"

"Next Manell Santos' house. You know, the big white one with green verandas all around."

"That's my house," said Manell. "You live next door to me. I am Manell Santos!"

They looked at each other, glad and

terrified at once as people are when in the hands of fate. The music stopped.

"My husband's over there," she said. "Come and I'll make you acquainted."

She introduced Manell to a little stoop-shouldered man, a half head shorter than herself. He was a drab little fellow, who looked at Victoria with submissive adoration.

She kept her husband in the conversation, praised him, brought him out as though defying anyone to wonder why she had married him.

The Sonzas and the Santos became friends. They would all four sit on the Santos' wide veranda and Julia and Anthony would talk about their gardens. Victoria and Manell didn't talk; they had no need to. There were nights when Manell wondered that Julia wasn't seized with jealous fury. He could feel love stream out of him toward Victoria, his woman, sitting there quiet, her eyes burning him. But Julia prattled on about cuttings and seedlings.

So things went on. But every time Santos came home from a cruise he would see Victoria waiting on a wharf. She would make no sign, she would stand there waiting until Manell was over the side of the vessel. Then she would be home before he was, her hungry eyes watching for him. One thing they had. When Manell was home they went to the dance in the town hall, Anthony and Manell and Victoria, for Julia would not go. Then for a moment as they danced Santos would hold Victoria in his arms; for a moment they belonged to each other. They said everything and they said nothing.

Then one evening Victoria came to the house.

"Is Julia home?" she asked as Manell answered her knock.

"She's up street. Come in, won't you?"

Victoria hesitated as though trying to defy fate.

"Sit down and wait," Manell inserted gently.

For a moment they were silent, and then Manell reached over for her hand.

"Victoria," he began—and before he could say any more Julia and Santos' mother came down the street absorbed in talk.

Julia was voluble as Santos had never seen her, and she was angry! She was telling a long story to old Mrs. Santos, indignation in her sharp gestures. The old woman shrugged with the fatalism of the aged. Victoria and Manell looked at each other. A thought leaped between them. It was: "*They are talking about us!*"

All that night Santos didn't sleep. All that night his mind buzzed like a fly in a spider's web. One thing stood out:

He loved Victoria and she loved him, and to-morrow they were going to the dance and the next day his vessel cleared.

So as usual the trio went to the town hall, and during the dance:

"Victoria," said Manell, "come outside to the wharf with me."

They walked out proudly, defying the eyes of the curious people thronging the doors. A strong tide bore them along. They walked to the end of the wharf, keeping a space between them, not speaking. A shed at the wharf's end threw an impenetrable angular shadow. Manell drew Victoria into its sheltering darkness and would have put his arms around her, but she lifted a warning hand.

"Santos," she said, "don't touch me."

"Oh, you're a good woman, are you?" said Santos. "For all the way you hold me when you dance and the way I can't come home from my vessel without finding your eyes burning me." For Santos when he was angry defied the world and didn't care for consequences.

"No," said Victoria, "I'm only proud. I want everything or nothing, Manell Santos! I'll run away with you, Santos, or you let me be!"

Santos felt like a gutted fish. He felt empty and as though he had no insides

left. He felt as if he'd been drinking and couldn't find his feet. It frightened him to death to think of eloping and it burned him, too. Thoughts crowded his brain like mackerel in a net. He thought about his crew and what they'd say, and where people lived when they eloped, and about little swarthy Julia sitting sniveling over the baby clothes.

Stronger than all of this was Victoria's courage. He could think of nothing to say, so he put his arms around Victoria and kissed her. She struggled and fought with him and he kissed her to submission.

"When will you come?" he asked her, though he felt a good deal as though he were asking her when they should jump off Fish Wharf together.

"I'll go to-morrow," she said. "I'll go any time."

He sat in his room that night feeling winded. Then he began to figure what could be done. He sailed on the next day's tide, and Victoria could meet him in Boston. Afterward—he could think that out later. He started to go to Victoria. The boldness of her beckoned to him. He loved her because she had the bold design of leaving with him.

As he started for Victoria's he met Julia in the hall. She did not see him. She was going toward her room. She was so little and looked so defenseless that suddenly Santos knew he could not leave her. She had in life little enough; he could not leave her defenseless to pity.

He found Victoria waiting for him. She looked like a flower over which a blight has passed.

"Santos," she said, "I can't. I thought I could. Anthony—he's so little. He's got only me. I—I never loved him right."

"I know," said Santos, "I know."

They stood together united by their relinquishment. Then Santos left her. Santos went aboard his vessel with the peace of death in his heart.

In the summer of '19 a terrible storm smote all the New England coast. It came down on the fishermen without



warning, and there were crews and there were vessels who never saw land again. Provincetown and Gloucester and New Bedford were full of lamentations of widows when the storm lifted. When the hurricane descended the *Maria Virginia* had just cleared George's Banks, full of fish and bound for Boston.

Santos looked in death's eye with indifference. It was as though his will to live had gone out of his body. He had been dashed back and forth in the grip of love and the renunciation of love, and he watched the storm without the tensing of will and muscle that danger usually brought to him. Slack and indifferent, he gave his orders. He welcomed the storm's death-bringing fury. Let it overwhelm him in the sea. He didn't care. Let it break the sinister monotony. Manell welcomed it. It made his heart lighter to think of death, for Santos knew life was no good to him any more since it could not hold Victoria.

At last the storm came crying in from the far reaches of the Atlantic. Something savage and glad sprang up in Santos to welcome it. An ache for death rushed over him. He wanted at any price to be free. He wanted never again to hear Julia's flat whine. He wanted never again to feel Julia's damp clinging hands. He could have shouted in answer to the shriek of the wind.

The seething madness of the storm closed down upon him. The wind came streaming down like the black madness of murder. Sound incalculable filled the universe. The *Maria Virginia* shrieked under the blow like a living creature wounded to its death.

Then suddenly more powerful than the impact of the storm, sprang up Santos' will to live.

A single thought, unified as light, had come on the wings of peril. It was:

"I must have Victoria."

The vessel bent over to the gale and fled before it like a live creature driven by fire. And then, with a terrible rending, her mainmast went and she

almost with it, while her crew labored to clear her of this wagging burden.

There were hours when Santos saw his vessel overwhelmed. There were hours when he saw himself and all his crew at the sea's bottom. And all the time there worked for Santos some unknown sense. The storm never conquered him. He was a puny human creature, but with some spark in him to match and conquer the blind incomparable fury of the storm. He fought the storm for his love. He wrested his love from the fury of death. In after years the crew told him how Manell Santos rode death as if it were a horse.

The absolute necessity to live had gripped him—the supreme need of living that has dotted the pages of history with miracle and resurrection. Santos was born again and his new united soul could not know defeat.

Later as the storm abated and, crippled but safe, he sailed into harbor, pity had been burned from him and old scruples. The thou-shalt-nots of church and town had been torn away in the storm. His mind was made up.

He stoop to run away? He would go to Julia and Anthony and tell them what was in his heart. For Santos intended to ride life as he had ridden out the hurricane. He had been saved to live. He had come to this necessity in the storm's unspeakable travail. This resolve had been welded in him by death itself.

He sailed into harbor as near a god as man ever becomes. His men looked at him with humble adoration. They had been dead men; he had given them life. More than that, he had won back life for himself. He was reborn. He had left Julia behind as one leaves a dark dream. As though resurrected, he was coming to claim Victoria for his woman.

She was not there to meet him. No one met Santos. Other men's wives were there, but not Victoria, not Julia.

The women looked at him with veiled pity in their eyes. No one came too



*Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner*

SANTOS WALKED UP THE STREET IN GROWING ANGER



near Santos. It seemed as if a vacuum had been made around him. A feeling of discomfort grew on him and with discomfort came anger. His own men were staring at him.

What had happened? His men who had looked at him with the adoring eyes of those who have been snatched from the hand of death now drew back from him.

Santos was used to admiration and respect so he walked up the street in growing anger, in deepening amazement. Acquaintances ducked past him in embarrassed haste, in their eyes this puzzling veiled pity—pity for Santos who had been stronger than death.

He hurried along, his eyes searching hungrily for Victoria. She was nowhere, Julia was nowhere. He had returned braced for combat. He had expected to ride over the flood of Julia's reproaches as over the fury of the storm. And now there was nothing over which to ride. He felt winded as a man who jumps from a height—who feels the ground rise up to meet him.

He stormed up the steps of his home. The door was locked.

He shook the door and cried out into the silence:

"Julia," and again, "Julia," but as he cried, his eyes searched Victoria's home. It turned blank empty windows on him as stony as his own locked front door.

Dread plucked at Santo's heart. Slowly he went to his side door. It opened to his hand. The house had an air of emptiness. There was none of the cheerful litter of a lived-in abode. It was as neat as a room where death had been. He walked through the house and as he did a slow stealthy fear traveled up Santos' back, a certainty formed itself in the back of his mind.

Downstairs a door opened and light footsteps sounded through the house. He turned and faced Victoria.

"Oh, Manell," she faltered, "Manell"—All her anxiety, all her love was in the caress of his name. For her he was

resurrected from the dead. "We thought—you—wouldn't get back."

She was here in his house, speaking to him in the voice of love. He drew back from her as though to ward off her love in the presence of the wronged dead.

"Where's Julia!"

"Why, haven't you heard?"

"Dead?" cried Manell.

"Dead!" Victoria exclaimed, "no, gone, run off *with Anthony Sonza!* Who would have thought? Gone together and left us this letter—telling how they couldn't stand your ways—your ways—my ways—any more. And the town laughing and holding its sides. Gone like rats—cleared out!"

She looked at him with the eyes of love. Then, her arms dropped, the happiness in her eyes changed to blankness. "I thought you'd be glad," she faltered.

"Glad!" he said; "glad to have everyone laughing at me! glad to have my wife run off with a runt. . . ." he raved, while in Victoria amazement strove with anger. She had come to offer her love. Secure in the delight of her mate, with joyful news of all difficulties solved, and he raved: "Gone with that rat. *My wife. My wife* cleared out. Oh, a weasel will mate with a weasel! Blind! blind! And I—and I—looking at them talking over the fence. I never dreamed. I thought *they were jealous!* Time and time again I've seen them and never dreamed. . . ."

Victoria drew herself apart, watching his fury. Then suddenly she collapsed. Mirth rocked her, the malicious laughter of all time shook her peal on peal. Her laughter rang through Julia's empty house.

Santos had landed from his vessel a god, master of fate, stronger than death. He was going to claim his woman arrogantly. Like a god he was prepared to trample under foot the small moralities. Now, behold he was the butt of the centuries, the most ridiculous creature on earth, a betrayed husband. Betrayed by his creature Julia, while his woman, Victoria, laughed.

## MODERN METHODS OF FLOOD PROTECTION

BY CHARLES PIERCE BURTON

"**G**OD didn't create Provincetown," said a Cape Cod philosopher. "It washed there."

By the same reasoning, neither did He create the lower Mississippi River, so far as its present banks are concerned. They did not wash there, however, although frequently they have washed away. They were dragged there—dragged forcibly and with malice aforethought; are still being dragged there as fast as men and machines can accomplish the task.

There is something very human about the Mississippi River. Its childhood, so to speak, glides tranquilly between wooded bluffs of great beauty, lingering occasionally at some old swimming hole or fishing pool. In its maturity, grown mighty, the stream presents wonderful possibilities for service, but there are many cross-currents which upset all calculations: there are occasional lapses from virtue, when the great river breaks through the conventions built up by man during many years, and threatens death and destruction on every side. It has "boils" too, more than ever afflicted Job, as will appear later in this article.

We have been witnessing one of those periodic sprees, during which even the resources of the Federal Government were called out to protect the people of the devastated area from drowning and starvation. The fighting of that May flood is a story in itself. It was the highest Mississippi flood—persisting for the longest time—yet recorded. Crevasses in the protecting levees occurred at several points, causing great loss and privation, but the levee system, as a whole, held, and justified its creation. Its maintenance required ceaseless vigilance and almost superhuman effort by an organization which was military in

its control and flexibility. Such maintenance during flood periods is a primitive and strenuous task. The materials used are sacks of sand and brush mats; few tools are required other than hand shovels.

Nine years ago the country was horrified on reading of the great flood which overwhelmed the beautiful valley of the Miami River, in Ohio, drowning several hundred people and damaging property valued at millions of dollars. There might have been a recurrence this year of the terrible calamity but for a great engineering enterprise, now being successfully consummated after nine years of research and labor, which it is thought will make another such disaster forever impossible.

Ages before this tragedy in Ohio there was another flood, the most famous flood in all history. This flood, we are told, was foreseen by a man named Noah, who built himself an ark and, together with his family and representatives of the various animal species, floated to safety on the high ground of Mount Ararat. Had he lost certain of the animals overboard, we of the twentieth century would not mourn.

There have been many other notable floods, in our own country and elsewhere, but in contemplation of those mentioned we can learn the methods by which modern engineers are seeking to prevent their recurrence.

Noah's method can be dismissed in a few words. It was to get out of the way—very simple, very effective, but sometimes inconvenient. The little Ohio town of Osborn on Mad River has adopted Noah's method and is getting out of the way—moving bodily to higher ground. Everything from town pump



to city hall of this thriving little city of fifteen hundred people is being moved a distance of two miles to a new town site well within the safety zone. The citizens formed a company, the Osborn Removal Company, with the mayor as its president, and went at the work systematically. Long before these lines are read, in all probability, the people of Osborn will be occupying the new town site, provided with graded streets, sewers, water mains and other conveniences of modern life. Noah might learn a thing or two could he come back.

But Dayton, Hamilton, Troy, Piqua, and other Ohio communities could not very well get out of the way. Neither could the great states threatened by the floods of the Mississippi. Some other method had to be found, and as the problems to be solved differed, so the methods of control are almost diametrically opposed. The Mississippi River is hurried on to the Gulf between banks which have been raised above the high-water mark. The waters of the Miami and its tributaries are held back during flood periods in great impound-basins. A brief survey of how these results have been obtained will be inter-

esting, especially in the light of this year's floods.

Flood problems are not local; they are country-wide in their scope; world-wide in their interest. The Mississippi River, for example, is a great storm sewer, which under normal conditions gathers the flood waters from thirty-one states and conducts them to the sea. A problem which affects thirty-one states must be regarded as national. When in this vast run-off conditions become abnormal, the river rises much higher than its natural banks and, if not prevented, rushes through the adjacent country.

During the memorable flood of 1912 more than 12,000 square miles of land were inundated by this river—an area approximately as large as the State of Maryland. The fertile district which in the past was threatened at every period of high water is an extensive area of 29,790 square miles—nearly four times as large as the State of New Jersey; six times as large as the State of Connecticut; fifteen times as large as Delaware; twice as large as Holland; nearly as large as Denmark and Switzerland combined. From this it will be seen that the



LOOKING ACROSS GERMANTOWN DAM DURING A SMALL FLOOD

One of the five Conservancy dams built to protect Dayton and other Ohio towns



BUILDING A WILLOW MATTRESS FOR REVETMENT WORK AT TROTTER'S LANDING, MISS.

Note the ragged banks. The final bundle of brush is being lifted for placing in the mat

protection of so vast a region is a problem of national importance, both because of the large area involved and because the drainage of more than half the United States contributes to its waters.

The problem of taming the Mississippi, in fact, has engaged for many years the attention of the National Congress, as well as the states bordering the river. As long ago as June 28, 1879, Congress created the Mississippi River Commission, to make surveys and plans for the improvement of the river and the prevention of destructive floods. The problem has been studied by the best engineers of the country for a period of more than half a century.

Various methods have been proposed during the past one hundred years for dealing with this problem. One idea was that the floods resulted from cutting off the forests in the states above, and could be prevented by reforestation. This was dismissed by engineers as impractical, although seemingly our reckless habit of denuding the land of its growing timber does cause a quicker

run-off of storm water, and contributes to our floods.

Down in South Carolina, for example, the Santee River, in what is known as the coastal plain, is bordered by almost impassable timbered swamps, caused by the river's overflow. The Federal Government and the adjacent counties at the present time are spending nearly a million dollars in the construction of causeways and bridge across the four miles of river and swamps, near St. Stephen, the only highway crossing between Columbia and Charleston. Before the timber was cut in the upper portions of the drainage area, those swamps were fertile plantations, dotted with the mansions of prosperous planters. The last white man left in 1865.

A second plan for controlling the Mississippi was to build a system of artificial lakes on the tributaries of the river, in which the waters could be held back during flood periods, to be sent through the river channel later when needed to improve low-water navigation. Engineers declared this plan to



be not only impracticable but physically impossible. To have held back the flood of 1912 or that of last May by a reservoir in the vicinity of Cairo, Illinois, would have required an artificial lake fifteen feet deep and nearly as large as the State of New Jersey. It is not safe these days to pronounce anything physically impossible, but even were such a plan possible, it would give up to perpetual overflow a vast area in order to protect other lands from occasional overflow.

A still earlier plan was investigated by Government engineers in 1822 and again in 1850 and 1861. A theory had been advanced that floods in the lower Mississippi might be prevented by the construction of outlets, or waste weirs, by which surplus water would be conducted to the Gulf in channels other than the main river. Two insurmountable objections were found to this plan. The reduction of the volume of water in the main channel would cause a deposit of silt and impair the navigability of the river. Furthermore, there would be

danger that some one of the short-cut outlets might become the main channel, with disastrous results in either case.

Almost one hundred years ago, in December, 1822, Government engineers, who had been sent to investigate, reported that "the only means that appears practicable to us is the construction of dikes." In other words, the simplest, least expensive and most effective way to prevent the river from overflowing its banks is to build up the natural banks to a height out of reach of flood water and strong enough to withstand the pressure.

This, naturally, has been the method adopted. Dike, or levee, construction began in a small way as early as 1717, for the protection of New Orleans. The work was not completed before 1827. Twenty-three years later various small and insufficient levees had been built by plantation owners, aided by county and parish governments. In 1850 the Federal Government gave an impetus to this work by an Act which, in order to provide a fund for levee work, granted



DUMPING MATERIAL INTO HOG BOXES

This material is then sluiced to the dredge pumps and pumped into place in the dam



AN HYDRAULIC-FILL DAM UNDER CONSTRUCTION

The discharge pipe lays down the material on the outside slope of the dam. The coarser part remains, but the fine sand and silt flow down toward the pool, where they settle through to form the impervious core of the dam

to the several states below the mouth of the Ohio all unsold swamp and overflowed lands within their limits.

In 1879 the State of Louisiana began, in a systematic and effective manner, to repair and rebuild its levee system, much of which had been destroyed by floods. Following that, taxing-districts were formed by all the Southern states bordering the river, and since then the work of levee construction has been carried forward as rapidly as funds could be obtained.

At the present time the levees along the lower Mississippi total nearly 2,000 miles and contain 250,000,000 or more cubic yards of material. Their height averages about 15 feet. The top, or crown, is from 8 to 10 feet wide and the base usually 6 times the height. The cost, of course, increases as the levees grow in height and earth for the embankment has to be hauled from a greater distance. The entire cost of existing levees to landowners alone, in addition to the expenditures by the Federal Government, has been more than \$70,000,000.

It is estimated that an additional 200,000,000 cubic yards of earth will have to be placed, in order to complete the existing levee system and safeguard the states in the delta district. This work ought to be done by the National Government. It is manifestly unfair to compel a few states, which happen to border on the lower Mississippi, to protect themselves, without assistance, against the storm waters which thirty-one states send down upon them every spring. The levee system should be completed by the people as a whole, as a matter of both justice and economy. By having the work undertaken as a single great project by one central authority, instead of piecemeal by various small taxing bodies, its cost could be lessened greatly through the use, on a large scale, of modern labor-saving machinery.

The entire system could be completed in a few years by the expenditure of some \$50,000,000, a much smaller sum than has already been spent by individual landowners. In other words, the



expenditure of \$50,000,000 will complete the protection of 29,790 square miles of land—a fertile area twice the size of Holland—whereas the Dutch Government did not hesitate to undertake the reclamation of 2,000 square miles in Zuider Zee, at a cost of \$46,000,000, and the British Government, to expend \$53,000,000 for reclaiming 2,200 square miles in Egypt.

Let us glance briefly at the methods employed in levee construction, pausing a moment to lift our metaphorical hats to the mule, known on "the River" as the Missouri Mocking Bird, without which it would be difficult to carry on this protective work. The mule is great in war and great in peace but, as a rule, not great in the hearts of his unappreciative countrymen. One of the largest and best-known levee contractors of the South was explaining that three things were absolutely necessary to levee construction—the mule, the negro, and suitable equipment.

"Yes, suh," he exclaimed, "the mule is the greatest animal on earth and there are a thousand miles of him along the levee."

"Believe me," he continued, "going up against the Mississippi River is some

job. We have heard a great deal about the Panama Canal. Shucks! I'd rather build the Panama Canal any day than tackle the Mississippi River. It is one thing, suh, to build a Panama Canal with other people's money—any amount of it—and no one to know or care whether you have made a mistake or not, but let me tell you, suh, it is something else to tackle a Mississippi River levee with your own money, knowing that if you make a mistake you will go broke.

"It is all a matter of money, anyhow. Panama Canal! Shucks! Give me money enough and I'll make the Mississippi River run up stream."

It remained for Major T. G. Dabney, of Clarksdale, Miss., one of the greatest authorities on levee construction in the United States, to give the most concise description of levee work.

"Levee building?" he repeated, with a smile, in answer to a question. "It is very simple. It consists of putting enough dirt in the right place."

Can anyone beat that summing up of a mighty work, which in its earth displacement and far-reaching consequences is thought by many to outclass the Panama Canal? The influence of the canal on the world's commerce will be



THE HUFFMAN DAM HOLDING BACK A SMALL FLOOD

great, but the levees give 29,000 square miles of fertility to this country—an empire which adds \$250,000,000 annually to the nation's wealth.

To find "the right place" is the task of the engineer. The contractor's job is to pile up the dirt when the right place has been designated, which he does by means of wheeled scrapers, or elevating graders and dump wagons, using mules or tractors for power, and negro labor.

This brings us to the "boils," with which the great river sometimes is afflicted. A small stream of water from the river, having been forced through the levee, boils up to the surface back of the embankment. If left to itself, the tiny crevasse would undermine the levee, until finally the great embankment would cave in and the river, rushing through, would spread itself over adjacent lowlands, sweeping away crops and buildings, and perhaps engulfing whole towns. It has been learned that by digging out and walling in a "well" around each "boil" the dangerous seepage can be stopped. The weight of the water in the well will be sufficient to stop the leak. Such boils were the danger signals which enabled workers during the recent May flood to save the threatened levees from destruction.

One of the most serious problems is the action of cross-currents on the river's banks, causing great sections to cave in and threatening the expensive levees behind. The uncertain feature about this action is the changing direction of the currents. Often some slight modification in the river above alters the angle of the current, causing it to strike the bank at a different place, and making new protection necessary to save the country beyond. Not a day passes, at such times, that does not see some section of the ragged embankment tumble into the water. Night after night the roar of slides can be heard at intervals. Along the top of the levee, paralleling the river some distance back from the edge, great cracks appear, showing

where the embankment will slough off. Notwithstanding these experiences, the negroes have a superstition to the effect that a graveyard never will cave into the river.

"This river surely is a bad actor?" ventured the writer, as he stood on the levee at Trotter's Landing, Miss., and looked across the broad surface of the "Father of Waters."

"Bad actor!" repeated the veteran levee builder. "Man, man, it cost me ten thousand dollars to find that out."

It sounded like a story worth waiting to hear.

"It was in 1913," he continued, in response to questions. "I had just landed my outfit from a steamboat. You know in what a hurry those boats are to get away? Well, suh, before that boat could back off again two acres of bank, where my outfit stood, caved in.

"Bad actor!" he continued, after a moment. "See that river there? Only last year I chased two runaway mules through woods which stood where you see the river flowing now."

There was not a sign of a tree in sight where he was pointing except one log in midstream, which marked the channel of the year before.

Constant vigilance and hard work are required to keep the mighty stream in check. The practice at such times, when the changing current threatens a section of levee, is to build a new levee back of the first, looping around the threatened section.

Such an emergency loop, 5,900 feet long, was built at Trotter's Landing by the Yazoo and Mississippi Delta Levee Board. Starting in December, sixty days were allowed for completing the task—265,000 cubic yards of earth to be "put in the right place" before high water. It meant covering the work with equipment and teams, in a fight against time, as well as against a remorseless river; a fight in which the economies of the moment had to be subordinated to speed and efficiency. In that distance of a little more than a mile five hundred



teams of mules, more than a thousand men, seven elevating graders pulled by tractors, and dump wagons and wheeled scrapers galore hurried to and fro like ants in a suddenly disturbed hill.

The uninitiated, to visualize the scene, should know that an elevating grader carries a plow on the left side of a strong frame, which travels on large wheels, pulled by teams or tractor. The furrow turned by the plow passes to an endless belt conveyor, which carries the earth up and across to the other side, where it is thrown off into dump wagons driven alongside beneath the elevator. The wagons in turn dump their loads "in the right place" on the embankment. In building the emergency loop at Trotter's Landing an average of five wagons a minute were dumped in a space 200 feet wide, to form the base of the levee, men and teams working "from kin to can't"—namely, from daylight until dark. The loop was finished on time.

Some years ago Theodore Roosevelt was reported to have said that, were he President of the United States again, he would take the machinery used by the Government in building the Panama Canal, assemble it along the Mississippi River, and build a system of flood protection in a hurry. Mr. Roosevelt had the will and the energy, but if he was referring to a levee system he was talking without knowledge. The huge derricks, monster steam shovels and air dump cars which did such wonderful service on the Isthmus would be about as useful in modern levee construction as an elevating grader at an afternoon bridge party. Levees are built on low ground—otherwise no levees would be needed—and team and grader outfits are best adapted to the work. Sometimes wheeled scrapers are used exclusively, and sometimes, in connection with elevating graders and dump wagons. The tramp of mules and men and the pressure of wagon wheels, day after day, packing down each successive layer of earth, seem necessary in making a water-tight embankment.

It looks as if there might come an end to levee construction some day, except for an occasional emergency loop, but the Government never will be out of a job, seemingly, when it comes to combating the encroachment of the river's cross-currents on its banks. Those not familiar with the subject will be interested in the method employed for meeting this danger.

Most people understand the soothing effects of a good bed and a woven-wire mattress. The Mississippi River is tamed by the astonishing method of laying a woven-willow mattress on its bed at the point attacked by the current. The river does not go to sleep exactly, but it quits doing damage at that particular spot. The process is known as revetting. This mattress is 1,000 or more feet long, from 200 to 300 wide and a foot and a half thick. The huge mat is made on a great barge constructed for the purpose. As the mattress lengthens, the barge drops down stream, leaving it when completed spread over the surface of the water like a great carpet. It then is covered with stone uniformly until it sinks to the bed of the stream, where it closely fits the sloping banks near the shore. In this way the point attacked is given a flexible facing, constantly reinforced by silt from the stream, which prevents further washing. The demand for brush for revetment purposes has nearly denuded the delta district of willow. United States engineers are now experimenting with concrete mats, which promise to take the place of willow mats very successfully.

The great work which, at a cost of more than \$30,000,000, has made the Miami Valley in Ohio safe, is now practically completed and is a triumph of pluck and engineering skill. Out of the Dayton flood, as out of the war, came a needed lesson in preparedness. Had the people been willing to spend \$30,000,000 before the flood, the district known as the Miami Conservancy would be \$100,000,000 better off, and would have been spared much suffering and loss of life.

This work of flood protection was undertaken under the direction of Mr. Arthur E. Morgan, chief engineer. Last year Mr. Morgan assumed other duties, and Mr. Charles H. Paul, who had been his very able chief assistant and the active man in charge, was made chief engineer to complete the stupendous task.

The protective plan, presented by Mr. Morgan after long study and adopted by the district board, was wonderfully simple.

"If present channels are only able to carry off a small per cent of flood water," said Mr. Morgan, or words to that effect, "the thing to do is to hold back the flood water until the channels are able to take care of it."

What could be simpler than that, always excepting Major Dabney's recipe for levee building, "putting enough dirt in the right place"? Yet the engineer seemed amused when the writer called his attention to the supreme simplicity of the project.

"Simple!" he laughed. "Why, yes; all but the details."

Details! How little we laymen know of the engineering complexities wrapped up in that little word! The long research for storm records and the varied flood factors to determine the greatest possible flood of the future! The complex calculations of run-off ratios, volume, flow, resistance, carrying capacity! The close reasoning from cause to effect! The proper location of dams and basins to give the necessary storage capacity! The balancing of the work and definite determination of the cost! The brains and technical training back of it all! Mere matters of detail, incidents in an engineering day.

To understand what has been accomplished by the Miami Conservancy and its engineers, let us for a moment glance backward into prehistoric centuries. Long ages ago there was a series of glacial invasions of Ohio. Mighty masses of ice from the north carved their way through the limestone rock;

retreated; advanced again; retreated; piled up great mounds of glacial drift, and after a seemingly final retreat, left Miami River and its tributaries on guard, perpetual reminders of the glacial period. This little river dug itself in, carving out a narrow channel, which winds aimlessly back and forth in the midst of the broad bed of an ancient stream, formed by melting glaciers. We call this partly filled glacial bed the Miami Valley, and it is fair to look upon. It gave to the world the airplane and the cash register.

The valley is a flat plain of great fertility, varying in width from a quarter of a mile to three miles; about 120 miles long, and lies from 50 to 200 feet below the general level of the adjacent rolling country. Four streams—the Miami, Mad, and Stillwater Rivers, and Wolf Creek—unite within the city limits of Dayton, forming a "crow's foot." It may be said in passing that Mad River never looked the part except in times of flood, when all of these streams were accustomed to "go over the top" together and sweep irresistibly through the prehistoric bed of their glacial ancestor.

That is what happened in the closing week of March, 1913, after a five days' rain. During the storm period from seven to nine inches of water fell upon the valley and the natural channels of the streams could carry only ten per cent of the resulting flood.

In carrying out the details of the general protective plan, five huge earth dams have been built at strategic points across the valleys of as many streams. Germantown dam on Twin Creek protects Middleton and Hamilton. Englewood on Stillwater River, Taylorsville on the Miami, and Huffman on Mad River, all just above Dayton, are protecting that important city and the towns below. Lockington dam on Loramie Creek, a tributary of the Miami, above Piqua and Troy, takes care of those two cities, as well as helps safeguard the general situation.



There is a roadway across each valley on top of the dam. Each dam is pierced at the base by from two to four large concrete conduits, permanently open, without gates or other closing device. Through these conduits the streams will flow tranquilly in normal times. At flood periods, as during the spring of this year, the conduits will run full and are so proportioned that at no time will they let more water through than the channels can carry away. Whenever the flood exceeds that amount, the water will pile up back of the dams, in the retarding basins, to be held until the flood subsides sufficiently to let it pass out and down the channels. As an extra margin of safety each dam has a spillway. The retarding basins and improved channels will take care of a forty per cent greater flood than that of 1913. They handled this year's big run-off without difficulty. The little town of Osborn, previously mentioned, stood in the midst of one of those retarding basins and had to be removed bodily. Several railroads also had to be moved to higher ground, at the expense of the Miami Conservancy. The cost of the entire project has been equitably distributed over some 60,000 pieces of property benefited and made payable in small semi-annual installments during a period of twenty-nine years.

The engineering and construction details would be out of place in a magazine of this character, but perhaps brief mention should be made of two: The novel method adopted for placing earth in some of the dams, and an engineering triumph for controlling the water at flood periods, known as the "hydraulic jump," which has an interesting sound, to say the least.

Three features are involved in earth dam construction—namely, excavation, transportation and placing the material. Much of the Conservancy work was done by loading earth into air dump cars, transporting loaded trains to a point near the dam, dumping the material into a huge pit, from which it was

washed hydraulically into what is called a sump, and from there pumped in solution to its place in the dam.

The hydraulic jump solves one of the most formidable problems which the engineers were called upon to face. Flood water at the maximum stage for which the dams were built will pour through the outlets at a speed of some thirty miles an hour, hundreds of tons rushing through every second. It would not do to let a devastating power like that pass through without restraint. Some way had to be found to check the force of the water. An adaptation of the "hydraulic jump" was the happy solution.

It consists of a broad concrete chamber at the foot of a widening concrete stairway, which leads down from the mouths of the conduits. The flood pours down the stairway into the chamber and on over a wall into the river channel below. In action the water issues from the conduits in the dam in a solid stream at great velocity, descends the stairway in a widening and thinning sheet, until it plunges into a mass of water in the concrete pool chamber, where its energy is dissipated in innumerable collisions between its particles and the particles in the pool. The descending water seems to take a sudden jump and break into foam when it plunges into the stationary pool, whence its name, hydraulic jump.

Columbus, Ohio, on Scioto River, has been taking measures to prevent a recurrence of the 1913 flood, which destroyed ninety-three lives in that city. The engineer in charge of this work also found a "simple" solution of the problem.

"First find out what the river wants to do," he advised, "and then give it a little help."

The little help in this case has been the digging of a new river channel on the west side of the old, practically doubling the width of the stream through the city, a distance of two miles; also the removal of some sharp bends in the river. The excavated material was piled

up in protecting levees. The enlarged river channel will take care of any ordinary flood. In the event of a great flood, the channel will fill to within two and one-half feet of the top of the levee; then instead of carrying out the embankment as before, spreading death and destruction through the city, the excess water will pour over a relief spillway and peacefully flood the cellars of indignant citizens.

Another "bad actor" among American rivers is the Colorado. Levee builders along the Mississippi know much about the vagaries of a river, but in treachery the mighty Mississippi is not to be compared with the turbulent Colorado. Not soon will its action of a few years ago be forgotten, when it cut through to Salton Sea, 287 feet below ocean level, and threatened the entire Imperial Valley of Southern California with destruction.

The fact that the water of this river is used for irrigating the Valley, creating land values of \$125,000,000 out of a desert, adds to the complications. The engineers have to cope with three huge problems—insufficiency of water and surplus of water, both sometimes occurring on the same day, and silt. The silt problem is continuous but is successfully handled by modern methods and machinery, otherwise Imperial Valley would meet the same fate which befell the Garden of Eden. Not sin but silt was the ruination of ancient Mesopotamia.

At low-water period, to secure the necessary head it is necessary to build a brush dam across the river at Andrade. During high water each year that dam has to be torn out to prevent the inundation of Yuma, Arizona, and the ruination of the Yuma Irrigation Project. Much practice makes perfect. This dam, 926 feet long across the Colorado, is built in ten days. High water occurs on almost the same day each year, June 24, which is a Mexican holiday. At low water in August every drop available is needed for irrigation. At high water the surplus runs riot through the yielding

sands of the delta district, building up the river bed by a deposit of silt, until it has come to pass that the river occupies the highest ground, with banks sloping down in either direction. The Colorado runs muddy always and is without a solid bottom. During a flood the scouring is so great that the water runs four per cent solid and even more. Ordinarily the water contains about seven-tenths of one per cent solid matter.

A comparison of the quantity and weight of the silt carried by the Colorado River with that of other well-known streams will be of interest. Humphreys and Abbott give the quantity of silt carried by the Mississippi River yearly to the Gulf of Mexico as 250,000,000 cubic yards, a volume approximately equal to the present levee system. Sir Benjamin Baker calculated that the Nile deposits 40,000,000 cubic yards in the Mediterranean each year. Records of the Yuma gauging station show that the Colorado carries annually to the Gulf of California 184,000,000 cubic yards. According to observations made at Yuma, the weight of wet deposited silt per cubic foot, when dried, is 86 pounds, while a cubic foot of solid dried silt weighs 159.3 pounds.

As along the Mississippi, a system of levees is required to keep the unruly Colorado within bounds during the high-water period. In Mexico the river does not follow its old channel, but runs through what is called Volcano Lake; thence to the Gulf of California. Volcano Lake is gradually filling with silt, so much so that the levee has to be raised from 2 to 3 feet each year. There is very good reason for maintaining that levee. According to the measurements of 1917, the water in Volcano Lake was 42 feet above sea level, while the main street of Brawley, a thriving city in Imperial Valley, is 125 feet below sea level.

Forward moves the work of creation, our Cape Cod philosopher to the contrary notwithstanding. Wind and wave, man himself, are but tools, dedicated by Divine Authority to the stupendous task.



## A GROUP OF POEMS

BY AMY LOWELL

### GRIEVANCE

ALL these years I have remembered a night  
When islands ran black into a sea of silk,  
A bay and an open roadstead set to a shimmer like cool, white silk  
Under an August moon.  
Trees lifted themselves softly into the moonlight,  
A vine on the balcony glittered with a scattered brilliance,  
The roofs of distant houses shone solidly like ice.  
Wind passed,  
It touched me.  
The touch of the wind was cool, impersonal;  
The fingers of the wind brushed my face and left me.  
I remember that I shivered,  
And that the long, continuous sound of the sea beneath the cliff  
Seemed the endless breathing of the days I must live through alone.  
I grieve for that night as for something wasted.  
You are with me now, but that was twenty years ago,  
And the future is shortened by many days.  
I no longer fear the length of them,  
I dread the swiftness of their departure.  
But they go—go—  
With the thunderous rapidity of a waterfall,  
And scarcely can we find a slow, cool night  
To consider ourselves,  
And the peaceful shining of the moon  
Along a silken sea.

### PORTRAIT

THIS lady is like a grass-blade sheathed in ice,  
Like hoar-frost running along the borders of a formal garden.  
She is like violets under the misted glass of a cold frame  
On an Autumn morning with the sun scarcely above the trees.  
  
The air has a smart twinge to it, I think,  
And the asters are black and broken;  
But what can equal the glitter of the frosty grass-blades,  
Held to a rigid radiance,  
Bent and motionless,  
Answering nothing to the wind?  
  
No, do not lift the frames.  
The violets are a lovely touch of color,  
And I would rather forego the scent of them  
Than run the risk of their freezing.

## A GROUP OF POEMS

### SONG FOR A VIOLA D'AMORE

THE lady of my choice is bright  
As a clematis at the touch of night,  
As a white clematis with a purple heart  
When twilight cuts earth and sun apart.  
Through the dusking garden I hear her voice  
As a smooth, sweet, wandering, windy noise,  
And I see her stand as a ghost may do  
In answer to a rendezvous  
Long sought with agony and prayer.  
So watching her, I see her there.

I sit beneath a quiet tree  
And watch her everlastingly.  
The garden may or may not be  
Before my eyes, I cannot see.  
But darkness drifting up and down  
Divides to let her silken gown  
Gleam there beside the clematis.  
How marvelously white it is!  
Five white blossoms and she are there  
Like candles in a fluttering air  
Escaping from a tower stair.

*Be still you cursed, rattling leaf,  
This is no time to think of grief.*

The night is soft, and fireflies  
Are very casual, gay, and wise,  
And they have made a tiny glee  
Just where the clematis and she  
Are standing. Since the sky is clear,  
Do they suppose that, once a year,  
The moon and five white stars appear  
Walking the earth; that, so attended,  
Diana came and condescended  
To hold speech with Endymion  
Before she came at last alone?

The lady of my choice is bright  
As a clematis at the fall of night.  
Her voice is honeysuckle sweet,  
Her presence spreads an April heat  
Before the going of her feet.  
She is of perfectness complete,  
The lady whom my heart perceives  
As a clematis above its leaves,  
As a purple-hearted clematis.  
And what is lovelier than that is.



# COMMAND

## A NOVEL

BY WILLIAM MCFEE

*Author of Casuals of the Sea, Captain Macedoine's Daughter, etc.*

**E**VANTHIA stood by the window, looking down into the garden where Mr. Spokesly sat smoking and gazing at the blue bowl of the gulf and the distant gray-green olive groves beyond the city. She was deliberating upon the significance of her courier's latest breathless news from the kitchen of the Hotel Kraemer. The general was arriving from the south. He and his staff had been as far as Jerusalem after the great victory over the British and were due to-morrow in the city on their way back to Constantinople. Evanthia's courage had suffered from the contradictory nature of her earlier news. It was part of her life to sift and analyze the words that ran through city and country from mouth to mouth. She had never had any real confidence in any other form of information. If she hired any one to write a letter, her words vanished into incomprehensible hieroglyphics and she had no guarantee that the man did not lie. And when Amos had told her on the ship what he had heard in the Rue Voulgaroktono, that they had reached Aidin, she had jumped to the conclusion that Lietherthal was with a party on their way from Constantinople to Smyrna. And now her quick brain saw the reason why they had not arrived before. He had joined the staff of the general and had gone away south, through Karahissar, to Adana and Aleppo to Damascus. And now they were on their way back.

She looked down into the garden, where Mr. Spokesly, quietly smoking, was reflecting upon the mystery of a woman's desires. Here after all, she had

forgotten all about that other fellow, who was probably having a good time in Athens and who had no doubt forgotten about her. And she was alone here, utterly dependent upon him, who had made his plans for taking her away to a civilized country, where he could make her happy. He smiled with profound satisfaction as he thought of himself with her beside him, in London. How her beauty would flash like a barbaric jewel in that gray old city! He remembered the money she had stowed away, ready for the great adventure. He called it that in romantic moments, yet what was more easy than running out after dark, with nothing fast enough to catch him? Especially, as he heard that there would be a review in a day or so when everyone would be on his toes to see the general. He thought of the money because even in his romantic moments there was enough to live on for a year "while he looked round." No more second mate's jobs, he muttered. He would pick and choose.

He rose and stretched luxuriously, noting the calm glitter of the city's lights like a necklace on the bosom of the mountain. He would have to spend an evening with that chap Marsh. Very decent fellow. Had pressed him more than once to join them at Costi's in the Rue Parallel. He was satisfied apparently, married to his Armenian wife and teaching music and languages to earn a living for a large family. Mr. Spokesly recalled a remark made by Mr. Marsh one day at the Sports Club. "Oh! Don't misunderstand me! For



*Drawn by Harvey Dunn*

"I HATE YOU! I NEVER LOVE YOU. GO!"



myself, as regards the war, you know, I am a philosopher. What can we do? Ask any fair-minded persons at home, what could they do, in our position? There's only one answer—make the best of it. Don't misunderstand us."

And he had ventured a remark that possibly they, and the fair-minded persons at home, might misunderstand him, coming into an enemy port like that.

"Oh no!" Mr. Marsh was untroubled by that. "You were like us, as far as I can make out, had to make the best of it. Now your captain . . ."

There was a fascination about the captain for Mr. Marsh. For twenty years he had lived in a sort of middle-class and inconspicuous exile, and destined, as far as he could discover, to remain forever in the dry and unromantic regions of a middleclass existence. Nothing, he was often fond of saying to his friends, ever happened to him. The things one reads of in books! he would exclaim with a short grunting laugh of humorous regret. Stories of fair Circassians, Balkan countesses, Turkish beauties, Armenian damsels! Where were they? He had married and settled down here, and remained twenty years in all, and yet nothing had happened.

Yes, on the alert for twenty years to detect romantic developments—he had a daughter sixteen years old—and until that ship came in not a chance! So he described it to his friends at Costi's and at the Austrian Consulate, an immense villa in a charming garden farther along in the Rue Parallel.

For somehow the arrival of that ship was a significant event in more than the accepted sense. It was reserved for Mr. Marsh to perceive the full romantic aspect of the adventure. For others it was a nine-day wonder, an official nuisance or blessing as suited the official temperament to regard it. To Mr. Spokesly it was an exciting but secondary factor leading up to the greater adventure of departure. It was overshadowed by the more perplexing problem of explaining himself in a masterless vessel.

But Mr. Marsh, after twenty years, during which he had failed to detect anything resembling romance in his life, when he was called out of his bed at dawn that morning to go off as interpreter, saw the matter in a very different light. Indeed, he saw it in the light of romance. His first comment when he found time to review his experiences was, "By Jove, you can't beat that type! We shall always rule, always!" and his bosom swelled at the thought of England. But it was his discovery of Captain Ranney which remained with him as the great scene in the play. He could not get it out of his mind. He told everybody about it. He revealed a doubt whether other people fully appreciated the extraordinary experience which had been his when he went down that dark curving stairway, "not having the faintest notion, you know, whether I wouldn't get knocked on the head or perhaps blown to bits," and found the door resisting his efforts. An active intelligent resistance, he declared, precisely as though the man were trying to keep him out. And as time passed and the story developed in his own mind by the simple process of continually repeating and brooding upon it, as an actor's part becomes clearer to him by rendition, Mr. Marsh developed the theory that when he first went down those stairs and tried to get in, the resistance was in truth intelligent and alive.

He was explaining this new and intriguing "theory," as he called it, on the following evening when Mr. Spokesly, accompanied by the husband of Esther, who was "in the Public Debt," entered the great room on the second floor of the Consulate, a magnificent chamber whose windows opened upon balconies and revealed, above the opposite roofs, rectangles of luminous twilight. Some half dozen gentlemen were seated on chairs in the dusk about one of the balconies. As the new comers arrived by a side door a servant came in through the enormous curtains at the far end, bearing a couple of many-branched candlesticks and ad-

vanced toward a table, thus revealing in some degree the elaborate design and shabby neglect of the place. Huge divans in scarlet satin were ripped and battered, the gilding of the sconces was tarnished and blackened, and the parquetry flooring, of intricate design, was warped and loose under the advancing foot. And above their heads, like shadowy wraiths, hung immense candelabra whose lusters glittered mysteriously in the candle light under their coverings of dusty muslin.

Mr. Marsh was leaning his elbows on the balcony railing and facing his audience as he explained his conviction that the captain had intended to keep him out.

"I assure you," he was saying and apparently he was directing his remarks at some one who now heard the tale for the first time, "I assure you, when I pushed the door and saw the man's shoulder, it moved. I mean it actually quivered, apart from my movement of the door. It gave me a very peculiar sensation, because when I spoke there was no answer. Only a quiver. And another thing. When I finally did shove the door open and so shoved the Captain over, the noise was not the noise of a dead inert body, if you understand me. Not at all. It sounded as though he had broken his fall somewhat! I can assure you—"

Mr. Marsh had enjoyed an excellent education in England. He had the average Englishman's faculty of expressing himself in excellent commonplaces so that every other Englishman knew exactly what he meant. But his hearers on this occasion were not all Englishmen, and suddenly out of the dusk of the corner, came a voice speaking English but not of England at all. Mr. Spokesly, standing a short distance off, was startled at the full-throated brazen clang of it booming through the obscurity of the vast chamber. It was a voice eloquent of youth and impudent virile good humor, a voice with a strange harsh undertwang which the speaker's ancestors

had brought out of central Asia, where they had bawled barbaric war songs across the frozen spaces.

"Broke his what? I don't understand what you mean," said the voice, and a fair-haired young man in a gray uniform, a short thick golden mustache on his lip, came up suddenly out of the gloom into the radiance of the candles and began to stride to and fro. The interruption was trivial, yet it gave the key to the young man's character, courageous, cultured, precise, and impatient of inferior minds.

"His fall," explained Mr. Marsh politely. "The point is, I believe he was alive almost up to the moment, you know, of our entry. He even moved slightly as I stepped in—a sort of last gasp. I even heard something of that nature. A sigh."

"What is a sigh, or a moment, for that matter, more or less?" demanded the young man striding up and down. "To me there is something much more important in his motive. Why did this captain of yours end himself? This is a question important to science. I am a student of Lombroso and Molle and the Englishman Ellis. Was this man epileptic? Did he have delusions of grandeur?"

"This gentleman," said Mr. Marsh, "was the officer on deck at the time," and he looked at Mr. Spokesly anxiously, as though waiting fresh details of the affair.

"Yes, he had delusions," said Mr. Spokesly, clearing his throat. "Thought everybody was against him. He took drugs too. My own idea is he took the wrong stuff or too much of it, in his excitement. He was down there in his room when we crashed. And he had another—delusion I suppose you could call it. He didn't like woman."

"Didn't like . . . Well, who does?" challenged the vigorous metallic voice with a carefully modified yet resonant laugh. One or two laughs, equally modified, floated from obscure corners where cigar ends glowed, and the ani-



mated figure paused in its rapid movement. "I mean no man likes women as they are, unless he is a true sensualist. What we aspire to is the ideal they represent. Your captain must have been a sensualist."

"Because his last breath was a sigh, you mean?" said Mr. Marsh. "I heard it you know. A long-drawn gasp."

"Precisely. The sigh of a sensualist leaving the world of the senses."

Mr. Spokesly stared at Mr. Marsh incredulously.

"I don't think you are 'right,'" he remarked, lighting a fresh cigarette. "The captain was not that sort of man. He was timid, I admit. He was scared of losing his life."

"Who isn't?" demanded the young man and was beginning another resonant laugh when Mr. Spokesly broke in.

"A good many people," he said sharply, "under the right conditions. Nobody *wants* to get killed, we know. But that does not mean they wouldn't take a risk."

"Well, didn't your captain take the risk?" said Mr. Marsh eagerly.

"He did but he always wore one of those inflating things," said Mr. Spokesly quietly. "Vests you blow up when you want them. We had a collision, as you know, and he had it on then. And when he heard us crash I've no doubt he began to inflate it again."

"Then there is no use supposing he committed suicide," said a voice. "That would be absurd."

"Not altogether," replied Mr. Spokesly. "I don't know whether you gentlemen will think I am a bit mad for saying it, but after knowing him, it's quite possible he took something to kill himself and then tried to save himself from being drowned. There's a lot of difference between being dragged under in a sinking ship, and gradually getting sleepy and stiff in comfort, and don't you forget it."

There was a silence for a moment when he ceased speaking, as though he had propounded some new and incon-

trovertible doctrine of philosophy. The young man who was walking up and down, almost vanishing in the gloom near the great smoke-colored velvet curtains, halted and looked interrogatively at Mr. Spokesly.

"But you have not explained why he should kill himself at all," he said, "a man, as you say, scared of losing his life."

"Well," said Mr. Spokesly, slowly, "he may have seen himself . . . I mean he realized he had lost his life already, as you might say."

"How, how?" demanded the young man, very much interested. "What do you mean by already?"

"You might call it that," muttered Mr. Spokesly, "with his ideas about women. Couldn't bear to talk about them. And he didn't like men much better. So I say he'd lost his life already. Nothing to live for, if a man hates women. And he did. That's one thing I am sure about."

"You are a psychologist," said the young man, very much amused. "You believe in the inspiration of love."

"Naturally," said Mr. Spokesly. "A man believes in what he understands."

The young man nodded and turned away with the slight smile of one who realizes he is dealing with a person of limited intelligence.

"You mean we believe in what we have cognition of," he amended in a harsh tone. "No doubt you are right. But your captain may have had beliefs and fidelities beyond your cognition. Perhaps he saw, suddenly, as in a flash you understand, the ultimate futility of existence. He might. Englishmen don't as a rule. But if he had lived in the East a long while he might."

"But surely you don't advance that as a tenable hypothesis," exclaimed Mr. Marsh. This man, who had contrived to retain the illusions and metaphysics of the comfortably-fixed classes of England amid the magnificent scenery and human squalor of Ottoman life, was frankly appalled by the young man's ferocious gaiety while he advanced what

he called his theory of philosophic nihilism. That was the disconcerting feature of the affair. This Herr Leutnant Lietherthal actually spoke with pleasure of a time when humanity should have ceased to exist! Mr. Marsh would almost have preferred a technical enemy to desire the extinction of Englishmen. It was more logical and he said as much as they adjourned to a smaller room to supper.

"Oh don't I?" exclaimed the Herr Leutnant holding up his glass of K  mmel. That was his way of revenging himself upon the country where he had lived many happy years. At Oxford, whither the munificence of Rhodes brought him, his sensuous mind had delighted in the apparently opposed, but really identical, studies of philosophy and philology. Following the example of his tutor at Leipzig, he had often neglected classrooms in his studies in English, and gone into slums of great towns and on the dock sides of London and Liverpool for idioms. And he got them. "Oh don't I?" he exclaimed, laughing and added "I go the whole hog, my friend." And only that subtle under-twang, that strong humming of the vocal chords in his vowels remained to detect him. He was addicted to saying that he had discovered the secret of the English power, which was, he announced, their mongrel origin. "A nation of mongrels who think of nothing but thorough-bred horses and dogs." He had described them to Evanthia, who could not possibly gauge the accuracy of the sentence. Just now as he set down his glass, he added that he went "the whole hog, my friend, as your graceful English expresses it." And then, in reply to Mr. Marsh's shocked comment he said:

"Why? It would be of no advantage to desire the extinction of any white race. This affair is only a family squabble. But it is a symptom. You may be watching now the first convulsions of the disease by which Europe will die. Europe is dying. The war, the war is only a superficial disturbance. The trouble is deeper than the mud of Flanders, my

friend. Europe is dying because her inspiration, her ideals, are gone. That is what I mean when I say Europe will die. The old fidelities are departing. And when they are all dead, and Europe is a vast cesspool of republicans engaged in mutual extermination, what will happen then, do you think?"

"Why do you talk that mad stuff here?" grunted one of the guests, a quiet middle-aged person with a monocle. He spoke in German, and Lietherthal answered quickly.

"What difference, Oscar? They don't believe me."

"What will happen, I ask you?" he continued in a vibrating tone. "When we have destroyed ourselves, and the survivors of our civilization are creeping feebly about the country and going back little by little to the agricultural age, the yellow men from Asia and the blacks from Africa will come pouring into Europe. Millions of them. They will infest the skeletons of our civilization like swarms of black and yellow maggots in the sepulchers of kings. And in the end humanity will cease to exist. Civilization will be dead, but there will be nobody to bury her," he concluded, smiling. "Europe will be full of the odors of her dissolution."

"I cannot believe," said Mr. Marsh with energy, "that anyone can seriously entertain such wild ideas. They imply the negation of all the things we hold dear. I should commit suicide at once if I thought for a single moment such an outcome was possible."

"Perhaps your captain had such a moment," suggested the young man busily eating fish. "Perhaps he saw, as I said, the futility of existence."

"And you really believe there is no hope?"

"Hope!" echoed Lietherthal with a brazen-throated laugh. "Hear the Englishman crying for his hope. By what right or rule of logic can we demand an inexhaustible supply of hope, especially packed in hundred-weight crates for export to the British Colonies? Hope!



The finest brand on the market! Will not spoil in the tropics! Stow away from boilers! Use no hooks! That's all an Englishman thinks of, if you ask him to consider a scientific question. Doctor, is there any hope? Hope for himself, not for anybody else."

There was a murmur of laughter at this, a murmur in which even Mr. Marsh joined, for he "could see a joke," as he often admitted. And as the meal progressed and the excellent red wine passed, the young man revealed a nimble mind, like quicksilver rather than firm polished metal, which ran easily over the whole surface of life and entertained them with the aptness and scandalous candor of its expression.

Mr. Spokesly found himself withdrawing instinctively from the highly-charged intellectual atmosphere of this community. As he ate his supper and drank the wine he allowed his mind to return to his own more immediate affairs. It might very well be that civilization and even humanity would die out, but the urgency of the problem was not apparent to a man about to go out on a hazardous adventure with the woman he loved. Only that day he had worked with Mr. Cassar, the engineer, who had been making a silencer for the motor. Not that Mr. Spokesly was going to depend upon that. He had a mast and a sail, for he knew the wind was off shore and easterly during the night, and he could save his engine for the time when they had made the outer arm of the Gulf. Mr. Cassar agreed because he thought they might be short of gasoline in spite of the carefully stored supply.

Mr. Spokesly sat now, the wine stimulating his mind to unwonted activity, listening to the clever conversation of the blond young man. Mr. Spokesly was quite prepared to admire him. It was, he reflected, very wonderful how he could speak these lingoos. Here they were, German, Austrian, Armenian, Jew, all speaking English. After all there lay the triumph. As Mr. Marsh said you couldn't beat that type. "We" went

everywhere and all men adopted "our" language and "our" ideas. He heard the Herr Leutnant's tones as he told Mr. Marsh that he himself admired the English. He had lived among them for years. At one time he was engaged to marry an *Engländerin*. And his conclusion was that they had nothing to fear from any other nation. Their true enemies were within. The hitherto impregnable solidarity of the race was disintegrating. Mr. Spokesly was not clear what this signified. He knew it sounded like the stuff these clever foreigners were always thinking up.

When all was said and done, they were all out to do the best they could for themselves. There was Marsh, living as calm as you please in Ottoman territory and making a very decent income in various ways. And there was a young fellow over there, with rich auburn hair flung back from a fine reddish forehead, who had been pointed out to him as the son of a rich old boy who had been there all his life as a Turkey merchant, with great estates and a grand house at Bondja where they were to hold a magnificent garden party to welcome the old General on his arrival from a tour of inspection in Syria. Mr. Spokesly had heard, too, of the way money was made just now and he smiled at the simplicity of it. There was the material in the cargo of the *Kalkis*, hardware and flour and gasoline. A pretty rake-off some of these intellectual Europeans had made out of that in what they called transportation charges. And there was the Ottoman Public Debt they had taken up, paying for it in paper and getting the interest in gold. They were doing the best they could under the circumstances. He saw their point of view well enough. He himself had another problem. He had to get out of it. Mr. Spokesly, as he walked about that shining Levantine city, as he passed down those narrow tortuous streets into bazaars reeking with the strange odors of Asiatic life, as he watched the slow oblivious life of the poor and the sullen furtiveness of



*Drawn by Harvey Dunn*

THE TASTE OF LIFE HAD GONE, NOT TO RETURN



the Greek storekeepers and shabby French bourgeoisie waiting in line at the custom house for a chance to buy their morsels of food, saw with penetrating clarity how impossible it would be for him to remain even if he did get a permanent harbor master's job. No! He finished his glass of wine and looked round for the decanter. He saw that these people here, for all their intellectual superiority, their fluent social accomplishments, their familiarity with philosophical compromises, were simply evading the facts. They were variants of Mr. Jokanian, who was also reaching regularly for the decanter, and who was attempting to forget a national failure in a sort of fog of high-sounding poppycock about the autocracy of the proletariat. Mr. Marsh was proud of being an Englishman, in a well-bred way, for he was always insisting "you could not beat that type" but what was his idea of an Englishman?

A person who, strictly speaking, no longer existed. Mr. Marsh was fortunate in having his ideals and illusions preserved in the dry air of the Levant as in a hermetically sealed chamber. The type he spoke of was being very handsomely beaten in all directions and was being rescued from utter annihilation by a very different type—the mechanical engineer, who was no doubt preparing the world for a fresh advance upon its ultimate destruction. Mr. Spokesly, in a rich glow of exaltation, saw these vast and vague ideas parade in his mind as he listened abstractedly to the conversation. But as the wine passed that cosmic quality passed too and he began to hear other things besides theories of evolution. He heard some one remark that they had a very fine piano, a Bechstein grand. Some consul had brought it from Vienna for his musical daughter. But it was impossible to take it with them when he was transferred to Buenos Aires. Another voice desired to know what was done with the musical daughter, and amid laughter they began to push their chairs

back, lighting cigarettes and lifting liqueurs to carry them to another room.

Looking down into a courtyard which contained, amid much rank vegetation, an empty marble basin surmounted by a one-legged Diana with a broken bow, and a motor car with only three wheels and no engine, Mr. Spokesly leaned out to watch the moon setting over the dark masses of the neighboring roofs. Behind him the Bechstein grand was surrounded by some half dozen gentlemen explaining their preferences, laughing, whistling a few notes and breaking into polite cries of wonder. Suddenly there was a silence and Mr. Marsh, seated at the instrument running his hands over the keys in a highly versatile fashion, began "John Peel" in a high thin tenor that sounded as though it came from behind the neighboring mountain. Thin yet sweet, so that the peculiar sentiment of the song, dedicated "to that type" which Mr. Marsh so much admired, reached Mr. Spokesly as he leaned out and noted the sharp slender black shapes of the cypresses silhouetted against the dark blue vault of the sky with its incredibly brilliant stars. He smiled and reflected that the moon would be gone in a couple of hours, a red globe over Cordelio. In a few nights it would set before nightfall. He drank his liqueur. A moonless night and he would be away from all this. He wished he were back at Bairakli now. He grudged every moment away from her. He had caught her making little preparations of her own, and when he had chaffed her she had looked at him in an enigmatic way with her bright amber eyes, her beautiful lips closed, and gently inhaling through her nostrils. What an amazing creature she was! He would sit and watch her in the house, entranced, oblivious of time or destiny.

The song ended with a tinkle,

"Oh, I ken John Peel, from my bed  
where I lay,  
As he passed with his hounds in  
the morning!"

and there was a murmur of applause. Mr. Spokesly, looking out into the darkness, clapped and lit another cigarette. He was startled by a great crash of chords. The young man, a cigar in his teeth, his head enveloped in a blue cloud of smoke, was seated at the piano. Mr. Spokesly turned and watched him. He stood listening to the full, rounded, clangorous voice toned down to Heine's beautiful words,

*"Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt  
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein,  
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt  
Im Abendsonnenschein"*

"Wonderful voice!" whispered Mr. Marsh. "Studied at Leipzig. Rather a talented chap, don't you think? By the way, I heard to-night they intend making an inspection of the outer harbor while they are here. Improving the defenses. They don't want any more ships to come in the way you did. Of course it was luck as well as pluck. Probably lay fresh mines."

"Is that a fact?" asked Mr. Spokesly. As in a dream he heard the applause, himself clapping mechanically and then the booming of bass chords. And a voice like a silver trumpet, triumphant and vibrating, blared out the deathless call of the lover to his beloved.

*"Isolde! Geliebte? Bist du mein?  
Hab ich dich wieder?"*

"Well, it's pretty reliable. A friend of mine who is in the timber trade has been given a contract to bring down a lot of stones to the harbor. Fill all those lighters, you know. That'll mean quite a lot of work for you, eh?"

Mr. Spokesly turned resolutely to the window and looked out over the dark roofs at the lustrous and spangled dome of the sky. He would have to find Cassar and give him some instructions at once. It would be impossible to get away if they waited for a swarm of work-

men and officials to come down and be forever sailing up and down the Gulf. He ought to have thought of such a contingency. He must find Cassar. And then he must get back to Evanthis and tell her they must go at once. Tomorrow night. He heard the heavy stamp of feet that greeted the end of the song and joined in without thinking. As he walked across to the door Mr. Marsh followed him, and Mr. Jokanian, his dark yearning eyes brilliant with the wine he had drunk, came over making gestures of protestation as another voice rose from behind the grand piano,

*"Enfant! si j'étais roi, je donnerais  
l'empire,  
Et mon char, et mon sceptre, et mon  
peuple à genoux,  
Et ma couronne d'or, et mes bains  
de porphyre."*

"I am coming back," said Mr. Spokesly, "but I must see if my boat is ready."

"You don't need any boat," said Mr. Jokanian. "We are going back in my carriage. Mr. Lietherthal goes with us. I have invited him."

*"Pour un regard de vous!"* sang the voice and trembled into a passionate intricacy of arpeggios.

"I shall not be long," he repeated. "I must tell my man I shan't need it, in that case."

He felt he must get out of there at once, if only for a moment. This combination of wine and music was becoming too much for him. As he came out into the courtyard he heard Victor Hugo's superb challenge ring out,

*"Si j'étais Dieu . . ."*

He walked quickly along in the profound shadow of the Rue Parallel until he reached the great doors of the Passage Kraemer. Here he might have seen, had he been watchful, in a corner



by the disused elevator of the hotel, the young Jew talking to a girl in cap and apron. The youth saw him and clutched his companion's arm.

"Madama's husband," he whispered, "the Englishman."

"Well," said the girl, bending her dark brows upon the figure hurrying out upon the quay, "I think your Madama is a fool."

"S—sh!" whimpered the young man. "She is the most glorious creature in the world."

"And a fool," repeated the girl. "That other upstairs in Suite Fourteen will desert her in a month. I know his style. He only left the last one in Karahissar, so his servant told us. I know if I had a chance of marrying an Englishman. . . . Yes! She has got you anyhow," she added laughing. "You are like a cony in love with a snake."

He put up his hand in warning, as though he feared by some occult power Madama would hear these rash and sacrilegious words. He took out a tiny piece of paper and looked at it.

"I must go," he said. "You are certain it is this Frank who has come?" he urged anxiously.

"Yes," she said smiling contemptuously. "When I passed him in the corridor, he put his arm round me and said he would love me for ever. You can tell your Madama that if you like."

Mr. Spokesly, unaware of this conversation, made his way out and was on the point of crossing the quay by the custom house when Mr. Cassar, who was drinking a glass of syrup at the café opposite, ran over and accosted him.

"Look here—" began Mr. Spokesly.

"I know," interrupted the engineer. "And I've heard something else. Don't go over there now. I want to tell you this. Very important, Captain. Will you have a drink?"

"Coffee," said Mr. Spokesly, sitting at a table in front of a small café. "What is it?"

"I was working on the boat this afternoon, after you had been there," said

Mr. Cassar, "and I must say I got that silencer pretty good now, and some officers come up and say, this boat very good, they will want it. They make inspection of harbor, you understand. I say, all right, what time? They say to-morrow. The General he go round and make inspection. Want all three motor boats. I say all right. But I was waiting to see you. If I miss you I was going out to find you at your house. You understand?"

Mr. Spokesly nodded. He understood perfectly well. He reflected upon the wisdom of staying away from the Consulate after saying he would go back. He decided it would be better to return.

"You will have to get off," said Mr. Cassar in a matter-of-fact tone as he looked away toward the mountains. "Don't you think so, Captain?"

"Plenty of time," Mr. Spokesly muttered, "before daylight. Are you sure you are all right? Got everything?"

"Yes, everything," said Mr. Cassar positively.

"Right," said his commander. "Now you tell the customs guard I return to Bairakli at midnight. You go with me to bring the boat back as they want it in the morning. And if I don't come before one o'clock, you go alone. I shall be going by road. Some of them asked me to go with them. You go alone and wait for me at the bath-house jetty. Can you remember that?"

"Easy," said Mr. Cassar. "It is ten o'clock now."

"I'll go back," said Mr. Spokesly.

The evening was just beginning along the front as he passed once again through the great Passage beneath the hotel. There was no young Jew watching him now. That highly strung and bewildered creature was hurrying through the lower town on his way to Bairakli, bearing authentic news for his mistress. He had an uneasy suspicion that the person described by his friend in the hotel would not prove so good a friend as Mr. Spokesly. But he hurried on past the little Turkish shops, his fez

on the back of his head, the lamplight reflected on the bony ridge of the large glistening nose that rose up between his scared pale eyes and sallow cheeks. All along the lonely road beyond the railway station he tripped and stumbled, muttering to himself, "Oh, Madama, he is come, he is come! I bring great news. He is come!" Sometimes he clasped his hands in an ecstasy of emotion and would almost fall into some unnoticed slough or channel of the way. All the griefs of the poor seemed to concentrate themselves upon him as he moaned and staggered. "Father of Israel, what shall I do if she abandon me? There is no food for a fatherless boy here. Oh, Madama!"

But when at length he scrambled up to the house on the hillside and saw his mistress and Esther Jokanian sitting in the window overlooking the sea, he took heart again. When Evanthia, leaning out in a loose robe that showed transparent against the lamp behind her, called,

"Who is there?" he replied that it was her faithful servant with news. She came down like a swiftly moving phantom and unlocked the gate, pulling it wide with her characteristic energy and courage.

"Speak!" she said in a thrilling, dramatic whisper, all her soul responding to the moment. The youth held out his hand palm upward while he leaned his head against the rough wall.

"Oh, Madama, he is come," he replied in a low tone, as though he sensed the formidable importance of his words in their lives. She stood staring at him for a second and then, pulling him in, she closed the gate with a tremendous clang.

"Come," she said with a mysterious smile. "Your fortune is made. You must go back with a message."

"Oh, Madama!" he wailed.

She dragged him up the steps leading to the rooms above.

"*Endlich!*" she cried to Esther, who sat by the window, chin on hand, and muttering in her husky man's voice.

"He is here. I must have been born with good fortune after all."

"You are throwing away the greatest chance in your life," growled Esther without looking at her.

"You do not understand," said Evanthia crossly. "What do you think I am made of? Do you think I can go on forever like this, pretending love? Men! I use them, my friend. The lover of my heart is here, and you ask me to go out on that cursed water to a country where it is dark wet fog all the time. What should I do there? My God, are you mad? Now I shall go to Europe, and for once I shall live. Ah! The message! Here!" She dragged a blank page from a yellow paper-covered volume lying on a cedarwood console and hunted for a pencil. With a fragment of black crayon she began to scrawl her name in staggering capitals. "So!" she muttered. "Now I shall put the words *liebe dich*. *Sacré!* When I go to Europe I will learn this writing—or have a secretary. There! It is enough for my dear lunatic. Take it!" She folded it and gave it to the youth who stood by the door dejectedly. "Ask for the Leutnant Lietherthal. Go down and eat first." She gave him a pat on the shoulder that seemed to put a fresh stream of life into him, and he disappeared.

"Take care, Esther, do not tell him a word of this. Or thy husband either. He might speak in forgetfulness."

"It is nothing to me," muttered Esther. "I like him, that is all. And fidelity is best."

"Fidelity!" said Evanthia slowly, "And is not this fidelity? Have I not followed the lover of my heart across the world? If the father of thy boy came up here and knocked at the gate . . . You talk! I am not a white-faced Frank girl to be a slave of an Englishman! He gives me all his money here, yes. But in his England, when I am shut up in the fog and rain, how much will I get, hein?" her voice rose to a shout, a brazen clangor of the throat, and her hand shot out before her,



clenched, as though she were about to hurl thunderbolts.

"Very well," assented Esther in a low tone, "but you don't know if the lover of your heart wants you any more. The lovers of the heart are funny fish," she added grimly.

"Prtrt! You are right," said Evan-thia in an ordinary tone. "Did I say I was going away to-night, stupid?"

"I see the light of the boat," said Esther. "Perhaps my husband is with him. I must go back to my house."

"No! Stay here a little." Evan-thia laid hold of her. "To-night I must have some one with me. I am shaken in my mind. I shall want to shriek. Stay."

"It is at the jetty," said Esther soberly. She looked out into a dense darkness, and in the lower distance she could see a tiny light where the launch had run alongside the old bath-house jetty. And then it went out.

They waited in silence, smoking cigarettes, until their quick ears caught the sound of footsteps on the hillside. And then the grind of a key in the great lock of the gate.

As Mr. Spokesly came into the room he barely sensed the tension of the atmosphere. He broke breathlessly into his news at once.

"Quick!" he said in a low tone. "We must go to-night, dear. After to-night I may not have any boat. It is all ready. Come now. We have time to get out of sight of land before daylight."

"To-night!" exclaimed Evan-thia clutching her breast, and thinking rapidly. "Impossible."

"It will be impossible any other night," he retorted gently. "We must go."

Evan-thia backed away, thinking clearly, concisely and skillfully behind her astonishment. He turned to Esther.

"You tell her," he said. "We must go. It is our last chance. It was lucky I heard about it. They are going to fortify the Gulf. Go and get ready, dear. Bring me a blanket and I'll carry it down, and some bread and meat. Enough for a day, anyhow."

"Where is my 'usban'?" demanded Esther.

"He's coming by the road. He's got some friends with him, from the hotel. You mustn't mind them being a bit elevated. Plenty of wine to-night. They will be here soon, I expect. I want to get down and away before they arrive."

Evan-thia, folding a blanket in the bedroom, stood perfectly still. She could hear her own pulses thumping, and she put her hand to her throat. She felt as though her heart would burst if she did not gain control of herself. She stood perfectly still thinking, her mind darting this way and that, as a trapped animal tests the resistance of the trap in every direction. For a moment she thought of killing him as they went down to the boat. She was strong: she felt she could do it. Under the shoulder blades and in the throat. No, she must wait. Only as a last resource, that. She folded up the blanket and walked back into the room to give him the food.

He stood for a moment with the blanket and loaves of bread in his arms, unable to utter what he felt for her sacrifice for him. He could only say stumbingly,

"I shan't forget this. I know that much," and hurried away with his burden.

Esther sprang up from her seat by the window. Her misfortunes had not made her hard. She saw a light in Evan-thia's amber eyes as she made her preparations, a light that frightened her.

"Nobody will ever be able to do anything with you," she muttered. "I must go home to get supper for my 'usban'. You got a good man, and you throw him away like so much rubbish. You got no sense."

"I go!" said Evan-thia, pausing with her hands full of things she was stuffing into a bag.

"You go!" said Esther savagely. "You make him take you to the town to see your fellow."

"Oh!" exclaimed Evan-thia, stopping

again and stifling a laugh. She had not thought of such a thing.

"What you must think of me!" she murmured.

"And then tell him you are finished. You have a heart, yes, as big as that ring on your finger. You take everything from him, and now you . . ."

With a sudden gesture of rage Evanthia flung the things away and stood up to her friend.

"I'll kill you!" she growled through her teeth. "I know you! You are jealous, jealous, jealous! I see you talk, talk English to him at the bath-house. I see you go out with him for the walk through the village. I hear you talk to him about that girl Vera he saw once in Odessa. All right! Go with him! Go! Here are the things. Take them! I spit at you. You . . ."

She fell back, exhausted with the ferocity of her passion, her hands still making gestures of dismissal to the silent and scornful Esther, who remained motionless yet alert, ready to take her own part.

"You are altogether mad!" she said at last in her husky tones. "He—here is your 'usban'. Tell him, tell him . . ."

Evanthia spun round where she stood with her hands on her bosom.

"We must go, dear," said Mr. Spokesly and paused in astonishment at the scene. With a convulsive movement the girl tore at her dress and then flung out her hand toward the shore.

"Go then, go! Why do you come here any more? You want her. There she is, jealous because all the men want me. Look at her. She ask you with her eyes. Oh, yah! I hate you! I never love you. It is finished. Go!"

"Eh!" he called, swallowing hard. He looked at Esther in amazement. "What is this?" he asked. "What have you said to her? My dear!"

"You better go," said Esther sullenly. "She won't go with you. Can't you see?"

"But how can I go without her?" he exclaimed.

"I kill myself before I go. This is my place. Go back, you. I hate you."

Esther came over to him, taking up the satchel, thrust him out before her. Down the steps and across the dark garden she went with him, and only when the great gate clanged did he make an effort to break through the dreadful paralysis of mind that had assailed him.

"What made her go like that?" he demanded.

"Go on. I tell you in a minute. You men, you got no sense."

"But what did she mean, about you?"

"Nothing. She's crazy. You no understand."

"You said yourself she'd come," he insisted.

"Yes, I *say* so. I tell her she better come. But you no understand women."

He was destined to find out as years went by that this was true. And when they stood on the jetty and looked down into the obscurity where Mr. Cassar sat in the boat patiently awaiting his passengers, Mr. Spokesly began to regain command of himself. For a moment up there he had been all abroad. The sudden emotional upheaval had hardened his resolve.

"Well!" he said with a sudden intake of breath, and paused, once more overwhelmed by the change in his affairs. "I don't know what to say, Esther." He put his hand on her shoulder and she twisted away a little. "I feel as if I'd been having a long dream, and just woke up."

"Go!" she said huskily. "Good-by. Good fortune. There is a carriage coming. My 'usban'."

"Anyhow . . . Esther. I did what I promised her to do . . . not my fault." He got down into the boat. "Where's your hand? Good-by . . . good-by . . . Push off, son, push off . . . After all I done . . ."

They saw from a little way off the white form of Esther spring forward and vanish behind the buildings as a feeble yellow flicker from a carriage



lamp crawled slowly along the road and stopped. They heard laughter and confused arguments.

"Drunk!" whispered Mr. Cassar without either envy or malice.

"Full to the guards," assented his commander. "Hark!"

Some one was singing, a full youthful voice of brazen vibrant quality, a voice with an ineluctable derisive challenge to confident hearts. Though he did not understand the words, Mr. Spokesly was aware of this challenge as he listened.

*"Auf, deutsches Volk, du stark Geschlecht,  
Es schlug die grosse Stunde,  
Steh auf und sei nicht länger Knecht,  
Mit Kraft und Mut steh für dein Recht  
Im heiligen Volkebunde!"*

There was a pause, with protests and guttural amusement which were suddenly engulfed in a clarion shout,

*"Die Freiheit bricht die Ketten!"*

"Go ahead," said Mr. Spokesly, looking back as he sat in the stern, "and make as little noise as you can."

Out of the darkness came the faint clarion call he had already heard that night.

*"Isolde! Geliebte! Bist du mein?"* and the sound, with its echoes from the mountain, seemed to stream out of that open window he had left. Suddenly, with a resolute movement, he turned and bent to the business of steering. The boat was moving through the water.

"Let her out," he muttered, looking at his watch. "We've got four hours to daylight."

And the dawn found him there, still crouching motionless at the tiller, while behind them the mountains of Lesbos rose enormous, the sun rising over Asia behind them, and ahead lay the dark sparkle of an empty sea.

## XVII

"All I can say is," said the elderly lieutenant, and he applied himself as-

siduously to the trimming of his nails, "you were in luck all through."

"Yes," said Mr. Spokesly. "I suppose you can call it that."

He was not entirely satisfied that this constituted an adequate description of his experiences. Luck is a slippery word. As witness the old lieutenant, intent on his nails, like some red-nosed old animal engaged in furbishing up his claws, who proceeded without looking up.

"Why, what else could you call it? You surely didn't want that woman hanging round your neck all your life like a millstone, did you? What if she did keep hold of the money? I call it cheap at the price. And suppose you'd brought her. How could you have squared things? I call it lucky."

Mr. Spokesly, however, did not feel that way. He looked round at the green expanse of St. James Park and up toward the enormous arch which enshrines the dignity and cumbrous power of the Victorian Age, and wondered if the taste of life would ever come back. It was now eighteen months since he had experienced what the elderly lieutenant called uncommon luck, when a sloop of war, hurrying on her regular patrol from Lemnos to Malta, had found him and Mr. Cassar in their boat some ten miles east of Psara Island, a black spot on a blue sea, over which fluttered a patch of white. And on coming cautiously alongside, the commander of that sloop was surprised to discover a Maltese engineer somewhat in disarray through his struggles with his engine, and under a blanket on the bilge forward, a sick Englishman.

For Mr. Spokesly had been sick. Looking back at it from this seat in St. James Park, with his demobilization completed, he saw well enough that the culmination of the spiritual stresses under which he had been existing had been suddenly transmuted into a bodily collapse. As the sun rose over the Ægean, he had given the tiller to Mr. Cassar and lain down without a word. He had not cared whether he ever got up or not.

He lay staring up at the extraordinary brilliance of the sky, his throat very sore, his eyes tired and smarting, a feverish tremor in his limbs, refusing food, and even when the engine stopped, giving no sign he was aware of any change in their fortunes. It had only been when Mr. Cassar informed him of the sloop bearing down upon them that he roused on an elbow and croaked hoarsely.

"Show a white flag, handkerchief or something," and fell back, drawing the blanket over himself. He had been very sick. The surgeon without waiting for a temperature reading, had carried him away into an extremely hygienic sick-bay, where between a boy with tonsilitis and a stoker with a burnt arm, he had lain all the way to Malta. And after that, during weeks of dreary waiting, he had looked out of the high windows of the Bighi Hospital across the harbor to Valetta, watching the ships go in and out and seeing the great flame of the sunset show up the battlements of the Lower Barracca and die in purple glory behind the domes and turrets of the city.

For it seemed to him, in his intervals of lucid reflection, that the taste of life had gone, not to return. It had gone and in place of it was an exceedingly bitter flavor of humiliation and frustrated dreams. It was almost too sudden a revelation of his own emotional folly for any feeling save a numb wonder to remain. He had told Esther that he felt as though he had had a long dream and was suddenly awakened. And while this was true enough of his mind, which maintained a dreary alertness during his sickness, his heart, on the other hand, was in a condition of stupor and oblivious repose. Even when sufficiently recovered to walk abroad and sit at the little tables in the arcades by the Libreria, or to journey across the Marsamuscetto to Sliema and follow the long smooth white beach, he moved slowly because he had no accurate means of gauging his intensity of existence.

He would mutter to himself in a sort of depressed whisper "What's the matter with me, I wonder?"

The surgeons had called it something ending in "osis" and prescribed finally "light duty." He remembered that light duty now well enough: a commission as lieutenant and the visiting of many offices in the formidable buildings which constituted the Dockyard. And gradually, as the scope and meaning of this work became apparent, he found a certain interest returning, an anticipation of the next week and perhaps month. But of the years he did not dare to think just yet.

For, once established there, he had sought, as a homing pigeon its cotes, to find Ada. He had written, full of weariness and a sort of gentle contrition, and implored her to write. He had missed all the mails since the *Tanganyika* had gone— she must make allowances for the hazards of the sea, and try again. He had put a shy boyish postscript to it, a genuine after-thought—"I want so much to see you again," and mailed it on the Marseilles boat.

To that there had come nothing in reply save a letter from her married sister who evaded the subject for three pages and finally explained that her own husband was missing and Ada was married. The paper had distinctly said all were lost on the *Tanganyika*. Ada's husband was a manufacturer of munitions in the Midlands, making a colossal income, she believed. They lived in a magnificent old mansion in the West Riding. The writer of the letter was going up to spend a week with them and would be sure to mention him. She had already sent on his letter and Ada had asked her to write.

There it was, then. Both ends of the cord on which he had been precariously balanced had been cut down, and he had had no interior buoyancy which could have kept him from hitting the earth with conclusive violence. And near the earth for a long time he had remained, very much in doubt whether



he would ever go about again with the old confidence. Possibly he would never have done so had not an accident sent him out to sea on patrol service. Here came relief in the shape of that active enemy he had preferred to his bureaucratic and scornful government. Here was an invisible and tireless adversary, waiting days, weeks, and possibly months, for his chance and smashing home at last with horrible thoroughness. This, in Mr. Spokesly's present condition, was a tonic. He got finally into a strange, shuttlelike contraption with twin gasoline engines, a pop gun, and a crew of six. They went out in this water-roach and performed a number of deeds which were eventually incorporated in official reports and extracted by inaccurate special correspondents whose duty it was to explain naval occasions to beleaguered England, an England whose neglect of seamen was almost sublime until food ships were threatened.

So he had found a niche again in life, and very slowly the dead flat look in his face gave way to one of sharp scrutiny. When he came ashore from his cock-boat he would go to a hotel in a street like a scene from the "Tales of Hoffmann," and he would sleep in a great bed in a mighty room where papal legates had snored in preceding centuries, and the rulers of commanderies had dictated letters to the grand masters of their order. But even there, in that seclusion and fine repository of faith and peace, he dared not recall that last adventure at Bairakli, that catastrophe of his soul. Even the banjo of the occupant of the next room, a nice-looking boy with many medals and a staff appointment, did not mean much to him. He listened apathetically to the nice young voice singing a Kipling ballad:

"Funny and yellow and faithful  
Doll in a tea-cup she were;  
We lived on the square  
Like a true married pair,  
And I learnt about women from her."

But the nice boy had never lived and never would live with anybody on such terms, and his clear young voice lacked the plangent irony of the battered idealist. It was perfectly obvious that he was entirely ignorant of the formidable distortion of character which living with people brought about. He evidently imagined marriage was a good joke and living with girls a bad joke. Mr. Spokesly would lie on his huge bed and try to get his bearings while his neighbor gave his version of "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and "I'd Wait Till the End of the World For You." The boy was visible sometimes, on his balcony overlooking the steep Via Santa Lucia, raising his eyes with a charming and entirely idiotic diffidence to other balconies where leaned dark-browed damsels, and dreaming the bright and honorable dreams of the well-brought-up young Englishman. Mr. Spokesly got no assistance from such as he. Even in his most fatuous moments he had known that for them the War was only an unusually gigantic and bloody football match for which they claimed the right to establish the rules. When it was over we should all go back to our places in the world and touch our hats to them, the landed gentry of mankind.

Sitting on his park seat, under the shadow of Victoria's triumphal arch, Mr. Spokesly saw this would not be the case. Behind his own particular problem, which was to regain, somehow or other, the taste of life, he saw something else looming. How were these very charming and delightful beings, the survivors of an age of gentles and simples, of squires and serfs, to be aroused to the fact that they were no longer accepted as the heirs of all the ages? How to make them see the millions of people of alien races moving slowly, like huge masses of rotting putrescence, to a new life? Indeed they were very fond of using those words "rotten" and "putrid" for alien things they did not like. He felt sure they would apply both to Mr. Dainopoulos,

for example, and those men he met at the Consulate. And with a twinge he reflected they might say the same thing about Evanthia, if they knew it all. Yet they must be made to know, those of them who were left, that the game was up for the cheerful school-boy with no ascertainable ideas. The very vitality of these alien races was enough to sound a warning. After all, Mr. Marsh had said in his throaty way, you can't beat that type, you know. And the question looming up in the back of Mr. Spokesly's mind, as he sat on that seat in St. James Park was, "Couldn't you?"

He discovered with a shock that his friend the elderly lieutenant, who had been visiting the Admiralty that morning and so had met Mr. Spokesly, was explaining something.

"I told him that taking everything into consideration, I really couldn't see my way. Not now. You see, we aren't getting any younger, and my wife is so attached to Chingford she won't hear of leaving. And of course I couldn't go out *there* alone now."

"Where did you say it was?" Mr. Spokesly asked. He had not heard.

"West Indies. It's a new oiling station, and they want an experienced harbor master. You see I knew about it, years ago, when the place was first projected and put in for it. And now he's offered it to me, I can't go. I don't have to, you see. And yet I should like to put some one in the way of it for the chap's sake. So I say, why don't you go round and see him? Three hundred a year and quarters. It isn't so dusty, I can assure you. If I hadn't been rather lucky in my investments I should be very glad to go, I can tell you that."

And the odd thing, to Mr. Spokesly's mind, was that he did not envy his elderly friend's happy position as to his investments. Here again luck masqueraded as a slippery word. Was he so lucky? From where he sat now, beneath the Arch of the great queen of the money-making, steam-engine era—the

era, that is, when the steam engines made the money and the old order fattened upon rents and royalties, Mr. Spokesly was able to see that money was no longer an adequate gauge of a man's caliber. One had to grow, and that was another name for suffering.

In his hand was a newspaper, and as he turned it idly, his eye caught an urgent message in heavy type. The London School of Mnemonics pleaded with him to join up in the armies of Efficiency. They urged him to get out of the rut and fit himself for executive positions with high salaries attached. His eye wandered from the paper to the vista of the Mall, where the products of efficiency were ranged in quadruple lines of ugliness, the stark witnesses of human ineptitude. He saw the children playing about those extraordinarily unlovely guns, their muzzles split and dribbling with rust, their wheels splayed outward like mechanical paralytics, and he fell to wondering if he could not find his way out of his spiritual difficulties sooner if he did what his friend suggested. He would have to do something. A few hundred pounds was all he had. And the chances of a sea job were not immediately promising. He recalled his visit the other day to the office of the owners of the *Tanganyika*, and the impression he had gained was that their enthusiasm had cooled. They had done a big business with Bremen before the war, and they would be doing a big business again soon. Their attitude had contrasted oddly with the roll-of-honor tablet in the office where, printed in gold, he had seen the names of the officers of the *Tanganyika* "murdered by the enemy." All save his own. Somehow that word "murdered" to him who had been there did not ring true. It was like the nice schoolboy's "rotten" and "putrid"; it signified a mood, now gone no one knew where. It was like Lieberthal's "*Die Freiheit bricht die Ketten*", a gesture which meant nothing to the millions of Hindoos, Mongolians, Arabs, Africans, and Latins in the world. "A



family squabble," that sharp young man had called it, a mere curtain-raiser to a gigantic struggle for existence between the races. . . .

He rose and turned to his friend.

"It's the very thing for me," he said. "I don't feel any particular fancy for staying on in England."

"As soon as I saw you waiting in that corridor," said his friend, "I thought of it. Now you go and see him. You know the Colonial Office. He's a fine old boy and a thorough gentleman. There are prospects too, I may tell you. It's a sugar-cane country and citrus fruits, and I believe you'll have some very nice company in the plantations all round. And I believe there's a pension after twenty years. Well . . . not that you'll need to bother about it by that time. . . . As I say, it's a jumping-off place. Fine country, you know. But what about a little drink? I know a place in Chandos Street—they know me there. And now about coming down to to Chingford. . . ."

Mr. Spokesly accompanied his friend through the great Arch of Victoria into the Square, and as they made their way round by the National Gallery he reached a decision. He would go. His elderly friend, toddling beside him, added details which only confirmed the decision. That gentleman knew a good thing. He himself, however, having more by luck than judgment held on to his shipping shares, was now in a position of comfortable independence. He had served his country and sacrificed his sons and now he was going to enjoy himself for the rest of his life. After drawing enormous interest and bonuses, he had sold at the top of the market and was buying bonds "which would go up" a stockbroking friend had told him. "A safe six hundred a year—what do I want with more?" he wheezed as they entered the place in Chandos Street. "My dear wife, she's so nervous of these shipping shares; and there's no doubt they are a risk. Mine's a large port."

Yes, he would go, and it interested

Mr. Spokesly to see how little appeal this tender and beautiful picture of two old people "going down the hill together" had for him. With a sudden cleavage in the dull mistiness which had possessed his heart for so long, he saw that there was something in life which they had missed. He saw that if a man sets so low a mark, and attains it by the aid of a craven rectitude and animal cunning, he will miss the real glory and crown of life, which by no means implies victory. He was prepared to admit he had not done a great deal with his own life so far. But he was laying a new course. The night he received his instructions to depart he walked down to the river and along the embankment to his hotel with a novel exaltation of spirit. The taste of life was coming back. He saw, in imagination, that new place to which he was bound, a tiny settlement concealed within the secure recesses of a huge tropical harbor. He saw the jetty, with its two red lights by the pipe-line and the verandahed houses behind the groves of Indian laurel. He saw the mountains beyond the clear water purple and black against the sunset or rising clear in the crystal atmosphere of the dawn. He saw the wide clean space of matted floors and the hammock where he would lie and watch the incandescent insects moving through the night air. He saw himself there, an integral part of an orderly and reasonable existence.

He had no intention of wasting his life, but he saw that he must have time and quiet to find his bearings and make those necessary affiliations with society without which a man is rootless driftage. He saw that the lines which had hitherto held him to the shore had been spurious and rotten and had parted at the first tension.

There was time yet. What was it the elderly lieutenant had called her? "A millstone round your neck all your life." No, he could not take that view yet. He did not regret that supreme experience of his life. He recalled the swift derisive gesture she had once flung at him as she

spurned his reiterated fidelity. "You learn from me . . . to go back to an Englishwoman." Even now he delighted in the splendid memory of her charm, her delicious languors and moments of melting tenderness, her anger and sometimes smoldering rage. No, he did not regret. It was something achieved, something that would be part of him for ever. He could go forward now into the future, armed with knowledge and the austere prudence that is the heritage of an emotional defeat. He looked out across the river and saw the quick glow of an opened cupola in a foundry on the Surrey shore. There was a faint smile on his face, an expression of resolution, as though in imagination he were already in his island home, watching the glow of a cane fire in a distant valley.

And eastward, some five thousand miles, in the costly Villa Dainopoulos on the shores of an ancient sea, Evanthia Solaris pursued the mysterious yet indomitable course of her destiny. She had arrived back from "Europe," as has been hinted earlier, in some disarray, alighting from a crowded train of frowsty refugees, silent, enraged, yet reflective after her odyssey. At her feet followed the young Jew, who incontinently dropped upon his knees in the road and pressed his lips, in agonized thankfulness, to his native earth. "*Je déteste les hommes!*" was all she had said, and Mr. Dainopoulos had spared a moment in the midst of his many affairs to utter a hoarse croak of laughter.

Her story of Captain Ranney's sudden escape from the problems of living struck him for a moment, for he had of course utilized his commander's record and peculiarities in explaining the disappearance of the *Kalkis*. But the event itself seemed to perplex him not at all. He said, briefly, to his wife in adequate idiom, "He got a scare. He was afraid of himself. In wars plenty of men do that. He think and think, and there is nothing. And that scare a man stiff, when there is nothing." Crude psychol-

ogy no doubt, yet adequate to Captain Ranney's unsuccessful skirmish with life.

But Mrs. Dainopoulos was not so callous. She suspected, under Evanthia's hard exterior, a heart lacerated by the bitterness of disillusion. Who would have believed, either, that Mr. Spokesly, an Englishman, would have deserted her like that? Mrs. Dainopoulos was gently annoyed with Mr. Spokesly. He had not behaved as she had arranged it in her storybook fashion. Evanthia must stay with them, she said, stroking the girl's dark head.

As she did. Seemingly, she forgot both the base Englishman and the Alleman Giaour who had so infatuated her. She remained always with the invalid lady, looking out at the Gulf, watching the transports come and go. And when at last it came to Mr. Dainopoulos to journey south, when the sea lines were once again open and a hundred and one guns announced the end, she went with them to the fairy villa out at San Stefano that you reach by the Boulevard Ramleh in Alexandria. It was there that Mr. Dainopoulos emerged in a new role, of the man whose dreams come true. His rich and sumptuous oriental mind expanded in grandiose visions of splendor for the being he adored. He built pleasaunces, of fine marbles set in green shrubberies and laved by the blue sea, for her diversion.

He had automobiles, as he had resolved, of matchless cream-colored coachwork, with scarlet wheels and orange silk upholstery. He imported a yacht that floated in the harbor like a great moth with folded wings. Far out on the breakwater he had an enormous bungalow built of hard woods upon a square lighter, with chambers for music and slumber in the cool Mediterranean breeze, while the thud and wash of the waves against the outer wall lulled the sleeper to antique dreams. He did all this, and sat each day in the portico of the great marble Bourse, planning fresh acquisitions of money.



His wife lay in her chair in her rose-tinted chamber at San Stefano, looking out upon the blue sea beyond the orange trees and palms, smiling and sometimes immobile, as though stunned by this overwhelming onslaught of wealth pressed from the blood and bones of the youth of the world. She smiled and lay thinking of her imaginary people, who lived exemplary and unimportant lives in an England which no longer existed. And near her, hovering, shining like a creature from another world, clad miraculously in robes of extraordinary brilliance, could be seen Evanthia Solaris, the companion of her hours. Often it was she who shot away along the great *corniche* road in those cars of speed and beauty, their silver fittings and glossy panels humming past like some vast and costly insect. She it was who lay in a silken hammock in the great houseboat by the breakwater, and listened to the sweet strains from the disc concealed in a cabinet shaped like a huge bronze shell. "*Je déteste les hommes*," she murmured to herself as

she wandered through the orange groves to the curved marble seats on the shore.

Hearing these words as she passed, the young Jew, working among the roses, would tremble and recall with an expression of horror their experiences in Europe. Often, when in their destitution she had taken him by the hair and hissed them in his affrighted ear, he would utter an almost inaudible moan of "Oh, Madama!" For he loved her. He was the victim of a passion like a thin pure agitated flame burning amid conflagrations. He would have expired in ecstasy beneath her hand, for it would have needed more courage to speak than to die. And now he was in paradise tending the roses and suffering exquisite agonies as she passed, muttering "*je déteste les hommes!*"

As perhaps she did. Yet she would sometimes look suddenly out across the waves with smouldering amber eyes and parted lips, as though she expected to behold once more the figure of a man coming up out of the sea, to offer again the unregarded sacrifices of fidelity and love.

(The end)

## THESE AGELESS THEMES

BY KIRKE MECHEM

AH, yes! It has been said a thousand times:  
 The Hebrew poets sing it; the great Greeks  
 Make it a stately splendor; glorious rhymes  
 Upon it grace the Roman scrolls; it seeks  
 A misty outlet in the Renaissance;  
 Italy voices it, the songs of Spain  
 Echo its melodies, and lyric France  
 Makes of its music an immortal strain.  
 But then, you see, it is all new to me:  
 As it was new to David and to Keats,  
 As it shall be, dear listener, when we  
 Are dumb in dust upon these busy streets,  
 And other singers, dreaming these old dreams,  
 Shall tune their lyres to these eternal themes.

# WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN, SELF-REVEALED

BY T. R. YBARRA

(*Translator of the Ex-Kaiser's Memoirs*)

THREE solemn Germans journeyed from Leipsig to Berlin one day a few months ago and went into solemn conference, in a room at a Berlin hotel, with three Americans who tried hard to imbue themselves for the occasion with something approaching the solemnity of the Teutons. The three Germans represented the Leipsig publishing house which had secured from the ex-German Emperor, William II, the publication rights, for the entire world, of the book of memoirs which he had just completed. The three Americans represented a group of American newspaper and book publishers desirous of purchasing from the Germans the rights to publish the ex-Kaiser's book in America and all lands outside of Germany and Austria.

It was indeed a solemn occasion. All those present looked very grave. Now and then one of them would cough a very serious little cough—the kind of dry, short little cough which comes to those who feel that they are making history. Nobody smiled. Everybody was painfully polite. And, just as the atmosphere was becoming positively oppressive, one of the Germans, the solemnest of the three, suddenly pointed excitedly at something in front of him, and exclaimed:

*"Ein Hund!"*

From somewhere in the shadows of the farthest corner of the room, a Pekingese dog, with snub nose and shaggy hair, had emerged, affably wagging its tail, obviously wishing to take part in the conference. It belonged to the wife of one of the Americans present, an ardent dog fancier. Her

husband spoke severely to the Pekingese, led it away in disgrace, and locked it up in the adjoining bathroom.

But the dog had succeeded, for the time being at least, in breaking up the solemnity of the conference. Everybody was smiling—even the solemnest of the three Teutons, he who had first spied the Pekingese. It was a considerable time before the conference could get back to the note of portentousness on which it had opened.

Finally, however, one of the Germans struck that note a resounding blow by inquiring the exact intentions of the Americans with regard to the Kaiser book.

The Americans made cautious diplomatic answers.

German number two talked darkly of other groups of Americans who were keenly interested.

The three Americans hinted vaguely that they, too, were not only interested but prepared to act.

German number three exclaimed:

*"Noch ein Hund!"*

Another dog—a big black chow this time—had crawled out from under a bed and was frisking about, cordially greeting everybody, enthusiastically wagging its tail, showing plainly that conferences were just in its line. Business was suspended while all present patted the intruder and informed it, in English and German, that it was a nice dog, as it was. Then the chow, too, was locked up in the bathroom.

For a minute or so the solemnity of the occasion hung in the balance. Then all three Germans frowned simultaneously. All three Americans coughed simultaneously. Solemnity was restored.



"Will you allow us to read the ex-Kaiser's manuscript?" asked one of the Americans.

"Here it is," said one of the Germans, producing it from a dispatch case.

The manuscript of the Kaiser book! A tremendous moment!

"We received it ourselves from Holland only a few days ago," said German number two.

"Indeed!" chorused the three Americans.

"*Noch ein Hund!*" exclaimed German number three.

Another dog!—a diminutive whippet—had suddenly poked its head out from beneath a pile of cushions which had completely concealed it up to now, and was gazing eagerly about with its little shining eyes, and snuffing curiously with its little pointed nose, as if to say:

"Kaiser book? Kaiser book? Who said Kaiser book?"

The little dog was caught up almost instantly by an exasperated sweep of the arm of the dog-fancier's husband and deposited behind the door of the bathroom, to keep company with the Pekingese and the chow.

But it had done excellent service in the cause of levity. Instead of being devoted to business, the next few moments were disgracefully trifling. Germans and Americans talked dog—announced their preferences in dogs—told anecdotes concerning interesting dogs of their acquaintance. When the conference was finally resumed, it had been almost entirely shorn of its seriousness. At the most solemn moments, when the most important details of the selling and buying of the publication rights of the Kaiser book were under discussion, the eyes of the Germans would roam uneasily toward dark corners of the room, and the Americans expected to hear at any moment the warning exclamation:

"*Noch ein Hund!*"

This story is told here because what occurred at that conference was curiously analogous to the sensations felt by

one of the Americans present at it when, a few days later, he was called upon to read the book of William Hohenzollern preliminary to translating it into English.

In the midst of discussions of the most portentous events in the years before the war and during the war, William Hohenzollern, author, has a most exasperating way of suddenly dropping without warning into trivialities. His mind has a twist of pettiness which makes it impossible for him to keep his writing on a truly dignified plane for long stretches at a time.

He interrupts disquisitions on Bismarck to turn to lengthy descriptions of men to whom he gave court appointments. He finds plenty of room (in a volume by no means conspicuous for length) to insert long-winded paragraphs of self-approval concerning his services to the cause of art in Germany. In other long paragraphs he pats himself on the back, figuratively speaking, because of his religiousness and the efforts made by him during his reign to benefit religion—anything but a trivial matter, but tainted, when William Hohenzollern touches it, with an unmistakable savor of inappropriateness and triviality. Even the war—even the fact that he has become a dethroned and exiled monarch—cannot keep him from describing complacently how, many years ago, he ordered a certain wing of a certain palace restored in a certain style of architecture; how a Berlin crowd cheered him; how some workmen crowned him once with a laurel wreath; how he valiantly favored the building of a certain railway short-cut around a certain German city, despite the Berserker wrath of the local hotelkeepers. Vanity—and petty vanity at that—continually bobs up in William Hohenzollern, the writer, as it did in William Hohenzollern, Emperor, fiery speech-maker, dabbler in the arts, saber-rattler. Yes, the above-mentioned American felt like exclaiming, at each successive jump by the ex-Emperor from the near-sublime to the near-ridiculous:

"*Noch ein Hund!*"

If only William Hohenzollern, author, would acknowledge himself wrong now and then! If only he would realize that variety is the spice of writing as well as of life—that the tale of a hero who never makes a mistake is likely to set readers yawning. A sprinkling of doubt in his own omniscience, a human chuckle at some confessed blunder, how they would have strengthened William Hohenzollern's "apologia"! But there is no such thing in his book. If ever a man believed in the doctrine of "the king can do no wrong," William does. It is Article One of his creed. It is as self-evident to him as the rising and setting of the sun.

Given such rock-ribbed faith, it is easy for William to look back with complacency on the years of his reign in Germany. Everything that turned out badly during those years was due either to the perfectly incredible wickedness of the nations roundabout or to the blundering of pig-headed Germans who didn't know enough to follow William's advice. He who was so prone to swagger in the days of his glory is not a good loser. He has no idea of fair play. He is always on the spot to claim his share of the credit for whatever successes Germany achieved during his reign; but whenever she was worsted—ah, that is quite another kettle of fish! Is he there to shoulder his part of the blame? Not he! All through his book he deals out blame right and left: he finds plenty of it to pour upon Bismarck, Edward VII, Delcassé, Woodrow Wilson, Sir Edward Grey, the German Republicans of 1918, Bethmann-Hollweg, Poincaré, Sazonoff, Tsar Nicholas, Prince Max of Baden, Freemasons, Socialism, Bolshevism—but none for William Hohenzollern!

And this is not because he looked upon himself as a mere modest participant in the world tragedy. In his own eyes he was anything but a super, anything but a spear-carrier in the back row of the chorus. There he is, self-

described in his book, standing out proudly in the full limelight, in the biggest scenes of the play, bowing to frenzied applause. And then—presto!—something goes wrong somewhere, lines are forgotten, a cue missed, bombastic ranting indulged in, and William, William the Always-Right, is off in his dressing room, far away from the scene of the mishap, getting ready for his next magnificent appearance, absolutely innocent of any part in the deplorable blunders threatening the success of the piece. His capacity for believing himself in the right is simply astounding.

Typical of William Hohenzollern's methods of freeing himself from all blame are his versions of three incidents in his career as Emperor which public opinion all over the world has looked upon as peculiarly his own creation! the so-called Kruger dispatch, the visit to Tangier and the *Daily Telegraph* interview. All of these were of a peculiarly provocative character. They brought Germany to the verge of war with other European nations. They fitted in admirably with the character of William II as he had taken care to display it to the world at large by saber-brandishing, remarks about "shining armor," demands that Germany be allowed to occupy her "place in the sun." Yet now that he is no longer on his throne, no longer the commander-in-chief of a superb army and navy, but a very much humbled exile, he writes down in his volume of memoirs a version of these incidents which reveals him as an innocent victim of the statesmen surrounding him, a docile tool acting for what he was told was the good of his country.

The incident of the famous "Kruger dispatch" occurred, it will be remembered, while Great Britain was at war with the Boer Republics in South Africa. In Germany, the ex-Kaiser writes, there was strong sympathy for the Boers; as for himself, however, he "believed that there was no way to prevent England from conquering the



Boer countries should she so desire, although I also was convinced that such a conquest would be unjust." Therefore, he tells us, he tried in vain to overcome the growing anti-English feeling among the Germans, to such an extent that he was harshly judged by his intimates for his attitude.

One day, when he was in conference with Imperial Chancellor Hohenlohe, Freiherr von Marschall, one of the Secretaries of State (to continue the ex-Kaiser's version of the celebrated incident) burst excitedly into the room with a sheet of paper in his hand containing the rough draft of a telegram of sympathy which, Marschall insisted, the Emperor must sign and send to President Kruger of the Transvaal Republic, in view of the strong pro-Boer feeling existing in Germany.

"I objected to this," writes the ex-Emperor. Whereupon Chancellor Hohenlohe took a hand in the matter. Here is how William describes what ensued:

"He (Hohenlohe) remarked that I, as a constitutional ruler, must not stand out against the national consciousness and against my constitutional advisers; otherwise, there was danger that the excited attitude of the German people, deeply outraged in its sense of justice and also in its sympathy for the Dutch, might cause it to break down the barriers and turn against me personally. Already, he said, statements were flying about among the people; it was being said that the Emperor was, after all, half an Englishman, with secret English sympathies; that he was entirely under the influence of his grandmother, Queen Victoria; that the dictation emanating from England must cease once for all, that the Emperor must be freed from English tutelage, etc. In view of all this, he continued, it was his duty as Imperial Chancellor, notwithstanding he admitted the justification of my objections, to insist that I sign the telegram, in the general political interest, and, above all else, in the interest of my relationship to my people.

He, and also Herr von Marschall, he went on, in their capacity of my constitutional advisers, would assume full responsibility for the telegram and its consequences. . . .

"Then I tried again to dissuade the gentlemen from their project. But the Imperial Chancellor and Marschall insisted that I sign, reiterating that they would be responsible for the consequences. It seemed to me that I ought not to refuse after their presentation of the case. I signed."

This is typical. The storm broke after the publication of the telegram, William goes on to say, just as he had prophesied. "Why did he sign?" one cannot help asking. If he was so absolutely sure that the Kruger dispatch would stir up an international hornets' nest, why in the name of all that was sensible did he sign it? The talk about the duty of a constitutional monarch is characteristic of William's entire volume of memoirs. How difficult it is to square this docile, "constitutional" Emperor with him of the upturned moustachios and fiery harangues!

Maybe the Kruger dispatch was not entirely William Hohenzollern's doing, but his insistence upon his absolute innocence of everything connected with it except the signature at the foot is a bit too much of a good thing. "*Noch ein Hund!*"

It is the same with the well-known *Daily Telegraph* interview. William, according to himself, sent the manuscript of it to the German Foreign Office, underlining certain portions which, he felt, should be blue-penciled; but, by some official oversight, they were not. Result—another burst of English wrath against the "impulsive" Emperor, in spite of the fact that, as always, he was quite innocent of having said anything provocative.

The imperial landing at Tangier in 1905, which stirred up wild French indignation, has usually been attributed to William Hohenzollern's passion for strutting and fretting upon the world's

stage. But—again, according to himself—he never liked the idea from the start; it was foisted upon him by those wicked counselors of his! Was ever a poor monarch striving to be strictly “constitutional” so hampered by horrid counselors as was William Hohenzollern? On this occasion it is Chancellor von Bülow who is paraded before the eyes of the ex-Monarch’s readers as the arch-villain in the piece.

The Tangier trip was originally to have been merely an innocent imperial Mediterranean junket, for which Albert Ballin, the Hamburg shipping king, a close friend of the Kaiser, had kindly provided one of his steamers. But those awful German statesmen, headed by Imperial Chancellor von Bülow, would not allow poor William to stick to his original innocent program. Having got him to agree to drop in for a visit to Lisbon, the Portuguese capital, von Bülow expressed the additional wish that a stop be made also at Tangier.

The cloven hoof! Peace-loving William recognized it instantly. Right manfully he fought against it!

“I declined,” he remarks, apropos of the Tangier proposition, “since it seemed to me that the Morocco question was too full of explosive matter and I feared that such a visit would work out disadvantageously rather than beneficially. But Bülow returned to the attack, without, however, persuading me of the necessity or advisability of the visit.”

That sounds as if, for once, William was going to stick to what he thought was right. But Bülow adroitly came back, we are told, with a harangue on the Emperor’s duty to the German people. That was enough. Again William had a sudden attack of “constitutionalism.” He decided that duty forced him to go to Tangier.

“I gave in, with a heavy heart,” he writes, “for I feared that this visit, in view of the situation at Paris, might be construed as a provocation.”

It was. The French—especially Foreign Minister Delcassé—were furious.

For a while it looked as if war would come and poor William would be blamed for it; fortunately, however, the storm blew over.

“To think and act constitutionally,” wails the ex-Kaiser, “is often a hard task for a ruler.” To which one American reader appends, *sotto voce*:

“*Noch ein Hund!*”

Given such a capacity for self-exoneration in relation to events happening during the peaceful part of his reign, it is only natural that William Hohenzollern applies it, unrelieved by the slightest tinge of doubt, when he comes to his relationship to the World War.

But he changes his method. Whereas, regarding what occurred before the war, he admits responsibility on the part of this or that German, he absolves not only himself, but every other German, of war-guilt. Chancellor Hohenlohe may have erred in connection with the Kruger dispatch, Chancellor von Bülow in the matter of the imperial trip to Tangier, but every whit of responsibility for the war is saddled by William Hohenzollern upon statesmen in the Allied countries. He tells no tales about momentous war documents being brought to him for his imperial signature, of momentous acts forced upon him by designing German officials, of dreadful struggles raging within his imperial bosom because of his desire to be “constitutional.”

“The aims of the Entente could be attained only through a war, those of Germany only without a war.” In that sentence William Hohenzollern sums up all he has to say in his volume as to where the responsibility lies for the greatest war in history. And, here again, the reader’s exasperation at his methods is aroused. If only he would admit that Germany was the least bit responsible for the war, how much stronger would be his case before the world! If only he admitted that there was something even remotely akin to militarism in Germany—that he himself had now and then longed for something



other than manoeuvres on which to keep his army busy—how much more willing readers of his memoirs would be to listen to his protestations of innocence on behalf of himself and all his countrymen. As it is, the thought paramount in the reader's mind is: "No! There never *can* have been such a nation of snow-white lambs! There never *can* have been such a sweet woolly innocent as William pictures himself to have been!" And that thought constantly recurs to the reader as he turns page after page of the ex-Kaiser's vehement protestations. William should have known enough to put a touch of gray here and there when he painted those white coats for himself and the other millions of German lambs led to the slaughter. He might almost as well have painted them black, for all the good that his dazzling expanse of white does for him and his subjects in the eyes of the weary reader.

But common justice demands that the good points of William's book be touched upon as well as the bad. And it has plenty of good points. Despite pettiness and vanity, unfairness and blindness, it is interesting throughout—perhaps it is impossible for one who stood in such an eminent position at such a critical historical juncture, and moved in the midst of such vastly important events, to be uninteresting when he sits down to write. Anyhow, William certainly manages to hold interest.

And another thing, he is infinitely less involved in his style than the majority of his fellow-countrymen who set pen to paper; there is a smoothness and simplicity about it for which one reader at least—William's translator—was profoundly grateful to the Fates. The said translator has, in his day, put vast stretches of horribly involved German into English, suffering acute torture in so doing; he has even tackled the dreadful Maximilian Harden, Arch-Priest of Linguistic Complication, who writes in voluminous sentences which writhe and coil and uncoil themselves

across his pages like snakes in a pit. When first called upon to translate the ex-Kaiser's memoirs into English the said translator started, turned pale and passed his hand across a moist brow. But, after he had undertaken the task and resigned himself to what he thought would be weeks of torment, he received an agreeable surprise. At first he simply could not believe it! "Here is a German who writes in a straightforward, simple style!" he kept telling himself, adding immediately: "No! Impossible! It can't be!"

As he proceeded, however, doubt changed to certainty. William Hohenzollern *does* write with simplicity and clarity! This conviction, stealing over the astonished translator, put him in such a grateful mood that he was ready to forgive the ex-imperial author much in the way of shortcomings in other directions. But it was no use—there was too much to forgive! All the simplicity and clarity in the entire book did not suffice to keep the translator from getting back constantly into his "*Noch ein Hund!*" attitude. The worst enemy of William Hohenzollern, ex-German Emperor, is William Hohenzollern, memoir writer.

There are good bits of characterization in the book, little deft touches that stick in the reader's mind. Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg's meticulousness, his wearisome habit of waiting until he had found exactly the right phrase before he launched his state documents, are described with malicious neatness. Bethmann-Hollweg, as his imperial master depicts him, must have been the Gustav Flaubert of statesmen; just as Flaubert so tortured himself in his search for *le mot juste* that he often finished by writing nothing at all, so Bethmann-Hollweg dallied so long in making his official utterances unassailable in logic that he thereby frequently robbed his statesmanship of the name of action.

And the towering preponderance of Prince Bismarck over all his co-workers in the German government of his day

is happily hit off by the ex-Kaiser in a phrase: "The prince loomed up like a huge block of granite in a meadow; were he to be dragged away, what would be found beneath would be mostly worms and dead roots."

Likewise, in a book where there is so much to criticize, where lack of a balanced judgment in the author becomes so glaringly apparent, where so much that is vital is omitted and so much that is trivial included, it becomes a duty to congratulate the ex-Kaiser on one other point: When he writes of naval matters his words have the ring of genuine knowledge. It becomes perfectly evident that his interest in the German navy was the real thing. When he ventures into the domain of cultural pursuits, that which he writes only too often carries no more conviction of knowledge than the thesis of a college freshman.

There is strong probability that even the most rabid anti-Hohenzollern reader will lay down the ex-Kaiser's volume and note within himself an unexpected lack of anything like hate for the author. After all, hate presupposes in the object hated definiteness and strength—one does not hate intangibilities. And William Hohenzollern, self-revealed in his memoirs, is so utterly indefinite and weak and intangible! How can hate get its teeth into him? Hate often goes hand in hand with respect—quite unbeknownst, mostly, to him who hates—but how can one respect William Hohenzollern after reading his book? Laugh at him, yes; pooh-pooh him, swear at him, pity him—yes, indeed; but respect him—never!

Plenty of men in William's Germany realized this. Bismarck, especially. The Iron Chancellor's treatment of his young master, as one glimpses it in the latter's pages, was downright insulting. So was Ludendorff's during the war, to judge from good evidence. And what could more clearly show how William was looked upon by some of his coadjutors

than his own version, in his memoirs, of how those fateful documents, the German notes in answer to President Wilson, were dispatched from Berlin:

"The notes to Wilson were discussed and written by Solf, the War Cabinet and the Reichstag, after sessions lasting hours, without my being informed thereof, until finally, on the occasion of the last note to Wilson, I caused Solf to be given to understand very plainly through my Chief of Cabinet that I demanded to know about the note *before* it was sent."

*Verbum sap.* What is one to think of such a man? He strutted at the head of the German army and navy as if he were their commander; he waved his saber as if he were militarism itself; he goose-stepped as if he were the entire Potsdam gang; but, after all, plenty of Germans—not including himself, though—had their tongues in their cheeks as they watched him, knowing him full well as a magnificent scarecrow.

As well hate an actor because he takes the part of the villain in a play. As well strike a parrot for swearing. This is certainly cold comfort for William Hohenzollern. He would doubtless greatly prefer that readers should lay down his book with big, definite thoughts about it—sweeping feelings for or against—yes, even against it, for, after all, it is something to an author to arouse passionate disapproval in readers.

But William Hohenzollern cannot rightfully expect such things. His book will be read all over the world, even to its remotest corners—it is not every day that an ex-emperor writes his "apologia" for his part in some of the most tremendous events in history—and it will be read with absorbed interest, commented upon lavishly, used as fuel for hot controversy lasting far into the years that follow its appearance.

Yet the chances are strong that the judgment of most readers upon its author will be:

"A pitifully small man doomed to figure in tremendously big events."





# THE LION'S MOUTH

## THE ADVENTURES OF FLORIZEL

BY "FLACCUS"

**F**LORIZEL kissed his old father and mother good-by, and took one last tearful look at his humble cottage that had been his home for so many years, before setting forth into the great wide world to seek his fortune. On his back was a small knapsack which contained the earmuffs and the red woolen socks that his mother had knitted for him.

As he stood at the door his father thrust something in his hand.

"I have no money to give you," he said, "but in time of need or trouble this cantrap will be worth more to you than gold."

"This what?" asked Florizel.

"Cantrap, you dumbell!" said his father.

"What's that?" said the boy.

"It's a joke," answered the father, and slammed the door.

When he had gone a little distance down the road, Florizel took the cantrap out of his pocket, and read it. On a small sheet of paper this was written:

Why does a chicken cross the road?—

Because he wants to get on the other side.

"By golly, that's a good one!" he exclaimed, for he had a keen sense of humor, and he burst into a fit of laughing that lasted eighteen minutes.

He put the cantrap carefully back into his pocket, and continued on his way, now and again breaking into loud chuckles as the humor of the joke came back to him.

Toward noon he came to a large and imposing building. On the door was a sign:

## QUIPS AND CRANKS

The National Humorous Weekly

Editor's Office.

Florizel was beginning to feel hungry, so he opened the door and walked in.

"Good morning," said the editor amiably. "Sit down and have a cigar."

"I have a piece here that I thought you might like," said Florizel, drawing the cantrap from his pocket.

"Let's hear it," said the editor.

Florizel glanced at the cantrap, and recited the following:

A timorous chicken once tried

To cross over a roadway quite wide.

When his friends asked him "Why?"

He at once made reply,

"To arrive on the opposite side."

When he finished reading, two assistant editors came in and picked up the editor, who had rolled off his seat in a paroxysm of laughter, dusted him off, and placed him back on his chair.

"That's a knockout!" exclaimed the editor. "Have you anything else?"

"Well," said Florizel, glancing again at the cantrap, "how is this?"

During the Great War a division of American troops was quartered near the bridge that crosses the Yser from Bapaume to Chantilly. One night an American general, returning home from a late party at the French headquarters in Chantilly met a doughboy walking rapidly across the bridge.

"What do you mean by crossing this bridge at this time of night?" exclaimed the irate general, gruffly.

The doughboy drew himself up to his full height, saluted briskly, and with a merry twinkle in his eye replied, "I want to get over to Bapaume, sir."

Florizel took the check that the editor gave him, and after dining at the most expensive restaurant in the town, he purchased a limousine and continued on his way.

In time he came to a magnificent marble palace, the home of *The Goose Quill*, the most cultured and discriminating literary magazine in the country. Florizel waited in the car while his chauffeur took his card inside. In a moment the editor himself came running out, and greeted him warmly.

"This is indeed a pleasure," said the editor. "We hope you have brought us something for our magazine." Being an editor he always spoke of himself as "we."

Florizel followed him into his sanctum.

"I have a poem here that I'd like to read you," he said. "It goes like this:

#### CROSSING THE ROAD

If you'd succeed, tho scoffers mock and  
taunt you,  
If you would win where weaker men have  
tried,  
Go bravely forth, my lad, let nothing daunt  
you,  
And you, at last, will reach the other side.  
At times the world will greet you harshly,  
coldly.  
At times the world will throw you for  
a loss,  
But keep your head erect and step out  
boldly,  
And soon, my lad, you'll find that you're  
across.  
This world, my lad, has no use for a quitter.  
The prize for him who proudly bears his  
load.  
Remember, when the way seems hard and  
bitter,  
The other side is reached across the road.

When Florizel finished reading the editor was in tears.

"My boy, my boy!" he sobbed, taking both of Florizel's hands in his. "That poem is a masterwork, it is genius! Take my job as editor. I resign. And I want you to marry my beautiful daughter Florabel to-morrow. She is worth twenty million dollars in her own right."

They say that the wedding was the most gorgeous ever held. The President and his entire cabinet were there, and at the last minute the King and Queen of England cabled their regrets. After the dinner speeches were made, Florizel convulsed his hearers by the story of the Irishman on the ocean liner who was asked by one of the passengers why he was going across.

#### THE DROWSY SYROP OF THE REFORMERS

BY C. A. BENNETT

THIS is the story of what happened to Richard Henderson, *aetat.* thirty-seven, respectable and respected citizen, when he took up with the reformers.

Richard Henderson had a comfortable house, a pleasant wife, and three quite nice children. His life, as lives go, was a fairly busy one. Every morning he left home for the office at eight o'clock and remained there, except for an hour off for lunch, until five. From five-thirty to seven he would play with the children or work in the garden or tinker with his car. In the evenings friends would come in for bridge, or he might go with his wife to the theater, to the movies, or to a concert. Sometimes, hounded by a sense of duty, he attended a meeting of one of the many committees of which he was a member. He liked best to spend the evening reading. His literature included the evening paper, two or three of the superior monthly magazines, *Punch*, the novels of Archibald Marshall and H. G. Wells, and Babson's reports. His favorite diversion, however, by some freak of temperament, he found in the novels of Sir Walter Scott.

On fine Saturday afternoons he played golf. Sunday morning he went to church with his family, from habit rather than conviction; in the afternoon he took them for a drive in the car. In sum, then, he was an honest and energetic business man, a useful citizen, a



man without conspicuous vices, leading a normal and a tolerably happy existence.

Happy, that is, until one day he chanced upon an editorial in one of the liberadical weeklies. The subject of the editorial was the need for an intelligent public opinion. The writer contended that the well-to-do middle class, to whom, with a faint sneer, he attached the epithets "respectable," "genteel," "bourgeois," was the chief barrier in the way of this. They were neglecting their responsibilities. While they—an unthinking herd—attended to business, brought up families, played golf, motored, went to baseball games and movies and church, civilization was going to rack and ruin.

Richard Henderson could not, and did not, fail to see that he was a member of this ignoble class. With a shock he perceived that the writer's strictures applied to him. He began to wonder if his life was not, after all, both mischievous and futile. He had not seen things in this way before; but now owning a motor car began to appear sinful, and the next time he played golf he would feel like Nero fiddling.

If he had been even fifty-one per cent virile, or if he had known that the writer of the editorial was a wealthy young gentleman a few years out of college who lived in a comfortable apartment in Washington and whose sole occupation was the writing of editorials of this kind, he might have hurled the weekly into the fireplace and prayed for a chance to treat the author in the same fashion; but, since he was only a respectable and somewhat impressionable citizen, the guilty feeling persisted.

Thus, cogitating upon his newly discovered responsibilities, he decided to Take the First Step. He subscribed to three liberadical weeklies.

The first was *The Exterminator*. It was irritating, it was violent, it was cruel, it was harrowing. Most of the articles came back in the end to Karl Marx and the Rule of the Proletariat and the Rising Sun of the Russian

Revolution. A respectable citizen might disagree with it; he might hate it; but he could not deny its penetration and its power. He could not do other than flinch before its exposure of shams and vibrate with its sympathy for suffering and its detestation of injustice.

The second was *The Weekly Challenge*. It was at once more moderate and more high-brow in tone. While admitting and even emphasizing the evils enumerated by *The Exterminator*, it deplored violence and preached reform rather than revolution—as though one should spend one's time demonstrating to a man that a certain rock was so obdurate that clearly it must be moved, if at all, by dynamite, only to offer him at the close of your remarks a chisel and your good wishes. It persistently treated Marx and the Soviet Government as having merely an historical interest. It differed, further, from *The Exterminator* in preferring to deal with principles and systems rather than with particular cases. In fact, one got the impression that it was interested in the particular case primarily as illustrating some economic or political principle. Its literary style was unlovely. Sentences like this were common: "A principle of systematization which has functioned so successfully in the past reveals its inadequacy when its incorporation is attempted in the flux of a constantly changing societal context."

The third was *The World Reborn*. *The World Reborn* took itself seriously. There was something almost cosmic in the sweep of its generalizations. It concerned itself exclusively with movements international in scope. Week in and week out, it prophesied that Civilization or the World or Society was on the brink of disaster and would founder in ruin unless something or other were done. The remedies discussed were various, involving Leagues of Nations, systems of international finance, the destruction of Imperialism, A Great Religious Awakening. Common to them all was the suggestion they contained

that Civilization could not be saved bit by bit. Before any part of the world or mankind could be saved, the World as a whole or Human Nature in its entirety must be made over.

Such, in general, was the diet which Richard Henderson proposed to himself in order that he might fit himself to do his share in building up an intelligent public opinion.

He began with *The Exterminator*. It came on Tuesday. After reading his first number he decided that he would have to find out something about Marx and his theories. *The Exterminator* seemed to take it for granted that its readers would know all about him. He was moved to horror and anger by two apparently authentic narratives describing the inhuman conduct of mine guards in a recent strike. If this sort of thing were common—and it seemed to be—no wonder the victims cried out for red revolution. He would make it his business to find out more about the sort of provocation these people had to suffer. Meanwhile he wanted to *do* something; it was impossible to sleep quiet o' nights while such deeds were being done. But what could he do?

He was fretful and disturbed until Thursday brought *The Weekly Challenge*,—a number specially devoted to Education. The leading article took the line that the hope of a better world lay with the coming generation. And what were we doing for them? In the following articles Education in all its branches was reviewed and a multitude of reforms proposed. Through a mist of long words Richard Henderson could make out that things were in a bad way. The teachers in the public schools were utterly incompetent; the private schools existed only to impose or confirm the standards of the wealthy and respectable classes; the universities were fashionable country clubs controlled by capital. In the face of such revelations how could he go on with his plan to send his boy to college? At least before doing so he ought to test the indictment.

In this new perturbation of mind Richard Henderson forgot all about Marx and the Revolution. The wrongs and sufferings of the exploited classes faded from his mind. Worry about the rottenness of education and what he could do about it crowded out all other thoughts.

Two days later—on Saturday—came his copy of *The World Reborn*. The longest article in it was called *The War that is Coming*. It presented evidence to show that statesmen in many countries were preparing for another world-war in five or ten years. It sketched some of the certain horrors of that catastrophe. It ended with a quotation from an article upon *The Unknown Soldier* in which the writer said that there were millions of unknown soldiers—they were the young men of the next generation.

Richard Henderson thought of his son, and a chill struck at his heart. What was the use of bothering about the exploited classes or the education of youth if all alike were going to be flung into the hopper of the next war?

The result of his week's reading was an overwhelming sense of the world's wrongs, a confused memory of many remedies, an immense cloud of depression at his own ignorance and futility. He was utterly bewildered.

On Saturday afternoon he played golf in order to shake off his despondency; in the evening he played bridge with the same purpose. On Sunday he went mechanically through the day's routine to save himself from thinking. On Monday morning he plunged eagerly into the tasks of the office. Here at any rate was something to be done, something he could do with a fair chance of visible success.

On Tuesday the periodic bombardment by the weeklies was renewed. But the first week's experience was typical of all the rest. *The Exterminator* would first raise a wave of revolt which on Thursday would meet with another wave like unto it. Into the nasty chop



thus created would come marching on Saturday the wave heaved up by *The World Reborn*. By Saturday afternoon the three waves had neutralized one another so as to produce on Sunday a sinister and unhappy calm.

After two months of this Richard Henderson discovered that the net result upon his way of living of taking an intelligent interest in modern thought was to make him throw himself more earnestly than before into the daily routine of a respectable and respected citizen.

So he canceled his subscriptions to the three liberal-radical weeklies.

*Moral:* There is nothing like a lot of revolutionary ideas for keeping people quiet, or, if you prefer a simpler version: One thing at a time, please.

### THE GRAMMAR OF INTERNATIONAL HATE

BY F. M. COLBY

**P**ROBABLY no historian of French literature would ever dare omit Cæsar's description of the ancient Gauls for the light it throws on the modern French character. Even M. Lanson in the closely packed pages of his excellent summary is afraid to leave it out. And like all the rest, he does not seem to notice the enormous inclusiveness of Cæsar's characterization, which applies of course to the French, but also to the Nicaraguans, the Bolsheviks, the Bostonians, and in some respects to almost anybody. I myself have many personal acquaintances—of rather simple natures, I admit—who are ancient Gauls all through. Cæsar *redivivus* would probably feel as much at home in any club in New York City, as he would in Paris. Cæsar apparently was among the first of our international impressionists, and he put a people in a nutshell just as M. Paul Bourget does to-day, summing up their character in a few bold strokes that applied quite as well to other people's characters. Why the French should be proud of their anthropological share in the thing is rather hard to see.

But at least M. Lanson is not sentimental about the Gauls or disagreeable to other persons who have no real Gauls in the family; and therein he seems wonderfully reasonable and kind as compared with our writers on the early Germans. I suppose young people have no idea what a nuisance that old German married couple used to be in the hands of American professors back from Berlin, all full of that strange dull early German madness. Civilization, they used to say, so far as there was anything decent about it, all came from that married pair who lived in the Thuringian woods about the year 1 A.D. And lucky it was for us and for the purity of our Anglo-Saxon heritage, that the husband loved liberty and the wife was chaste. Otherwise there would be no town-meetings in the State of Massachusetts (originally old hundred-gemots), no sessions of Congress (manifestly a witenagemot), no Democratic state conventions (transmitted by bands of early German warriors clanking spears in token of good citizenship), no home life worth mentioning (home, *heim*, early German invention, for which the French language has no word), and nobody would know how his wife might be behaving. Of course, there might be other origins for some of the more gaudy aspects of civilization such as literature, the arts, humanism, the Renaissance, and so forth, but for the solid kind of thing, and especially for anything like true political capacity, there was only that early German couple. American schools of political science were founded on this idea and a generation of American scholars lived and died with it.

Having scarcely any of this early German blood in us, we found it hard sometimes to take pride in it, but we contrived generally to do so. Blood will tell, we used to say—with an Irish city government, a President two-thirds Dutch, Hebrew signs on half the buildings, four Scandinavian state governors, Poles in possession of the Connecticut Valley, and Letts and Slovaks nurs-

ing that tradition of Jonathan Edwards at his birthplace—and when it came to an issue with some low mixed Latin people we could trace ourselves all back to Hengist and Horsa by way of the Pilgrim Fathers and the barons of King John at Runnymede. To be sure, our blood claims on these occasions bore with great severity on the domestic morals of the Pilgrim Fathers, every one of whom would have had to lead a life far gayer than that of Augustus the Strong of Saxony to account for the richness of the strain. But if you want to be an Angle, a Saxon, or a Jute, you must forgive a certain carelessness in a Pilgrim Father.

Nowadays, although the Anglo-Saxon blood of a polyglot American Congress may boil at any time over an oil concession in Mexico, the early German enthusiasm of the educated public has cooled. Contemporary historians, I understand, have abandoned that scandalous attempt to fasten everybody's paternity on the Pilgrim Fathers, against whom nothing of the sort was ever proved, and when they lie for the country they do it more plausibly.

Not that I blame anybody for his nationalistic nonsense when his passions are aroused, for I know very well that in the event of a Boche invasion, I myself would have claimed descent from Romulus and Remus, if it would have served my country's cause. But while reasonableness is unattainable, there is a degree of unreason on the part of many distinguished men of letters, writing now in time of peace, that seems superfluous. I mean the hating or loving of great masses of mankind, and the cursing of some from the date of their purely imaginary origin down to the present time, such as we see every week or so in the writings of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, M. Alfred Capus, M. Paul Bourget, M. Maurice Barrès, Rudyard Kipling, and other formerly interesting authors. Or rather I mean the pretending to hate or love at all on such an enormous scale, for it is of course in-

credible that any of these writers should have any feeling whatever toward the vast areas and populations, almost wholly unknown to him, which his language includes.

I wish I could think it was because I was virtuous or fairminded that I dislike these vast geographical expressions of love and hate on the part of my distinguished contemporaries, but I fear my sentiment is compounded exclusively of incredulity and ennui. When the nationalistic fit is on them, every one of these estimable writers falls into the language of the burlesque patriots in Dickens's *Martin Chuzzlewit*. It is not because I love all the Germans of history that Mr. Chesterton's professed hatred of all the Germans of history bores me almost as much as Deacon Pogram on the past and future of America. Justice to all the Germans of history has very little part in my distaste. It is rather because when the language swells out as Mr. Chesterton's and Deacon Pogram's does on these occasions there is hardly anything left inside for the mind to grasp. Moreover, hate and love have nothing to feed on in these great empty verbal expanses. Hatred requires the concrete, and is fed on contacts, pictures, memories, and the man who would pass on some of his own vindictiveness to a neighbor must call up a definite image to his mind. The language of international hatred, as employed by these writers, suffers terribly from this impotence of the too inclusive term. It is impossible to shake your fist with any satisfaction at millions of unknown people over thousands of years.

Mr. Chesterton could hate his uncle splendidly. He can hate Lloyd George pretty well, and various persons named Isaacs or Samuels, and certain groups of socialists, eugenists and evolutionists, and can rise to a more inclusive hatred for large bodies of Germans, Russians, humanitarians, etc., though as his hatred expands in area it necessarily loses much of that fine personal finish which a more clearly realized



object, such as an uncle, would call forth. But while Mr. Chesterton could not only hate his uncle but could describe his uncle so vividly that I should hate him also, Mr. Chesterton could not hate everybody's uncle and still less could he blaze out against the abominations of uncles generally with the slightest prospect of communicating an indignant warmth to any other mind. The terms, Jews, Germans, Englishmen, Russians, etc., as employed by Mr. Chesterton, M. Paul Bourget, M. Le Bon, and other haters of vast and presumably homogeneous blocks of the human race from their dimmest origins on throughout eternity, seem nearly as devoid of specific content when you come to examine them as does the word uncle. It is bad language in the literal sense, simply as language—not because it abuses millions of persons, but because it does not convey any meaning to any person. Mr. Chesterton hates Jews, for example, as some people hate butter, being no more capable than they are of conveying to any other mind the reason why, but while the butter-hater—quite reasonably, it seems to me—does not insist on constantly expressing his hatred of butter in the magazines, Mr. Chesterton proceeds with the publication of his perfectly incommunicable anti-Semitic ardor almost without a pause. Differences among Jews, as, for example, between good Jews and bad ones, seem from his description to be no more present in his mind than differences between pats of butter in the butter-haters. I do not deny that the usual French academician's article on the "German mentality" applies to a good many Germans, but it applies also to Satan, snakes, the Jukes family in the United States, and so many other things besides that you cannot keep the Germans in your mind. This literary language of hate needs the refreshment of acute domestic experience. Show me, as the French say, the people you frequent, and I will tell you whom you hate most.

## THE SWAPPER'S EXCHANGE

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

IN a certain fiction magazine redolent of the Far West, where red corpuscles, silver dollars, and tales of adventure circulate freely, there is a monthly feature more intriguing to me than all the pages given over to fiction. It is a "swapper's exchange" conducted for the readers of the magazine, some of whom hail from the authentic wilds of Wyoming and Saskatchewan, but who mostly are addressed at such frontier points as Brooklyn and Bayonne, New Jersey. To this page, for a small charge, readers contribute notices of swaps which they would like to make with other readers.

As would be expected in such a virile journal, most of the swapping seems to be done in firearms. The standard variety of notice is represented by the appeal of Mr. Mahaffy of New Straitsville, Ohio, for a .32 or .38 revolver in place of his 12-gauge, single-barreled shotgun. Mr. Mahaffy and his like are men of iron, and must always be shooting something. But the firearm-swaps form the routine prose of the exchange. For its poetry we turn to the suggested swaps in which musical instruments figure. Listen to this revelation of the deeper nature of Mr. Bracebridge of Chicago:

Course in electricity, including books and motor parts, electrical testing outfit; good set of tools, including a blow-torch. Will swap for thirty dollars or a clarinet.

Such is Mr. Bracebridge's fervid appeal. Reading it, you and I realize that we are witnessing a man, at one of the turning points of his career. Mr. Bracebridge has come to that moment in his life when mechanical satisfactions fail. He wants something more truly expressive of his spirit. Electricity gives him now no pleasurable shock; his motor parts seem but senseless baubles; even his blow-torch palls. He would play the clarinet. True, he still gropes but feebly for the light; he suggests that he could also find a use for thirty dollars.

But the process of æsthetic regeneration has begun. And meanwhile, Mr. Kurtz, owner of a Kodak, Savage rifle, English-made hammer gun, and Winchester rifle, is ready to swap the lot, so eager is he, for a good saxophone, with which he may charm magic casements opening on the foam of Irricana, Alberta, Canada.

Surely, we say to ourselves as we read the words of Mr. Kurtz, civilization is on the march. The saxophone has reached Irricana. But we read on, and we are unstrung. There are those who have tried music, and found it wanting. On the very same page Mr. Farrington of Big Prairie, Alberta, confesses that his accordion with twenty-one treble keys and eight bass keys is to him a dull thing. He will swap it for a long-range telescope with which to scan the prairie; and he adds plaintively, "What else have you?" Mr. Stevens of Milton, Wisconsin, possesses a violin with bow, case, chin rest, mute, pitch pipes, and three exercise books, a piano-cornet duet book and a violin duet book, but he will give them up for a typewriter. Possibly he aspires to a literary career, but we are doubtful; we fear that Mr. Stevens is done with the arts. And Mr. Jones is still more surely lost. Writing from Cleveland, Ohio, he says tersely:

Xylophone, three octaves, demountable, with four sets of assorted tone mallets and complete course of instruction. Will swap for Colt or S. & W. revolver, .45, or a 1917 Springfield .30-.30 rifle.

The wheel has come full circle. While music wins its victories in Chicago and Irricana, elsewhere it goes down to defeat. Mr. Jones played the xylophone and Cleveland was not impressed. Now he would cut a dash with a revolver.

This is discouraging enough for the proponents of cultural progress, but the swappers have worse in store for us. Mr. Miller of Bellaire, Ohio, touches the depths of disillusion. "Course in hypnotism to swap for fishing tackle." That is all. And yet picture to yourself what

lies behind those eight simple words. It is the old, old story of the idealist grown old and turning conservative. Once Mr. Miller thought he could hypnotize the fish. "What," he used to say as he set out for the river, "use tackle? My dear sir, such methods are barbaric and outworn. There is good in the worst fish, if we can only learn to appeal to it. Psychology is revolutionizing fishing."

But now everything is changed. Many a bitter hour has Mr. Miller spent by the brookside. And to-day he joins the conservatives and argues that you can't change fish nature. He would have tackle and yet more tackle. Let us leave him with the reactionaries and read on.

Mr. Sturgis of Duluth was ever a huntsman. "Rod, fishing, nine feet, of split bamboo, in three pieces," reads his notice; "small reel; tambourine; set of boxing gloves; pair of woolen spiral puttees; 2 pocket pieces; small hunting knife with sheath; nickel-plated folding drinking cup; leather cartridge belt for .32 cartridges; 36 foreign coins, some dated back to 1708; canvas shotgun or rifle case; many other articles. I want firearms."

It may be argued that Mr. Sturgis belongs with Mr. Miller, that he used to play the tambourine to the wild creatures of Minnesota and lure them with the intellectual appeal of foreign coins of 1708; but his case is less simple. Mr. Sturgis, it appears, always went into the forest armed. Sometimes, perhaps, a pair of boxing gloves sufficed and he met the animals man to man in equal combat; yet he mentions cartridge belts and rifle cases also. Probably, like your more cautious liberal, he was willing to fall back upon armed force if the safety of the community demanded it. I for one refuse to be discouraged by Mr. Sturgis's words. Rather would I regard him as the defender of Duluth, ready to sacrifice even his nickel-plated folding drinking cup and to go thirsty if only by so doing he



may bring to Minnesota peace with honor. The women and children are in danger. Does Mr. Sturgis cringe? No. Stepping forward to the edge of the forest he lays down coins, pocket pieces, and puttees, and says quietly yet in a voice ringing with determination, "I want firearms."

I would willingly close the magazine at this tremendous climax, but the last word remains to be said. Mr. Lewis has not yet spoken. His little message from Rochester, New York, may be less heroic, but it is more refreshing. Man, he reminds us, is the romantic animal. His preferences in recreation may change with the passing years, but always the open spaces and the untrammelled life call to him. Read with me Mr. Lewis's declaration of faith:

Guitar, Hawaiian, with steels and picks; bicycle; male hound,  $\frac{3}{4}$  beagle,  $\frac{1}{4}$  fox hound,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  years old. Will swap for canoe, wall tent, guns—or what have you?

Here again is one of life's milestones passed. In the old days Mr. Lewis followed the friendly road on his bicycle, playing his guitar, his faithful hound trotting at his side. A charming picture, is it not? The hound may be a little difficult for us to visualize, as Mr. Lewis does not specify how the quarters were distributed, but let us risk inaccuracy and picture the beagle three-quarters as leading, the long ears of a beagle flapping to the rhythmic sound of the Hawaiian guitar as this modern troubadour went trundling along the country lanes; while the tail of a fox-hound, securely attached to his hindmost quar-

ter, wagged pleasantly at the rustics who gathered by the way. Mr. Lewis confesses that he has now had enough of bicycle, guitar, and hound. Perhaps one day the hound, angered at some dissonance (for the ear of a beagle, as you know, is sensitive) bit his master and the troop is now at odds with itself. We may never know. But Mr. Lewis will not return to a humdrum life. He cries for a canoe, wall tent, guns. Romance in him would enter another phase. And if this new turn in his career seems to you more prosaic, remember that the decision has not been unalterably made. Turn back and read again Mr. Lewis's closing words: "Or what have you?"

There is your true romantic. For the moment Mr. Lewis's whim is to paddle a canoe by day and sleep in a wall tent by night, dreaming, perhaps, that his hound is there to guard the door, the beagle part inside for comradeship, the fox-hound quarter outside for protection against the wild things of the woodland. But Mr. Lewis is not wedded to any such idea. He will take the fortunes of life as they come to him. While you and I are yet reading his words, a swap proposed by some other reader may be on its way to change everything for him. To-day he writes, "What have you?" To-morrow he may be playing Mr. Stevens's violin, and seeking a helpmate to dust the bow, case, chin rest, mute, and pitch pipes and to play duets with him out of the violin duet book; or he may have gladdened the sad heart of Mr. Miller and be opening hopefully at Lesson 1 the course-book in hypnotism.



## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

SOME grandchildren come in these days to the notice of the Easy Chair. As grandchildren go, they seem promising. There are five of them at present, four girls and a boy. The oldest is just past five, and the youngest, one month.

There have been grandchildren before these, and it came to knowledge long ago that the detached and irresponsible attitude with which grandparents may regard them is grateful to the spirit of elders who have raised families. Grandchildren are children once removed. Grandparents may be concerned for them, may love, admire and indulge them, speculate about their characters and prospects in life, and all, with fair luck, without having to contribute much actual effort to their raising. If they have charming or promising qualities, a grandparent may have any theory he likes about the source of those qualities, and the same as to defects, if a worthy grandparent ever admits defects in a grandchild.

Always in considering grandchildren, grandparents have to take long views ahead and speculate about what this world is going to be like when they have ceased themselves to contribute to its energies and direction. Speculative adventures into human life as it is to be are always interesting, if intelligent, but in these times when so many situations, so many people, so many consequences of follies past, are rocking the boat which carries civilization, they are much more than that. What is going to happen in the next fifty years, and what humanity will be like, and how it will be faring at the end of that period, is a speculation

that hardly has a limit and that presses upon attention. Yet some of those five grandchildren, maybe all of them, will eventually know the answers to these inquiries and share all the processes which will lead to them. Out of five fairly robust children, four of them girls with the increased prospect of survival that belongs to that gender, some, with fair luck and if machines do not *too* greatly multiply, should live through the twentieth century.

What a prospect! It takes youth to face it, and here is youth, careless, unconscious, that knows nothing about what has been, that has no theories about what is to be, and no concern about the difficulty of making mundane things come right, but merely observes that some foods are good to eat, that eating is an agreeable exercise, that one has to go to bed every night and usually much too soon, that pretty clothes are pleasant to have on, that some people contribute more to happiness than others, that what Mother says usually goes, and that it is fun to do a number of things like running barefoot in the grass, and not bad to ride in motor cars.

So far as material prospects go, inventions, improvement of machines and contrivance of new ones, the increase of knowledge and enlargement of the powers of man, our grandchildren ought to be in for a good time. There will be all those things. Go back a mere century and see what transportation and communication were in the world at that time, and see what they are now. We may think we have found out about everything. Not so. We have only nibbled at what there is to know, and the



more knowledge we get, the better our position is to get more. The accumulation of control of material things goes on faster and faster all the time. If it keeps on going—if it is not checked by some great collapse—our grandchildren's future fairly flunks imagination.

I have read in a volume of disclosures made by automatic writing that the grandchildren of this generation will fly. It did not mean that they would fly by airplanes. It intimated that they would reach beyond that to some sort of transportation by will, to levitation perhaps, or some means of overcoming gravity which will enable adventurous spirits to go "up and away like a lark, singing for pure joy of flight."

May be so. Progress in the art of flying seems fairly continuous nowadays. Airplanes are no longer a novelty, and the papers told the other day of German boys who stayed up three hours at a time on gliders without engines. Possibly the next great step will be to stay up without gliders. A long step, to be sure, but one learns from the source of information above quoted that it is as natural for man to fly as to walk, though he has not quite learned how yet. It is an embarrassment that we have no wings, but that may be only a temporary obstacle which our grandchildren will get over. Men may learn to shed the encumbering weight of their bodies when they adventure into the air, but that is not absolutely necessary, for we read that Elijah was carried up and away, body and all (except his mantle), and the evidence is pretty good that Home, the medium, could do levitation. If he could do it, perhaps our grandchildren will. It is a good deal to expect and no one is invited to expect it who objects, but in these days when Bible wonders are getting to be commonplaces, and the startling suggestions of the Sermon on the Mount begin to sound like economic truisms, whoever undertakes to say what may not be in fifty years is a daring person. If we came from monkeys, as the scientific

gentlemen insist, to this estate which we now adorn, be sure that we are not going to stop where we are. A command of levitation is hardly a greater achievement for us as we are, than the command of airplanes, or even railroads, would have been a mere century and a half ago. What our newest wonder, wireless, may do, where the radio activities may come out, or when the atom will be broken and we shall no longer be troubled by coal strikes, who can tell? Who can anticipate all the prodigious things that are waiting for us, waiting evidently until we are fit to have them? We cannot put any limit on what we may have, or what we may know, or be, or do, if only we are fit to have, or know, or be, or do it. It never was so evident that the future will be what men make it, not of course the elders, who are about ready to move on, but the coming-on people, the grandchildren who are just warming up for the race.

What then does the future depend upon? Evidently it depends upon the relations of men, of the people in the world, of the nations, of labor and capital, of the different religions and their adherents. If men can only realize how much more wonderful they are than they have been used to think, how vastly greater the possibilities of life are than they have imagined, how immensely potent the spiritual part of them is if once they learn to handle it—if they can learn self-government and self-restraint, if they can learn to work together, if they can live in decent harmony, if they have got to the point where they can get along without the necessity of wholesale fighting, they can have everything and plenty of it. It is not merely that they can have what there is, but what there will be. The supply of knowledge, and of the good things generally, is limitless. The future world of the imagination is no "ca' canny" world where people go slow on their jobs and work far below their capacities for fear there won't be employment for the others. They won't

work too hard because that is not economically sensible, and not productive of the best results, but they will not be restrained by any fear of being over-driven or by any need of saving employment for some one else.

And, stars above! how our world is changing! A gentleman, Mr. George Eddy, has reprinted very beautifully the *Project of Universal and Perpetual Peace*, written by Pierre Andre Gargaz, "a former galley slave," and printed by Benjamin Franklin at Passy in the year 1782. The little book includes some letters of Gargaz to Franklin. Never mind about the details of the project. What strikes one is that it was all to be carried out by kings. And now one hundred and forty years later where are those kings? There are some left, but they are for the most part more or less useful gentlemen with titles and social position, but no power worth mentioning to make war or peace or change the world. Kings will not make peace for us, will they? And that suggests that our grandchildren will see the continuance of something of which we have seen the beginning—the development of the new type of great man, the kind of great man who is going to manage the coming world. Go and look at the portrait engravings of great men of the last three centuries in Europe; gentlemen in splendid and imposing armor, or in tremendous wigs and swagger garments. The wigs, the armor and the raiment of these swells have all passed away. The outside coverings of the man do not greatly impose themselves upon the public imagination any more. The great man who is in sight now will only lean a little on costume—about as much as Lincoln did, for Lincoln is the type of coming rulers. It is astonishing how widely that is recognized. Slowly, without propaganda, without any purpose of anyone to make it come about, the idea of Lincoln has spread through the world as an example of the sort of human product that the world has need of.

But more than on anything else, the

prospects of our grandchildren depend upon religion, on the kind of religion the world gets in the next generation, and on the amount of illumination it can bring about the errand of human life, and the temper it can diffuse among those who run it. That is what we want of it—illumination, a great quickening of intelligence. Patience? Yes; patience with processes, but more a vast and penetrating impatience with all the nonsense we put up with, with the worthlessness of things we value, with the useless burdens we put on our poor shoulders and on the shoulders of our fellow sufferers, with the ridiculous inadequacy of the apparatus we have set up to manage the world and regulate humanity. The way we muddle along, wrangling, striking, trying to destroy one another and then practising to over-reach the survivors, going cold for lack of coal that waits to be dug, going slow on railroads crippled by quarrels—it is awful, awful, awful!

Yet there are plenty of good people and more making all the time. A former clergyman, who had detached himself because of some sort of dissatisfaction or, perhaps, discouragement, from his profession, said to me the other day as we came out of church, that not since Christ was crucified were there so many people in the world seeking truth and intent to follow it as now. That was an interesting opinion, the more so for being unbiased by professional dispositions. He felt what was going on, had sympathy for the sentiment that the churches could not get the results they were entitled to expect, but still was touched by the urgent restlessness of people who felt that such results were indispensable to the extrication of humanity from the troubles that threaten to overwhelm it. Some of the clergy, and many of the men who fought the war, have low spirits in these days. Some of the war correspondents, especially, who followed all through the four years of it, and shared most of its sufferings and disappointments, grieve dolor-



ously over its immediate results. Like Montague, whose *Disenchantment* reflects a mood prevalent in others of similar experience, they saw high hopes worn out by dreadful labors too long drawn out, and the most gallant of their fellows dead by thousands before the dawn they looked for. They went into the war that was to free the world, a war in which no sacrifice counted. They endured everything, they dared everything, they bore with patience all the faults of incapacity. For those who lived to see victory there came the bitter disclosure that the world was not yet free; that selfishness and all the old-time appetites for baser things were still to be fought, so that victory seemed far off and their labors vain. The feeling of these men is that the war took so dreadful a toll of gallant spirits that not enough high-class human stuff has survived to do the work that the war made possible. That is very much a sentiment of exhausted energies. They write out of their feelings and they have to feel about the future as they do about the present.

The attractive thing about grandchildren is that they know nothing about this exhaustion which the war left behind it and which so many of the men who fought it disclose. The war did accomplish great things. We may not see them work out, but our grandchildren will. Men who think that England's bolt is shot, and that her greatness can hardly survive her losses in human material, do not seem to count on grandchildren. There are some in England. Of the men and boys between eighteen and thirty the toll that was taken was tremendous, and of the older men a vast number were used up, but of the children and youths younger than eighteen there must be a very strong squad coming along who will have their say in due time about the management of human affairs. They have been fed and taught and they will live and learn and carry on the burden of their fathers. It may be that the

world is being managed now by tired-out men—many people think so—but the end of them is not far off, for the young are coming on, and in our country certainly there is everything to favor the hope that they will know more than their fathers did, and use their knowledge to better advantage.

Juliana there, joyous Juliana with the fat legs, who talks all the time—will she fly, do you think? Long-legged Paul, not yet articulate, though so tall; Amy the care-taker; that delightful lamb who took the prize in the baby show, and Clementina's Anonyma, who hasn't any name yet but gains her ounce a day—will they fly? I am not sure they will fly, in spite of the automatist's forecast, but nowadays, when the choice is between betting by past experience and betting on the incredible, my money is going up on the incredible.

If it were not that the knowing are so prone to be incredulous of the incredible and shy at it, this world would make faster progress, though doubtless it would stumble more and fall oftener on its head. "Incredible" is a word that seems to relate to, and measure, facts and phenomena. In reality it measures minds, knowledge, imagination, capacity of expectation and understanding. To a savage the telephone is incredible. His experience is limited and his mind cannot expand enough to take in the possibility of the telephone. So to the knowing, what their limited knowledge cannot take in is incredible. That is natural. The trouble with most of them is that they cannot appreciate how limited their knowledge is.

Past experience alone won't do for the world we live in now. The great use of it is to show us what not to do. It has nearly wrecked our ship of life: we want something better.

Go it, grandchildren! Fly if you can, but at all events do something incredible. It needs to be done, and it is your errand to do it.

# EDITOR'S DRAWER



## RIGOLETTO

BY "FLACCUS"

**A**LTHOUGH some are afraid that to speak of a spade  
 As a spade is a social mistake,  
 Yet there's none will dispute it was common repute  
 That fair Mantua's Duke was a rake.  
 To continue the trope, Rigoletto, his fool,  
 Was a bit of a blade, but was more of a tool.

Rigoletto had hit with the barbs of his wit  
 Many prominent persons at court,  
 Till at last they combined, in their anger, to find  
 A conclusive and fitting retort,  
 Which they found, as it chanced, in an opportune way  
 When they learned that he called on a girl every day.



Now the fool was devoted, it's proper to note,  
    To his child—his one passion in life,  
A sweet maiden and fair who'd been left in his care  
    By the early demise of his wife.  
And this daughter named Gilda, he loved to a fault.  
She'd a range from low G up to E flat in alt.

So one night, as they'd planned, the conspirator band  
    Stole the maiden away from her dad.  
When she came from the street to the Duke's private suite  
    She remarked "Well, I guess I'm in bad."  
. . . I need mention no more,  
For the Duke was a rake, as I told you before.

It is needless to add that the jester was mad  
    When he heard of the fate of his child.  
And he cried, "Watch the fool knock the Duke for a gool!"  
    And made other threats equally wild.  
"Though I'm odd I'll be even!" he punned through his tears,  
Broken-hearted he clung to the habit of years.

So in anger he flew to a gunman he knew,  
    An assassin residing quite near,  
And agreed on a plan with this murderous man  
    To conclude the Duke's earthly career.  
"You'll be paid for your pains," the fool hastened to say.  
"The more pains you inflict, so much greater your pay."

Now this man had a sister, a buxom young miss,  
    Who when business was active and brisk,  
Like a dutiful maid helped him out with the trade,  
    And divided the profits and risk.  
And it happened that night—call it luck or a fluke,  
That this girl, Madeline, had a date with the Duke.

When she learned that the end of her gentleman friend  
    Had been scheduled to take place that night,  
She exclaimed with a cry, "Brother, lay off that guy,  
    For I don't think you're treatin' me right.  
Gawd knows I'm no angel, but somehow I hate  
For to see a lad beaned the one time I've a date."



AND THERE GILDA STOOD, CLAD IN THE GARB OF A LAD

Then the murderer said, "Well, I'll bump off instead

The first stranger who comes to our place."

Madelena said, "Great! Then I won't break my date."

And proceeded to powder her face.

For in spite of her trade she was rather refined,

And extremely well bred for a girl of her kind.

At about ten o'clock came a diffident knock

('Twas beginning to thunder and pour)

And there Gilda stood, clad in the garb of a lad,

As the murderer came to the door.

So he stabbed her quite neatly three times in the back

And he wrapped up her corpse in an old burlap sack.

Rigoletto with glee paid the brigand his fee,

Then he dashed through the rain and the wind,

When he opened the sack he was taken aback,

And exclaimed, "I'm extremely chagrined.

I think that assassin deserves a rebuke

For he murdered my girl when I paid for a Duke."





*"Of course you know, Mrs. Ostrich, that plumes are decidedly outré at present. Let me recommend this fur-trimmed hat."*

#### Else Why the Spurs?

**D**URING the commuters' rush hour at the San Francisco ferry the other evening a man who had obviously just had a session with John Barleycorn was an interested spectator of the hurrying crowds. He evinced a particular and absorbing interest in a dapper young army lieutenant, walking wonderingly around the officer, his unsteady gaze in turn directed toward the latter's silver spurs and then bent upon the ground as if in diligent search.

Finally a bystander, noting his expression of bafflement, inquired: "What's the matter, bo? Looking for something?"

The inebriated one slowly straightened up. "Say, boss," he answered ponderously, "I'm looking for hish horsh!"



#### Out of Bounds

**FARMER:** "You'd better move on—you've been hanging round here every afternoon this week."

**TRAMP:** "That's all right, boss. I've got a steady job. One of them golfers hires me to sit here and toss his ball back on the course every time he drives over the wall."



ORATOR: "I want educational reform! I want economic reform! I want—  
VOICE: "Chloroform!"

#### Counting Chickens Before——

LILLIE was in the basement, washing, one Monday morning.

"Oh Lawd! Oh Lawd!" she said, over and over. Mrs. Brown listened for two or three minutes and then went downstairs.

"What in the world is the matter, Lillie?"

"Oh it's my old man. He don't s'port me or nuthin. He's jest no good fer nuthin!"

"Well, if he doesn't support you—I—I—Lillie, I don't advocate divorce as a usual thing, but—"

"I thought of that Miss' Brown: but you see I been payin' insurance on him all dis time an' if I gits a divorce an' he'd up an' die I wouldn't get nuthin!"

One day Mrs. Brown heard that Lillie's husband had died. She furnished the money for Lillie to go to Galesburg and felt that the insurance would do Lillie more good than her husband had ever done. One morning Lillie appeared looking very woe-begone and Mrs. Brown said:

"Now, Lillie, you mustn't grieve about this. You know that insurance *will* be a help."

"Oh Lawd! Miss' Brown! I'se mad an'—I'se mad clean through! You know you lent me the money to go to Galesburg; an' when I got there if dat low-down nigger didn't meet me at the train!"

#### A Quiet Occasion

"IN my state," says a Kentuckian, "is a town so full of family feuds and quarrels that the account of any festivity is sure to contain items of anything but a peaceable nature.

"A recent wedding presented such unusual features that it was spoken of with wonder by all the inhabitants.

"I never saw anything pass off so pretty and calm as Bud and Harriet's wedding in all my days," said one of the invited guests a week after the wedding. "Why, there wasn't a single casualty excepting Bill Thomas's black eye, and we got Henry Morton off him without half trying, you know we did. There didn't seem to be any what you might call family feeling at that wedding, anyhow!"

#### Telephone Extension

PAT had never been ill before, so when he was brought to bed he and his friend Mike were much interested in the proceedings of the doctor. At last when the doctor began to use the stethoscope, Mike could restrain himself no longer.

"Pat," he whispered, "what's he doing?"

"Hush, you old fool," Pat hissed, "can't you see he's 'phoning to me insides to find out what's the matter wid 'em?"



## Looking Ahead

**B**ETTY is not an angel. She is just a good child with a sunny, sweet disposition. But on those few and far between occasions when she is naughty, she is punished. Her mother always tries to make her punishment serve as a lesson to her and, although Betty is only four, she always finds the moral. Father would allow her to go her own way, pleading that she is still too young for punishment.

On the most recent occasion of misbehavior Mother was prepared to apply the needed lesson. Dad protested vigorously. He would not have baby's sensitive feelings hurt by punishment. The baby settled the matter herself. Turning somewhat impatiently to her champion, she said: "Now, Daddy, you don't understand. Mother is trying to make me a good girl when I grow up."



"JANUS: Let me have one haircut and two shaves."

## Her Poor Sisters

**JUDGE BUTLER** gave his secretary, Miss Morton, a collie for a Christmas gift.

"No, I shan't say 'Thank you,'" she said. "I've told you repeatedly that I don't need a dog, even if I do live alone. I'll give him away the first chance I get."

A fortnight passed. "Well, have you got rid of Laddie yet?" Judge Butler asked.

"Got rid of Laddie?" exclaimed Miss Morton. "Why? . . . Oh, I remember. I was very rude about your present, Judge, and I apologize. I didn't see how I could have a dog always about—but Laddie's—er—different. So understanding! Such a pal! I tell you, Judge," and Miss Morton glowed with emotion, "I understand now why women who can't have dogs can grow so fond of children."



"Say, Pop, man to man—did you always wash back of your ears?"

## His Punishment

A GOOD golfer died and eventually found himself before the Pearly Gates. Being of a canny, cautious disposition, he thought he would do some investigating before entering the Celestial City.

He engaged in a conversation with St. Peter, and at last inquired of that patriarch, "Do you have any links in heaven?"

St. Peter shook his head. He seemed never to have heard of them.

"No links," exclaimed the golfer. "You must surely have a golf course. Why, you're not up-to-date at all."

And he turned sadly away to try his luck in hell.

Coming to the domains ruled over by Sathanus, he was welcomed by an imp.

"Do you have a golf course here?" he inquired.

"Certainly," the imp replied. "We have all modern improvements."

The golfer's face lit up. Here was evidently the abode for him. "Lead me to it," he urged.

"Yes, sir, right this way, sir," and the imp led him to a distant part of hell. Before the golfer stretched a course more wonderful than any of which he had ever dreamed.

"Fine," he exclaimed. "Now, son, get me some sticks and balls, and I'll have the game of my life."

"We haven't any," the imp replied.

"What," exclaimed the golfer. "Not any clubs and balls with a fine course like this?"

"No, sir," replied the imp, grinning fiendishly, "That's the hell of it."

## Out of Luck

AN agnostic was accustomed to blow  
That there was no place above or below.  
So when he was dead,  
The minister said:  
"All dressed up and no place to go."

A. H. WHEELER



ACRIMONIOUS DAMSEL (In New York Subway): "Well, I can very well believe that young Lochinvar came out of the West!"

## Speaking of Fords

DURING a very hot spell a man was riding in his Ford with one foot hanging out over the door. A small boy noticing this, shouted after him:

"Hey mister! Did you lose your other roller skate?"

## One of the Symptoms

"MY dear," said a young wife in Washington to her husband, "the baby has been trying to talk again."

"What was he talking about?"

"I think it must have been politics. He started very calmly, but in a few minutes he was as angry and red in the face as he could be. It is perfectly wonderful how he takes after you."



## Followed Her Model

**M**ILLIE was a very little girl and very polite. It was the first time she had been on a visit alone, and she had been carefully instructed how to behave.

"If they ask you to dine with them," she was told, "you must say, 'No, thank you, I have already dined.'"

It turned out just as her mother had anticipated, as her friend's father said, "Come, Mildred, you must take a bite with us."

"No, thank you," was the answer, "I have already bitten."

## Unsectarianism

**I**N a Western town a man who had come into possession of a considerable fortune decided to erect a large office building. During his discussion of the plans with an architect, the latter said:

"As to the floors, now. You would want them in mosaic patterns, I presume?"

"I don't know about that," replied the other dubiously. "I ain't got any prejudice against Moses as a man, and he certainly knew a good deal about law; but when it comes to having floors, it kind o' seems to me I'd rather have 'em unsectarian like. Don't it strike you that way?"

## Did Not Want to Spoil It

**A** FRIEND of a now famous painter tells a story of the time when the great artist was a poor student in Paris. He was then subject to fits of idleness that distressed the friends who knew what kind of work he could do if he chose. One of them remonstrated with him.

"Why don't you pitch in and paint something?" said the friend. "Pretty soon your money will be all gone, and those three rolls of canvas will still be standing there behind the door, just as they've been standing for the last six weeks."

The artist, who lay on the bed, answered lazily:

"But, you see, as long as there's nothing on the canvas I can sell it."

## A Lenient Judge

**I** FINE you fifteen dollars and costs," said the police judge to a prisoner found guilty of being a pickpocket in the boom days of a Western mining town.

"Your Honor, I simply can't pay it. I haven't but ten dollars with me."

The judge then announced to the crowd of spectators: "The Court will now take a recess of five minutes while the defendant circulates among those present. He will then report to me."



## Needless Solicitude

**ABE:** "If yer doan look out yer gwine ter fall thru de bottom of yore chair."

**UNCLE HIRAM:** "Der hain't no bottom in dis yer chair."

## PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

**E. Alexander Powell** has had a long and varied experience in the consular service and as a war correspondent and a soldier. During the last twenty years he has been present in almost every part of the world that has been thrown into the convulsions of war. He has recently returned from an adventurous trip through Persia and the Arabian desert, which he will describe in this and succeeding issues of the Magazine. **Helen R. Hull** is a teacher at Columbia University and a short-story writer already known to HARPER's readers.

**Sir Philip Gibbs** needs no introduction to our Magazine friends, many of whom had the pleasure of hearing him speak during his recent lecture tour of the United States. They will equally enjoy this veracious account of the lecturer's experiences during that arduous undertaking.

**Arthur Ransome** is an English writer who has traveled and written much. He has a particular fondness for fairy stories and folk-tales, as instanced by the delightful story retold from the Russian which we print in this issue. The illustrations are by J. Nadejen, a young Russian artist now resident in this country. **Samuel Spring**, who practices law in Boston, discusses a problem of democratic government which is again to the fore as election time approaches.

**Sarah Comstock** has contributed to HARPER's other articles that hark back delightfully to our historic past—namely, "Pirate Paths," and "The Broomstick Trail." **Simeon Strunsky**, editor of the New York *Evening Post* and a satirist of uncommon originality and force, is moved to comment in this issue upon some popular modern vagaries that are too much with us.

**Mary Heaton Vorse** has had frequent mention in these columns in connection with her short stories, which have taken place among the Magazine's most distinguished

and distinctive fiction. **Charles Pierce Burton** is the author of "America's Billion-Dollar Industry," which appeared in the June issue.

**Amy Lowell** is at the head of *vers libre* movement in America. **William McFee's** novel comes to an end in this issue, but we are glad to inform our readers that Mr. McFee will continue to be numbered among the Magazine's contributors. **T. R. Ybarra** sends from Berlin an interesting estimate of the ex-Kaiser's character gained while translating the ex-Kaiser's memoirs into English. "**Flaccus**" is the pseudonym of a young New York lawyer, whose humorous verse has been a notable feature in F. P. A.'s famous "Conning Tower" column.



The editors have received from James Norman Hall a letter announcing his arrival in Iceland, where he will spend the greater part of the coming year and write for HARPER's a series of articles on this little-known country. Reader's of Mr. Hall's articles on the "Faery Lands of the South Seas" have had a foretaste of what they may expect from him in this remote but historic isle where the great Scandinavian sagas were first lived and then recorded in immortal form. A portion of Mr. Hall's letter follows:

I have now been an Iclander for about three weeks, and am therefore in a position to tell you all about both the country and the people. I am happy to say that I like both very much indeed. I have been most fortunate, both here and in Reykjavik, in meeting many splendid people. Everyone has been wonderfully kind to me, and they seem to be much interested in what I am doing or propose to do. It warms one's heart to find people so cordial and hospitable from the very start.

I spent about a week at Reykjavik, and then made a journey overland right across the country to Akureyri on the north coast. I expect to make this little town my headquarters during the winter.



It is close to the arctic circle, and I shall be close to the real life of Iceland as it is lived both on the coast and on the farms.

The journey across the country was a glorious experience. I traveled with an old Icclander and a string of five ponies. We spent the nights at farmhouses, where we had always the most courteous and kindly welcome. I am already at work on the language, for I shall have to know as much as possible about it to get the most out of this year of observation and travel. What an interesting year it is going to be, and what a contrast to the South Seas! I want most of all to tell the story of it in such a way that people who have never given Iceland a thought may have their interest aroused and look forward to my articles from month to month.

I begin to feel like a veteran traveler, for I don't mind loneliness, and I find that it comes easier and easier to adapt myself to new conditions and to make friends among new people. I expect to travel pretty much all over the country before the year is out. I shall be a fine horseman before I leave, for as you doubtless know, there are no railroads in Iceland and all of the overland travel is on horseback or, more accurately, on pony back.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES NORMAN HALL.



"Crude-Oil Religion," in the September issue, struck home to many hearts, as the Editors anticipated. A reader in Seattle, Washington, voices an appreciation which we give here:

DEAR HARPER'S,—In my work as teacher and social worker my brief experience shows me that with boys and girls there is as much religion in the way one "does" her hair or manages his ball-team as there is in going to Sunday School. Consequently, when according to all I read in the magazines (those having some ecclesiastical connection excepted) the church has outlived its usefulness, "Crude-Oil Religion" comes as a refreshing bit of optimism as regards the possible "texture" of life and the possibilities of organized religion in the life of a community.

In spite of his chain of degrees, my father found similar possibilities when he "sky-piloted" on the western frontier some years ago, but I had almost concluded that this type of minister was fast becoming extinct.

Perhaps more red-blooded men of the type of the author of "Crude-Oil Religion" in the ranks of the ministry might help in the enlivenment of our churches. Would it not be splendid if the fortunes of war should bring forth others, well able to occupy places in the business world, but taking the clergyman's job out of preference? With all due respect to all young men who sin-

cerely enter this profession, I should like to know why more of this "present world" type do not enter the Christian ministry.

Sincerely,

ADELE C. TARBELL.

Bankers, advertising men, shop-keepers, and others in widely varied circumstances of life have written to the Magazine in similar vein. The Editors are curiously struck, therefore, by a single protesting voice, raised in Sevierville, Tennessee.

DEAR HARPER'S,—What could ever have possessed you to print within the compass of the same magazine with such delightful stories as those of Agnes Repplier, Laura Spencer Portor and Dorothy Kennard such intolerable rubbish as "Crude-Oil Religion"? Assuredly you have not thought to advance the cause of Christianity by its publication. It is equally certain that you could not have found in it anything of literary or artistic value. You unquestionably knew that the publication of such wretched songs as the following:

"We are off for Montana, the land of the free," etc.,

is in direct violation of the canons of art and decency. I conceive that this is not the sort of stuff that one is justified in looking for in HARPER'S, and certainly one would look in vain for such in anything the above mentioned contributors have written.

Why, then, did you publish it? Because you thought it would interest us? In what way? What is there in the story that either charms or instructs? The writer may have accomplished something of good, but the most incorrigible sinner might have done as much. From the standpoint of religion his accomplishment was nil. Religion is a matter of faith, not in one's fellow-man, nor in the ultimate triumph of good over evil, but in spiritual influences emanating from other than earthly intelligences. Nowhere does the writer have a word to say of the Bible, of God, or of the Saviour of mankind. He may have no faith in the teaching of the Bible, but in that case why is he masquerading as a Christian?

Wasn't this the attitude of the Scribes and Pharisees, and the very type of objection raised by them against the revolutionary and unconventional preaching of Jesus? A cigar manufacturer in Binghamton, New York, comments tersely: "Crude-Oil Religion," as Mr. Lynd practised it, is the kind that endears one to his fellowmen.

The following note from a letter sent the Editors by the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church will show that Mr. Lynd was but one worker in this noble undertaking of pioneer Christianity:

You might be interested in the fact that this Board sends out from twenty-five to thirty students each summer in the fields many of which are as difficult and picturesque as that to which Mr. Lynd went. These twenty-five or thirty students are selected from eighty or ninety applicants—all young men in theological seminaries. They are enthusiastic, and their first impressions of the fields to which they are sent are quite encouraging. Some of the men were sent to western fields, some into the Southern Mountains, some into City and Immigrant work, some upon Indian reservations, some among the Mexicans along the border and one to Alaska.



A slip of the pen in Dallas Lore Sharp's article on "Honey and the Honey-Comb" credited the poem "Telling the Bees" to Bryant instead of Whittier. Several of our friends have pointed out the error, among them (not without glee) a former student in one of Professor Sharp's classes in literature at Boston University.

The following letter, evoked by Mr. Sharp's article, is addressed to Mr. Martin, the Editor of the *Easy Chair*:

MONTICELLO, Florida.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you heartily for calling my attention to "Honey and the Honeycomb" in your August number. While I am sure I would not have overlooked it, I feel my loss would have been very great had I been so unfortunate. The author, Dallas Lore Sharp, need not feel that all poetry has fled from our tumultuous and sordid American life. All poets do not write verse and few poets write such poems as "Honey and the Honeycomb."

Such writers will never lack for a multitude of grateful readers, for there are more children cradled in clover, whose lips are sweetened with ambrosial honey, than most editors realize, and sad to say few editors seem to know "the biting sweet of honey." And so thousands of readers go honey-hungry and many poets are suppressed because, mayhap, they never see HARPER's and do not know that

"Hither as to a fountain other suns repairing  
In their golden Urns draw light."

It may be that Dallas Lore Sharp does not know that he has written pure and delicious poetry "that sings in the wind and blossoms in the trees," but tell me where you will find more powerful yet delicate radiance than "... the bees are swifter than the sun; and sealing the nectared summer in their fragile waxen jars they work ahead of early autumn and, flying far beyond the winter, dwell forever with the spring."

"Honey and the Honeycomb" was indeed pure joy, and halfway through I closed my eyes and was instantly transported, as on a magic carpet,

more than a thousand miles to where the waves of blue Lake Erie lap its southern shore. But—more magical than any Persian carpet—sixty sordid, intervening years were swept away and I lay again barefoot, carefree, and happy in the deep and sweet June grass where garden and orchard meet. A double line of white box-hives stretched, flecked with dancing sunbeams and fairy shadows, from the pink-white cloud of blossoms on the old Baldwin tree to the snowy fog of the sour cherry. So in delicious languor I lay again, half drowned in the perfume of the opening blossoms and the drowsy murmur of the bees. Not Queen Mab nor yet the Fairy King or even elfin Ariel, with all his charms, could work this miracle.

The sunshine of eternal glory gilds those happy days, and to Dallas Lore Sharp, and equally to you, Mr. Editor, I return my grateful thank offering for an exquisite and enduring pleasure.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES FREDERICK LEACH.



Professor Sharp's second article has brought a similar response. It has been a pleasure for the Editors to find in this nervous, overwrought age so widespread an interest in bee-keeping and the bucolic life. One is tempted to think that Vergil's *Eclogues*, if they were to appear among the new publications of the season, would speedily be listed among the "best-sellers."

PITTSBURGH, Pa.

DEAR HARPER's,—September's HARPER's MONTHLY is manna for those who have already turned their backs on a happy vacation period, still thrilled and comforted with pleasant memories. Whether the "Honey-Flow" will come as a divine rain out of the skies or from the great reservoirs of the many hives into the cities markets oasis, or otherwise, it matters not.

Reading Mr. Sharp's article gives us a most beautiful jaunt in the land of mid-summer flowers, through the woodlands, where the pines and cedars, the oak and birch, the maple and hickory, offer their pleasant shade. In the midst of all this beauty the reader, too, enjoys the song of the gold-clad workers.

The man, generally speaking, who loves his fellowman will surely appreciate the "crude-oil" type of religion. If the vacation period has not been filled with the right people or places, here we meet Agnes Repplier, where all the roads lead and begin all over again.

You certainly must have had many expressions of joy from those who have enjoyed reading the "Honey-Flow."

Yours very cordially,

IRENE E. McDERMOTT.



BERKELEY, Calif.

DEAR HARPER'S,—I should like to tell you how greatly I enjoyed "The Honey-Flow" by Dallas Lore Sharp. I can now picture the Hills of Hingham, the busy golden bees, flying over the fields. All hail to the bee-keepers, wherever they may be!

One sentence I read and reread—"They cannot raise such apples in California as we can in Hingham." Also "Irrigated apples lack the texture and the flavor." The latter statement I admit. But my point is—what of the splendid apples of Northern California, where we do not irrigate?

As I have lived in Humboldt County, in Mendocino County, and in Sonoma County, I can truly say that the firm, delicious apples growing on the hillsides of the North are hard to beat. In the South the coddling moth attacks the fruit; in the cooler north the moth is unknown. The apples are of every size; they are shipped throughout the world. On a winter evening, when a western gale is blowing, we munch sweet apples before the glowing hearth, oblivious of the wind and rain.

If I had not so thoroughly enjoyed "The Honey-Flow," I should not have mentioned this point. Nevertheless we of Northern California are so often relegated to nothingness that sometimes we arise to invite those who have basked in the South to our own wonderland of giant trees, far-reaching canyons, the unsurveyed Mecca of many pilgrims.

Very truly yours,

PATRICIA BROWN.

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MEDINA, Ohio.

DEAR HARPER'S,—I am a little late about it, but I want to give you my earnest thanks for the kind mention in your magazine for August. When my wife and I were first married HARPER'S MAGAZINE was a part of our household, and for years it took the place of everything else, but many busy cares somehow crowded it out, and I had somehow lost track of it until a good friend brought your fine notice to my attention. It seemed like meeting an old friend; and as it is now coming to some of my children, I shall probably keep track of it so long as a kind Providence

permits me to live and see the wonderful things that are now going on in this busy world of ours. I am glad to see the Magazine giving so much attention to what has been my busy life's work, bees and honey.

Your old friend,

A. I. ROOT.

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COLLINS, N. Y.

DEAR HARPER'S,—Perhaps it will not be amiss for me to say that HARPER'S is such a favorite with me that I have not missed a number in thirty-three years! It is always good, but the September number especially pleased me, perhaps because I know York, about which Miss Repplier writes so charmingly. I enjoy Dallas Lore Sharp's articles, too, and Mark Twain's Autobiography.

I hope to read it as long as I live.

Yours sincerely,

ANNE E. PERKINS.

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LANCASTER, Mass.

DEAR HARPER'S,—Isn't it the tendency of round numbers to be too round? As, for instance, in Mrs. Gerould's essay, "Treat 'Em Rough," in the October Magazine:—"A hundred years ago Charlotte Brontë made the most Meredithian of her heroines—Shirley—declare that the only man she could marry was a man 'whom she should find it impossible not to love, and very possible to fear.'"

We have traveled far since Miss Brontë popularized the caveman cult in the volcanic Mr. Rochester; but after all it was only three-quarters of a century ago—precisely, it was in October, 1847—that Thackeray's publishers, Smith & Elder, presented *Jane Eyre* to a gasping world, and *Shirley* followed two years later. Perhaps Mrs. Gerould had in mind the period when the events of the novel take place, but the sentence, for one who values dates as handy memory-pegs, is misleading.

Very cordially yours,

JOHN C. L. CLARK.

